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WASHINGTON AFTER THE FIRST BATTLE OF
FREDRICKSBURG.

ON the morning of the 13th of last December, we left New York direct for Washington. While crossing the Jerseys, whose dead level is unbroken except by the stacks of sedgy grass, which seems to be the only produce the seaboard yields, we were reminded by the name of every railway station of Washington's retreat, and his subsequent victorious pursuit of the Hessians upon this very ground; but the reflections which the scene suggested received from the events transpiring around us, a very different direction to which at any other time they would have taken. The *New York Herald* of that morning gave a glowing account of the crossing of the Rappahannock two days previously, of the faint opposition the enemy had made, and of the occupation by the Federal forces of the deserted city of Fredricksburg. We knew, therefore, that a battle must now be raging, and all who had studied the enemy's tactics feared the worst, for they were well aware that the passage of the river would have been more hotly contested had not every preparation been made on the Southern side to ensure a victory ultimately; and they trembled for the safety of their friends, penned in between impregnable heights in front, and a broad river in their rear. It was an anxious day throughout the Union, the 13th of December—and we, though not personally interested, could not but share the general apprehension.

As we passed through Philadelphia we were painfully reminded by the symbols of mourning, which hung from so many a house, of the fearful havoc the war was making. In the poorer districts of the town death seemed to have entered every home, and the indications of this—the half closed white shutters, secured by long black ribbons—gave an aspect of lamentable desolation to the city. Nor was it to be wondered at! Pennsylvania had in the field 170 regiments, which, after making all allow-

ances, must have contained over 100,000 men. What wonder then if Philadelphia was in mourning for so many of her sons!

These, however, were the only signs of war till we reached the Susquehanna, where we came fairly on its trail. On either branch we found a strong guard stationed, and another on the steamer, and henceforth soldiers almost lined the railway. At every half mile or so a small detachment was encamped, whose duty it was to guard against any interruption of communication, a danger the government may not unreasonably apprehend, considering the temper of the Marylanders, and the vast importance of the line.

It was late in the afternoon before we entered Baltimore, where our impatience was relieved by news of a battle then going on, but our apprehensions were not dispelled by the equivocal nature of the message.

The paper which conveyed the intelligence was a shabby sheet of two pages, printed on brownish paper, and with such wretched type as to be almost illegible. It purported to be, however, the organ of the Union, taking for its motto "UNION AND LIBERTY—ONE AND INSEPARABLE—NOW AND FOREVER," and it seemed to be no unfit representative of Union influence in Maryland, nor a false exponent of Union feeling, judging by its rancorous abuse of Great Britain.

The sun was setting as we travelled through the fertile plantations of Maryland. Now and then we found a slave returning home from work, or a group of little blacks before a cabin door, or a planter's residence surrounded by its squalid village; but the most unmistakable indication of slavery was afforded by the altered aspect of the country, which was now no longer cultivated with that neatness and care, which gave such an air of comfortable prosperity to the free states. And there were many signs of an approach to a more temperate clime than that which we had just left; yet none more striking than the wintry traces of a luxuriant vegetation in the woods. Our own hardy northern trees stood there as majestic as in our own forests, but around them were entwined creepers, whose thick stems wound around the trunk and sent their shoots to the topmost branches. It must be strange to witness the transformation which in summer this almost tropical foliage and flowers must effect in our old favourites.

The approach to Washington was marked by the increasing numbers of encampments, not now of half a dozen men, but entire regiments, whose tents covered whole hill sides. It had grown quite dark, but the long rows of watchfires, not bright enough to light up the intervening rows of tents, though strong enough to throw out into indistinct relief the little knots of soldiers gathered round them produced a novel scene.

Scrambling into one of the Willard Hotel busses—to which the passengers *en masse* proceeded to transfer themselves—we started through

the darkness over roads, in comparison with which some of the worst in our back woods are excellent—and then we began to understand what that Virginian mud is which puts such an effectual drag upon all military operations on the Potomac during the winter time. The buss at one moment plunged into a rut, from which it was dragged with a leap, only to heave over so far on one side or the other as to endanger its equilibrium. And when we reached the Hotel our prospect looked as desperate as when we left the station, for a throng of people crowded the hall, and all approach to the office was barred by an impenetrable mass of selfish travellers, who had outstripped us in the race, and were now bent on the same object as ourselves.

That evening a *Bulletin* announced that a great battle had raged all day from dawn to sunset, that the army had been victorious and gained the ridge, and that to-morrow the crest would surely be theirs. The message was self-contradictory, but people seemed hardly interested enough to call its veracity in question. The indifference which was to all appearance felt in the issue of a battle fought almost within hearing of the city was surprising. The long continuance of the war, and the frequency of large battles has engendered this apathy throughout the country, while in Washington the conflicting interests which are at work, involving so little patriotism and so much selfishness, increase this apparent carelessness. The old established Washingtonians have not unnaturally strong Southern proclivities. The city is indebted for what little it can boast of to Southern gentlemen, who were, previous to the outbreak of the rebellion generally in office. They did not at the seat of government restrain that open handed liberality and aristocratic mode of life which characterised them, and which have tended to excite so much sympathy abroad through the unfortunate comparison which people could not help drawing between them and the vulgar money-made man of the North—that swarm upon the continent, and are accepted as the type of the thorough-bred Yankee. The old servants of the government—those who have not been replaced by the present administration—owe their posts to Southern statesmen, and though, as they are anxious to assure you, they have taken the oath of allegiance, and are faithful in their official capacity to the Lincoln Government, they do not attempt to conceal their contempt, and their fear, when a safe opportunity of expressing their feelings occurs, for the hungry wolves who have swept down from the West and are devouring the good of the Capitol, and for the fanatic New Englanders, who in their frantic efforts to abolish the sacred institution of slavery have overturned the Constitution. They cannot therefore be expected to feel much concern for a northern defeat, and it would be imprudent to rejoice over a southern victory. The horde of sutlers and the crowds of speculators, drawn towards the

seat of war in search of government contracts and other money prizes, are too deeply engrossed with their own affairs to care much about those of the country except in so far as they interfere. But even the military were but little excited, perhaps because *etiquette* forbade their evincing any feeling one way or another. The next day was Sunday. Among the sermons advertised was one to be delivered in the Hall of Representatives by a missionary who had laboured among the blacks in the conquered territory on the coast of South Carolina, and which was to be rendered more attractive by the presence of Lincoln himself. As we were walking down Pennsylvania Avenue to the Capitol our attention was attracted by a crowd, above whose heads the bayonets of the patrol were glittering. Elbowing our way into it we saw a handsome black lad being mysteriously handled by an officer. He seemed to be ripping up his clothes and we therefore concluded that a southern messenger had been caught and search was being made for letters and despatches. But far from that, the innocent youth with his native love of finery and perhaps out of enthusiastic respect for his deliverers, had arrayed himself in the cast off uniform of a northern soldier, abundantly besprinkled with brass buttons; and it was in despoiling him of these, which were stamped with the emblem of the glorious Union, and in wearing which he was dishonouring the republic, that the officer was engaged, operating with his penknife. From witnessing this ludicrous and pitiable exhibition we entered the Hall of Representatives. It was tolerably well filled with a respectable audience. The speaker began by stating the why and wherefore of his mission, and then proceeded to recount its glorious results. He had found the negroes not only diligent and industrious, but anxious of bettering their condition and emulous of the comforts which one or another among them had procured. Then they made good scholars and were as apt to teach as to learn. His success in Florida had been most gratifying. It seems he extended his exertions thither in a semi-military capacity while cruising about to pick up fugitive negroes and levying soldiers for Hunter's black regiments, while establishing schools in Fernandino. An incident occurred there of a really marvellous character. He had landed to recruit, but on the Sunday collected the people together and intimated that on Monday he would open a school. A white soldier was selected to teach the ninety little blacks that assembled, but as his unaided efforts would have availed little towards compassing so much work he looked about for an assistant, whom he found in a negro girl, able to read, write and sing. To teach the children she first wisely addressed herself; but after giving a lesson of half an hour a dead silence ensued,—of a supernatural description—which at length she broke by singing in a clear, shrill voice:—

“Old John Brown's ashes lie mould'ring in the grave.”

in the chorus of which she was joined by all the little ones, marching round the room to the cadence of the music. He was stating the effect this unexpected circumstance, occurring where no rumour of the Harper Ferry insurrection could be supposed to have penetrated, had upon him, when a large number of the audience gave emphatic evidence of the light in which they viewed it by unceremoniously leaving the house. Gradually after that his hearers dropped away, but he, undaunted, continued to give an account of the brave deeds of his brave blacks upon the Georgian coast, how they drove the white pickets in wherever they met them; how they bore any suffering with delight seeing it was in the cause of freedom, and how they showed superhuman skill in the handling of their muskets though they had never before handled anything but the hoe.

No doubt many of his statements were substantially true, but the whole account was coloured by his enthusiasm to a most glaring extent. According to him the negroes down south were a most pious exemplary people: but he failed to see the inference which it was evident most of his audience drew from his statement, viz, that if they were such under the system of slavery, and being free are so lamentably different, the working of the system must be widely more beneficent than its adversaries depict it. He however stated some curious facts, one of which was easily explained, viz., that the further south you go the more moral and intellectual the slaves become, probably because in the border states the slave owner is obliged to keep his slaves more ignorant from fear of white influence. He likewise assured us that slaves, who had escaped from the interior, came to the camp with a perfect knowledge of Lincoln's proclamation; and he informed us of having set the President's mind at rest on that score when he had expressed a fear that his proclamation would only injure the South "skin-deep"—an apprehension which has proved not ill-founded, despite the predictions of Mr. French to the contrary. His ultraism was rather amusing than otherwise, till he came to advocate the arming of the blacks and through them the wholesale massacre of the whites. He could find no explanation of the war in the scheme of Providence unless it were a war of emancipation. The blacks told him that was the inner view of the subject and he believed it; they moreover told him the war would not close till all the rebels were killed, and that all the rebels would not be killed till the blacks were allowed a fair share in the slaughter, and he believed that too. But perhaps the worst phase of his practical creed was the determination to work upon the fanaticism of the blacks, and foster the idea of a special Divine interference in their favour. One could not help shuddering at the thought of what might happen were an army of blacks fired with hatred and glutted with blood and booty, led by such leaders as the enthusiast who was advocating it. It is unfortunate for the emancipation cause that so many of its sup-

porters employ means which cannot but impede its success, and the violent character of the harangue enabled us to form some idea of the temper in which the abolition movement has been carried on, and by which in part, at least, the South was exasperated to rebellion. But the fact that such a speech could be delivered in the Hall of Representatives, in a city where slavery had existed till within a few months, and the speaker escape unmobbed, was a significant indication of the spread and growing strength of anti-slavery principles.

Our special object in visiting the States was to buy books and solicit presents from the Central Government, and the different State authorities, as well as from the various literary and scientific associations, for an unfortunate society in Canada, which had lost its library by fire. In the unenviable capacity of mendicants, we met a number of the most influential men in Washington and elsewhere, but were invariably received with the utmost courtesy and kindness, and with such liberality that our mission was abundantly fruitful.

Our spare time we spent as much as possible among the soldiers, and we had, therefore, no reason to complain of that weariness which a long stay in Washington, in peaceful times, must produce; for the city itself presents no attractions to the stranger. It has no commerce or manufactures, it is devoid of historical associations and does not promise even that economic interest which attaches to the large mushroom cities of the west. It is a city in embryo—proportionally vast and magnificent, as yet neither rich nor extensive. The streets are wide and regularly laid out. Six avenues radiate from the Capitol and then are intersected by the streets which describe circles at equal distances from one another.—But the city has taken a different direction to what was anticipated, owing to the purchase by speculators of that portion of its projected site which faces the capitol, and the consequent high price of land in that direction. The Capitol, therefore, turns its back upon the city, as it now exists, and looks forward, like so much else upon this continent, to the future. The building itself is imposing, from its situation and its size. The dome is a conspicuous object from every side, and looks well from a distance, but seen near at hand appears too big for the building which supports it, and which it threatens to extinguish. Neither the Capitol nor the Treasury Offices—a magnificent building in the Doric style with monolithic columns of immense size,—situated at the further end of Pennsylvania avenue, are completed, but the work is being pushed on vigorously, the more so, it would seem, as the prospect of their being ever used grows weaker.

The interest of its present situation, however, fully compensated for any lack of interest in its permanent attractions, and, our visit occurring when it did, we witnessed more than usual activity. Long trains of am-

bulance waggons were dragging heavily through the streets night and day with provisions, munitions of war, or the wounded, who were arriving by thousands daily, from Acquia Creek; and a sad spectacle they presented. But occasionally the hearts of the Unionists were cheered—when the eyes of sympathizers dropped at the sight of Southern prisoners marching off to their dreary quarters.

The hotels and streets literally swarmed with soldiers, in whose now dingy uniforms we saw traces of that spirit which had led them to enlist, under the impression that the war would be a good holiday frolic, for which one dresses in fantastic attire. But above all these was the strange interest of our novel situation, not knowing when the war might be transferred from the Rappahannock to the north side of the Potomac.

Till Monday evening we were in the dark as to the result of Saturday's battle, though almost within sight of the battle field, and when at last the whole was known it was curious to trace the process by which the government supposed they could cheat the people into a belief that the defeat had been almost a victory. The first despatch, that of Saturday evening, was somewhat ambiguous, but pompously expressed and hopeful. On Sunday the battle was reduced to a *reconnaissance*, and a determination was expressed to whip the enemy if the enemy were willing. On Monday it was reluctantly admitted to be what we would call a defeat, but that evening a major who had left the army at midday arrived at the Hotel, and hardly astonished us by stating the naked truth in all its disastrous fulness. Then, on Tuesday, out came the account of Burnside's masterly retrograde movement during the storm of the previous night, a retreat really so ably conducted that it covered the disgrace of the disaster which occasioned it. The government has in fact reduced lying to a science, but so systematic has it become, that by applying to any particular case, the laws deduced from repeated instances it is easy to elicit the truth.

The retreat in this instance seems, however, to be deserving of all the praise which, in the lack of something better, has been bestowed upon it. We received an amusing account of it from a civilian, who had been so fortunate as to take part in it. He had gone to Washington in search of a commission, and while waiting, had managed with much difficulty to procure a pass to the front. Having seen there enough of military life to damp his ardour he was returning homeward, rejoicing at having escaped so easily, and converted into a strenuous peace man. He had been among the last to cross the Rappahannock shortly after dawn, having lain with his brother's regiment all night under arms, watching the movements of the various corps as they defiled past, curious to know their destination, but utterly ignorant of the intended retreat till on the pontoons. He had the only half dollar we saw while in the States, ex-

cept in the money-changer's window, and that was part of the spoil taken from the Fredricksburg Bank, when the city was sacked and every house rifled from cellar to garret, with all the ruthlessness of a barbarian assault.

What I saw of the soldiers compared most favourably with their disorderly conduct on that occasion. There were 30,000 men in Washington, but we witnessed only two instances of drunkenness, and not a single act of insubordination.

All with whom we talked (and the men were always ready to enter freely into conversation) were civil and respectful. Most of them were drafted from the best class of Americans, the agricultural population, which, while as well educated as the lower class in the cities, is freer from those disagreeable habits of exaggeration in speech and action which are accepted, and not without foundation, as the characteristic traits of the American people. They seemed to possess the ingredients of a splendid army, excellent physique combined with intelligence; but they were deficient, at least while we were there, in the prime qualification of successful soldiers—enthusiasm. Few, if any, were hopeful; on the contrary despair was the prevalent feeling. Yet withal there were no symptoms of disorganization. They had enlisted and they were doomed to follow their companions to the grave, and the sooner they got there the better.—Without confidence in their commander and with a rankling jealousy of their superiors, which yet never expressed itself in a threatening tone, they hardly looked like men able to compete with the desperate spirit which pervades their enemies, from the lowest to the highest.

It will not be easy to forget a morning we spent on the Arlington Heights. We had seen a regiment of cavalry crossing the Long Bridge, and being provided with a military pass, followed them to the ground where they were preparing to pitch their tents. It was a delightful day, balmy as a May day in the South of England. That side of the Potomac had been clean swept of all that makes a country beautiful, for it had been a camping ground since the commencement of the war, and, therefore, only here and there stood a solitary tree, or little brake of brushwood. The splendid pavilion of General Lee, the present commander of the Southern army of the Potomac, which crowns the heights, looks bare and melancholy, as unpicturesque as the earthworks which share the ridge with it. But Washington on the other side, looked magnificent.—We lounged about for some time, watching the operation of camping, till, tired out, we lay down on the slope and chatted with the men. The regiment had been in existence but four months, they had had their horses but four weeks, and had received their weapons, which consisted of swords and six barrelled revolvers, only on the previous evening. Ever since their enlistment they had gradually moved towards the seat of war.—

That morning to their great dismay they had crossed the Potomac, and the vision of winter quarters was fast fading away. On the morrow they were to move again, they knew not whither; but they looked with apprehension in the direction of Fredricksburg. They candidly admitted that a hundred men would chase their whole force from the field, so utterly undrilled were both they and their horses; and from the admission we inferred they would not wait to try the experiment of resistance when occasion presented itself. What their fate has been we could not ascertain; but a report was current some days after that a Pennsylvania Regiment had been taken napping, somewhere between Washington and Fredricksburg, and made prisoners to a man. We thought it not improbable that they were our old friends. What little we saw of the officers produced a favourable impression. They appeared to be on the whole gentlemanly, and certainly were well behaved. In Willard's Hotel there could not have been less than 200 of all ranks, and we never put up at a House where the bar-room was less frequented. They naturally do not altogether share the despondency of the men, and it would be greatly to be wondered at if, when invested with command over their equals, they did not relish it.

Congress had not been sitting long enough to have got fairly under way. No great debate took place during our stay. Now and then a resolution was proposed that indicated a coming storm, but no action of importance was looked for yet awhile. The senate held short sessions all that week, the abolition section being busy organising an attack which, on the day of our departure came to a head and threatened to hasten the crisis. That crisis has not yet arrived. Party strife is not at present running as high as then, but yet the prospects of the country are no brighter. At that time when the ultra-republicans were so injudiciously abusing their power the animosity and madness of their opponents was appalling. We often heard the wish that McClellan would come forward and assume the Dictatorship. The determination boldly expressed to excite the mob against the government, and at any cost bring such a pressure to bear upon it as it would be unable to resist, and still bloodier measures proposed in imitation of the French Revolution.

We left Washington fully convinced that a victory never would be won by the army of the Potomac; for when one finds the opinion prevalent among the soldiers themselves that the enemy is invincible, there is surely but little hope of success. The second battle of Fredricksburg has not shaken the opinion.

Our return trip to New York was made in company with hundreds of wounded and invalid men, some of whom had received but slight wounds at Fredricksburg the week before, and were finding their way home to the North; others of whom had been turned out of hospital half cured, to

make room for their more needy comrades. One poor fellow died on the road, and there were many there about to follow him to the grave. Unfortunately their sufferings were aggravated by an accident which befel the train when only a few miles from Philadelphia. It was the coldest night of the season. The Delaware, on the bank of which we were running, was freezing over. While turning a curve at slackened speed, we felt a sudden and peculiar jerk, which instantly told us the train was off the track. We had just decided as to the safest posture in which to meet an accident of this sort, and therefore spontaneously fixed our knees firmly against the seat in front, so as to secure the whole body from being thrown about, and above all prevent the lower limbs from being broken; and then we awaited the catastrophe. The car heaved and jumped and cracked, as it mounted sleeper after sleeper and leaped the rails; several minutes seemed to elapse before it stopped, though probably as many moments had not passed, during which it was gradually veering over sideways, and we knew we were approaching the edge of the embankment, where a final crash would have settled all. The feelings we experienced were precisely identical. There was no terror in them. Intense curiosity to know what would come next was uppermost. The baggage car had first run off the track—how, it was impossible to determine. Though the accident occurred at a switch, no one was willing to attribute negligence to the switch-man, a noble old man, who, by his courage and presence of mind, had, on more than one occasion, prevented a fearful collision; and now he lay dead at the foot of the embankment, having been thrown from his post by a blow on the temple from one of the cars. The melancholy scene was lighted up by his burning house, which had been overturned by the train, and set on fire by the ashes from the stove, and its dreariness was intensified by the pitiable condition of the soldiers. After some hours delay a train came to our rescue. We lifted the poor fellows into it. Others grumbled and found fault, not a murmur came from any one of them; and we reached New York without further mishap twelve hours after time.

J. D.

NIAGARA.*

BY CHARLES SANGSTER.

God of the mountain-height and rolling flood!
 What majesty, and might and grandeur soar

* Fragment of a Seneca legend—"The White Canoe."

In one unceasing hymn of praise to Thee
 From out the turmoil of Niagara's surge.
 Roll on, proud terrorist! with sweep sublime,
 Whose merest touch is as the lusty throes
 Of a whole race of Anaks starting from
 A trance of passion gathering while it slept.
 The massive oak that wrestles with the blasts
 For centuries, is but a fragile whisp,
 A giant's toy, in thy relentless grasp;
 And man, whose pride would overawo the world,
 Is but a paltry bubble in thy hand,
 That passes into nothingness and death.
 The crash and wrack of worlds, the sway supreme
 Of nation over nation, and the rise
 And fall of mighty empires, are as nought
 Compared with thee, who 'st seen the ages pass,
 As in a mirror; thou the Merlin dread
 That beckons them to their eternal rest,
 And lulls them into silence with a psalm.
 The centuries lie buried at thy feet,
 And all their shrouded hosts rise up to pay
 The great magician homage. Thy dread voice
 Is as the thunder amid Alpine hills,
 And the sun-flash upon thine angry brow
 The awful lightning of thy wrath, that like
 The fine Damascus blade lets out the life,
 Or ere the spirit mounts the Elysian fields.
 The children of to-day will have grown old;
 Their children's children from the ample scroll
 And record where the generations trace
 Their mortal autographs, shall pass away
 And be forgotten; but thy trumpet tones,
 Wild, deep, sonorous, then as now, shall make
 The heart of man a solemn fane of praise.
 Æolus' slaves, the rude compliant winds,
 May lash the sea to fury; billows roll,
 And mountain-wave on mountain-wave be piled;
 When, lo! the spirit of the storm bows down
 Beneath the fetters of the angel, Calm:
 But thy tremendous bass confronts the skies
 With jubilee of passion eyermore,
 Unchanged, unchangeable, making thy song
 The type of the eternal, without end.



THE SETTLER'S DAUGHTER.

BY MRS. HOLIWELL.

Authoress of the "The Old World and the New." "The Earles in Canada," &c.

(Continued from page 167.)

CHAPTER III.

HEMSLEY CLARIDGE.

Lawrence had spent a long dull day alone, her father left home early to transact business in the village, and intended taking a peep at Swinton's, some three or four miles off, before his return. She had tried in vain to settle to some occupation, but having so long reposed on the matured judgment of her friend, she found it difficult to mark out for herself her future division of time and employments. It was quite a relief when Maggie put her head in at the door and invited her young mistress to "come and help milk and not mope about like an owl."—Maggie McDermot had been the hired servant of Mapleton Vale for years, and with the assistance of her daughter Nelly, now nearly a woman grown, had supplied the wants of the small household, in a style quite unknown to those of their neighbours, who were always changing. Maggie was a broad faced brawny Irishwoman, who had entered Mapleton a barefooted emigrant within Lawrence's recollection. Her husband had met with a fatal railway accident at New York, and she had begged her way with her three children from Rochester to the Huron seeking rest and finding none. The mother was strong in Maggie's rugged breast, she would not give up her children, and no one would employ her with such an incumbrance. She rested in Mr. Mapleton's barn one night, and he heard her story while she was eating her breakfast, and warming her little ones by the kitchen fire. The Mapleton Vale establishment wanted a servant; he told Maggie she might stay with her children if she liked work, and would earn her wages. Nelly about Lawrence's age was to assist in light duties; she would soon be able to do more, and the younger ones could be brought up to make themselves useful.

From that time the domestic arrangements of the Lieutenant's family knew no change. Nelly had grown up a fine robust hard working girl, but a little too pretty and too independent for her safety. The younger ones were Lawrence's especial charges, and very well trained industrious girls they were, reflecting much credit on their active and high principled young mistress. Her gentle sway could always achieve more with

Nelly than her mother's coarse blustering. Nelly had often been affected to tears by Lawrence's kind yet pointed rebukes. She was far too ignorant of the world herself to apprehend any evil for the wilful girl, but she often wished she was more easily managed for her own and her mother's sake; the latter sometimes took the unwise and useless course of beating her for her faults. Nelly's dark eye was bad to look upon for hours after such treatment, and it would require all Lawrence's eloquence to bring the girl back to a proper sense of her duty.

Lawrence gladly availed herself of Maggie's invitation; there was nothing she liked better than to assist in the milking, though since Mrs. Mouncey's residence in Mapleton, Maggie had not been favoured with her company so frequently as formerly. The "milky mothers" were waiting patiently under the tall trees by the shed, turning their lustrous eyes up the path by which Maggie always came. "Oh! is it not *real* pleasant here Maggie?" exclaimed Lawrence joyfully, "give me a pail; I'll milk Snowball myself."

The young girl seated herself in a cool shady spot, and in silent enjoyment proceeded to milk her favourite cow. She threw off her hat and felt the pleasant coming breeze on her brow and lips, the pleased animal "conscious of human affection," rubbed her head against her sides, gazing benignly on her fair mistress. Lawrence had not felt so much peace in her heart through the day, and paused a moment to look around and take in all the enjoyments. "Sure, there's your pa and a gentleman watching us," broke in Maggie, "look at the gate leading from the orchard, they're a coming in now, they see we've found them out."

True enough, Lawrence's *peaceful* enjoyment was over. Take a retrospective glance at your life young maiden: it has been almost as quietly happy as your half hour at the milking; will such simple pleasures always suffice? This stranger, whom old associations and hospitality commend to your father's care, will he mar the still beauty of your life? Does he possess the magic wand that with one touch can awaken the unconscious heart to love, to exquisite joy, or still more exquisite sorrow? Do we ever think when we meet a stranger how great may be his or her influence over our future? Such thoughts were far enough from the settler's daughter as she rose to meet and greet her father. He introduced his companion as "Hemsley Claridge, son of an old and dear friend." She received him cordially, remembering their previous conversation, and feeling a strong desire to inquire if he had found out what a cheat Swinton was. However, she controlled her curiosity and walked home between the stranger and her father, for the most part silently listening to their conversation which turned on surrounding objects.— Mr. Claridge did not conceal his surprise and admiration at the beauty

of the place ; after what little he had seen of the country, under its worst auspices, Mapleton Vale seemed like a fairy land. When they reached the house, the Lieutenant left his daughter to entertain their guest, while he changed his dress after his hot and dusty walk. The young mistress did her best to amuse, but the stranger appeared moody and taciturn. She pointed out the chief objects of attraction in the pretty view the window commanded, then she drew his attention to some flowers in pots on the verandah that her father had told her were very rare in England ; he was polite, that was all. So, tired of her ineffectual attempts to make him talk, she silently scanned his appearance and features ; " curly light brown hair, handsome grey eyes, tall and stout, with an air of something about him, I don't know what, perhaps it belongs to the great world." Such were Lawrence's mental remarks.— " I wish he would say something ; perhaps he don't care about being amused, but would rather converse about real things."

" How do you like Hogg's Hill Mr. Claridge ?"

The right topic was found at last, eyes, brow and lips, all lighted up to life, contemptuous disappointed stormy life, but he was a prudent young man, and, therefore, expressed himself cautiously.

" It is very different to what I had been led to expect, but I must make the best of it, it is too late to retreat, if I can only learn what I want, I can put up with minor inconveniencies."

" I do not think you will learn much besides chopping ; I should scarcely suppose that would do you much good. He has hardly enough land cleared for a potatoe patch."

" I see you know all about him and his affairs."

" We cannot live in a small place with our eyes open and not see how it goes with our neighbours, besides, Swinton bought that farm from Papa, since I can remember ; it was bush then, and I do not think he has achieved anything wonderful in the way of clearing it."

" Are you acquainted with him at all ?"

" I have seen him occasionally, a most hateful man."

" Quite my opinion," laughed Claridge, " and his wife is as bad ; I see I may speak frankly here, but as I have to live there some time, the less I say about them to neighbours the better, I suspect, for myself."

" But can you, will you stay there, Mr. Claridge ?"

" I have no choice, Miss Mapleton, the fellow took care to be paid in advance, so after putting my family to expense and coming such a distance, I shall try and bear it ; there is one comfort, the old folks need not know how they have been taken in."

" Will you not tell them of your disappointment and your many privations ?"

"What would be the use, they would only fret about it, and they could not help me."

"But how will you fill your letters, if you do not describe what you see and meet with?"

"I shall certainly tell them I have met with charming people at Mapleton Vale. I have heard my father speak of the extraordinary fancy his friend Lieutenant Mapleton had for exploring the wilds; I had pictured to myself a very different dwelling and still more different family."

"A log house in a forest wilderness, with half a dozen strong boys," laughed Lawrence.

"Something of the sort, I must confess, so if I am painfully disappointed in Archibald Swinton, Esquire, it is amply made up for here."

"A poor compensation for you who have to live there; however, you must come here as often as you can; Papa will be able to show you more about farming than that horrid man. Are you the only pupil he can boast of?"

"At present I am, but I believe he expects another in a few weeks; I hope he will turn out a good fellow."

Lieutenant Mapleton joining them, they adjourned to the summer eating room, where Maggie had spread out her best. Mr. Claridge looked around him admiringly. This apartment, Mapleton's crotchet years ago, when Leonora was expected, was only made use of in summer. Three sides of it were enclosed by Venetian blinds, every other one now open to admit the evening breeze. Against the one wall were flower stands, well furnished with floral beauties, which scattered a delicious perfume. Lawrie's birds too were there hung about in green embowered cages. The floor was covered with matting, and the furniture restricted to a dining table and chairs.

Maggie had endeavoured to keep up the honour of the house before a stranger; fruit and flowers were on the table, of course; fresh butter in crystal ice, home baked bread, thick cream, cakes and fixings of divers kinds. Poor Claridge was actually hungry, he had recoiled with disgust from the coarse cooking of the Hogg's Hill establishment, he who under the housekeeping of a clever mother had been nurtured on the daintiest. That Mapleton Vale tea-table was a thing to be remembered, and perhaps the visitor carried away with him Lawrie's image as she sat there, the presiding genius, with bright braided hair, pink cheeks, and clear glancing eyes.

"Come Lawrence," said her father, as they rose from their repast, "we will go and sit on the verandah; I am too tired this evening to take our usual walk."

"You call your daughter Lawrence?" inquired Mr. Claridge.

"You think it an odd name for a girl, don't you? But when I first

came to Canada, thirty years ago, I made the journey up the St. Lawrence with a party of Indians in their canoes: I had seen a great deal of foreign parts, but never in my life beheld anything so fresh, so captivating, so grand as that noble river. I thought then if I ever had to choose a name it should be the euphonious one of Lawrence. It has been a household word now for more than seventeen years, and yet it sounds as sweet and refreshing as the glorious waters appeared to me, when I first saw them, a young and hopeful man.'

Mr. Claridge remarked that the pleasure of seeing the river in question was in store for him, he had travelled by the New York route, and the conversation turned upon the chief places of interest in the sister republic. Lawrence sat on a low stool by her father and listened, watching the silver stars as they came out one by one into the summer's sky.

It was late when the stranger departed, for he seemed reluctant to return to his uncongenial and disagreeable home; however, the current of his thoughts was changed, and instead of dwelling on his misfortunes he indulged in pleasant reveries of Mapleton Vale and its inmates.

When chance or circumstance stays a young man's fickle mind on a pure woman, how seldom does he appreciate the inestimable benefit he is enjoying! It may be a mere passing fancy, occupying a few months of pleasant intercourse, perhaps an everlasting regret to her, but to him what service! These hours so innocently passed in the companionship of a fresh young mind, where would they be spent apart from her? In the society of other young men, often dangerous, or perhaps with the impure of that sex of which his beloved is the bright and spiritual type. His affections may not be deep or worthy, the object of them may be but commonplace, yet in her company he will never learn to drink, or smoke, or swear; he will hear nothing of saloons or clubs. So long as his fancy is occupied he will pursue his course far from the brutalizing temptations that beset manly youth. He will look back with gratitude when he has reached years of discretion to those sweet female friends of his youth, whose beauty of person or manner charmed his young taste, and involuntarily and unconsciously drew him from the perils of an unknown corrupt world. If these transient impressions are capable of good, how much more to be hailed with joy a deep pure love bestowed with the disinterested enthusiasm of youth on a high and lovely object. Morally high, not in a worldly sense, for after all social distinctions, nothing commands lasting respect even here, but goodness; and what can wealth and position avail in His eyes, who, in spite of the opinion of the French lady of birth, does not regard people of *haut ton*.

Hemsley Claridge had been well brought up, in the ordinary acceptation of the term. He had a thrifty, managing, ambitious mother, and an

easy going father, who preached other people's sermons, and practised the precept "charity begins at home." Mrs. Claridge for five and twenty years had struggled to bring up a large family genteelly, her anxiety seldom going beyond good schooling, and comfortable clothing. She respected her husband's profession, more for the social position it gave them, than for its heavenly mission. Her motherly heart grew wonderfully resigned to part with Hemsley, when she found that after all her instructions and labours, he was not likely to further her ambitious hopes. To have him idling about at home, getting into doubtful company, and collecting around them a class of young men more likely to mar than to make the fortunes of her grown up girls was not to be thought of. Not being studiously inclined, the learned professions were closed to him, and his father was too indolent to use his little influence to procure him a government or railway situation. They caught at Swinton's advertisement, there seemed a reasonable opening for the lad, the sum required could, with economy, be spared out of the income.—Hemsley in a few years would be provided for, and it did not sound badly either to speak of "my eldest son settled on an estate in Canada; he always loved rural life, the dear boy." How would motherly pride have felt could she have seen the *manège* at Hogg's Hill, or her maternal fears have been excited had she caught a glimpse of the whiskey barrel and pack of cards in a corner of Swinton's best room?

As Pandemonium exchanged for Paradise seemed Mapleton Vale after Hogg's Hill. Young Hemsley returned positively cheerful; from that day he felt he was only a sojourner, a swallow waiting the period of migration. He did Swinton's behests, exchanging as few words as possible with him; he steadily resisted the whiskey and the *euchre*, he suspected his host of designs on his very slender purse; but his suspicions never reached reality, for not purse alone but clothes, agreements for future labour, I O U's—all were prepared for him, the altar was ready for the sacrifice, but the victim proved restive. The youth's earnest gaze was fixed far above Hogg's Hill. In the pure atmosphere of Mapleton Vale he washed away the taint of Swinton's household; low language, unseemly oaths, rioting and drunkenness, faded into Lethe; but Mapleton's pleasant gentlemanly conversation, and Lawrence's free sunny chirping sunk deep into a heart, yet innocent, into a spirit yet unsullied, though its foundation was not of rock.

The hot harvest weather passed by, not altogether unprofitably to the stranger. He learned many things, but principally, and of prime consequence—endurance. Every hour he could appropriate to himself he spent with his new friends; through them he became acquainted with those resident in the village; all received him kindly for the sake of the

Mapletons. He had not much time then to cultivate their friendly feelings, but he promised himself both leisure and pleasure in the winter, when Swinton's miserable farm would not demand his strength and time.

Sundays were his golden days; then he laid up memories of pleasant things to last the week. The Swinton's passed the day, or at least the best part of it, in bed, the woman creeping out at noon to prepare some coarse meal. Had Hemsley been without a refuge for that day he would have taken a potatoe with him and killed weary time in the woods, or perhaps yielded to the insidious charms of the whiskey barrel. He needed fortunately no such alternative; the blue waves of Lake Huron offered him a delicious bath, a natural basin where the waters were glassy, and clear as crystal was his mirror; the morning sun dried up his beautiful hair in rich bright curls. His mother's care had provided him with a suitable wardrobe, and with a heart prepared for devotion and a countenance beaming with happiness, he bent his steps to Mapleton Vale, generally arriving just as Lawrence took her seat at the breakfast table, where his chair was never forgotten. How pleasant the walk to the wooden church where an Episcopal clergyman preached every fortnight, and which old Mapleton kept open for all denominations. There had been no place of worship in the settlement until the Lieutenant reared this edifice at his own expense, and his tolerant religious views met with hearty co-operation from godly men, who, under different names, preached the same gospel.

The spiritual food imbibed in the humble building was too frequently of an ordinary description. Now and then a bright mind flashed forth its eloquent earnestness to the delight of Lawrence and the edification of the congregation generally. Claridge, with natural prejudice, declared he had heard no one to equal his father. After the service Lawrence remained to teach in the Sunday School; her father used to wait for her reclining under a tree, or conversing with some friend well met at the door of worship. Now, however, Claridge sometimes had the exclusive honour and pleasure of escorting her home. Very dear were these Sabbath walks, though they knew not, questioned not, wherefore Mapleton invariably met them as they entered the farm, Lawrence often walking on with Maggie's children, her best scholars at the Sabbath School, while the gentlemen followed slowly discoursing of many topics. Dinner, always cold, though delicate and plentiful, was ready on their return; then the old man would doze in the rustic chairs under the trees, while Lawrence and Claridge wandered about the pleasant grounds, or kept house while Maggie, Nellie and the children enjoyed their modicum of rest on the holy day. How happy was Hemsley giving visionary help to the young housekeeper! how admiringly his eyes followed her swift

noiseless motions as she flitted from room to room, pausing to remark on what they had heard in the morning, or throwing out an opinion for Hemsley to oppose, cavil and finally agree to. In the evening the lamps were lit, and Mapleton with trembling voice but correct emphasis, would read aloud some simple, plain sermon turning on practical truths, remote from all doctrinal arguments or abstruse speculation. The divine teachings were not always heeded by the young listeners, still the good words if they took no deeper root were garnered up in the store house of memory to be brought forth at some future time to comfort and bless. A glass of wine, Canada's vintage and Lawrence's own brewing, an old man's blessing, a maiden's cordial hand clasp, and Hemsley's Sabbath was over, his golden day set for a week.

It was at the close of one of these pleasant evenings as Claridge neared his dismal retreat reflecting chiefly on the fact that Canada was not such a bad place to live in after all when he heard loud angry voices issuing from Swinton's log shanty. He could distinguish his coarse tones and his wife's shrill ones, but to his surprise they were answered by a clear high voice pitched in a fierce key, but in which pain trembled as much as indignation. Claridge quickened his steps and soon stood on the threshold. A stranger, young and gracious in appearance, was speaking. "Was it for such a den as this, you contemptible swindler, that you took my money? do you suppose a gentleman, a Sheldon, can breathe the same air with such a low lived reprobate as you? Give back my money, scoundrel.

"Ha, ha, very good, very good, but here is the young gentleman who lives here and is quite satisfied, let me introduce you. Mr. Claridge, my new pupil, Mr. Sheldon.

"Excuse me Mr. Swinton, I fully endorse Mr. Sheldon's opinion of you, but I do not care to bandy words with such a fellow. Glad to make your acquaintance Mr. Sheldon," holding out his hand, which the other took coldly, "Will you take a walk, the air of this place is not particularly agreeable."

The stranger had evidently been engaged in angry dispute some time for he looked harassed and exhausted, he accepted Hemsley's invitation and followed him mechanically, continuing silent in spite of his companion's attempts at conversation. During an hour's walk Claridge made very little progress with his new acquaintance who stalked on moody and taciturn, venting his temper in quick sidelong switches of his cane and vindictive mutterings. They had entered the bush a short distance when Hemsley proposed returning as it was quite dark and not by any means a lively path. Sheldon grumbled something about it being all one to him, kicking at the same time what appeared to be a

dark looking stone; to his horror it felt soft and yielded to his stroke, going off with a grunt upon all fours.

"A bear!" he exclaimed aghast, "what horrible place is this I have come to, bears without doors and brutes within."

"The bear is the best behaved brute of the two," laughed Claridge, "but come let us get home as fast as we can, I do not care to meet bears unarmed, though I believe they are only savage when hungry, which they are not likely to be at this season."

"Home! can you call such a hovel home?" returned Sheldon with unfeigned disgust.

"I can well understand your feelings at finding yourself so taken in, but I think you had better follow my example, 'grin and bear it.' The old folks at home have made an effort to pay this Swinton his exorbitant demand; they hope everything from my residence with 'so gentlemanly and clever an agriculturist,' I can't bear to tell them what a complete swindle it is, so I get on as well as I can. I have made several pleasant friends in the neighbourhood and I shall be happy to introduce you or do anything that can ameliorate your position."

Mr. Sheldon thanked him and promised to think over his suggestions. They had reached the shanty and as they passed through the rooms where Swinton was still sitting smoking, he invited the young men to take a glass of whiskey. Claridge walked on with a brief "No, I never take it," but Sheldon seized the cup and drained it to the dregs. "I shall make something of him," said Swinton to himself as the youth left the apartment. "If Sheldon takes to whiskey it will be all over with him," thought Hemsley and he began considering how he could put his new friend on his guard. The week that followed was passed in heavy field work, Sheldon gloomy and silent doing as little as he could, Claridge singing snatches of popular melodies, now a love ballad, now an air from Rossini, worked with good will, not for Swinton, but for himself. Mapleton Vale loomed before him and who could face the upright old soldier and his noble daughter without a clear conscience, duties fulfilled and work accomplished? During the many hours unavoidably passed together, Claridge learned much of Sheldon's history, though the full particulars were not known till a later date. Still he heard enough to make him quake for his future; he mostly feared he would fall into the trap so insidiously spread by Swinton. Sheldon was an only child, his father, a gentleman of family, but poor, died when he was yet an infant, bequeathing to his widow and boy poverty and a high name. She, poor, over proud, over indulgent mother, nurtured her young plant in all vanity and ease, depriving herself of necessary comforts to provide him with unnecessary ones. He went to Eton, then to a clergyman's school for young men prior to

entering college, he associated with gentlemen of fortune, clothed in fine linen and fared sumptuously. But the mother's means were well nigh exhausted, everything hinged on his getting a scholarship and thus being enabled to provide for himself, or at least partly so. But young Sheldon had lost sight of hard study and had gone off in shiftless tracks after pleasure with his aristocratic friends. So the scholarship slipped through his fingers and he returned to his mother's humble home plucked. England grew hateful to him, he saw Swinton's advertisement, his poor mother converted everything into money, paid his passage, sent a draft for the amount to the rascally Swinton, and then went into mean lodgings to live on a crust till George should attain his majority, when he would come in for £500 left by an uncle of her husband's. Then she would join him in Canada, they would buy land and live in happy seclusion for each other. So dreamed the weak, deluded mother; time will show how her schemes will end.

It must be owned Hemsley was selfish enough to regret he had a companion when on the Sunday following Sheldon's arrival he conducted him to Mapleton Vale. He had paid the Lieutenant a flying visit during the week and asked permission to bring his new friend. Sheldon's conversation always had a satirical vein even when contented and in a position he liked. How much more bitter his sarcasm was now, when every feeling was wormwood, may be imagined. Lawrence was not accustomed to his manner and her eyes flashed warning fire several times. Claridge got uncomfortable, and instead of enjoying the morning meal rejoiced when it was over. With a bad grace the stranger accompanied them to Church. Could he have appropriated the fair girl's society to himself he might have been better pleased, but she was not inclined to resign her old friend for a stranger she found far from agreeable, and Sheldon certainly did not exert himself to amuse his host.

When Hemsley and Lawrence returned from the Sunday school they found the young man smoking his cigar in the verandah, there was a run and crush of starched skirts not unheard by Lawrence whose quick eye caught a glimpse of Nellie's blue frock escaping round the corner. What had she been doing there? if passing accidentally why run like one in fault? The occurrence, trifling as it was, recurred to her mind more than once during the day. She looked annoyed at Sheldon's employment; her father never smoked, and the habit was disagreeable to her. Claridge read her thoughts but an imploring look from him arrested the rebuke that was trembling on her lips, she passed into the house without a word. Sheldon inquired if Claridge were up in biblical instruction and whether he liked teaching the girls. Fortunately Miss Mapleton was out of hearing and his companion hinted that such a style of conversation and deportment was neither acceptable nor becoming. At dinner

time he indulged in various cutting remarks on the service, the minister and the edifice. Lawrence turned on him indignantly. "You may find fault with the building, sir, as much as you please, for it is papa's and he is too good to take offence; but you shall not satirize Mr. Muckle who in spite of his broad accent, is one of the best of men without my testimony in his favour."

"I beg pardon, Miss Mapleton, I thought you were an Episcopalian."

"So I am, but that is no reason why I cannot join in a Presbyterian or any other form of Protestant worship when deprived of my own; Mr. Oughton, our own clergyman, is not welcomed more gladly here than Mr. Muckle, or Mr. Dunstan, the methodist preacher, all excellent men, earnest and charitable, and as such deserving of honour."

"You are very fortunate in your spiritual advisers Miss Mapleton," returned Sheldon with a sneer. "Father O'Neil also, always pays us a visit and thanks papa for his kindness to his small and scattered flock; we have lost nothing by our liberality of feeling for we have the little Roman Catholic children regular attendants at the common school ever since it was established."

"Your daughter takes great interest in these matters for a young lady," said Sheldon turning to Mr. Mapleton. "My daughter interests herself in everything that can be serviceable to others, it is better to try and lighten the burdens of our fellow creatures than to add to them by scorn and reproach."

An awkward pause followed, Sheldon's next happy sally was invective against Canada, but he again got his quietus from sweet, but oh! indignant lips.

"People who are not well received here Mr. Sheldon or who are not prosperous, have seldom any one to blame but themselves, they are for the most part, proud, thriftless, idle persons, who would not prosper any where, and I doubt not 'have left their country for their country's good?'"

"You are severe Miss Mapleton; do you comprehend me and my friend Mr. Claridge in the category?" "Not Mr. Claridge certainly, I have never heard him complain of the manner in which he has been received, I believe every door in Mapleton is open to him, and as to success he is on the right road to it, uprightness, energy, and good spirits invariably lead to a successful issue."

Lawrence spoke with frank enthusiasm but when she met Hemsley's grateful eye she stopped suddenly embarrassed.

"You are happy in having such an advocate Mr. Claridge, but you have not told me my fate yet Miss Mapleton."

"Conduct is fate," said the girl with dignity, yours remains to be proved."

She rose from table, her father offered his arm and led her away, they walked together under the trees conversing earnestly for some time, Claridge wandering about uncomfortably, wishing his companion far enough. When they separated in the evening Lawrence said to him aside, "Do not bring your friend here again, he has annoyed my father and made me sin this good Sabbath day." "Never" returned he, "I shall not easily forgive myself for not foreseeing as much."

Claridge hastened home by himself, his pleasant day had been spoiled, he did not wish his quiet walk to be ruined too. He had reached his room and was writing a short letter to his father, when he heard Sheldon's voice below, the snare was ready, the glass and the pipe had their charms. Hemsley fell asleep before the unfortunate boy reeled to his bed of straw. Poor, hopeful distant mother look at your work!

When Lawrence retired for the night Nellie as usual followed her to close her shutters and receive any orders for the morning, Miss Mapleton asked her what took her to the verandah when Mr. Sheldon was there. The girl's bright face flushed as she replied, "The gentleman called me to give him a match for his cigar."

"Well why did you run away?"

"He kept me talking a minute or two and when I heard you and Mr. Claridge coming, I did not like to be caught standing there chattering."

She did not add that the gentleman pinched her cheek and told her she was the prettiest girl he had seen in Canada, words of flattery, sweet to poor ignorant Nell who had no admirer but Paddy, and whose glass told her she was pleasanter to look at than most people.

Miss Mapleton kindly explained to her that she had not done well, and counselled her never to converse with her superiors except on business. Nellie's black eyes flashed angrily, she had imbibed a good many equivocal notions of equality from various strange importations of village helps, and she did not see why she might not enjoy a little politeness from a stranger as well as her mistress. She dared not unburthen her thoughts and opinions to her mother so she brooded over them in silence, and her pillow that night was haunted with visions of the proud and handsome stranger.

LINES ON FEELING.

BY SAMUEL J. DONALDSON, JR.

I.

When the golden tide of Feeling
Softly lulls the soul to rest,
A truer phase revealing
Of the world within the breast,
'Tis then I love to wander
'Mid the hills and painted fields,
Where pensive I may ponder
The truths its ray reveals.

II.

Far softer than the sunlight
Upon a hazy day,
When the first bright beam of morning
Hastes to roll the mists away ;
Far kindlier than the moonlight
That dreams its life away
On the purple tinted landscape
That is wearied of the day.

III.

Far milder than the twilight
Which guards the gate of ev'n,
When the red orb seeks his rest,
And glooms the vault of heaven ;
Far gentler than the starlight
That floods the darkened dome,
Is this golden tide of Feeling
That calls the spirit home !

IV.

The soul—it often wanders
From its own ethereal sphere,
Life's truest wealth it squanders,
Nor counts its blessings dear ;

It sighs for other treasures
 Than those true thought reveals,
 It seeks for other pleasures
 Than those the spirit feels.

V.

Oh! were it not for Feeling,
 Heart might forever roam,
 No voice to guide it rightly,
 No hand to point it home,
 This steals upon the spirit
 Ere the soul be well aware,
 In spite of each demerit
 It floats upon the air.

VI.

Thus,
 When the golden tide of Feeling
 Softly lulls the soul to rest,
 A truer phase revealing
 Of the world within the breast;
 'Tis then I love to wander
 'Mid the hills and painted fields,
 Where pensive I may ponder
 The truths its ray reveals.

THE LATE HON. WILLIAM HAMILTON MERRITT AND
 THE RECIPROCITY TREATY.

The ratification of the treaty, generally known as the "Reciprocity Treaty," between the United States and Great Britain, by which disputes respecting fishing rights in the Bay of the St. Lawrence were settled, and a free trade in certain enumerated articles, the growth and produce of the United States and of the British Provinces of North America was secured to each of them, has become an era in the commercial history of this province. A few remarks on the ideas of the projectors of this treaty, and their anticipations of its results, as well as the effects of its operations since 1854, cannot fail to be interesting, both to our commercial men and agriculturalists, whose prosperity was expected to be so materially advanced thereby.

A principal object of all European nations in establishing colonies in the new world was to extend their trade and commerce, and the mode adopted for this purpose was to secure to themselves by the most stringent laws all communication with their newly formed settlements. Great Britain long acted on this principle, and never failed to use her large naval resources in the protection and extension of her colonial monopolies. Her colonies soon came to look upon this arrangement as a necessary result of their connection with the Empire, and rather advantageous than otherwise to their trade and commerce, as they, in return, either enjoyed a monopoly of the home markets, or had such a preference as was deemed sufficient compensation for being excluded from those of all other countries. Canada was in this position when free trade principles began to affect the commercial legislation of the mother country. Her timber, peltries and grain were admitted to home markets at a low colonial duty, while discriminating duties secured to her the trade of the colony. The pressure against the corn laws soon led to a diminution of the duty on colonial wheat, and to its admission into the British markets at a low fixed rate. This was looked upon as a boon to Canada; it urged on the cultivation of wheat in the colony, and led to extensive arrangements by which United States wheat was imported, ground in the province and sent to England as Canada flour. This state of things lasted for three years; then the British corn laws were abolished, and her markets thrown open to the corn dealers of the world.

The duties on timber gradually gave way before the same pressure; both foreign and colonial duties were lessened, and at last fixed at a low uniform rate, doing away entirely with the colonial preference in the market.

We Canadians who had imbibed the notion that the prosperity of our trade, even its very existence, as well as the settlement of our country, depended upon the long enjoyed preference in the home markets, protested against all these changes, and submitted to them with no very good grace; the immediate effect of each, deranged business operations for the time, and led to the ruin of many engaged both in the lumber and grain trade, while the benefit derived from the milling operations during the few years of the low duty on wheat, was much impaired by the next change to entire free trade in grain.

While these changes were in progress, the navigation laws of Great Britain were also abrogated, and the carrying trade of the colonies, even between them and the mother country was thrown open to the whole world. But even this we looked upon as a doubtful benefit, and as no compensation for the loss of the preference to colonial shipping under the previous arrangements. The claim of differential duties in favour of British trade, was given up, and the colony left entirely free to arrange

its own tariff on imports, provided no differential duties or bounties should be granted in favour of any country or trade.

Our claims for a continuance of preference, and compensation, were met by words of advice and encouragement, but with the decided assurance that the mother country could no longer continue a system, which led to the depression and poverty of her people, and, from the first, has proved an injury to those interests it was expected to foster and cherish; that the slow progress of many of the colonies, and the evils and losses for which we and others of them now claimed compensation, was the effect of a state of things passing away, or only to be remedied by a continuance of exertion in a more correct course of action.

Notwithstanding these changes and their serious results on the fortunes of individuals engaged in trade, the settlement of the province had been steady, and upon the whole sufficiently rapid and decided. The internal trade of the country became considerable, and was increased by our border connection with the United States, irrespective of the obstacles raised against it by hostile tariffs on each side of the line.

The importance of the transport trade was soon apparent, and increased facilities for carrying it on were demanded by the pressing wants of the day. The completion of the Erie Canal by the state of New York still continues the marked era in the history of the trade between the Western States of America with the Eastern ones and the seaboard. This canal at once became a rival to the river St. Lawrence for the petty trade that then existed along its extended line, and reflecting minds became aware of the importance of securing the transit of the immense prospective western trade along certain lines of conveyance, and the results in the advancement of that country which might ultimately succeed in doing so.

The late lamented Honourable William Hamilton Merritt would seem to have been one of the few Canadians who, in those early days, saw the immediate effect of the opening of this Canal to the existing trade on the lakes, and who fully realized the importance to Canada of securing the prospective traffic of the west through her limits, as well as the immediate necessity of improving her means of transit, in order to compete with her too successful rival. Fortunately for the province, he was one of those peculiarly constituted individuals, on whose temperament a strong impression of this kind drove into immediate and persistent action; every succeeding year strengthened his sense of the importance of the object, and brought out those points in his character, that enabled him ultimately to accomplish the task that he undertook, for the benefit of his country.

He lived at St. Catharines on the isthmus between Lakes Erie and Ontario, and had become well acquainted with the traffic on these lakes and the River St. Lawrence, as well as the mode and means by which it was car-

ried on. He saw the peculiar advantages of this route impaired, and Lake Ontario and the river, as it were, turned, by the opening of the Canal from the foot of Lake Erie to tide water at the City of New York, but at the same time was fully impressed with the idea that what had been lost by one Canal might be regained by another, and instantly started the project of connecting these Lakes by a navigable canal, on the Canada side, and threw his whole soul into the agitation of the project.

We must give Mr. Merritt full credit for the strength of his views and the correctness of his anticipations, so far beyond those of any of his contemporaries, and neither judge him by the petty project by which he proposed to carry them out, or by the means he was forced to resort to in order to accomplish even this. He wanted the Canal, but was no engineer, and at the time, that part of the country could neither furnish instruments or men, to make a preliminary survey, far less to prepare plans and estimates for the work. He was looked upon as mad to suppose that by any means he could find money to carry even this into effect.

It is not our intention to write a memoir of Mr. Merritt, or a history of the Welland Canal—this task will, we trust, fall into abler hands; suffice it to add, that notwithstanding the predictions of the late Chief Justice Robinson, "Merritt's calf did become a cow," and he lived to see, not only the Welland Canal permanently finished, but the River St. Lawrence also improved by a series of most magnificent works, in the course and progress of which he took the greatest possible interest.

The attention called to the country by our extensive public works and the large sums of money expended on them soon brought us new settlers, and stimulated the exertions of the farmers by a steady demand for their produce, at fair prices, notwithstanding the loss of a preference in the home market.

The timber trade also rapidly recovered from the effects of the change of tariff, and the annual exports varied considerably in value, yet the increase had been steady and the prices paid remunerative.

The temporary existence of the Canada wheat duty in the British tariff had led to the erection of a number of large flouring mills on the line of the Welland Canal and at other points accessible to wheat from the ports of the United States, and a very large trade had sprung up between them and the province, which was not confined to wheat alone, but as the wants of the localities became known to each other, became diversified and extended, to the profit and advantage of all concerned. The competition between the Canals for freight to the seaboard also began to be talked about, and was in some measure felt in the course of trade to the seaboard. All the American wheat converted into flour in the province found its way to Europe by the St. Lawrence. The American forwarders looked upon this change as detrimental to them, and as rob-

bing the Erie Canal of so much freight that ought to have reached New York through that route, and began to devise means by which such a loss to their business might be prevented, and not only the American trade be secured, but the Canada trade also directed from the St. Lawrence, and guided on its way to the seaboard at New York.

The derangement of the trade and losses consequent to the last change in the British Corn Laws took place while the contest between Montreal and New York for the carrying trade was in agitation, and as our produce dealers were more than ever anxious to secure cheap transport, the American forwarders were urged to remove every obstacle from the trade with New York. Their government, following the example of England, had adopted a ware-housing and bonding system by which a large share of the supply of tea and sugar to the province had been imported by New York instead of by the St. Lawrence. The same system was now extended to grain and produce *in transitu* from the West to New York, which was allowed to be exported from the ware-house free of duty, by which the carrying routes were so far placed on an equality, and the forwarders allowed to conduct their business without that obstacle, though still subject to the inconvenience of bonds. The Hon. Mr. Merritt was still the moving spirit of our Canadian agitation. His interest in the success of the canals was now increased by the large engagements into which he had entered in the wheat and flour trade. He had full confidence in the success of the Canadian line of transport, and became most anxious to remove every obstacle from the trade and to make it as far as possible free.

The statistics of the trade in animals and their products, and in agricultural products were then imperfectly kept and little known in the country. It was supposed that a large surplus of both existed for which we were interested in finding a market, while we continued to exclude American produce by large import duties; our neighbours acted on the same principle though their surplus was much more apparent than ours. Notwithstanding these obstacles, a large trade in such articles had grown up along the lines, and the inconvenience of the duties was complained of by the traders on both sides, though the politicians and people still clamoured for protection and scouted a free trade as something very like ruin to their best interests. The fallacy that the producers and not the consumers paid the duty had taken hold of their minds, the Americans declaring that the value of their pork was lessened by our duties, while we in our turn, were convinced that we lost twenty per cent on the real value of our cattle and wheat by that amount of duty being imposed by the United States on the quantities that now daily entered their markets for their home consumption.

Mr. Merritt's mind was eminently practical, and all his exertions

tended to an ultimate object irrespective of the principles or even theoretical difficulties that might lie in his way. He thought the establishment of a free trade in bread stuffs between the United States and Europe or Canada to be neither desirable or attainable. That this trade between the United States and Canada had something peculiar in it, and ought to be arranged between the two countries on a special footing, by which the bread stuffs and natural products of each might be admitted into the other free of duty, so that each would have the choice of two markets, and all produce find its way to the seaboard by the cheapest and most expeditious route.

He got hold of the early ideas of the late Mr. Huskisson on Reciprocity Treaties, which had been so long and vainly urged by Great Britain on all the other nations, but had ultimately been abandoned for an entirely different principle of action. He declared for a Reciprocity Treaty with the United States, by which the objects stated might be attained, and the canals on either side of the lines opened to the produce of the other, subject only to local arrangement and passing tolls, and kept up the agitation with his wonted energy and perseverance. The anticipated benefit of such an arrangement to the Millers and Forwarders on the frontiers, and along the line of the communications in both countries, at once secured him the assistance of a large party in urging on his project; indeed the idea of such a Treaty became popular in Canada, and the Legislature was induced to move in the question, though the government of Great Britain and the United States were slow to see the importance of the object, or to acknowledge the correctness of the mode by which it was proposed to be attained. His communications with the Free Traders of the United Kingdom were not satisfactory. He complained that Mr. Cobden could not see the position in which the trade between Canada and the United States was placed, or the propriety of adopting any peculiar arrangement respecting it, regarding it only as a trade in articles of which both countries had a surplus that would find its way to the seaboard for exportation by the cheapest route.

This idea was doubtless correct and announced a principle that would ultimately govern the trade; yet there can be little doubt that this had in some measure become peculiar, by many of the articles from each country entering into the consumption of the other and thereby setting free an equivalent of their own for exportation. The carrying trade was also an important element in the transaction, and had a strong effect on the prevailing opinion on the subject in both countries.

The occurrence of disputes respecting the fisheries in the Gulf of the St. Lawrence and on the coasts of the British Provinces led to the appointment of the Earl of Elgin, then Governor General of Canada, as special ambassador to Washington for the purpose of settling these and

arranging other questions then pending between the United States and the different British American Colonies. The Reciprocity Treaty was the consequence, and by it the colonial questions were arranged in accordance with the ideas then prevailing, and in a manner somewhat resembling that adopted in the recent treaty with France that has proved so beneficial to all parties concerned. No monopoly whatever was granted, or new duties imposed, all changes being in favour of free intercourse and the removal of duties, though these were limited to certain articles equally the growth or produce of the respective countries, and not made general or extended to other nations.

The operation of the treaty has been strictly confined to the articles enumerated, all others being excluded by both parties. These comprehend nearly all articles included in the Custom House tables of animals and their products; agricultural products; the products of the fisheries, the mines, and the forest; and with the exception of a few—such as turpentine, unmanufactured tobacco, rice, and cotton-wool—are equally the products of both countries. A large portion of them had been admitted into Canada free of duty even before the treaty, though subject to one of from twenty to twenty-five per cent. on importation into the United States for consumption.

The following statement of the trade in the produce of the farm between the United States and Canada, will illustrate what has been asserted, and show the working of the treaty from 1855 to the end of 1862.

It came into operation towards the end of 1855, yet that year, and the year 1853, may fairly be looked upon as exhibiting the state of the trade previously existing when duties existed on both sides of the frontier line. We have excluded unmanufactured tobacco, turpentine, rice, and cotton-wool, from the statement, as the produce of a tropical climate, and not to be set off against the agricultural products of Canada, any more than sugar and tea, equally agricultural products.

1853.—A glance at the figures for 1853 contained in the Trade Returns, will show a considerable trade then going on, and a large interchange of articles between the countries, irrespective of the duties. More than half of our surplus of animals and their products went to the United States. Of agricultural products, the import is small (mostly wheat for the mills on the canals), while the export to that country is large—equal to more than half of our net exports.

1854.—The export of animals and their products falls off, and the imports increase; so that, after deducting a small export by the St. Lawrence, we require an import of \$558,699 to supply our home demand. Of agricultural products, the exports by the United States is double that by the St. Lawrence.

1855.—The trade in animals and their products increases over last

year; but we require an import of \$221,173 to supply our home demand. The export of agricultural products is as *six to one against* the St. Lawrence.

1856.—Trade in animals and their products increased; an import of \$197,052 still required. The export of agricultural products as *seven to three against* the St. Lawrence.

1857.—The trade in animals and their products much the same. An import of \$216,044 still required for home demand. *Nearly half* of the small net export of agricultural products is by the St. Lawrence.

1858.—The net export of animals and their products is \$960,324—two-thirds of it to the United States. In agricultural products the trade is small. *Nearly one half of the net export* is by the St. Lawrence.

1859.—Net export of animals and their products, \$2,043,795, *not one-fourth* of which is by the St. Lawrence. The export of agricultural products is the smallest in the series—*nearly two-thirds* of it to the United States.

1860.—Of animals and their products, a net export of \$2,540,940—*two-thirds* to United States. Of agricultural products, a large trade, and increase of net export from \$2,902,874 to \$9,857,282—*over one-half* to the United States.

1861.—*Two-thirds* of the net exports of animals, &c., to United States. A large export of agricultural products—*nearly five to one* in favour of the St. Lawrence.

1862.—Of animals and products, only \$26,282 of the net export is to the United States, and \$1,237,091 by the St. Lawrence. A large trade in agricultural produce with the States, and a small net export on account of bad crops—viz.: \$5,221,726—which, with \$1,725,644 of surplus import from the United States, is exported by the St. Lawrence, being the first instance of the kind that has taken place in the series of years included in the tables.

To individuals who have taken their ideas of the agricultural wealth of the Province from the Tables of Trade and Navigation issued by the Government, the above statements may be startling, yet they are carefully compiled from the public reports, and the result produced by deducting the imports from the exports, as given in those tables.

The fact of the large export of our surplus to the United States instead of to Europe, by the St. Lawrence, must not be taken as a decided indication of the advantage or cheapness of that route over the river as a means of transit to that market, though the figures evidently point that way; in fact the special circumstances of the trade alluded to by Mr. Merritt have been acting with greater force, and in a different manner from what he had anticipated; and in order to modify the effects of the figures, we must notice several of these circumstances.

From the year 1853 to 1856 inclusive, our exports of agricultural produce consisted almost entirely of white winter wheat. Our crops were good, and the produce in great demand in the United States, where, from the ravages of the insects, their crops had failed, and was bought up for their home consumption, or for mixing with inferior Western wheat. Hence the falling off in the exports by the St. Lawrence, as the prices paid prohibited the export to Europe.

In 1857, the effects of the insects on our crops appear by the falling off of the exports of wheat from 7,536,925 bushels in 1856, to 3,841,536 bushels in 1857, and to 1,035,606 bushels in 1859. During these years, the little fall wheat we had was readily bought up for the United States, while a large part of our own consumption consisted of inferior Western wheat and flour.

In 1860, the crops were good, but consisted of red spring wheat, instead of white winter wheat. Their effects on the returns of that year are only partial, though these now begin to be swelled by the increasing export of spring grains to the United States and Europe, consisting chiefly of barley and peas.

During these years, the surplus of the United States had also been affected by the state of their crops. The prices of wheat and flour had often been higher in their markets than in Liverpool, and the percentage of the grain import into England from the United States fell to under five per cent. of their ordinary quantity—a very different state of things from what we have just seen in 1862, when it exceeded seventy-five per cent. of a quantity double what had been imported in any previous year.

A normal state of trade only took place in 1861 and 1862, when the price of the surplus produce in America was regulated by that in Europe, and the traders in the United States and Canada could fairly come into competition as exporters by the different routes—in the first of these years we find the value of our net export to the States \$1,940,444, and by the St. Lawrence \$9,540,495, and in 1862 we export by the St. Lawrence, for the first time, an amount equivalent in value to the whole of our net exports, and \$1,699,362 of our surplus imports from the United States; so that the transit routes *are now only beginning* to be fairly brought into competition for the conveyance of agricultural produce.

Another peculiarity of the trade, unforeseen by Mr. Merritt, has become apparent during the last few years. He looked forward to a large trade for the mills on the canals in preparing flour for exportation both to Europe and to the United States; this has fallen off greatly, and would seem about to be extinguished, as wheat on navigable waters has borne a larger relative value than its equivalent in flour for exportation.

a state of things that the improved means of handling and transporting it will likely keep up.

TRADE IN THE PRODUCTS OF THE FOREST.

Canada had long exported lumber to the United States even when an import duty of twenty per cent was placed on it. The trade was evidently increased by the removal of the duties, yet has never much exceeded that of 1855, the first year of the treaty, and the import is evidently more for consumption in the States than for re-exportation, and consequently not capable of much extension.

The Canada imports consist of ashes, tan bark, pitch and tar, and a small supply of timber and lumber for localities adjacent to the timber markets of the States.

The large aggregate trade between the two countries cannot fail to demonstrate the advantages resulting from the treaty.

Each country was supposed to possess within itself a sufficiency of all the articles for its own use, as well as its own means of disposing of and transporting its surplus to Europe. A trade for the disposal of the mere surplus would have amounted to little, and would scarcely have been known in the commerce of either country. It is the free and constant interchange of commodities especially of the produce of the farm, by which the people and commerce of the one country would seem to have been fed by the produce of the other, that has given rise to the result.

It is a pity that this should remain dependent on a mere Reciprocity Treaty, liable to be disturbed at any moment by the caprices of interested traders. As both countries have a surplus to dispose of, the value of this must depend on the state of the markets where a demand exists, and not on any enhanced rate that may be put on it by import duties at the place of production, where it ought to be kept as cheap as possible to increase the profits on its foreign sale.

THE CITED CURATE.

BY MISS MURRAY.

(Continued from page 125.)

CHAPTER IV.

"So you know that fellow," said Eardley, after he had proceeded a few paces in silence.

"Yes ; he's an old ally of mine."

"Are you not afraid that some day or other he may give you up to the tender mercies of a troop of Rockites or Whiteboys?"

I laughed. "No, poor fellow, I don't see how that would profit him. But do you really think he has anything to do with such gentry?"

"I really do ; he seems to me a most cunning and mischievous knave."

"Cunning, perhaps, yet honest, too, after his own fashion."

"Honest" said Eardley, contemptuously—"only honest when it suits his own interest to be so."

"Eardley—how does he differ from the rest of the world in that, according to your account?"

"Well, well.—I know you are shocked to see me here, Walter ; come speak out your thoughts like a man."

"Then in the first place, Eardley, I think it a pity that you should mimic the cant of those shallow worldlings who fancy they prove their wisdom and acumen, by finding hypocrisy, humbug, and food for ridicule in every noble deed and generous sentiment. It is natural enough that the false and selfish should excuse themselves by asserting that what they cannot find in their own breasts, has no existence in any other ; and that those who never treated their fellow men with anything but insincerity, heartlessness and pretence, should be paid back in the same coin they have dealt to others is not very surprising. One may even understand how the weak and foolish who have been the dupes of their own blindness and folly, and the treachery and imposition of others, should lose that faith in truth and honesty which instead of having a solid foundation in their own souls depended on the conduct of those around them, and after having been deceived should become deceivers themselves and call it the way of the world ;—but that you should adopt the contemptible jargon of those who suffer themselves to be mastered by every petty circumstance that grows up about them, and have no insight to see beyond the narrow circle that environs them, does indeed surprise me."

"That is not so badly said, Walter, and you need not look as if you thought I was going to dispute its truth. I know just as well as you do, that though there is an awful amount of falsehood and dishonesty in the world, there is a great deal of truth and faithfulness to be found in it too—though, unfortunately those same virtues have a provoking knack of hiding themselves in obscure corners of the earth, "dark, unfathomed caves," and so forth ;—still I believe that if they are the jewels we most prize, and if we have discrimination enough to distinguish the true gem from the counterfeit we shall be apt to find them. But this belief does not change my nature or the world's manner of acting. I am not philosophical enough to live upon truth alone."

"And therefore you have adopted a profession and mode of life from

which your real aims, motives, and aspirations are as widely removed as those of Warren Hastings from the life and labours of Henry Martyn."

"Well, what would you have? I am not trying to excuse myself; I know what I am doing. I sin with my eyes open. A hollow tree, a crust of bread and a clear conscience may do very well for those who can live on such thin diet. I cannot. I scorn, hate and despise hypocrisy, shams and lies, as much as you can do; but does not the world condemn all those who will not actively or passively act them, to idleness and obscurity, and idle I will not, cannot remain. Truth and freedom may be your divinities, but fame and power are mine, and as I had no other means of rendering them propitious, I have offered up conscience and sincerity on their shrine, and I suppose you will not tell me that I am the first who ever did so."

"No, but I had hoped better things from you, Eardley."

"I wonder why," he said bitterly. "Walter I am no transcendentalist; gold, and fame, and power—the things that rule and sway mankind—are the things I covet, and that my hand, if I live, shall yet grasp. Once I had more faith in my ability to achieve them honestly and openly; once I thought I had only to raise my voice and the waves that lay between me and the promised land would roll back, and let me walk over dry shod. But I over-rated my powers, or at least the world's estimate of them, and so I have been compelled to assume the yoke, with the hope of one day being strong enough to throw it off, and prove my title to be one of the world's conquerors and leaders, not its victim and slave."

"Conqueror of what land? leader to what goal?" I asked.

"No Utopia, or city in the clouds, such as you would have me seek, but something very real and earthly; something that I can touch and hold and enjoy now, on earth, while my nerves and muscles, and heart and brain, are strong and active and full of life; before desire and hope shall fail, and the grasshopper become a burden, and I go where there is neither work, nor device, nor knowledge.

"While you are quoting Solomon you ought to remember what he found to be the result of ambition," I said.

"Whatever result he arrived at, he gained it by his own experience, and so must I. There is no use in talking, Walter, I must go my own way; you must accept me as I am, bear with my faults, or worse than faults, and love me still, if you can, or if not——"

"There is no *if*, Eardley, and you know that right or wrong, bad or good, do or say what you will, I'm afraid I must love you still."

"I believe it, old fellow!" and pressing my arm against his side, he turned on me one of those warm, bright, affectionate looks which at rare moments softened his face, and contrasted so strangely with the selfish and worldly conduct he so often displayed; a sudden gleam, it seemed,

from a fountain of deep feeling hidden in his heart, kept closely covered, and sealed, by the stern ambition and iron will that subdued and dominated over all the better qualities of his nature.

"And now you shall hear what brought me to this out of the way spot," he said, relapsing into his usual gay and careless tone, "You remember that I was to accompany young Lord Cassils to the continent, and that on my return his friends were to get me into parliament. We went first to Paris, just then in the height of its gayest season, and though according to our programme our stay there ought to have been short, Cassils could not tear himself from all the fascinations he now for the first time encountered. Nor was Paris without its charms for me too; Cassils had been properly introduced into the very *crème de la crème* of Parisian society, the most brilliant, the most attractive and the most artificial in the world. Of course I accompanied him every where, and found myself quite as well received as my companion, and, in spite of my philosophy, I found the smiles, and flattery, bon mots, and persiflage that surrounded me very delightful. Yet one night, when for the first time, I saw a fair young English girl enter one of their saloons, her very presence, like the touch of Ithuriel, seemed to suddenly make visible all the falseness of the atmosphere into which she had entered. She looked pure and fresh as some rose just gathered in the open air, with heaven's fragrance and heaven's dew yet lingering on its leaves, might have looked among groups of forced unhealthy hot-house flowers, redolent of artificial perfumes, and unfolding their blossoms beneath the flames of gas instead of the sun's clear rays."

"What, Eardley, is it possible? in love?" I exclaimed.

"Not in the least," he replied, "but Cassils was, or thought so, and was absurd enough to entreat me to act as a sort of medium, by which he might make his approaches. He expected me to take his place at her side when he was obliged to be absent, and keep other suitors at a distance, and he looked to me, when he was present, to cover his awkwardness, repair his mistakes, polish his flatteries, and in a word, transfer my best qualities, such as they are, to him for the nonce and make them all his own."

I could not help laughing, for young Lord Cassils was as ordinary and gauche in person and manner as Eardley was handsome and graceful. "I am afraid that was not so easy a matter," I said; "but what was the end?"

"Perhaps you suspect me of mistaking my part and wooing the lady in the first person instead of the third; but if so, you are mistaken. It is only to that great abstraction, the world, I am false, not to my friends. Cassils had been kind to me, I liked him, he had trusted me; and besides I cared nothing about this little girl, pretty and charming as she was; so

I did my very best to make her like the fellow. But it was all in vain; she would not have him and so she made him understand very plainly and positively. For this he thought proper to blame me—very unjustly though, for if he was right in supposing that she preferred me, whom he would have had her regard as nothing but his umbra, to one whom all the world as well as himself, would have deemed so much better worth her favour, it was an honour equally unexpected and unsought by me. Just then, I was more anxious to make myself a power within the walls of St. Stephens, than to please any lady under the sun. However, nothing could persuade Cassils that I had not played him false; and in his anger he thought proper to treat me with insolence before the young lady, and when I resented it, he even went so far as to taunt me with my poverty and dependence. I liked him, as I said before, he was honest and good-natured, and I tolerated his frivolity and egotism as it is easy for a mind—not small, to tolerate the follies and inanities of a weaker nature; but towards intentional insult and injustice I am not patient, and I gave him a lesson which certainly could not have raised him much in the lady's estimation, or that of any one present, and which I venture to predict he will never require from me again. Henceforth we were as far severed as shame and dislike on his part and contempt on mine could divide us, and I was driven to seek another road to fortune.

I returned to Dublin and there learned that you had gone to Norway. My uncle, the Fellow in Trinity, my only relation, was highly annoyed at my quarrels with Cassils whom he had long looked on as the ladder by which I was to climb to fortune; he seemed to think self respect, and independence, the peculiar appanage of those who are rich enough to afford such expensive luxuries, and all manifestations of such qualities by those who have to win their way to fame and fortune the worst species of insanity. I was then in no mood to submit to his reproofs or listen to his lectures. I told him that a strong will and haughty spirit had been my best birthright, and should never be bartered by me for a mess of pottage; that my own clear brain and firm heart were able to win me fame and power without the pitiful help of any booby lord in Christendom, and our interview ended by my uncle's declaring that he washed his hands of all concern in my doings from that hour. I then recollected old Dean Sandys. You remember how delighted he was with those Greek epigrams of mine?"

"Yes, and with every thing about you; I heard him declare you had more talent than all the other young men he knew put together."

"Well, I went to him,; he received me very kindly, but told me he had no interest except in the church; there he had a good deal, and it should all be warmly used in my favour. He declared himself most anxious to see what he called my great talents dedicated to the service of religion,

and when I hinted something about conscientious scruples—for I have a conscience, Walter, though I can stifle it when I choose—he asserted that the best way to satisfy all such doubts was to have an interest in silencing them.”

“What do you mean?” I asked.

“Oh, he did not use exactly those words, but he spoke common-places about the power of truth, and so forth, and said that as the church had assuredly truth on her side, I had only to undertake to convince others and I would find the arguments I used irresistible to my own reason. He used some curious arguments too, to reconcile me to a clerical life, all tending to prove, as far as I could understand them, that usage and prescription allowed various shades of belief in the pulpit of the Established Church.

But at last the good Dean hit on a method of persuasion that moved me more than any that had preceded it. ‘If you enter the church,’ he said, ‘I can promise you a curacy the moment you are ordained. Archdeacon Denzil, the rector of Ardcross in the county Wicklow, requires a curate, and has desired me to find one for him; and you shall have it. It is obscure, I know, but I am much mistaken, if such genius and eloquence as you possess will not speedily make it a stepping stone to the highest honours the church can bestow.’”

Here Eardley suddenly withdrew his arm from mine, and picking up a sharp stone, pointed to a cluster of hazel nuts hanging high above our heads from a crevice of the rock, through which the slender twig on which they grew had forced itself. “Now shall I hit them with my first throw or not?” he asked.

“Of course you’ll hit them,” I said, “I never knew you miss your mark.”

“I’ve missed it sometimes, for all that. But here goes”—and the next moment the cluster of nuts, closely wrapped in their sheltering husks, fell at his feet. He took them up, looked at them, and threw them carelessly away. “They were not worth so much trouble,” he said indifferently. Then taking my arm again, and walking on, he continued, “Did I tell you that the young lady about whom Cassils did me the honour of being jealous is the daughter of Sir Francis Denzil and the sister of the rector of this parish?”

“No, you did not tell me, but what then?”

“Would you approve of my marrying for money, Walter? It seemed to me very like a temptation thrown in my way just then. No other resource than the one Dean Sandys offered me, except such drudgery as my very soul abhorred, lay open to me;—and so—I yielded, though not without some self reproach and self contempt. And now my confession is ended.”

"But about this girl—the Denzils never come here."

"You are mistaken; they are coming here very soon. And in the meantime, I believe, they have heard of me. I can tell you, master Walter, my fame as a preacher has gone much farther than this little county, though it did not reach your deaf ears."

"But it seems to me that such sermons as I have heard to-day must greatly puzzle and astonish your hearers."

"Not at all. As long as I bring in a few orthodox shibboleths, they will quite be satisfied. They think nothing about sense or consistency; fine words and a good delivery are all they require. But I don't often indulge in such outbreaks as you heard to-day; still the smothered fire will burst out occasionally, the dammed up current overleap its barrier; if I didn't open a safety valve for them sometimes, I could not answer for the consequences. But look there. How do you like my hermitage?"

CHAPTER V.

The curate's dwelling was a low grey cottage standing in a recess of the glen. A stone fence, with a little iron gate in the centre, surrounded a small green patch in front, which was bordered with evergreen shrubs, and divided by a gravel walk. At one end was a kitchen garden, with a yard and stable behind, and the wild rocky boundary of the glen approached so close as at a little distance to seem actually overhanging the cottage. Though humble, it was a pretty and peaceful looking abode, the sound of falling water making a gentle music never silent, thick grass lying green and soft in the sheltered nooks of the glen, and wreaths of purple heath garlanding every crag.

"What a picturesque dwelling!" I cried.

"Is it?" said Eardley. "I'll tell you what it is—a capital place

‘ To carve out dials quaintly, point by point,
Thereby to see the minutes how they run;
How many make the hour full complete,
How many hours bring about the day,
How many days will finish out the year,
How many years a mortal man may —’

not live—stagnate would be the better word. A charming abode for Henry VI., perhaps; a den of lingering torture to Warwick." He turned the handle of the door, pushed it open, and we entered. The parlour was of course small, and did not look very comfortable. It contained a well filled book case, however, and half hidden between it and the dark green window curtain was a narrow door, which Eardley opened. "Come

in here," he said, "this is my sanctum, which no one but myself ever enters. Now feast your eyes from yonder window while I speak to my old dame about our dinner."

As I looked round, I could have fancied I was again at Eardley's rooms at college. Piles of music, a flute and violin, two or three beautiful statuettes, some fine engravings, colour-boxes, pencils, brushes, half finished sketches, and written sheets of paper lay scattered about, and piled on tables, chairs, and shelves were books of science, philosophy, and light literature. I noticed, besides, a cigar case and a pair of pistols which had been the envy of all his acquaintances. The window, for there was but one, was open, and beside it was a chair with an open volume lying on it. A glance showed me that the book was an old friend, a beautiful little edition of Horace that I had often heard read with a perfect appreciation of the poet's rare genius, which always seemed to me inimitable. There was his name written on the fly-leaf in those bold, clear, yet delicate and even characters that I knew so well. Eardley had always loved Horace, and yet how different was the sybaritical indolent philosophy of the epicurean poet, teaching from the brevity and uncertainty of life the wisdom of evading its burdens and enjoying its pleasures, from the restless, devouring, insatiable thirst for glory, for action, for power, which filled the young curate's soul. But did not both views of life spring from the same want of faith in humanity, the same disbelief in true heroism and self sacrifice, the same scepticism in the full satisfaction and final triumph of truth? Thus thinking I threw down the book, and turned to the window. The view from thence was truly a feast for the eyes, as Eardley had said. Through an opening in the rocks that shut in the glen, a beautiful expanse of country could be seen, rich in wood, water, hill and dale; then came the white buildings of a seaport town, and beyond the blue waves of ocean melted into the sunlit horizon. After a few minutes' admiring gaze, I was turning away, when I spied a little flower-pot standing on the window sill, containing a tiny plant which I at first concluded must be some strange botanical curiosity or it would not have been thought worthy of Eardley's care. While I was yet examining it, and becoming more puzzled every moment, my friend entered. "What have you got here?" I asked; "I suppose it must be some vegetable wonder, but it looks to me very like a sprig of heath."

"It is a sprig of heath," he answered, taking it out of my hand and restoring it to its place, and then shutting the window, "common mountain heath, but fresh and fragrant as bee ever sipped or morning dew sparkled on."

"But not different from the heath that grows all around, is it? Yet

surely there must be something more than common about it to make it worth keeping."

But while I was still speaking, I caught sight of an object that made me forget what I was about to say, and for the moment banished everything but itself from my mind. It was a picture hanging on the wall—the most perfect likeness of the lovely country girl I had seen at church that morning. Involuntarily I uttered an exclamation of surprise, which I believe Eardley attributed to admiration.

"She is lovely, is she not?" he asked, his gaze following mine.

"Lovely indeed! But who is she?"

"I bought it some time ago from an old Jew picture dealer, who swore by everything a Jew ever held sacred that it was an antique—the portrait of Francesca di Rimini, perhaps by Giotto himself. I bought it, not because I believed his absurd lies, of course, but because I was charmed with the exceeding beauty of the face; and besides there is a simplicity and truth in the painting that is almost pre-Raphaelite."

This was true. The picture though deficient in grace, colouring and finish, had the charm which reality and the absence of artifice always give; and though she whose hapless fate has furnished Dante with the most pathetic passage pen ever wrote could scarcely have been fairer than this fair woman, it was impossible to believe that it was only some painter's dream. There was the stamp of life and nature, of real thought, and genuine emotion, of happiness sighed for, of suffering endured, in every line and stroke whose combination had resulted in such expressive loveliness, and the more I looked the more plainly I seemed to see again the face that had so charmed and attracted me a few hours before. The simplicity of the costume and of the painter's style seemed to increase the resemblance. She wore a loose dark robe, just fastened at the waist and throat, and her long abundant tresses, wound several times round her head, were without flower or gem. She sat at a table on which a tall light was burning; an open book lay before her but she was not reading; she had raised her eyes from the page, and was looking at something far away, and only visible to her mental eye. All the room except the small circle within the candle's light, lay in the deepest shadow, and as she seemed to gaze with a longing intensity, and yet a something of anxious fear, into the dim obscurity, it was impossible for an imaginative spectator to help a strange feeling of terror coming over him, as if he believed some dread fate lurked in the dark background, and beckoned the beautiful maiden to her doom.

"Poor Francesca," I said, "one could fancy her sitting thus alone and looking into the dark future with a vague dread of what it was to bring, sighing, no doubt, that she had not been born in some lowlier sphere

where there would have been no need to marry for wealth and grandeur instead of happiness and love."

"Aye, many women would think so, I suppose," said Eardley, "but very few men. There are not many Antonys now-a-days who would give up the world for a woman."

"Do you think you could be tempted to sacrifice ambition on the shrine of such a lovely divinity?" I asked.

"No, not even to *her*!" he spoke vehemently, and turning away, looked out of the window.

"Eardley," I said after a short pause, "I have seen a face as like that picture as any portrait I ever beheld was to its original."

"Aye, indeed?" he exclaimed, looking round with a start "where was that?"

"In church this morning."

"Oh, you jest," he said, turning away with apparent carelessness.

"No such thing. Hidden under a rustic straw bonnet, I saw that same enchanting face this morning."

Eardley laughed. "A vision from fairy-land, I suppose, visible only to you and concealed from less favoured eyes. Well, I always knew your powers of imagination, but this caps all."

"There is no imagination in the case. I tell you the living face and the picture are as much alike as flesh and blood and painted canvass can be."

"Nonsense, Walter, what a fellow you are! you saw a pretty country girl, I dare say, but by what strange process you have exalted her into the likeness of my beautiful Francesca, it would be hard to tell. However, I beg you will remember that your thoughts are very apt to roam into the gorgeous cloudland of fancy, a land which I never visit, and whose laws and customs can never by any stretch of imagination be applied to me. And now in good time, here comes Bridget to tell us that dinner is ready. You shall have some prime trout old fellow, and a bottle of good wine. I suppose I may be allowed to drink it, as it was a present from Dean Sandys."

"The Dean would join you himself if he were here. He is no total abstinence fanatic, but likes to enjoy the good things of the earth in a gentlemanly moderate sort of way."

"Well, we'll drink his health, and his speedy elevation to a bishopric."

"He could play a bishop's part right well, I have no doubt. But as for you, Eardley, would it not have been a better choice had you followed the bent of your inclinations and started for Australia?"

"Who knows?" said Eardley, gloomily. "Time must decide, now come in to dinner."

During the rest of the evening I had so much to tell and to hear, and there were so many topics of deep interest to both to be discussed between us that I did not think any more about the beautiful mountain maid, or the strange resemblance she bore to the picture Eardley called his Francesca. It was truly a pleasant evening to me, for a more agreeable companion than Eardley Temple never lived, and in spite of the great dissimilarity in our characters and sentiments, I loved him with the strongest affection. He too loved me, and tried earnestly to make me stay a few days with him, but I was compelled to return to Dublin the next day; and before we parted for the night he had promised to accompany me.

NORTH-WEST BRITISH AMERICA.

BY THE EDITOR.

(Continued from page 178.)

THE GREAT AMERICAN DESERT.—COMPARISON BETWEEN A ROUTE TO THE PACIFIC IN THE UNITED STATES AND IN BRITISH AMERICA.

When the present sagacious chief of the Southern Confederation, President Jefferson Davis, was the United States Secretary of War, he addressed an able and critical Report to the Speaker of the House of Representatives on the several Railroad explorations between the Mississippi and the Pacific Ocean. It is an interesting coincidence that among his subordinates then was one Captain Geo. B. McClellan, of the corps of Engineers, who was employed on the survey of the Cascade Mountains, on the route of the line near the 47th parallel. Mr. Secretary Davis speaks of Captain (now Major General) George B. McClellan in the following words: "The examination of the approaches and passes of the Cascade Mountains, made by Capt. McClellan of the Corps of Engineers, presents a reconnaissance of great value, and though performed under adverse circumstances, exhibits all the information necessary to determine the practicability of this portion of the route, and reflects the highest credit on the capacity and resources of that officer."

Mr. Secretary Davis, in 1855, described with considerable minutiae the physical features of the United States between the Mississippi and the Pacific. Very many of those parlour geographers who are accustomed

to judge, write, and talk of the capabilities of a vast extent of the earth's surface by its situation between particular parallels of latitude, will be surprised to learn that at least one third of the United States, of America, or over one million square miles, is absolutely unfitted for the abode of civilized man, on account of a naturally sterile soil and an arid climate. It seems almost incredible that a region equal to twelve times that of England in area should be altogether incapable of supporting any other population than a widely scattered pastoral race, yet such is the destiny of one third of the country commonly called the United States of America, west of the 100th degree of longitude. The late Secretary of War of the United States has pointed out that destiny in very marked terms, just as marked, indeed, as far as language goes, as the deeds by which Mr. Davis and his able generals have shaped the destiny of nearly one half of the inhabited portion of the once undivided republic. A brief abstract of the conclusions which this able man arrived at after a careful study of the numerous reports on the different Pacific Railway routes, ought to satisfy those who still adhere to vain ideas of the indefinite expansion of the United States beyond two or three hundred miles west of the Mississippi; and convince them of the illusory nature of those future states which are "destined" to occupy the desert on the east and west of the Rocky Mountains, not excluding even the territories bounded by the Pacific.

The lines of exploration for the Pacific Railroad in the United States were five in number, and are designated as follows:—First, the route near the 47th and 49th parallels of latitude; second, near the 41st and 42nd parallels; third, near the 38th and 39th parallels; fourth, near the 35th parallel; and fifth, near the 32nd parallel. The lines of exploration traversed "three different divisions or regions of country lying parallel to each other, and extending north and south through the whole of the western possessions of the United States. The first is that of the country between the Mississippi and the eastern edge of the sterile belt, having a varying width of from 500 to 600 miles. The second is the sterile region, varying in width from 200 to 400 miles; and the third, the mountain region, having a breadth of from 500 to 900 miles.

Explorations show that the surface of the first division, with few exceptions, rises in gentle slopes from the Mississippi to its western boundary, at the rate of about six feet to the mile, and that it offers no material obstacle to the construction of a railroad. It is therefore west of this that the difficulties are to be overcome.

The concurrent testimony of reliable observers, had indicated that the second division, or that called the sterile region, was so inferior in vegetation and character of soil, and so deficient in moisture, that it had

received, and probably deserved, the name of "the desert." This opinion is confirmed by the results of the recent explorations, which prove that the soil of the greater part of this region is, from its constituent parts, necessarily sterile; and that of the remaining part, although well constituted for fertility, is, from the absence of rains at certain seasons—except where capable of irrigation—as uncultivable and unproductive as the other.

This general character of extreme sterility likewise belongs to the country embraced in the mountain region. From the western slopes of the Rocky Mountains to the 112th meridian, or the western limit of the basin of the Colorado, the soil generally is of the same formation as that lying east of that mountain crest—mixed, in the latitudes of 35° and 32°, with igneous rocks; and the region being one of great aridity, especially in the summer, the areas of cultivable land are limited."

Mr. Secretary Davis sums up the comparison of the different routes, as regards the character of the country through which they pass. The following is an abbreviation of the summary :

Route near the 47th and 49th parallel, from St. Paul to	
Vancouver	1,864 miles.
Number of miles through arable land	374 "
Number of miles through land generally uncultivable ;	
arable soil being found in small areas	1,490 "

The greatest number of miles of route through arable land on any one of the lines surveyed is 670 miles, in a distance of 2,290 miles. The least number of miles of route through generally uncultivable soil, is 1,210, on a line of 1,618 miles in length, near the 32nd parallel.

The general aridity of the Missouri Basin may be inferred from the fact, that although the basin it drains is nearly two and-a-half times as large as that of the Ohio, its annual discharge is only about three-quarters that of the eastern tributary of the Mississippi. The total area drained by the Missouri is 518,000 square miles, or more than 120,000 square miles in excess of the Basin of Lake Winnipeg within British territory. The mean downfall of rain in the Missouri Basin is 20.9 inches. The mean downfall in the Upper Mississippi is 35.2. The mean downfall in the Ohio Basin is 40.5, or double that of the Missouri Basin.*

The arid region in the Missouri valley commences west of the 100th degree of longitude; but the 100th degree of longitude divides the United States into two nearly equal parts on the 40th parallel of latitude. The

* Humphrey's and Abbott's Report on the Mississippi River.

eastern half is the present fertile and peopled part of the country. The western half is a comparative desert all the way to the Pacific.

It is in comparison with this immense desert that the Fertile Belt at the edge of the woods, stretching in the Saskatchewan valley from the Lake of the Woods to the Rocky Mountains, stands out in such surprising contrast. The 80,000 square miles of arable land in British Central America, mark out the true pathway across the continent, the only one capable of sustaining an efficient means of communication, whether in the form of a stage road, or ultimately of a railway, by the growth of a local population. But the favourable comparison does not rest here. The Rocky Mountain region, which offers such a difficult barrier to communication between the Pacific and the valley of the Mississippi, possesses peculiarities in British America of a very striking character, and quite sufficient to establish the vast superiority of the line cutting diagonally the 50th, 51st, 52nd and 53rd parallels, in point of physical conformation, to any lines of route which have been explored in British America or the United States.

The great plateau upon which the Rocky Mountains rest, has its greatest elevation in Mexico; it thence declines to its lowest point in latitude 32° , where it has an altitude of 5,200 feet. From this parallel it increases in altitude northward, and reaches its maximum near the 38th parallel, where it is about 10,000 feet high. Thence it declines again towards the north, and in latitude $42^{\circ} 24'$ it has an elevation of 7,490 feet; in latitude 47 it is about 6,040.* In British America it still continues to diminish in altitude, being, at the 49th parallel, 4,300 feet above the sea. Where Bow River emerges on the plains, the elevation is 3,900, and where the Athabasca leaves the chain, in latitude $53^{\circ} 12'$ it is only 3,300 feet above the level of the sea.† These elevations, tabulated, show the following rapid decline towards the Athabasca :

	Elevation of the Rocky Mountain Plateau above the sea, in feet.
38th Parallel	10,000
$42^{\circ} 24'$ "	7,490
47th "	6,040
49th "	4,300
$51^{\circ} 9'$ " (Bow River)	3,900
$53^{\circ} 12'$ " (Athabasca)	3,300

The gentle rise of the country between Carlton and the foot of the mountains where the Athabasca River issues from them, is shown by the small difference of level which exists between those distant points. Fort

* Pacific Railway Report. Vol. I., page 4.

† Hector—Proceedings of the Geological Society.

Carlton is 1,878 feet above the sea, having only 1,422 feet less elevation than the Athabasca where it issues from the mountains, although the distance, as in an air line, is about 550 miles, being at the rate of a little less than three feet in a mile. As the Rocky Mountains are cut by valleys nearly to the level of the plateau on which they rest, it is possible that the altitude of the Leather Pass, which communicates directly with the Frazer River, does not much exceed 4,000 feet over the sea level.

TABLE of comparison between the different passes in the Rocky Mountains in the United States and in British territory, north of latitude 38°:

UNITED STATES:

	Altitude of Pass. Feet.
Surveyed route between the 38th and 39th parallels of latitude...	10,032
Route between the 41st and 42nd parallels	8,373
Route between the 47th and 49th parallels	6,044

BRITISH TERRITORY:

Kananaski Pass, from the South Sakatchewan to the Kootanie River	5,985
Kicking Horse Pass, from the South Saskatchewan to the Columbia	5,420
Vermillion Pass, from the South Saskatchewan to the Kootanie River	4,944
"Old Columbia Trail," or Leather Pass, from the Athabasca to the Frazer (the Canadian emigrant route), probably below	4,500

The breadth of country forming a continuous mountain region is far greater in the United States than in British America. The United States is crossed by three great systems of mountains, extending generally from north to south. The first system, beginning with the Sierra Madre, and terminating in the Black Hills of Nebraska Territory, is partially gorged by the Rio Grande, completely cut through by the North Platte and the Sweet Water Rivers, and turned by the Missouri. It does not extend into British America. The total breadth of mountainous country, in the proper acceptation of the term, within the limits of the United States, varies from 500 to 900 miles. In British Columbia, on the Athabasca, the greatest length is not more than 380 miles from the Leather Portage to the Pacific; and the actual distance, in an air line from the Leather Portage to the extremity of Belhoola Inlet, the possible terminus of a route, does not exceed 400 miles. Other natural advantages possessed exclusively by the British American Route, will be noticed in a subsequent article.

THE BEAUTIFUL IN ART.

Man is endowed with noble intellectual powers, sensibility and will. He has performed great and important works in agriculture, manufacture, commerce, science, and art. Though he has to earn his bread in the sweat of his brow, and perform the sterner duties of life, yet his chief end is not mechanical labour and toil.

He has capabilities for higher exercises, more wonderful achievements, and a conscious craving after, and longing for their gratification.

As man was made in the image and likeness of God, it is doubtless the desire of our Creator that he should rise to higher, purer, and more refined enjoyments. And though we do not mean to affirm that the fine arts can impart spiritual life, or implant pure moral principles in any man's bosom, yet, if these virtues do exist in the mind, the fine arts have a power to charm, to elevate, to purify, to refine, and to enoble all the sensibilities of the soul.

Much has been said and written on the *beautiful* in nature, and in art, by thinkers, as well as by many who are thoughtless. We shall not attempt to define what *beauty* is, lest we should by the attempt only reveal our own ignorance.

Perhaps it is its own best definition. At all events we believe it to be difficult if not perilous to undertake the task. *Beauty* is a word so complex, so full of thought, and so expressive, that we shall neither try to define, nor explain it. We speak of a beautiful house, a beautiful city, a beautiful flower, and a beautiful bird. But to philosophize upon the word, to attempt to define it, and explain it by terms which themselves need to be defined and explained, is surely to darken counsel by words without knowledge, and take away much that is rich, comprehensive and elegant from that exceedingly beautiful and expressive word which we call *beauty*.

Rusken, a British author of eminence and power, who has written extensively on the fine arts, describes beauty, or rather we should say, the term beautiful, as follows: "Any material object which can give us pleasure in the simple contemplation of its outward qualities without any direct and definite exertion of the intellect, I call in some way, or in some degree beautiful. Why we receive pleasure from some forms and colors, and not from others, is no more to be asked or answered than why we like sugar and dislike wormwood."

Spenser's song on this subject is beautifully true, as well as truly beautiful.

"That beauty is not, as fond men misdeem,
An outward show of things that only seem

But that fair lamp, from whose celestial ray
That light proceeds, which kindleth lover's fire,
Shall never be extinguished nor decay.

But when the vital spirits do expire,
Unto her native planet shall retire,
For it is heavenly born and cannot die,
Being a parcel of the purest sky."

The great majority of men hurry along life's pathway without ever noticing unnumbered objects of interest, attraction and beauty. You will, however, seldom see an educated man with a refined cast of mind, who has not a natural passion for the beautiful. Indeed, we have come to the conclusion, after long and careful observation, that the man who is sordid in his desires, uncultivated in his mind, or sensual in his habits, is very rarely fond of the fine arts

His desires run after and terminate upon other objects. He seeing sees not, he hearing hears not, and perceiving he does not perceive.— He is blind to beauty. The works of the great and Infinite Artist may be spread out before him, above him, and around him in all their variety, their beauty, and perfection, but they fail to charm or move him. The productions of a Michael Angelo, a Raphael, or a Turner have no charm for him, and the reason is because he has no eyes to see the soul of things

"A primrose by the river's brim,
A yellow primrose is to him,
And it is nothing more."

Surely man was not made to be a grovelling worm of the dust, a mere money-making machine, with no loftier end in view than to live a while, digging all his life in the dust, and then lie down in it forever. No! man was made to learn, admire and love, whatever is beautiful in nature, art, intellect, or morals.

Our beneficent Creator who is infinitely pure, perfect, and beautiful, loves whatsoever is lovely. He delights to contemplate, as well as to create the beautiful; and since we are called upon to let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us, we should, as a duty and a privilege, cultivate this refined and refining taste.

There is not a star that twinkles in the firmament of heaven but tells us in the plainest language that God loves the beautiful. The myriads of dew drops that sparkle like as many diamonds in the morning sunbeams, tell us that God loves the beautiful. Yes, the benevolent and all-wise Creator who has garnished the heavens, and spread out the earth with its majestic and lofty mountains, its fruitful valleys, its lovely

lakes, its flowing rivers, its murmuring streams, its forests of evergreen, its richly colored, variegated and fragrant flowers, and its ten thousand other attractive, charming and fascinating objects, all tell us in unmistakable language that He who is clothed with light as with a garment has a holy love for the beautiful.

Now if all this be true we should take pleasure in contemplating the Creator's works, and not only become acquainted with the beautiful in nature, but be thereby fitted for appreciating, if not of producing the beautiful in art. The celebrated French Philosopher, Cousin, has well said, "Man is not made only to know and love the beautiful in the works of nature, he is endowed with the power of reproducing it. At the sight of a natural beauty, whatever it may be, physical or moral, his first need is to feel and admire. He is penetrated, ravished, as it were, overwhelmed with the sentiment of beauty. But when the sentiment is energetic, he is not a long time sterile. We wish to see again, we wish to feel again what caused us so vivid a pleasure, and for that end we attempt to revive the beauty that charmed us, not as it was, but as our imagination represents it to us. Hence a work original and peculiar to man, a work of art. Art is the free reproduction of beauty, and the power in us capable of reproducing it is called genius."

The artist, whether he be a gardener as the first man was, or a musician as Jubal was, or, whether he be a painter, or a poet, is not a mere copyist; he conceives, originates, creates. He gives being to thoughts, to ideas, and he embodies these conceptions in forms, or sounds, or colors, as the case may be. No good artist is a mere slave of nature. It is true, he loves to study nature, for nature is his school, and his best schoolmaster; but when we say that the artist is not a mere slave of nature, we mean that he can originate ideas, can and does give them "a local habitation and a name," that they may be seen and felt and admired. It is when we look at the philosophy of art from this standpoint that we see the true dignity of man in one of its important aspects. The all-wise and infinite Artist has endowed the finite artist with those very powers which enable him to conceive, and to execute. To express in forms and beautiful colors a favourite original conception, has often been in the bosoms of great artists, an inexpressible and inextinguishable passion, a passion all but irresistible. It is impossible to read the lives of Raffaele, Rubens, Vandyke, West, Barry, Feuseli, and Wilson, without being not only convinced of this, but also to some extent inoculated with the same spirit, and constrained to cherish greater fondness than ever for the fine arts.

Every man worthy of the name of an artist throws his whole heart and soul into the work which he is executing, and on this very account

every work of art worthy of the name, has its own vitality and life ; a living soul omnipresent in, and looking through all its members.

When you gaze at a first class painting from the pencil of a first class artist you perceive at once, oneness, completeness, truthfulness, symmetrical proportions, contrast, variety, life expression, without ever for a moment thinking about any one of these distinguishing characteristics of a work of art.

It is worthy of notice, that though the Creator has endowed us with five senses through one or other of which we get all our knowledge, all our impressions, and all our emotions from the world, and the wide universe around us, yet, art *addresses only two of them*. Hence the art has been divided into two great classes—those which are addressed to the mind through the sense of *hearing*, and those which are addressed to the mind through the sense of *sight*.

Music, and poetry are addressed to the *ear* ; engraving, gardening, sculpture, architecture, and painting are addressed to the *eye*.

We live in a lovely world, with beautiful objects all around us. May we cultivate more and more a taste for the beautiful in nature, in art, in intellect, in morals, and thus by letting the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us, we shall enjoy a pleasure purer than a ray of light, and a satisfaction which it is impossible adequately to describe.

IOTA.

THE EMIGRANTS.

A TALE OF THE BACKWOODS.

(Continued from page 154.)

XXV.

Poor Edith trembled like a leaf,

While these wild words of passion flowed ;
But yet her answer, cold and brief,

No trace of indecision showed ;
Although a sharp pang thrilled her heart,
When she his look of suffering mark'd ;
As tho' the words, so coldly spoken,
His throbbing heart had crushed and broken.
But soon that look of suffering fled,

And haughtily he reared his head ;
 And in his wild and burning eyes,
 A glance of vengeance seemed to rise.

"And so," he hoarsely said, "'t is plain
 That I must woo thee fruitlessly ;
 I, who have seldom woo'd in vain,
 Until I made my suit to thee.

I see it now ! that stripling mild,
 Whose song e'en now was sung by thee ;

He has thy maiden heart beguiled
 With his untutor'd minstrelsy.

Yet can it be, a boy shall dare
 To rival Clifford in his love ?

If so, then let him well beware :
 For here I vow, by heaven above,

That he had better cross the path
 Of the hot lava's rushing stream,

Or the wild whirlwind, in its wrath,
 Than dare my ire, or fondly dream

That my dark soul would bear to see
 Him basking in those smiles of thine,

Which beam like sunlight on the sea,
 Making all bright where'er they shine.

No, Edith ! it can never be—

You must be, nay, you *shall be* mine ! "

XXVI.

Edith was gentle, I have said,

And yet her father's courage dwelt
 Within the heart of that young maid,

Altho', as yet, 't had been unfelt.

While Clifford, with respect, did tell

How wildly he had loved and well.

She fear'd him, yet she felt the pain

Of saying that his hopes were vain.

But when with hate and anger gleaming,

Flashed the fierce glances of his eye,

Like the quick light'ning wildly gleaming,

From out some dark and troubled sky.

His threat'ning look, and kindling ire,

Seem'd to arouse a kindred fire ;

For fear and trembling fled apace,

And courage came and took their place ;
 And shone both from her bright'ning eye,
 And in her bearing, proud and high.
 "Thine!" she exclaimed; what! *shall* be thine!
 Yes! when the stars of heaven shall shine
 In the bright noon, or when the light
 Shall wed the dark and chilly night.
 But ne'er till then, whate'er betide,
 Will I consent to be the bride
 Of one who speaks of love to me,
 And yet forgets all courtesy ;
 Wasting his courage idly, too,
 In boasting of the deeds he'll do
 Upon a poor and luckless wight,
 Who never shews *his* bravery
 By startling a poor maid with fright ;
 Making, forsoth, his love the plea
 For treating her insultingly.
 Stand from my path! nor dare to stay
 Me longer on my homeward way ;
 And never speak again as thou
 Hast ventured to address me now."

XXVII.

Edith swept past him like a Queen,
 With dauntless step and gleaming eye,
 Until the woods that came between,
 Concealed her from his scrutiny ;
 Then, like some startled wild fawn, bounding
 Thro' the green woods, so Edith fled ;
 And like some gushing brooklet sounding
 Over its steep and broken bed,
 So rushed the wild blood through her veins,
 As her light foot its swiftness strains,
 When once concealed from Clifford's view
 By the thick clust'ring trees that grew
 Beside the short yet devious way
 That led to where the clearing lay.
 She paused beside the zig-zag fence
 Parting the forest from the field ;
 Her trembling limbs, her reeling sense,
 Obedience now refused to yield ;

And on an old and upturned tree
 She sank, all faint and breathlessly,
 'T was like a dream ; and had she dared
 Clifford's dark spirit to incense ;
 That hot, fierce heart, which few men cared
 To waken into violence.
 Could it, in very deed, be true
 That she had scorned his wildest mood ;
 Denied him when he knelt to sue,
 There in the forest's solitude ?
 But for her faint and panting heart,
 She could have deemed that it must be
 Some merry prank, or playful art,
 Of a young maiden's fantasy.
 But though herself she feared him not,
 Yet thoughts of others o'er her stole ;
 His threat'ning words of vengeance shot
 Dark fears into her inmost soul ;
 And made her lift her prayer on high,
 With quiv'ring heart, and moisten'd eye,
 To Him whose mandate can control
 The waves, when they in fury roll ;
 Seeking that He would sooth to rest
 The tempest wild in Clifford's breast.

XXVIII.

And where was Clifford ? With amaze
 He heard the maiden's proud reply ;
 And when she'd vanished from the gaze
 Of his dark passion-lighted eye,
 Through his clenched teeth he swore that he
 Would wreak his vengeance fearfully
 On him who, more than ever, now
 He deemed his rival. And his brow
 Lowered with a darker frown, as he
 Strode thro' the wildwood rapidly,
 Towards where, upon the slumb'ring bay,
 His light skiff at its moorings lay.
 With stalwart arm he seized the oar,
 And sent her dancing from the shore ;
 As tho' his vengeful dire intent,
 Fresh vigour to each muscle lent.

The sun had set—his parting glance
 Linger'd in flame upon the sky ;
 The dark'ning waters, in a trance,
 Seemed to be sleeping tranquilly.
 But fiercer far was Clifford's ire
 Than even the sun's last glance of fire ;
 And darker were his thoughts of ill
 Than those deep waters, dark and still.
 "Could I," he mutter'd, "e'er have dreamt
 A beardless stripling, such as he,
 Would prove a rival, I'd have sent
 Him shrieking to eternity.
 Is it for this my nature, I
 Have school'd to gentleness and rest,
 Teaching my spirit to deny
 Each impulse that it loveth best.
 Madness! to think that I, who ne'er
 Restrained the fierceness of my wrath—
 Which, like the lightning's lurid glare,
 Blasted whatever crossed its path—
 Should now be baffled by a boy,
 Whose sickly verse, and girlish tone,
 Has withered far the deepest joy
 That my wild heart has ever known.
 But there's an hour of reck'ning yet
 To come between himself and I ;
 For e'er to-morrow's sun shall set,
 One, or perhaps both, of us shall die.
 And it were joy, indeed, to sink
 Into the strange dark sleep of death,
 If my fast-closing ear could drink
 The gaspings of his dying breath."

XXIX.

Oh! 't was a fearful thing to trace
 The shade those thoughts of evil cast
 Upon his dark and manly face,
 As o'er his writhing soul they past.
 He fiercely plied his oar, as tho'
 He struggled with his mortal foe ;
 And his light bark so swift did glide,
 The startled waters leapt aside
 To give it room, as tho' in fear

They fled before its wild career.
 But other passions seemed to rise
 Within his soul. The passionate ray
 That glowed from out his fiery eyes,
 Died like the dying light away :
 And in its stead, a dreamy gaze,
 That told of thoughts of other days,
 Rose like the twilight's soften'd beam,
 In some still summer eve serene.
 The slack'ning motion of his oar,
 Proclaimed the storm of passion o'er ;
 And idly now his tiny boat
 Does on the lake's dark waters float.

XXX.

"But yet," he murmur'd "would to heaven
 Weston was not my rival : he
 Seems to possess a strange power, given
 As if to overmaster me.
 I've marked within his mild brown eye,
 A gentle yet mysterious light,
 That wakes vague thoughts, like those that rise
 In some wild vision of the night ;
 And which the memory strives in vain
 To grasp, in many a waking hour ;
 Like childhood struggling to regain
 A wild bird just escaped its power.
 And then his voice : there's many a tone
 That, gurgling from his quiet lays,
 Comes o'er me when I am alone,
 And bears me back to other days ;
 And rouses thoughts I deemed had fled
 For ever from my sin-scorch'd soul ;
 And feelings that have long been dead,
 And sadness that disdains control,
 For then it seems (I know not why)
 As tho' I were a child again ;
 And but that my proud heart is dry,
 The very tears would flow like rain,
 To think of those bright days of glee,
 In childhood's pure and holy time,
 When sporting by my mother's knee,

I neither knew nor dreamt of crime.
 Why is it thus? I never met
 One of his name or race before ;
 And he was in his childhood yet,
 When last I looked on England's shore.
 Strange! that my wild and evil heart
 Should from the first have yearn'd to one
 Who would with fear and loathing start
 From the dark course that I have run ;
 And whom I would, in other days,
 With curling lip, have laughed to scorn ;
 And felt as tho' his gentle ways
 Could ne'er midst manly hearts be borne.
 And now this boy, with serpent's wile,
 Has blighted hopes of happier days.
 Curses upon his treacherous smile ;
 Curses upon his fawning ways.
 Hence, every calmer, holier thought,
 Vengeance! henceforward I am thine ;
 I'll strive to hate him, as I ought
 To hate, the deadliest foe of mine."

XXXI.

Awaken'd by his kindling hate,
 Again he plied his bending oar ;
 While darkness, like the frown of fate,
 Was brooding over lake and shore.
 He moored his skiff, in ireful mood,
 Then strode to where his cabin stood,
 A birch-bark torch's lurid ray,
 Its rude, fantastic walls display.
 Logs from the forest, filled between
 With woodland moss of russet green,
 A chimney huge, and black as night,
 Where danced that fierce and smoky light ;
 As if it loved to see its beams
 Reflected in the brilliant gleams
 Cast by rich arms of various mould.
 Some plain, and some inlaid with gold,
 Hung from some stag's wide-branching horns,
 Which here and there the wall adorns.
 Traces of wealth and travel there

Are mingled with the woodman's fare ;
 Making it no unfit abode
 For him who now across it strode ;
 Who never, from his earliest day,
 Would suffer man to cross his way.

LXXXII.

He took his choicest weapons down,
 And scanned them with a careful eye ;
 And o'er his brow, his threat'ning frown
 Was glooming still, portentously.
 His was a dark and tameless soul
 As ever was to mortal given ;
 And brooked the thought of man's control
 Less than the clouds, when toss'd and riven,
 They on the storm's wide pinions roll
 Across the darken'd vault of heaven.
 No one could tell from whence he came ;
 And tho' he bore an ancient name,
 He never spoke of friends or home.
 Indeed, he seemed to be alone
 In the wide world. His brow was dark
 With travel-stain, and bore the mark
 Of tropic climes ; and often he
 Would speak (tho' still with mystery)
 Of many a strange and perilous scene
 In the far lands where he had been.
 His manner—reckless, daring, bold—
 Of danger met and conquered told ;
 Tho', when he pleased, no lack had he
 Of frank and pleasing courtesy.
 Why he had come, no one could tell,
 In that wild woodland home to dwell ;
 For that he had no lack of gold,
 Full many a token plainly told.
 O'er him some five-and-thirty years
 Had passed with all their hopes and fears.
 Noble his features and his form,
 Save that too oft the passion-storm
 Did leave its dark and boding trace
 Upon his ever-changing face ;
 Which, smiling then, and frowning now,

Seem'd darken'd by some secret sin ;
 Like the dark cloud on Etna's brow,
 That tells of seething fires within.

XXIII.

Backwards and forth for hours he paced ;
 And tho' the past each token traced
 That led him to the madd'ning thought
 That Weston lov'd the maid he sought,
 And that it was for Weston she
 Had treated him contemptuously.
 And so, in truth, had Clifford's eye
 (Quicken'd by love and jealousy)
 Of late, by many a trace, detected
 That love (tho' almost unsuspected
 E'en by themselves) had fixed his dart
 Deep in each young and glowing heart.
 'T was with this vague but sick'ning thought
 That Clifford had fair Edith sought ;
 And there beside the still lake's side,
 Poured forth his passion's foaming tide.
 " And now," he muttered, " I have learned
 The truth my boding fears foretold,
 That my deep love is unreturned—
 That to'ards me her young heart is cold.
 And now *one* fear alone is mine ;
 And that is, lest my *saintly* foe
 Should, by some law he deems divine,
 Refuse the strife I covet so.
 But no ! if there is lingering yet
 One trace of manhood in his soul,
 I'll taunt him till he shall forget
 His canting and his self-control.
 Yes ! I remember well where he
 To-morrow will his toil pursue ;
 Beneath the lonely greenwood tree,
 Secluded far from human view.
 There will I seek him—and I'll tear
 Edith's bright image from his heart.
 We two shall be alone ; and there
 I'll sorely test his swordsman's art.
 I know him skill'd in fence full well ;

He says his sire did ever prize
 A youth who could his mates excel
 In every manly exercise.
 'T is well ! a worthier foe is mine :
 His very skill will aid the strife ;
 For habit will with fear combine
 In making him defend his life."

XXXIV.

Clifford *knew* Weston was sincere,
 And that 't would never be the fear
 Of human wrath or earthly might
 Would cause him to decline the fight.
 It once had chanced that they had been
 Together midst a perilous scene,
 When brave hearts sunk, and death seemed nigh,
 And parted lips, with horror dry,
 Grew voiceless in their agony.
Then had young Weston's bearing brave—
 His look so calm, altho' so grave—
 Told of an inward peace that took
 The dread from Death's most withering look ;
 And by his tranquil self-control,
 Show'd his to be no dastard soul.
 But never, at the world's command,
 Would he have calmly ta'en his stand
 Where he must be, whate'er betide,
 A murderer, or a suicide.
 He ne'er could have agreed to slay,
 Tho' in this "honourable" way,
 Some friend, because he could not brook
 Some passing word or slighting look.
 He thought even murder, "*a la mode*,"
 Forbidden by the laws of God ;
 And so unfashionable he
 As to obey them reverently.
 This Clifford knew ; and hence the snare
 Which now he laid, with malice deep,
 To place a rapier unaware
 Within his hand—then on him heap
 Insult, and scorn, and onset—all
 Forcing him thus to fight or fall.

The birch-bark's light that still the while,
 Cast its wild glare o'er Clifford's room,
 Was like the fierce and demon smile
 That flitted o'er his face of gloom;
 When, with clenched hands, he thought how he
 Would vent his anger bitterly
 On him whom now he seemed to clasp
 Within his dire and deadly grasp.

XXXV.

The dastard night is growing pale,
 Her trembling wings are spread for flight;
 No longer may her power prevail—
 Young Day is coming in his might,
 Nature's glad voice in triumph rings
 To see the dark'ning shades retire;
 And welcome, on his ruby wings,
 Is Morning, with his glance of fire.
 See how his laughing smile hath brighten'd
 The summit of yon wood-crown'd hill;
 And now 't has fall'n upon and lighten'd
 The lake's deep waters, pure and still.
 Oh! where shall Darkness find a spot
 Curtain'd with gloom, where she may die
 More gently than can be her lot
 Beneath the bright sun's burning eye?
 Oh! glorious Day! methinks that thou
 An emblem fit, tho' faint may be,
 Of Him who, on thy dazzling brow,
 Has stamped His own Divinity.
 Thou comest with thy form of light,
 Robed in light clouds of golden hue;
 And travellest in thy matchless might,
 Through the vast region of the blue.
 And while thy smile doth wake delight
 In bosoms that are pure and true,
 Dark-hearted Crime, the child of Night,
 Shrinks trembling from thy searching view.
 Each tiny leaf is richly dight
 With pearl-drops of the glittering dew;
 Like tears that had been shed by night,
 Ere from the conquering Day she flew.

The drowsy hinds are still asleep.

The lake like burnished silver lies,

Reflecting in its bosom deep

The blushing clouds most gorgeous dyes ;

And over water, wood, and stream,

Gladness and glory reign supreme.

SKETCHES OF INDIAN LIFE.

BY THE EDITOR.*

I.

THE ABENAQUIS' STORY.

'I was going along my line of traps, when I met an Indian with a sledge hauled by two dogs. He was a Montagnais, so that I could not understand much of his language, but he spoke English a little, and we could easily make one another out. I said to him, "You have a heavy load on your sledge." "A heavy load," he replied, in a mournful tone.

'I saw he did not like to talk, so I asked him to come to my lodge and pass the night. We got there early, and cooked some supper. The Indian had plenty of caribou meat with him, and gave me some, which he took from the sledge. After a smoke he began to talk, and said he came from St. Marguerite, which enters the gulf a few miles above Seven Islands. He had a nice little pack of furs with him, more than I had; and the caribou were numerous about seventy miles up the river, but there was a camp of Nasquapees there who were killing them off. After a while, just as it was growing dusk, he asked me if he might bring his sledge into my lodge; "for," said he, "I have a body there, and I am afraid the dogs will eat it if it is left outside."

'He brought the body in and laid it in the coldest part of the lodge, where there was a little snow drifted through a crack.

'"Oh!" said the Indian, "if the snow does not melt here the body will take no hurt."

'We sat and smoked together.

'After a while, I said, "Did you bring the body far?"

* From Explorations in the Interior of the Labrador Peninsula; the country of the Montagnais and Nasquapee Indians. By Henry Y. Hind, M.A.F.R.G.S. Two volumes, with maps and numerous illustrations. Longman's; London. In the Press.

“Six days up the St. Marguerite: perhaps eight days from here.— I came with some Nasquapees across the country, who had come from the Trinity River, and were following the caribou. The Nasquapees got enough meat, and went back. I came on to go down the Moisie to Seven Islands, and leave the body there till the spring.

“How did he die?” I said at length.

“The Indian looked at the fire and said nothing. I knew that there was some very sorrowful tale to tell, or he would have spoken at once.

“After a long pause the Indian said, “He is my cousin; I am taking him to be buried at the Post. He asked me; I promised him. It is a long journey in winter; but he wished it, and he will soon be there.

“The Indian then began to tell me how it happened. “He and I,” he said, pointing to the body—but he mentioned no name—“were hunting together; we came upon the track of a cat.”*

‘By that you mean lynx, of course,’ said one of the listeners.

‘Yes; we always call them cats: many white folk call them lynx.— It’s an animal about the size of a big dog, only lower and stronger, with sharp pointed ears, and a tuft at the end of each,’

‘Yes, that’s the lynx. Go on.’

‘Well, the Indian said, “We came upon the track of a cat, and followed it. My cousin was first, and he turned round and said to me, ‘I’ll go round that mountain, if you go up the valley with the dogs, and we are sure to get him.’ We separated. In an hour I heard a gun, and then sat down, and I waited long. Night was coming on; I thought I would go and look. I could find nothing, so, as it was getting dark, I fired my gun; no answer. I fired again; no answer. Something, I said, has happened to my cousin; I must follow his track as soon as it is daylight.

“I pulled some sapin,† made a bed on the snow, drew some branches over me, and slept well. Next morning I followed the tracks, and before I got half round the mountain I saw my cousin. He was nearly dead—could just speak. Close to him was the cat, frozen stiff. My cousin had slipped into a crack of the rock just after he had fired and wounded the cat, when he was within twenty yards of it. One of his legs was broken. As soon as he fell, the cat sprang upon him, and tore off part of his scalp; he killed it with his knife, but could not get out of the crack on account of his broken leg; he could not reach his gun to fire it off, and let me know. There he must have remained, and have died alone, if I had not chanced to come. I lifted him out of the crack, but his fingers snapped off—they were frozen. He just said to me,

* Cat, or Lynx.

† Branches of the spruce.

'Nipi! nipi!'—water! water! I quickly made a fire, put some snow in my blanket, held it over the flame, and got him some water. He told me to take him to Seven Islands or the Moisie, and bury him there. He pointed to his gun. I brought it to him; he put it into my hand, turned round his head, and died."

"The Indian sat looking at the fire for many minutes. I did not want to interrupt his thoughts. After a while I filled his pipe, put a coal in it, and gave it to him. He took it, still looking at the fire. Perhaps he saw the spirit of his cousin there, as Indians often say they do. He smoked for a long time. At length he spoke, looking at the body, and pointing to it, saying, "He said last winter that some one would die before the year was out.

"I knew, well enough that it was one of their superstitions that had troubled him, for he was a heathen not more than a year ago; and a man does not get rid of his heathen notions by being touched with a drop of Manitou water. So I said to him, "Did he see anything?"

"He came across tracks."

"Tracks?"

"A Wendigo," said the Indian.

"Have you ever seen one?" I asked him.

"I have seen tracks."

"Where?"

"On the St. Marguerite, the Mingan, the Manitou, the Oa-na-ma-ne, My cousin saw tracks on the Manitou last winter, and he said to me and to many of us, 'Something will happen.'"

"What were the tracks like?" I said to him.

"Wendigoes," he replied.

"Well, but how big were they?"

"He looked at me and said nothing, nor would he speak on the subject again.

"These Montagnais think," continued Pierre, "that the Wendigoes are giant cannibals, twenty and thirty feet high. They think that they live on human flesh, and that many Indians who have gone hunting, and have never afterwards been heard of, have been devoured by Wendigoes. They are dreadfully superstitious in the woods, but brave enough when they get on the coast.

II.

A NASQUAPEE'S DREAM.

The magnificent sandy beach on the east side of the Bay of Seven Islands, in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, with its fringe of beautiful but

small white and balsam spruce, forming the boundary of the forest which covers the flat country in the rear, is a most attractive camp-ground, ample enough for ten thousand Montagnais lodges. On a summer day, with a gentle breeze blowing, to drive mosquitos away, it becomes a delightful but very lonely lounge; and at the entrance to the channel, opposite the great Boule island, with the sea in front, the calm rippling bay at your feet, the silent forest just behind, backed by the everlasting hills, inconceivably desolate and wild, which stretch for a thousand miles towards the west, it is a fit spot for old memories to renew themselves, old sorrows to burst out afresh. So, evidently, Otelne, a Nasquapee from the far interior of the Labrador Peninsula, thought and found; for as I was bathing about a mile from the mission, on the Friday after our arrival, I saw an Indian sitting among the tall coarse grass which grew on the edge of the sloping beach. After a plunge in the cold water, observing him still retaining his posture, I went up to him, and when he turned at my approach, I saw it was Otelne ("The Tongue.") He made no sign, but, without expression of any kind, took the seal-skin tobacco-pouch I offered him, filled his pipe, brought out his flint and steel, struck a light, and, turning in silence towards the ocean, smoked without saying a word. After a short time, I uttered the Ojibway word for sun, calling his attention by pointing with the finger to the light which the setting sun was casting upon the Seven Islands. He watched it with apparent interest as it slowly rose up the side of the Grande Boule, when the sun descended behind the range of hills in the rear of the bay.

As soon as the last rose-tint fled from the summit, he shook the ashes out of his pipe, and touching me, while still squatting on the ground, pointed to the summit of the great Boule. Rising on his knees, he began to speak, pointing to different directions of the compass, then to himself, then particularly to the west, and, at the same time, accompanying his address with such admirable signs that, although I could understand but very few of the words he was saying, yet knowing something of his history, it was evident to me that he spoke of his coming to Seven Islands Bay from a great distance; that his party, when he arrived, consisted of some fifteen persons; that six or seven had died, four gone to the west again, and four remained behind; the numbers he represented by holding up his fingers. After a long speech, he sank down again on the sand, and looked at the rising tide, paying no attention to my second offer of the tobacco-pouch. I returned to the mission, determined to get an interpretation of the long speech he had made. This was effected in the following manner:—A young Montagnais, who could speak English well, and who went with Père Arnaud up the Manicouagan River, came after night-fall to bring me a map he had drawn,

and I told him about Otelne. "Oh!" said he, "it is nothing; he has been dreaming."

"Dreaming?" said I; "what do you mean?"

"I mean he has been thinking about his own country. He and the other Nasquapees often do it; they want to get back."

"Can you bring Otelne to my tent?" I said, "and interpret the long speech he made to me?"

"Certainly," he replied. "Ask Otelne to have some tea and a little molasses, and he will tell his dream over again."

"Will he tell it truthfully?" I asked.

"If you want it, he will say to you just what he said on the beach."

Otelne came in half an hour; and, after a very hearty supper, the young Montagnais explained my wish to know what he was saying to me during the afternoon.

"I was dreaming," said Otelne.

"Then let me hear what you dreamt," I replied.

The Indian smiled, said he would tell what he was dreaming about, and hoped that it might be of some use to him and his people.

The interpretation of his "dream" occupied a long time; and if I have not given it literally or at length, it still contains the thoughts of the poor Indian, expressed perhaps less fully than in his own tongue, but more intelligibly to those who are not familiar with the style of an Indian's thoughts, or the forms of expression which he gives to his feelings in words.

OTELNE'S DREAM.

"I looked upon the sea for the first time, two summers ago. I was hunting on Ashwanipi, when these Montagnais told me of the *Robe Noire*, of what he would do for me; they told me of the sea, of ships, and of many things. We held a council at Petichikapaw; many were present—my father, my brothers and uncles, my cousins, and many friends.

"My father is old. He spoke and said:—'Do not believe what these Montagnais say: the country is far—you will never come back; where are those who went two summers ago? Three only have returned, the rest are dead. They have seen the *Robe Noire*—seen the great waters; are they wiser and better than we are now? Can they hunt better, kill more caribou, collect more furs? No. My counsel is—do not go.'

"My uncle is an old man. He spoke and said:—'Two summers since, twice ten men, and women and children went to the south, and where are they now? Are there not many here who have seen the great

waters to the west? Are they better than we are? If the *Robe Noire* wants to see us, let him come here. My counsel is—do not go.’

“Others spoke—old men—they all said, ‘Do not go.’”

“One spoke, a young man—he lies there now; he is dead! He said: ‘We are young and strong, we can go and see the *Robe Noire*. If we find that the country is poor, we can come back at once. What can we do here? Do not all see that the caribou are gone? We must soon starve if we stay where we are. I shall go.’”

“Others spoke—young men. They said they were strong, and would go. They lie there now: they are dead; their wives are dead, their little children are dead.’”

“I spoke, and said I was strong, I would go and see the *Robe Noire*,

“When the ice went away, we came down the Moisie, fifteen people; others came down the St. Marguerite beyond there, others went down the Trinity. Many soon fell sick and died; some went back after they had seen the *Robe Noire*. Last year I wanted to go back, but was too weak. Only four of those who came with me still remain here; what are we to do? If we go back, we shall not see the priest again; he cannot come to our country, it is too far; we shall soon forget what he has taught us; our children will be heathens again. I believe in God, a great and good God, and all that he has done for us. Shall I go back to the wilderness, where I shall never hear of God? shall I take my children back to be afraid of devils? shall I stay here and die, or see them die, one by one before my eyes—see my wife die, and feel that I am dying myself? What shall I do?”

“Look at that sea, it is clear and bright, but to-morrow, it may be, there will be fog, fog; and then what shall I feel here? pain, pain! and I shall know then that I am going to follow those who lingered a little while and then died.

“I am not in my own country; I do not breathe my own air; I have not hunted a caribou since I came to the coast; I have not my old strength; I am weak and full of care. If I were in my own country, I should be strong and happy, if I should not forget what he (the priest) has taught me. I do not know what to do!

“This is what I was thinking of when you saw me on the beach. This is my dream.”

Poor Otelne! well might he sit on that beautiful shore and “dream.” His fate, and that of all who remain on the coast, is sealed.

The Nasquapees cannot endure the changes of temperature, the fogs, and the damp on the coast; they have been accustomed to dry cold, however severe. The simple yet excellent artifices they employ to keep themselves from freezing on the coldest night, are useless against the penetrating damp of spring. A Nasquapee, on the bleak and cheerless

mountains of the interior, has his leathern tent, his bag full of eider down, his deer-skin robe, his kettle, and a little Caribou meat. At the approach of night, he throws his limbs into the leather bag, and arranges the down about him, rolls himself in his robe, draws his knees to his chin, and, under the half shelter of his little tent, sleeps soundly, however cold and piercing may be the driving snow. But, on the coast, the damp penetrates to his bones; he sits shivering over a smoky fire, looses heart, and sinks under repeated attacks of influenza, brought on by changes in the temperature.

III.

THE WINDING SHEET.—MINGAN.

Five hundred Montagnais had pitched their tents at Mingan, a fortnight before we arrived, there to dispose of their furs, the produce of the winter's hunt, and to join in the religious ceremonies of the Roman Catholic church under the ministration of Père Arnaud. They had assembled from all parts of their wintering grounds between the St. John's River and the Straits of Belle Isle—some coming in canoes, others in boats purchased from the American fishermen on the coast, others on foot. A large number had already procured their supplies and started for the most easterly of the Mingan Islands and different parts of the coast in consequence of an epidemic which had already carried off ten victims. Others were preparing to start, and only waiting for a favourable wind; a few still lingered in their birch bark lodges, some of these being ill and unable to move. The poor creatures seemed to be attacked with influenza, which rapidly prostrated them.

I went with one of the clerks into the Hudson's Bay Company's Store, where a group of Indians were assembled waiting to obtain their supplies. Among them I observed a woman, who stood aloof until the others were served, and then repeated some words in Indian in a low tone of voice. I found that she asked for a winding-sheet for her husband, whose death she expected at sunset.

I followed her to the beach, and saw her husband lying at the bottom of a boat, with two or three Indians near him waiting for the tide. As we approached he turned his head round, looked at me, then at his wife, then at the winding-sheet, which she carried on her arm. The eyes of the sick man rested for a few moments on his shroud, and then turned to the setting sun. The wife stepped into the boat, and taking her place at the feet of her husband, rolled up the cloth, and placing it upon her knees, sat motionless as a statue. A dog sat on one of the seats of the boat; every now and then he raised his head, and howled low and long as if he were baying at the sun.

I turned away, not wishing to intrude upon the silent sorrows of the poor Indians; and on looking back, when some distance from the shore I saw them still in the same position, and heard again the long low howl of the apparently conscious dog, bidding farewell to the sun, which at that moment dipped below the western waves. Early on the next morning I went to look for the boat, but it was gone: I enquired of some Indians who were just returning with a seal they had shot in the harbour, whether the man was dead; they said, 'No, not when they started, but he'll die to-morrow night.'

IV.

THE WINDING SHEET—SEVEN ISLANDS.

The burying-ground at Seven Islands is close to the chapel. It contains the remains of Nasquapees, who have come from their distant hunting grounds to see the *robe noire*. To many of these people the visit to the coast is a journey to the grave; comparatively few return. "They die," said an old French Canadian half-breed to me, "they die like rotten sheep as soon as they get here; the climate kills them; they cannot stand the damp sea air; they catch cold and go off at once."

"What brings them here?" I asked.

"Well, sir, it's the priest. He tells Dominique, Bartelmi, and a lot of others, who go to winter in the Nasquapee country, to bring them down, and as soon as they come they die—some in a month, some in a year. Look at those who came here last year: they can't hunt; they'll die before next spring."

"But is not the priest quite right to induce these heathen Indians to come and learn something about the Christian religion?"

"Ah! that's another thing. No doubt it's for the good of their souls, but the poor creatures die off as soon as they come, and, to my mind, they might just as well live a few years in their own country. It's no use coming here to die. But then there's the religion—it's a difficult matter; perhaps it's better to die a Christian than to live a heathen."

"Wiser and better men than you and I have made the same remark before."

"Perhaps so, sir. I am an ignorant man—a trapper, and nothing more than a trapper; but I am sorry to see these poor creatures come down to the coast and die. They don't show their trouble before other people, but when they are alone, how I have seen them heave and cry as if their hearts would burst!"

"Are you speaking of the Nasquapees?"

“Yes; I was thinking of them, but the Montagnais are the same. It's not a year since a fine young Nasquapee, with two wives, came down the St. Marguerite to Seven Islands. He died of influenza before he had been here six months. The women came to me to buy his winding-sheet. I said to one of them, ‘Is Appe-muskis* dead?’ ‘Not yet,’ she replied. ‘Had you not better wait a while?’ I said to his wives, for I felt sorry for them, and did not want to take the marten skin they brought to pay for it. They shook their heads. ‘No, no!’ said one; ‘he will die with the setting sun; give me the winding-sheet.’ Now, to look at these women's faces, you would not think that there was much the matter with them; but then it's their custom; both Montagnais and Nasquapees always do it.

“Well, sir, two days after that poor fellow was buried, I was away in the woods on the other side of the bay. I walked to the beach and saw a canoe lying; I knew it was one of Appe-muskis' wives, so I went into the woods and listened, thinking I heard her coming through the bush. I crept near to look. She was sitting crouched up on a fallen tree; her head was bent down on her knees. She was moaning out some words in Nasquapee, which, though very like Montagnais, I can't always understand. At last I caught her saying several times, ‘To die so far, far, far from home!’ I knew then what she was sobbing about, and crept back to the beach.

“When I got there I fired off my gun. In two minutes the squaw came from the woods, chewing a bit of gum, but to look at her, you wouldn't have thought she'd a care on her mind. I glanced at her close to make sure, and I saw where she had brushed off her tears; but she chewed away at her bit of gum as if nothing was the matter with her.”

V.

WINTER LIFE ON THE TABLE LAND OF THE LABRADOR PENINSULA.

This is one of the winter hunting grounds† of the tribe of Montagnais of which Dominique is chief. No doubt, before the fire occurred three years ago, caribou moss was very abundant, and the deer sufficiently numerous to sustain a few families. How utterly desolate I thought the whole Ashwanipi valley must be, if Dominique preferred living last winter on the shores of the lake before us, with such a wide expanse to the north-east and north to choose from!

He himself killed in this neighbourhood thirty caribou; and yester-

* Appe-muskis signifies a “spit” or stick on which game is cooked.

† On the edge of the table land of the Labrador Peninsula, 140 miles north of Anticosti.

day Michel pointed triumphantly to the last lake we had crossed, saying, "Here I killed a caribou last winter." What a life to lead among these rocks and frozen lakes! But no doubt when a pure mantle of white covers rocks, blackened trees, lakes, boulders, and burnt land, the aspect of nature changes, and assumes the same outline as in all other undulating regions where snow falls deep and lasts long. Five or six families wintered on the other side of the low dividing ridge in the valley of the Ashwanipi. They were Nasquapees, and Michel told me that his father's tribe and they were accustomed to pay visits, for the purpose of holding a feast, when either party had been successful in killing two or more caribou.

Savage life, in such a wilderness as the one I am describing, is sometimes joyous to the Indians themselves, when they can kill enough to eat. The excitement of the chase, the pride, delight, and temporary comfort of success, more than compensate for privations to which they are accustomed, or for the anxieties which they do not trouble themselves about. They kill a caribou, store away a little, make a gluttonous and wasteful feast of the greater part, sing, boast, and sleep, until hunger awakens them, and the cold reality of their desolation is before them again, to be relieved and forgotten in never-changing routine.

At no time does an Indian look so well, and, if fine-featured, so really handsome, as when just returning from a successful and not too fatiguing hunt in the winter. His step is firm and proud, his eye dilated, clear and brilliant—not bloodshot and contracted, as it usually is from exposure to smoke in his lodge. His cheek is perceptibly tinged with crimson, seen through the dark skin; his hair is soft and drooping, wet with severe toil, notwithstanding the intense cold. He enters his lodge with a loud shout of greeting, throws down his burden, cuts off a slice, hands it to a relative, saying: "Eat; run and tell so and so to come; I have killed a deer; we will feast." Michel told me of a great feast his father made last winter, when he had killed a fat bear,—how he and one of his cousins were sent on a message of invitation across the Dividing Ridge to the people of his own tribe, bearing also with them a small supply of meat for the squaws and children who could not come such a long distance—a full day's journey on snow-shoes,—that when he was close to their lodges, he met two hunters coming to Dominique's camp, bringing part of a caribou, and an invitation to a feast; for they had killed four. The whole party returned to the Nasquapee camp bringing the news, and on the following morning nine in all set out, each with a little present of meat, and arrived late in the evening at Dominique's camp. The feast then began: the bear was cut into two halves, and one half placed on each

side of a large fire in Dominique's lodge. Each Indian had a short stick and a knife. They cut off bits of meat, roasted it for a minute, and ate it, and so continued feasting until the bear was demolished. Some of them, when satisfied, would lie down, and, after a short time, rise again and renew their meal. The bear was not completely eaten until daylight on the following morning. They slept during the whole of that day and the following night. On the third morning, Dominique and several other Montagnais went back with the Nasquapees to their camp, and had a similar feast of caribou. Michel spoke of this savage enjoyment without much emotion; but poor Louis, who eagerly interpreted his friend's narrative, was painfully affected. To use a common but expressive phrase, "his mouth watered;" he wished he had been there. It did not often happen to the lazy Louis to be the invited guest to such a feast, and his diet during the winter had been seals, which he said were very good, yet not so good as bear. "Nothing like bear—fat bear very fine."

"On which side of the lake did you hunt last winter?" I enquired of Michel, who was surveying the country from the summit of a knoll near Caribou Lake. Louis had to repeat the question thrice before Michel answered, and even then I saw him looking towards the east, moving his hand gently up and down, and apparently following some imaginary object. His face was particularly bright and intelligent, and when he suddenly turned round to Louis and pointed towards the north and north-east, I was very much struck with the peculiar excited expression of his face. "What's the matter with Michel?" I exclaimed.

Louis made due enquiries; but although Michel spoke rapidly, and pointed in various directions, yet Louis answered not. Arousing him, I said—

"What is he saying, Louis?"

"Tell you soon; wait a bit;" was the only reply I could elicit. Louis now began to question Michel, and an animated conversation sprang up between them, in which Michel made many references to the surrounding country, and Louis listened with more than ordinary attention. At last, with his face brighter than I ever observed it before, he told me the reason of Michel's excited manner and the subject of conversation.

It appeared that last winter Michel and two of his cousins had been stationed near Caribou Lake by Dominique to watch for caribou, and prevent them from taking a certain path over precipitous rocks which they were known to frequent, and over which the hunters could not follow them swiftly enough when only a little snow was on the ground. The object of the hunters was to drive the caribou through a favourable pass which would make the death of some of them a matter of cer-

tainty. Michel, when we first saw him on the knoll, was mentally reviewing the incidents of that day's hunt, and indicating with the undulatory motion of his hand the direction the caribou had taken. The story which he was telling related to a singular incident which happened to himself. He had been watching for some hours with his companion, when they heard the clatter of hoofs over the rocks. Looking in a direction from which they least expected caribou would come, they saw two caribou pursued by a small band of wolves, making directly for the spot where they were lying. They were not more than three hundred yards away, but coming with tremendous bounds, and fast increasing the distance between themselves and the wolves, who had evidently surprised them only a short time before. Neither Michel nor his companion had fire-arms, but each was provided with his bow and arrows. The deer came on; the Indians lay in the snow ready to shoot. The unsuspecting animals darted past the hunters like the wind, but each received an arrow, and one dropped. Instantly taking a fresh arrow, they waited for the wolves. With a long and steady gallop these ravenous creatures followed their prey, but when they came within ten yards of the Indians, the latter suddenly rose, each discharged an arrow at the amazed brutes, and succeeded in transfixing one with a second arrow before it got out of reach. Leaving the wolves, they hastened after the caribou. "There," said Louis, "quite close to that steep rock, the caribou which Michel shot was dead: he had hit it in the eye, and it could not go far. Michel stopped to guard his caribou, as the wolves were about; one of his cousins went after the deer he had hit, the other went back after the wolves which had been wounded. The wolf-cousin had not gone far back when he heard a loud yelling and howling. He knew what the wolves were at; they had turned upon their wounded companion, and were quarreling over the meal. The Indian ran on, and came quite close to the wolves, who made so much noise, and were so greedily devouring the first he had shot, that he approached quite close to them, and shot another, killing it at once. The caribou-cousin had to go a long distance before he got his deer."

Such was the substance of Louis' narration of Michel's story; and the excited manner and heightened colour of the Nasquapee arose from his killing the caribou over again, in a happy mental renewal of the wild hunt which he and cousins had so triumphantly brought to a close.

"Did you always have plenty to eat during last winter in this part of the country, Michel?" I asked.

The bright eye soon resumed its natural lustreless expression as the young Nasquapee's thoughts reverted to painful scenes of distress, arising from want of necessary food, and even absolute starvation, to

which he had been an eye-witness, not three months since, in these same dreary wilds.

In the spring of the year, before the geese began to arrive, the caribou left this part of the country, travelling north. Dominique could not follow them, as it was impossible to transport his family across the country when the snow was beginning to go. The ptarmigan, or white partridge, passed away with the deer, and the interval between the disappearance of these animals and the arrival of the geese is always one of suffering to the improvident Indians of this country.

"What did you eat?" I said to Michel.

He pointed to some patches of tripe de roche which were growing on the rock close to us.

"Is that all?" I asked.

He advanced a step or two, looked round about him, then said something to Louis.

"He says they made broth of the birch buds."

"Tripe de roche and broth of birch buds! anything else?"

"Nothing."

Ask him whether he ever heard of Indians eating one another? Louis asked the question, but Michel made no answer. Louis, however, volunteered the information, that Indians did eat one another when they were starving, naively saying, "if they did not, all would starve."

NIGHT AND DAY.

"For there shall be no night there."

The golden day succeeds the dusky night,
 And every progress is but fuller light.
 The course of time is one long-breaking dawn,
 And what once seemed the day, when far withdrawn,
 To us is night low brooding on the hills.

Here mellow moonlight dims the stars and fills,
 The lakes with silver, silvers all the streams;
 Slow drift the whitened clouds beneath its beams,
 And rise, and pass to nothingness, and die;
 The stars are pale a-deep in the purple sky;
 The poplars shiver in the tremulous air,
 And far away a dog barks, low and clear,
 No other sound molests night's silent sway—
 If this is night, how fair shall be the Day!

A. G. L. T.

MINING.

I HAD occasion to visit Acton Vale lately, and did not neglect the opportunity then afforded me of inspecting the celebrated copper mines, which have so changed the present, and promise to revolutionize the future of a great part of Lower Canada and its traditional inhabitants.

Having fully determined to get a glimpse of the mine, I soon reached its mouth, accompanied by a friend, when suddenly a voice spoke, "so far shalt thou go, and no farther." On inquiring the reason of this injunction I was informed that the rocks were about to be blasted. As I gazed, a host of human beings came scampering and running to the mouth of the shaft, like the rushing of ants, when one overturns their hill. The blasting having ceased, these human ants soon found their place and work. I then took a survey of the inside of the shaft, a deep, wide, yawning, irregular chasm cut into the rocks. All over its surface, laboured hundreds of miners; and the sonorous, clanking sounds of their hammers swept upwards from the almost abysmal darkness of the place to the free air of heaven above. Somehow, the appearance of the cavernous hollow—its enormous extent and height—its jagged ruts and fissures—startled me. There seemed something connected with the terrible, grand and sublime about it. Polyphemus and the Cyclops, instead of forging Jupiter's thunderbolts in the interior of Mount Ætna, should have worked in the shaft of a huge mine.

I next visited the places where they washed and ground the ore. Formerly, boys performed this labour—now machines, worked by steam, take their place. Of course the slush and slime occasioned by the rinsing, impeded my progress slightly, but the glittering copper scattered through the *debris*, sparkled all the more brilliantly from the contrast. Formerly there were nine hundred, but now there are only four hundred men employed in the mine. It is expected that during the summer the numbers will reach six hundred. For those who do not know the fact, I may state that a barrel of copper ore ranges in price, according to quality, from eighteen to thirty-three dollars each.

There are mines in the neighbourhood about being worked, and others which are partially opened. I write concerning that one which, if report is true, has made and marred the fortunes of many. One person especially, who, some years since, had to leave Montreal in consequence of certain importunate creditors, now thrives in Acton Vale on superabundant wealth. Others have retired in unknown lands, on vast riches. I wonder if the increase of their store will prove a *mine* of good to themselves and to others? whether they will enjoy and use rightly

what a benignant fortune has suddenly showered on them? whether their gold will prove a blessing or a curse in their hands?

Men clutch at the glittering metal, worship its substance, and gloat over its possession. But there are other priceless possessions on earth for man to enjoy, and these he often heeds not. I am not a preacher, and do not wish to moralize; but I must remark that my companions evinced no delight, when I pointed out, for their edification, a forest of pines and firs, covered with their deep, dusky foliage of evergreen, and towering upwards in majesty, glory, and strength. No doubt copper is very useful and valuable; mines are often very productive, and the mineral resources of a country are not to be despised; but all these things, and everything appertaining to them, are liable to flee and change; but the solemn, beautiful pine and fir trees have unchanging elements in them, and, unless the hand of man cuts them down, are as immutable and fixed as the One who made them live and grow to beautify the earth, and strike awe in the heart of man. To this moment, then, I cannot pardon the dull, cold apathy of my friends towards this real *mine* of grandeur.

One of my companions had previously purchased the right of mining a certain tract of land. On the day of our visit he intended to get it parcelled and measured. We had made several vain enquiries in the place for some one to perform this work. At last a certain individual was introduced to us, who declared himself capable. He was an attenuated, keen-looking, smiling-faced, shabby, youthful Yankee. In reply to our queries as to whether he knew French measure, his answer of "certainly" was given with such a bold, swaggering air of confidence, as to give me the idea that, if asked, he would make pretensions to know everything, and do anything. We found him nimble, smart, quick-witted, and loquacious. There was nothing sluggish in *his* nature. He had nothing in common with the *habitant* farmer. An American may be always boastful of success, but failure does not damp his energies. He may be a braggart, but he does not wail over misfortune. The schemes emanating from his keen, active mind may sometimes prove futile, but he plans so much, that at some time or other, sooner or later, success must crown his efforts. Even his boastfulness proceeds from excess of hope. Our Canadian papers are sometimes very unspairing in their comments on the defects and peculiarities of the Yankee; but, taking him all and all, his character must command admiration from all those who can estimate truly energy of mind and fertility of resources.

Having called for the owner of the land, a *habitant* farmer, we proceeded through his farm to the woods. Everywhere fragments of the rocks had been crushed, in the hope of finding *indications* of copper. I allowed my companions to busy themselves with the object they had in view, while I wandered through the woods,

remarking other *indications* more suitable to my taste. Everywhere there were signs of the beautiful spring time. Young trees and old trees, slender maples and wide-spreading beeches, shrubs and plants, were putting forth their young shoots and leaves. Everything was unfolding life and beauty! The tenderly green foliage, sparkling in the May sunbeams, was a truly gladdening sight. I thought how each successive year—the miracle of the spring-time—regenerated life issuing from decay—loveliness bursting forth from darkness—appears to

“Seize upon the mind—arrest, and search, and shake it,”

and, let me add, elevate, and thus improve it. The surrounding influences, however, did not seem to awaken these ideas in my companions—other indications had completely enthralled them. Soon I discovered other mines of pleasure, wild flowers. Rapture now took the place of joy. I plucked them eagerly, I may almost say, wildly; and I have vague recollections of having behaved very much like a child in so doing. My confession of this fact is not tinted with any regret. I do not want to repeat here any homilies about flowers. They have always wrought a spell upon the greatest minds, the finest imaginations, and the truest hearts; and any human being who cannot admire flowers is deficient in a faculty; more than this, if we cannot appreciate loveliness there must be something *unlovely* in our composition. The pure-minded, innocent, and artless, always hunger and thirst after these revelations of God's love. They are an everlasting theme for the poet; for beautiful objects must always inspire beautiful thoughts. All children are attracted by them, and exult over them. I think the study of botany is one of the most humanizing of all studies, when pursued in a true spirit. But a knowledge of names, and terms, and definitions alone, will never refine our minds. We must consider them in their relations to human life and human thought—to nature and to God; then the pursuit will enlarge and elevate our faculties.

I was drinking keen enjoyment from this new mine of beauty, when I chanced on some wild violets, not hidden under mossy stones, according to Wordsworth's fancy, but profusely scattered in many open spots. It seemed a shame, almost, that ungainly feet should tread on them and lacerate their soft blue splendour. This thought suggested and recalled a dainty fancy of Goethe about a violet. My readers may not remember it. The translation is by that celebrated wit, Theodore Martin.

THE VIOLET.

“ A violet blossom'd on the lea,
 Half hidden from the eye,
 As fair a flower as you might see ;
 When there came tripping by
 A shepherd maiden, fair and young,
 Lightly, lightly o'er the lea.
 Care she knew not, and she sung
 Merrily !

“ O ! were I but the fairest flower
 That blossoms on the lea ;
 If only for one little hour,
 That she might gather me—
 Clasp me in her bonny breast !
 Thought the little flower.
 ‘ O ! that in it I might rest
 But an hour ! ’

“ Lack-a-day ! Up came the lass,
 Heeded not the violet,
 Trod it down into the grass ;
 Though it died 'twas happy yet.
 ‘ Trodden down although I lie,
 Yet my death is very sweet—
 O ! the happiness to die
 At her feet ! ’ ”

Destruction, in the natural course of things, must take place ; but I don't understand how any one destroy anything willfully, for mere amusement. I was almost enraged with my friend the *habitant* for cutting down a young stripling maple, *pour passè le temps*. I reprimanded him on the subject, and he said, “ bah.” To him it was no harm, to me it seemed a pity. There the felled and mangled maple lay, deprived of life, cut off from all enjoyment, and the power of giving enjoyment to others. Yet my dull and lethargic *habitant* could only say “ bah,” and chuckle over my annoyance. As a matter of course, *he* could never have read Morris' pathetic and wonderful poem, “ Woodman, spare that tree,” or else he would never have committed such a thoughtless act. I hope I do not speak irreverently of sermons when I say that the teachings embodied in a true lyrical poem are often more potent and effectual than some sermons I have heard.

O! dear friends, destroy less and preserve more!

“Woodman, spare that tree,
Touch not a single bough,
In youth it sheltered me,
And I'll protect it now!”

Is there not something heart-stirring in this expression of gratitude to the tree! Is not this appeal to spare very eloquent and touching?

Soon we returned to Montreal, amid the demoniacal screeches and hissings of that ugly iron horse, through tracts of wilderness, over which the shadows of the night had settled; under the canopy of heaven, through which glittered a galaxy of myriad worlds, whose everlasting glory to me seems always rebuking man's little triumphs, and petty schemes, and narrow desires.

REVIEWS.

Christopher North: a memoir of John Wilson, compiled from family papers and other sources. By his daughter, Mrs. Gordon, with an introduction by R. Shelton Mackenzie, D.C.L. W. J. Widdleton, New York. Rollo & Adam, Toronto. 1863.

John Wilson, late professor of moral philosophy in the University of Edinburgh, possessed that remarkable cast of face which when once seen could never be forgotten. In the memories of many now residing in Canada the intellectual countenance and easy dignified bearing of that gifted man are still vividly impressed. In Blackwood's Magazine for upwards of a generation his genius is seen and felt.

John Wilson was born at Paisley in May, 1785. He was a beautiful and animated child, full of fun and fond of sport, especially angling, which so charmed him, that when addressing his sisters from a nursery pulpit at the age of five years, he took for his text “There was a fish, and it was a deil of a fish, and it was ill to its young anes.” In after years he wonderfully described his own emotions when a young lad, lost in a storm on the moor: “The mist becomes a shower, and the shower a flood, and the flood a storm, and the storm a tempest, and the tempest thunder and lightning, heavenquake and earthquake, till the heart of poor wee Kit quaked and almost died within him. In this age of confessions need we be ashamed to own, in the face of the whole world, that he sat down and cried! The small brown moorland bird, as dry as a toast, hopped out of his heather-hole, and cheerfully chirped comfort. With crest just a thought lowered by the rain, the green-backed, white breasted peaseweeps, walked close by us in the mist, and sight of wonder, that

made even in that quandary by the quagmire our heart beat with joy—lo! never seen before, and seldom since, three wee peaseweeps, not three days old, little bigger than shrew-mice, all covered with blackish down interspersed with long white hair, running after their mother! But the large hazel eye of the she peaseweeps, restless even in the mist's utter solitude, soon spied us glowering at her, and at her young ones, through our tears; and not for a moment doubting (heaven forgive her for the shrewd but cruel suspicion!) that we were Lord Eglintoun's gamekeeper, with a sudden shrill cry that thrilled to the marrow in our cold back bone, flapped and fluttered herself away into the mist, while the little black bits of down disappeared, like devils, into the moss."

When at Glasgow College he kept a diary in which his memoranda are mixed up in humerous contrast; "Feb. 13th, called on my grandmother; went to the sale of books; had a boxing match—match of three rounds with Floyd—beat him."

Wilson early "fell in love." John Wilson and "Margaret" had many rides and walks together; a few years of bright spring-tide of youth, "and one feels the gentle quiet of its womanly interest gliding insensibly and surely into something more deep and agitating, as does the dewy colour of daybreak into the fervent splendour of noon.

In 1803 Wilson went to Magdalen College, Oxford. He was a hard reader by fits and starts only, although he passed a very creditable examination. He possessed extraordinary physical powers, which enabled him to work much longer at a time than his weaker rivals. As a skilful pugilist he soon acquired a high reputation. Meeting one day with a noted member of the ring, who showed an inclination to pick a quarrel, Wilson offered to fight him, and so punished his rival, that he exclaimed, "You can only be one of the two, you are either Jack Wilson or the Devil." He shut up a proctor, who was disturbed by an uproar in High Street, of which John Wilson was the prime author, by repeating with imperturbable gravity nearly the whole of Pope's "Essay on man." When Master of Arts one of his amusements used to consist in going to the 'Angel Inn' about midnight, where many of the up and down London coaches met; there he was in the habit of presiding at the passengers' supper-table, carving for them, inquiring all about their respective journeys why and wherefore they were made, &c., and in return astonishing them with his wit and pleasantry, and sending them off wondering who and what he could be! From the 'Angel' he would frequently go to the 'Fox and Goose' where he found the coachmen and guards, a willing audience.

In 1807 he left Oxford and selected a home on the banks of Windermere.—Here he enjoyed the society of many kindred spirits and indulged in his favourite out-door pastimes. One of these was characteristic. It consisted in hunting a neighbour's bull across the country, on horse back, and with spears, not in the broad day light, but in the gloom of night. The owner of the bull was astonished at occasionally seeing the bull exhibiting the effects of a hard run early in the morning. Wilson married in 1811 and spent several happy years at his cottage home. But in an evil hour, through the treachery of a relative he lost his fortune, and was compelled to return to Edinburgh and read for the bar.

In 1817 he commenced that connection with Blackwood which lasted for more than a generation and established the name and influence of *Maga* wherever the English language is spoken. The following letter besides being extremely amusing shows more of Wilson's character than any description :—

“MY DEAR HOGG,—I am in Edinboro', and wish to be out of it. Mrs. Wilson and I walked 320 miles in the Highlands, between the 5th of July and the 26th of August, sojourning in divers glens from Sabbath unto Sabbath, fishing, eating, and staring. I purpose appearing in Glasgow on Thursday, where I shall stay till the Circuit is over. I then go to Elleray, in the character of a Benedictine monk, till the beginning of November. Now pause and attend. If you will meet me at Moffat on October 6th, I will walk or mail it with you to Elleray, and treat you there with fowls and Irish whiskey. Immediately on the receipt of this, write a letter to me at Mr. Strutt's bookshop, Hutcheson Street, Glasgow, saying positively if you will or will not do so. If you don't, *I will lick you*, and fish up the Douglas burn before you next time I come to Ettrick. I saw a letter from you to M. the other day, by which you seem to be alive and well. You are right in not making verses when you can catch trout. Francis Jeffrey leaves Edinboro' this day for Holland and France. I presume, after destroying the King of the Netherlands, he intends to annex that kingdom to France, and assume the supreme power of the united countries, under the title of Geoffrey the First. You he will make Poet Laureate and Fishmonger, and me Admiral of the Mosquito fleet.

‘If you have occasion soon to write to Murray, pray introduce something about the “City of the Plague,” as I shall probably offer him that poem in about a fortnight, or sooner. Of course I do not wish you to say that the poem is utterly worthless. I think that a bold eulogy from you, if administered immediately, would be of service to me ; but if you do write about it, do not tell him that I have any intention of offering it to him, but you may say that you hear I am going to offer it to a London book-seller.

‘We stayed seven days at Mrs. Izett's, at Kinnaird, and were most kindly received. Mrs. Izatt is a great ally of yours, and is a fine creature. I killed in the Highlands 170 dozen trout ; one day nineteen dozen and a half ; another, seven dozen. I one morning killed ten trouts that weighed nine pounds. In Lochawe, in three days, I killed seventy-six pounds weight of fish, all with the fly. The Gaels were astonished. I shot two roebucks, and had nearly caught a red deer by the tail. *I was within half a mile of it at furthest.* The good folks in the Highlands are not dirty ; they are clean, decent, hospitable, ugly people. We domiciliated with many, and found no remains of the great plague of fleas, &c., that devastated the country from the time of Ossian to the accession of George the Third. We were at Loch Katrine, Loch Lomond, Inverary, Dalmelly, Loch Etive, Glen Etive, Dalness, Appin, Ballahulish, Fort William, Moy, Dalwhinny, Loch Ericht, (you dog !), Loch Rannoch, Glen Lyon, Taymouth, Blair, Athol, Bruar, Perth, Edinboro'. Is not Mrs. Wilson immortalized ?

‘I know of Cona.* It is very creditable to our excellent friend, but will

* ‘Cona, or the Vale of Clwyd, and other Poems,’ by Mr. James Gray, one of the Masters of the Edinburgh Grammar School.

not sell any more than the "Isle of Palms," or the "White Doe." The "White Doe" is not in season; venison is not liked in Edinboro'; it wants flavour. A good Ettrick wether is preferable. Wordsworth has more of the poetical character than any living writer, but he is not a man of first-rate intellect. His genius oversets him. Southey's "Roderick" is not a first-rate work. The remorse of Roderick is that of a christian devotee rather than that of a dethroned monarch. His battles are ill-fought; there is no processional march of events in the poem; there is no tendency to one great end, like a river increasing in majesty till it reaches the sea. Neither is there national character, Spanish or Moorish; no sublime imagery; no profound passion. Southey wrote it, and Southey is a man of talent; but it is his worst poem.

'Scott's "Field of Waterloo" I have seen. What a poem! such bald and nerveless language, mean imagery, commonplace sentiments, and clumsy verification! It is beneath criticism. Unless the latter part of the battle be very fine indeed, this poem will injure him.

'Wordsworth is dished, Southey is in purgatory, Scott is dying, and Byron is married. Herbert is frozen to death in Scandinavia; Moore has lost his manliness; Coleridge is always in a fog; Johanna Bailey is writing a system of cookery; Montgomery is in a mad-house, or ought to be; Campbell is sick of a constipation in the bowels; Hogg is herding sheep in Ettrick forest; and Wilson has taken the plague. Oh! wretched writers! unfortunate bards! What is Bobby Miller's back-shop to do this winter? Alas! alas! alas! a wild doe is a noble animal! Write an address to me, and it shall be inferior to one I have written—for half a barrel of red herrings.

'The Highlanders are not a poetical people; they are too national, too proud of their history. They imagine that a colley shangy between the M'Gregors and Campbell's is a sublime event, and they overlook mountains 4000 feet high. If Ossian did write the poems attributed to him, or any poems like them, he was a dull dog, and deserved never to taste whiskey as long as he lived. A man who lives for ever among mists and mountains knows better than to be always prosing about them. Methinks I feel about objects familiar to infancy and manhood, but when we speak of them it is only upon great occasions, and in situations of deep passion. Ossian was probably born in a flat country.

'Scott has written good lines in the "Lord of the Isles," but he has not done justice to the Sound of Mull, which is a glorious strait.

'The Northern Highlanders do not admire "Waverley," so I presume the South Highlanders despise "Guy Mannering." The Westmoreland peasants think Wordsworth a god. In Borrowdale, Southey is not known to exist. I met ten men in Hawick who did not think Hogg a poet; and the whole city of Glasgow thinks me a madman. So much for the voice of the people being the voice of God. I left my snuff-box in your cottage; take care of it. The Anstruther Bards have advertised their anniversary; I forget the day.

'I wish Lieutenant Gray, of the Marines, had been devoured by the lion he once carried on board his ship to the Dey of Algiers; or that he was kept a perpetual prisoner by the Moors in Barbary. Did you hear that Tennant

had been taken before the Session for an offence against good morals? If you did not, neither did I; indeed, it is on many accounts exceedingly improbable.

'Yours truly.'

In 1820 Wilson was elected Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh. As a lecturer he soon became unrivalled. 'As he spoke the bright blue eyes looked with a strange gaze into vacancy, sometimes sparkling with a coming joke, sometimes darkening before a rush of indignant eloquence; the tremulous upper lip curving with every wave of thought or hint of passion and the golden grey hair floating on the old man's mighty shoulders, if, indeed, that could be called age, which seemed but the immortality of a more majestic youth. And occasionally, in the finer phrenzy of his more imaginative passages—as when he spoke of Alexander clay-cold at Babylon, with the world lying conquered around his tomb, or of the Highland hills that pour the rage of cataracts adown their riven clefts, or even of the human mind with its primæval granitic truths—the grand old face flushed with the proud thought, and the eyes grew dim with tears, and the magnificent frame quivered with universal emotion. It was something to have seen Professor Wilson—this, all confessed; but it was something also, but more than is generally understood, to have studied under him.'

In 1851 he resigned his professorship in consequence of ill health. At this time, as a slight testimony to his great talents, Her Majesty settled £300 a year on the now decaying poet, philosopher and critic. He died on the last day of April 1854, surrounded by his children and grandchildren, "All who were near and dear to him."

"At five o'clock his breathing became more difficult. Evening sent its deepening shadows across his couch—darker ones were soon to follow. Still that sad and heavy breathing, as if life were unwilling to quit the strong heart. Towards midnight he passed his hand frequently across his eyes and head, as if to remove something obtruding his vision. A bitter expression for one instant crossed his face—the veil was being drawn down. A moment more, and as the clock chimed the hour of twelve, that heaving heart was still."

Not only must Wilson's life be read, but his works must be read in order that his genius and character may be appreciated. His life has yet to be written by a man. He was himself so thoroughly a man, in the best sense of the word, so much above the ordinary run of mortals, that many years will elapse before we can have a satisfactory 'life' of Wilson. Mrs. Gordon's memoir is very attractive, but she has left a wide field wholly untouched in her picture of Wilson's life.

God's Glory in the Heavens. By William Leitch, D.D., Principal and Primarius Professor of Theology, University of Queen's College, Kingston. London: Alex. Strahan & Co. Toronto: Rollo & Adam. 1863.

The author tells us that the object of this work is to present a survey of

recent astronomical discovery and speculation, in connexion with the religious questions to which they give rise. The first chapter is a description of 'a journey through Space,' and the vehicle which the author selects is a comet. He enters his cometary car at some point beyond the known confines of our solar system, and as Halley's comet makes an excursion three hundred million of miles beyond Neptune, there is no difficulty in getting far enough away from the sun. The speed of comets is thus familiarly described:— "Sometimes it moves so slowly, that a child might keep up with it; at another, it speeds round with lightning velocity. It is like a coach going down a declivity without a drag. It increases its velocity till it comes to the bottom of the hill, and the momentum acquired carries it up the opposite side, till it gradually slackens and assumes a snail's space. The comet approaching the sun is going down hill, and when it reaches the nearest point it wheels round, and then ascends till its speed is gradually arrested. It is reined in by the sun, from which there are invisible lines of force dragging it back; and, if its momentum be not too great, it is effectually checked, and brought back to pursue its former course. Most frequently, however, its course is so impetuous that all the strength of the sun, in reining back, avails nothing. It breaks loose, like a fiery steed from its master; speeds off into space, and is heard of no more."

"The Moon, is it inhabited?" is followed by a very interesting chapter on "The Moon's invisible side." "Until lately, no conjecture could be formed of the state of things on the other side of the moon. It was regarded as one of those inscrutable mysteries which it would be folly to attempt to unveil. Human genius has triumphed over the difficulty, and has thrown a curious light on that which has hitherto been involved in deepest darkness. And, in such cases, one feels at a loss which to admire most—the wonders of God's works, or the genius with which He has endowed man to explore these works. It is to M. Hansen that the credit of the discovery is due. Mr. Airy, the Astronomer Royal, supplied him, no doubt, with the data, but the merit of the solution is all his own. The Astronomer Royal has, as it were, dug up from some Assyrian mound, a tablet with mystic cuneiform characters, and M. Hansen has supplied the key to the interpretation. The moon is so eagerly scrutinised at Greenwich, that any deviation from the prescribed path is soon detected. M. Hansen had already, on more than one occasion, vindicated the law of gravitation, by reducing unexplained lunar irregularities to its dominion. When again applied to, he set to work to discover the cause of the irregularity. The deviation was slight, but if the moon does not keep time to a very second, some explanation is required; and, on this, as on all former occasions, M. Hansen was triumphant. He has given a most marvellous solution, but one in which all astronomers have acquiesced.

"The scientific statement of the solution is, that the moon's centre of gravity and her centre of figure are not coincident, the one being distant about 37 miles from the other. Most momentous results flow from this. The one hemisphere must be lighter than the other. This, indeed, is but another way of stating the discovery. The sphere of the moon may be re-

garded as made up of a light half and a heavy one—the lighter being always turned towards the earth.

“But how could such a strange discovery be made? It would not be easy to give a popular explanation of the mathematical process by which M. Hansen arrived at this result, but there is no difficulty in understanding the general principles on which it is founded. In discharging a ball from a gun, calculation can predict the trajectory it will describe. But if the ball is not equally dense on opposite sides, it will not pursue the same path it would do if homogeneous. Let us suppose, that while the ball is perfectly spherical, one half is iron and the other cork, the curve described will be different, both in range and form, from that which would be described by a ball equally dense throughout. Balls have been, indeed, purposely so cast, to increase the range—the sphere being hollow, but having one side thicker than the other. Given the difference of density, the curve can be laid down, and given the curve, the difference of density can be determined. This last case is that of the moon. It differs in no respect from a ball discharged from a gun, and, in examining the curve it describes, the conclusion is, that while she is quite or nearly spherical, the hemisphere, turned towards us, is lighter than the opposite one.

“But how does this tell on the question of inhabitants? The application is very direct and startling. Supposing the sphere of the moon originally covered with water, and enveloped in an atmosphere, both water and air would flow to the heavier side, and leave the lighter side destitute of both, just as water and air leave the summits of our mountains, and gravitate towards the valleys. They seek the lowest level, or, in other words, the point least distant from the centre of gravity.

“In the case of the moon, the side turned to us is virtually one enormous mountain, and the opposite side the corresponding valley. We could not expect to find traces of air on the summit of a terrestrial mountain 134 miles high. The conclusion, therefore, is, that though the near hemisphere is a lifeless desert, having neither water nor air to sustain life, the hidden hemisphere may have a teeming population, rejoicing in all the comforts and amenities of life. The imagination is set free to picture broad oceans, bearing on their bosom the commerce of this new world, rivers fertilising the valleys through which they flow, a luxuriant vegetation, and buildings of colossal size.

“This, however, only increases the mystery, and the longing to see farther round the limb of the moon. If there was mystery before, when life was not dreamt of, how much is that mystery increased, when we now know that there may be life—that there may be another world the counterpart of our own! Everything on this side of the moon, is fixed in the rigidity of death. No movement, indicating life or action, is observed. How different would be the other side, were we only permitted to obtain a glimpse! Its ever-changing atmosphere would be a source of continual interest. We could study its weather, as easily as our own; and, if the atmosphere was not too dense, we could watch the progress of agriculture, and the growth of cities. If it is a world of strife, we could distinguish, on the battle-field, the colour of the

uniforms of the opposing masses. All this could be accomplished by our present optical means ; and, as our powers of vision increased, we could descend to the minuter details of life. We could readily conceive a code of signals by which telegraphic communication might be carried on between us and our lunar neighbours. The moon, however, sternly withholds from us her great secret, and for ever turns from us her hidden hemisphere."

The chapter on the discovery of the new planet Vulcan, contains a most interesting account of the patient but most striking labour of its discoverer, the village-doctor of Orgères, Lescarbault. In September, 1859, the celebrated Leverrier laid before the Academy of Science, the proofs which had led him to the conclusion that there must be a planet within the orbit of Mercury. He, at the same time, warned all observers to keep a sharp lookout upon the sun's disc, as the only hope of discovering it. In December, 1859, Leverrier received a letter from Lescarbault, announcing that he had, on the 26th March preceding, observed a small planet cross the disc of the sun. Leverrier lost no time in sifting this matter, and the following description of this investigation is given by Dr. Leitch.

"We shall follow the version of the Abbé Moigno, who heard Leverrier detail the incidents to a brilliant throng in the *salon* of his father-in-law, M. Choquet. It was on the 30th of September, that Leverrier started from Paris for the village of Orgères. He must have had a secret conviction that the story of the discovery might be true ; but, to guard himself against the laugh of Paris, he went ostensibly for the purpose of punishing the impudent attempt to hoax so high an official as the Director of the Imperial Observatory. It was not probable that the discovery could be made by a man who was never heard of in science, and about whom no one knew anything. Besides, it was unlikely that a Frenchman would, for so many months, keep the secret to himself. If true to his national instinct, he would at once have proclaimed the discovery, and reaped the glory. These reasons weighed much ; still the story *might* be true, and on this possibility he acted. To preserve his dignity, and to be a check on any bias he might feel, he took with him a M. Vallée, a civil engineer, who might witness the severity with which he would treat the culprit.

"They started by railway ; but the station at which they stopped, was about twelve miles from Orgères. They had to trudge along this weary distance over a most miserable road. Foot-sore, and in no pleasant mood, Leverrier reached the village, and at once went up and knocked at the doctor's door. The door was opened by M. Lescarbault himself. The great man at once gave his name and titles, with an air that was meant to be very imposing. But we must now employ the very words of the Abbé Moigno. 'One would require to have seen M. Lescarbault, so simple, so modest, so timid, to comprehend the agitation with which he was seized, when the interrogator, drawing himself up to his full height, and with that *brusque* intonation, which he can assume when he pleases, said to him, with severe look, 'Is it you, sir, who pretend to have discovered the intra-Mercurial planet, and who have committed the grave offence of keeping your observation secret for nine months? I have to tell you, that I come with the intention of exposing your pretensions, and of demonstrating your great delusion, if not your dishonesty.

Tell me, at once, categorically, what you have seen? The lamb trembled all over at this rude summons of the lion; he tried to speak, but he only stammered out the following reply:—'At four o'clock, on the 26th of March last, faithful to my constant habit, I looked through my telescope, and observed the disc of the sun, when, all at once, I detected, near the eastern edge, a small black point, perfectly round, and sharply defined, passing across the disc, with a very sensible motion. It gradually, though quite perceptibly, increased its distance from the edge, but'—

"Let us leave the Abbé Moigno's account to pause on this *but*. How awkwardly and fatally are *buts* often interjected in the smooth current of life! How often, too, is the dignity of science offended, and its success marred by *contre-temps* so ludicrous, or so little, that a man would not do well to be angry at them. A whisk of Diamond's tail, in Newton's study, set his papers on fire, and destroyed the labours of many years. The great philosopher shewed an equanimity worthy of his fame, when his only remark on the catastrophe was, "O Diamond, Diamond, thou little knowest the mischief thou hast done!" M. Lescarbault's *but* was nearly as fatal to the discovery he was on the brink of making. At the most interesting moment of the observation, a knock was heard on the counter of the laboratory below. He listened for a moment without moving. The knocking became more emphatic; it was a patient demanding medical relief. He would fain look on, and follow the dark spot rapidly travelling across the sun's disk. But it may not be. The call of duty must be obeyed; and no villager could say that the good doctor ever forgot his patients in his devotion to the stars. Fortunately, it was not a call to go abroad. A soothing draught was all that was needed. He scrupulously measured out the ingredients, corked and labelled the bottle; and not till then did the conscientious doctor feel at liberty to rush up to his little observatory, and eagerly apply his eye to the telescope. It is not too late; the strange planet is still upon the disc.

"He marked precisely the time when he saw it near the eastern edge. He must now carefully watch the moment when it leaves the disc. Having noted these times, and measured the size and position of the segment of the sun's disc cut off by the path of the planet, he has branded the object, so that it can ever afterwards be identified. Had he been only able to report that he had seen a black point, his observation would have been of little value, and no one would know where to look for it again. By simply ascertaining how long it took to cross an ascertained portion of the sun's disc, its distance from the sun and its period of revolution could at once be deduced, and thus the chief elements of identity would be determined. These essential points were not observed when the knock was heard, and we can well conceive the painful suspense of the observer, till his eye was once more applied to the tube.

"Let us now return to the cross questioning of the Imperial astronomer. In order to be convinced that the story is not a fabrication, he must have proof that the observer had proper instrumental means for making the observation. The astronomer must be so exact in his observation, that seconds and fractions of seconds must be taken into account. He must be able, for example, to tell the precise second when Vulcan, in his progress across the sun's disc, touches the border. He listens to the beats of a pendulum, counting them

all the time, and he must be able to note the second that coincides with the instant of contact; nay, more, it may happen that the contact takes place between two successive beats; and, in that case, he must be able to estimate to the tenth of a second. Leverrier interrogates, still maintaining the grand attitude of the lion, "Where is your chronometer, sir?" "My chronometer! I have only this minute watch, the faithful companion of all my professional visits." "What! with that old watch, marking only minutes, do you dare to speak of estimating seconds? I fear my suspicions are too well founded." The doctor shewed to his satisfaction how he accomplished the object. With the aid of a ball hung by a silk thread, and swinging seconds, combined with the counting of his pulse while observing, he attained the requisite accuracy. It is the mark of genius to obtain valuable results by imperfect instruments. We know what good service has been rendered to chemical science by blacking pots in the hands of a Priestly.

"The next point was the telescope. Was it good enough to see the small black point? Here Lescarbault spoke with more confidence. He had, after great privation and suffering, saved enough to buy a lens. The optician, seeing his enthusiasm and poverty, gave it cheap. He made the tube himself, and all the fittings necessary to mount it properly. He, then, went into some technical details, to explain how, by means of threads stretched across the focus of the telescope, he was able to measure distances on the sun's disc,

"Leverrier being thoroughly satisfied as to the means of making the observation, next turned to the observation itself. It might be, after all, a fabrication, such things being known in the history of astronomy. He, therefore, demanded the original jotting of the observation, to see if it tallied with the deduced statement. Lescarbault now got somewhat alarmed, as he was in the habit of burning the scraps of paper on which he had jotted down his observations, after he had fairly entered them. He, however, rummaged every corner, and at last found the scrap in his nautical almanac, serving as a book-mark. Leverrier seized it eagerly. It was a square powder-paper, which had seen some service in the shop, being spotted with grease and laudanum. An apparent discrepancy was at once detected. The figures did not quite coincide with the deduced observation which had been transmitted to him. Lescarbault met this difficulty with ease, as he shewed that, in the reduced observation, there was an allowance made for the clock error.

"He was next asked, if he had made any attempt to calculate the distance of the planet from the sun. His answer was that he was no mathematician, that he had been long trying to come to a definite result, and that one motive in delaying his discovery, was his wish to be able to announce the distance and the period of revolution, at the same time that he announced the discovery. "You must send me the rough draught of these calculations." "My rough draught! Your request embarrasses me much. Paper is a scarce article with me. I am somewhat of a carpenter as well as astronomer, and I make all my calculations in my workshop. I write with chalk upon the boards which I am using, and I have to plane the boards over again, when I wish to use the surface for new calculation. I fear that I have obliterated the calculations in question; but come and see." They descended to the ground-floor, and, happily, the calculations were still traceable. The car-

penter's board formed the climax of the investigation. Leverrier could no longer resist the evidence. "The time had now come," says the Abbé Moigno, "for the lion to soften down, and to give heart to the trembling lamb. Leverrier did this with perfect grace—with a dignity full of kindness. M. Lescarbault felt the blood rushing to his heart; he breathed with difficulty when the Director of the Imperial Observatory expressed his perfect satisfaction, and gave him the most cordial congratulations." Leverrier, as he meditated something generous, was anxious to obtain some information about the general character of the discoverer. He therefore called on the village authorities, who all united in describing him as a skilful and laborious practitioner, and a most benevolent and pious man. He lost no time in publishing the discovery to the world, and representing his claims to the Emperor. The result is, that the village-doctor is now decorated with the order of the Legion of Honour."

The chapter on Astronomy in America, proves that much has been done for this science in the United States, and all by private liberality. The civil war has arrested the progress of several observatories which gave promise of great things. But the recent work on Donati's Comet published at Cambridge, will be a lasting memorial of the peaceful progress of science amidst the distractions and turmoil of civil war. Dr. Leitch's book is illustrated with some of the most remarkable views of the moon, spiral nebulae, and other heavenly bodies. The style in which the work is written is very attractive, and as a popular exposition of the present condition of our knowledge of astronomy, it commends itself to the attentive perusal of all to whom God has given the power to appreciate 'His Glory in the Heavens.'

The Races of the Old World: A Manual of Ethnology. By Charles L. Brace.
New York: Charles Scribner; Toronto: Rollo & Adam.

The author of this volume has rendered good service, if to none others, at least to the student of history. In the present advanced state of science, it is impossible for any man, no matter how great his capacity may be, to attain to eminence in all branches of learning. He must, if he would rise above mediocrity, devote himself to one particular line of study, and sacrificing all else, keep to it. But it matters little to what he turns his attention; a difficulty meets him at the very outset. He finds that it is necessary to educate himself for the study he has selected, by gaining some familiarity with a multitude of other matters, all having more or less bearing upon the course of his enquiry, all contributing something to the composition of the matter whose elements he would understand. The farther he advances, the greater does the difficulty become, until he finds it impossible to examine everything himself. He cannot trace every stream to its source, he is compelled to receive the testimony of others who have devoted themselves to each particular branch. No matter how small the apparent area, first chosen, whether it be confined to a limited period of history, to a language, or to a race, it is not given to

any one man to be an "authority" upon all matters which may be traced into connection with it.

One of the most popular studies of the present day is history. The student in the course of his investigations finds that certain elements appear in the character of a people, which have gone far to make them what they now are, or what they once have been. He seeks to trace those elements to their source, and in so doing, soon arrives at a period where written records fail him. He may confine his further enquiries to the monuments his favourite race have left behind; he may endeavour to pierce the past by tracing the connections their laws and institutions had with those of other peoples, he may study the physical type they presented, or he may analyze their language and trace it upwards until it mingles with other tongues spoken by men, whose common origin would scarcely have been suspected, had not revelation proclaimed it. Should he decide upon the latter course he will find in the treatise of Mr. Brace, most material aid. It has been compiled professedly, "not so much for the learned, as for the large number of persons who are interested in the study of history * * * who desire to ascertain readily the position of a certain tribe or people among the races of man, or at least to know the latest conclusions of scholars in regard to them." In the task thus set forth, he has most completely succeeded. Believing that language is the best mark of race, he has adopted it as his guide. He has traced out the main conclusions to be derived from it, and has brought to the support of these conclusions the testimony of thinkers, each of whom in his own separate sphere, has thrown so much light, of late years, upon the workings of nature in the world, and especially upon her dealings with mankind. The labour has been great, involving an immense amount of reading, which only those who have endeavoured to collate the multitudinous authorities consulted, can appreciate. It has been brought down to the latest period, involving quotations even from the most recent works of Sir Charles Lyell, and Professor Daniel Wilson.

We do not claim for the treatise, neither would Mr. Brace claim for it, much originality. It is a compilation possessing little thought beyond that by which the testimony of different writers has been brought to bear upon the successive questions dealt with. It would perhaps have been better, if in more of those portions which are original Mr. Brace had allowed his American nationality to "stick" out less prominently.

We have not space for a detailed criticism, but must just allude to one point made by the author. At page 388 he says:—"The Roman blood has had little influence on the English race, and although the Keltic has had vastly more power and has mingled to a much greater extent than many warm Anglo-Saxons would have us believe, still the two races and languages never seem to have united closely on English soil." We will not perplex ourselves with an enquiry into the composition of the Roman legions who invaded Britain, and who settled there, but we remark that the only way in which the Anglo-Saxons could have inherited through them, was through the Kelts. The question then remains, to what extent did the Anglo-Saxons inherit from the latter.—The proposition involved in the language used by Mr. Brace is indefinite, we grant. It may mean very little or very much, according to the taste of the

reader, but in support of it, he quotes seven words in English use, to which Mr. Donaldson ascribes a Keltic origin. It is to be doubted, however, with respect to some of these, whether this really be the case. Excluding the termination to names of places which indicate a Keltic origin—but which are no more proof of Keltic blood existing in the people than are the Indian names in Canada proof that Canadians amalgamated with the aborigines—there are according to Mr. Garnett only thirty-two Keltic words in the English language. Even if all the words be added to those about which there may be reasonable controversy, the total number will not be more than forty. For this and other reasons; not in the face of them as Mr. Brace appears to insinuate; Mr. Marsh—than whom no higher authority can be quoted—says that the English language is indebted to the Keltic “far less than to any other tongues with which the Anglo-Saxon race has ever been brought widely into contact,” while “it is very certain the few we have derived from the distant Arabic, are infinitely more closely connected with us than the somewhat greater number which we take from the contiguous Keltic.”

The work winds up with dissertations upon the antiquity and origin of man, the author coming to the bold, unproven and unorthodox conclusion that the human race has existed upon this earth “for many hundreds of thousands of years before any of the received dates of the creation,” but inclining, nevertheless to the belief that it is the product of one common pair. The subject is presented in language, free to a great extent from those obtruse technicalities, which in others of a similar kind, embarrass to so great an extent the general reader.

Marian Grey, or the Heiress of Redstone Hall. By Mrs. Mary Holmes. Carleton, New York. 1863.

This is a singularly romantic tale, which may be interesting to those who are fond of the marvellous. We shall endeavour to give an analysis of the plot:—The heroine, Marian Lindsay, is a ward of Colonel Raymond, a wealthy landholder in Kentucky, she having been left to his care by her father, who died on the voyage from England. Colonel Raymond, a fellow passenger, soothed his dying moments, and promised to be a father to his little girl. Mr. Lindsay was a miser, and though apparently poor, had amassed great wealth. This Colonel Raymond received as well as the child, and on his arrival in America, appropriated it to his own use, by purchasing and improving the estate of Redstone Hall, in Kentucky, relieving his conscience by thinking he was doing his duty to Marian in treating her with a father's love. When he felt his end approaching, he was much troubled, and wished his son Frederic, a fashionable, handsome young man, to marry her, and thus restore her fortune and save his father's name from disgrace. Frederic, unaware of his father's motive, and being much enamoured of his cousin Isabel Huntington, a beautiful girl with whose mother he boarded, objects to marrying Marian, who is then a rather plain, shy, red haired girl of 15. However, his father on his death bed, overrules his scruples, and he promises to

marry her if she consents, which she does, not knowing that she is the heiress of Redstone Hall. Shortly after Col. Raymond's death the marriage takes place. The same evening Marian reads one of two letters, written by Col. Raymond to each in case of his not seeing Frederic before his death, stating his wishes and his reasons for them. The letters are undirected; she reads the wrong one, and discovers that Frederic regards her with indifference and the thoughts of this marriage with aversion. That night she leaves her home writing to Frederic that she has discovered all, and begging him to keep the property; also enclosing an affectionate farewell to a sweet little blind orphan cousin residing with them, to whom she is much attached. She goes to New York and is kindly received by Mrs. Burt, formerly Col. Raymond's house-keeper, and her son Ben, after some trouble and great good luck in finding them. Marian accidentally leaves her gloves and handkerchief at the river side, near Redstone Hall, and the impression with all but little Alice is that she is drowned. Frederic is very unhappy, and feels her loss much. Soon Mrs. Huntington and her daughter come to visit him, and they remain, one as house-keeper, the other as the governess of little Alice. After a while, Marian, anxious to hear of her husband, to whom she is much attached, writes to him. Isabel, who is as unprincipled as beautiful, receives the letter and returns it unopened, with "Isabel Huntington is Mistress of Redstone Hall," on the outside, in a good imitation of Frederic's handwriting. This brings a severe illness on Marian, who is obliged to have her obnoxious locks shorn. Her amiable character and sorrow so excites the pity of Ben Burt, that he goes as a pedlar to Kentucky, and finds that all remember Marian with love, and with the exception of Alice, think her dead. Also, that Isabel is only the governess, though using every art to become Frederic's wife. Once or twice when she has nearly succeeded, Alice, like a guardian angel, urges the idea on Frederic that Marian is not dead. He at her request goes to New York, and is ill there. Mrs. Burt manages to be engaged as sick nurse. Marian assists her, and is with him only while he is delirious. He goes home impressed with the idea that he has seen Marian, though he could not find her whereabouts. Getting low spirited he leaves Kentucky, and goes to an estate on the Hudson. Isabel being unsuccessful in her plans leaves; another governess is wanted. Marian, who during the intervening time has improved in person, her red hair having become a beautiful auburn, and her excellent abilities having received the best cultivation through the exertions of the honest Ben Burt, wishes to engage. Another has forstalled her who fills the situation for some time. Then Marian, under the assumed name of Grey, undertakes the charge of her loving and dearly loved Alice, who is the only person, with the exception of one of the negroes and the old house dog, who seems to trace a resemblance between the plain, simple Marian Raymond, and the beautiful, accomplished Marian Grey. Ere long the object of her *incognito* is gained. Frederick falls deeply in love with her, and seeing that she reciprocates the feeling, as a point of duty writes to her that they must part. She resists and will know his reasons, then follows the denouement. Little Alice tells him that Marian Grey and Marian Raymond are one, and all ends brightly and blissfully.

Chemistry. By William Thomas Brande, D.C.L., of Her Majesty's Mint; and Alfred Swaine Taylor, M.D. Blanchard and Lea, Philadelphia; Rollo and Adam, Toronto. Roy. Oc. pp. 696. 1863.

The American Edition of this excellent work brings it within the reach of students of Chemistry in the United States and Canada. As a manual of Chemistry it is unsurpassed, and for some years to come it will occupy a prominent place as a guide for advanced students and for practical chemists. The preparation and properties of different substances both elementary and compound are given with great exactness and minutiae although no diagrams or pictorial illustrations are used in the work. The chemical relations are exhibited by means of equations in the text so that no space is lost. As an instance of the minuteness with which the physical properties of bodies are described we may mention "ice." The contraction of this substance by diminution of temperature gives rise to many important phenomena in our climate; and we are told that the contraction of ice by diminution of temperature exceeds that of any other solid; its density at 32° being 0,918 at 18° it is 0,919 and at 0°, 0,929. The metals Cæsium and Rubidium are grouped and described with Lithium, and Thallium is noticed at the close of the inorganic part, on page 495 and not 498 as stated in the index. Spectrum analysis also takes its place among the recent improved methods of investigation. In a note to the preface the authors state that the limits of the work have not allowed them to occupy space with a separate essay on physics, yet we find that the most important relations of bodies to heat, light, electricity, and magnetism have been well described in the first 70 pages of the work. Under the head of Matter and its Properties, Dimorphism, Isomorphism, Chemical affinity, Solution, &c., &c., many interesting and valuable facts are mentioned which do not usually appear in works of this character.

The detection of poisons, minutely described, is a valuable recommendation to the medical student.

Great credit is due to the enterprising publishers for having so speedily presented this admirable work to the students of Chemistry in America.

Eighty Years' Progress of British North America. By H. Y. Hind, M.A., F.R.G.S.; T. C. Keefer, C.E.; J. G. Hodgins, LL.B., F.R.G.S.; Charles Robb, Min. Eng.; H. M. P. Perley, Esq., and Rev. William Murray. Illustrated; Oc., pp. 776. Toronto: L. Stebbins.

This work will receive a more extended notice in a subsequent number of the *Magazine*. It has not yet, we understand, assumed the form in which it will be presented to subscribers generally. Among the alterations will be the taking out of one or two engravings inserted by the publisher, to which the authors of articles they are intended to illustrate decidedly object. The picture entitled "The Aborigines," illustrating the article on the North-West Territory, created a considerable amount of astonishment in the mind of the author, whose experience among "the aborigines" immediately suggested the idea, that the artist employed by the publisher must have sought his model from among the imaginary characters of Cooper's novels, rather than in the forests and prairies of Canada or the United States.

THE BRITISH QUARTERLIES.*

LONDON QUARTERLY.—APRIL, 1863.

“*Industrial Resources of British India.*”

“*Fort Sumpter to Fredericksburgh.*”—Our readers are familiar with all the events described in this article.

“*History of Cyclopedias.*”

“*The Salmon Question.*”—Here we have an article on a subject of very great interest to Canadians. Few countries possess such magnificent salmon fisheries as Canada; and although immense damage has been done to them, yet by proper artifices and wise regulations, strictly kept, they may yet become a source of immense annual revenue to the country. The salmon fisheries in Ireland alone were once worth £300,000 sterling per annum; now they are scarcely worth £10,000. The natural and commercial history of this fish are so interwoven that it is difficult to separate them. Parr are the young of salmon, and they used to be slaughtered by millions when they were thought to be a distinct species. The grilse is a virgin salmon. This fish, in the several stages of its growth, is known by the names of the parr, the smolt, the grilse, and the salmon. In addition to legislation on the preservation of salmon, the introduction of pisciculture is strongly recommended. The French people has recreated their fisheries—why should not we do it?

“*Biblical Criticism—Colenso and Davidson.*”—The judgment of upright and honourable minds would preclude the Bishop of Natal from ministering in the church, unless his opinions should undergo a change. His withdrawal might perhaps be only for a season—that he might be received for ever—and unspeakable would be the blessing to him if he returned a wiser and a humbler man, taught by reflection to know the wretched shallowness of his present views. For the present he can only be regarded as one eminently lacking wisdom and knowledge; one whom no formularies can bind, and in whose sight the most solemn vows may be broken with impunity.

“*Poland.*”

“*Sensation Papers.*”

“*Kinglake's Crimea.*”

Important private and official materials have been largely applied by Mr. Kinglake for the purposes of a violent partisan, and not for the object of writing a lasting and truthful history. Whether as inflicting unnecessary pain upon the living, or as wantonly damaging the reputation of the dead—whether as injurious to the fame of English literature, or as hurtful to the national character—the reviewer feels himself compelled to coincide in the verdict that has been almost unanimously pronounced upon Mr. Kinglake's work—that it is in every sense of the word “a mischievous book.”

* The American reprints of the British Quarterlies, together with *Blackwood's Magazine*, can be procured from Messrs. Rollo & Adam, Toronto.

THE NORTH BRITISH REVIEW.—MAY, 1863.

“*Disintegration of Empires.*”

“*Danish Literature, Past and Present.*”

“*Kinglake’s Invasion of the Crimea.*”

“*Vegetable Epidemics.*”—The remarks of the reviewer on the potato disease, are so interesting and instructive that we shall give them in full:—

“One of the most remarkable epidemics connected with fungi is the potato disease. All at once, in the years 1845 and 1846, this valuable esculent was attacked with an epidemic which spread over the greater part of Europe. The theory, however, most generally adopted among the best authorities at present is, that an improper system of cultivation carried on for many generations has gradually induced changes in the cells of the plant, rendering it peculiarly liable to disease, while a parasitic fungus is present, accelerating the morbid action, and causing it to assume a peculiar form. That a predisposition to disease existed in the potato before the outbreak of the epidemic, is pretty generally admitted. We have every reason to believe that the plant has progressively deteriorated and become weakened in constitution ever since its introduction to Europe. In proof of this, we need only appeal to the experience and observation of every farmer for the last fifty years. During this period, the partial failure of sets when planted, the increased tendency to decay in the pits, the exceeding rarity of blossoms and fruit, are all indisputable evidences of the degenerate condition of the plant; the same symptoms having been observed in every country where it is cultivated, under every variety of conditions and circumstances, from the Arctic zone to the tropics, and from the sea-shore to the mountain plateau. This inherent weakness is the accumulative result of several adverse influences operating through successive generations. One cause is especially notorious. It is a law of nature that no plant can be propagated indefinitely by any other agency than that of seed. Plants can be reproduced to an incalculable extent by cuttings; but ultimately the power to reproduce in this manner becomes exhausted. The perennial plant puts forth phyton after phyton, but the seed is necessary to its perpetuation. Numerous lower animals are also reproduced to a vast extent by segmentation or allied processes, but ultimately a recurrence to sexual admixture becomes necessary for the perpetuation of the species. Now, the tubers of the potato are merely underground stems, wisely provided by nature as a supplementary mode of reproduction to insure the propagation of the plant, if unfavourable circumstances should prevent the development of the ordinary blossoms and apples. This mode will prove effective for a time, and it is one which, from the very nature of the case, will bear any kind of rough treatment; but recourse must be had in the end to the more natural and primary method, to save the plant from degenerating and becoming extinct. We have been trying, on the contrary (as it has been well put by one author on the subject), with a marvellous perversity, to make individual varieties cultivated in this abnormal manner live for ever, while nature intended them to live only for a time, and then from parents feeble and old we have vainly expected offspring hardy and strong. By these mal-practices we have gradually reduced the constitution

of successive generations and varieties of the potato, and at the same time gradually increased the activity and power of these morbid agencies provided by nature for ridding the earth of feeble and degenerate organisms, and admonishing and punishing those who violate her immutable laws.

The parasitic fungus attending and accelerating the epidemic of 1845 and 1846, is the *Botrytis infestans*, consisting of a number of interwoven cottony threads or filaments, producing upright branched stalks bearing the seeds in oval cases. It first attacks the leaves, entering by the stomata or breathing pores, and covering them with brown blotches, as if they had been burnt by the action of sulphuric or nitric acid, and running its course in a few hours; so that the period for examination of the leaves is often passed over. It speedily spreads from the leaves to the tubers, penetrating them with its spawn and completely destroying them. The decay of the tubers, however, is often caused, not by the presence of the parasite in them, but by its action on the leaves preventing the elaboration of sap, and obstructing the admission of air and transpired fluids, until by this means the stem is overcharged with moisture and ultimately rots; thus depriving the half-ripe tubers of the necessary nutriment. The potato-botrytis belongs to a large genus of very destructive fungi, affecting most of our vegetables and fruits; but as a species it is a comparatively recent introduction. Facts derived from numerous sources, lead to the conclusion that it did not exist in this country previous to the autumn of 1844. All the naturalists who examined it then, declared it to be quite new to them. It is considered by the most eminent botanists to be of American origin, peculiar to the potato, and accompanying it wherever it grows wild in its native country, as the smut accompanies the corn in this. From South America it was first brought to St. Helena by the north-east trade winds, which bring from the same continent those singular red dust clouds, which the microscope of Ehrenberg found to be composed of vegetable organisms, and which have served in an extraordinary manner as tallies upon the viewless winds, indicating with the utmost certainty the course of their currents, however complex. St. Helena lies in the same latitude with Peru, and is nearer the native habitat of the potato than any other country in which the disease has been subsequently experienced. In this island, finding the conditions of moisture and temperature favourable to its development, it increased with amazing rapidity, loading the air with myriads of its impalpable seeds. Thence it seems to have been carried by the winds to Madeira and North America; and so has progressed from country to country, gaining new accessions of strength and numbers from every field, speedily making its dread presence known wherever it alighted. It reached England in the autumn of 1844, and seems at first to have been confined exclusively to the south-western districts. From Kent it travelled west and north, halting midway in the south of Scotland; so that the crops in the Highlands were that year free from the pest. The whole of Ireland was devastated, and the fearful consequences of the visit of the epidemic to that unhappy country are yet fresh in the recollection of all: the hundreds of thousands reduced to the most abject poverty, dying of starvation in their houses and by the waysides; and the hundreds of thousands more compelled to emigrate, in order to obtain the simple necessaries of life. In 1846, it proceeded through-

out the north of Scotland, where its effects in certain districts were scarcely less disastrous; thence on to the Shetland and Faroe islands, and to northern latitudes, as far as the limits of the cultivation of the potato in that direction extended. On the Continent, it has been observed to progress in a similar manner; its geographical limits, as well as its intensity, becoming more extended and marked with each succeeding year. It is extremely interesting to trace the distribution of the epidemic from its original source in the mountains of South America, to the various European countries over which it passed, as it affords a clear and convincing proof of its vegetable nature; this distribution, as we have seen, being gradual and progressive, not capricious and accidental, but spreading from place to place in obedience to certain well-known laws of climate, proximity and currents of air—exactly in the manner in which we should have anticipated. Why the fungus should have been introduced in 1845, and not in previous years, and why it should then all at once have acquired such fearful power, we cannot positively tell,—no more than we can tell why the memorable plague of London, or those deadly pestilences which swept over Europe, decimating the inhabitants, should have sprung up so suddenly and unexpectedly as they did. All the circumstantial predisposing causes are unknown; but it may be safely asserted, that the potato in 1845—deteriorated for generations, as we have seen it to be—had passed that limit of endurance which sooner or later will occur in the constitution of every plant cultivated in the same abnormal manner, so that it possessed no strength to resist the attack of the fungi which came in such immense numbers, armed with such formidable powers of destruction, and peculiarly favoured by the great excess of moisture, sudden variations of temperature, and great electrical vicissitudes which then prevailed. All the oldest varieties, worn out and enfeebled, perished at once, and they are now extirpated,—a red Irish potato, once the sole variety cultivated, being now one of the greatest rarities; while the newer kinds raised from seed have been able to struggle on ever since, offering some show of resistance to the enemy, though every year threatening to succumb, and leave us altogether without this valuable article of food, unless we arrest the calamity by a timely rearing of new plants from seed, obtained, not from any varieties existing in this country—which would infallibly inherit their parents' weakness of constitution and predisposition to disease—but fresh from the genuinely wild potato on the South American hills. This is the only effectual and lasting cure. It is to be feared, however,—as such a method will necessarily involve considerable sacrifices, and the exercise of patience for some years, till the wild potato has reached a remunerative size, and acquired a palatable taste,—that it will not be generally adopted, at least until matters are much worse than they are at present.”

“*Hill Tribes in India.*”

“*Modern Preaching.*”

“*M. Saisset and Spinoza.*”

“*British Intervention in Foreign Struggles.*”—In America, the loss of a white man is being paid down for that of every black man who has perished by the lash or disease in the cotton lands or the cotton swamps, and the wailing of a white mother or wife rises to expiate the agony of every severed

domestic tie of the unregarded slave. Yet out of all evil springs good at last, and, terminate how the contest will, the end of slavery is inevitably come. Alone, this mighty event would stamp our age as an epoch in the world. But it is not alone. It is consentaneous with the advancing knowledge of God in all the world, with the new deference to divine law among the people, with the clearer working of the Spirit in the hearts of mankind. Shall we not give it free course?"

EDINBURGH REVIEW.—APRIL, 1863.

"*Kinglake's Invasion of the Crimea.*" This remarkable book exhibits the actors in the greatest political transactions, and the grandest military enterprise in which the men of our time have been engaged, stripped of all disguise and dissected to the quick. The passion of political life is thrown into the historical narrative, and although the uninviting narrative of dead diplomatic negotiations has been rendered attractive to fascination, and a romantic glow thrown over patrons and clients, yet the narrative itself is intemperate, discourteous, and injurious to the relations between two great nations.

"*Worsley's Translation of the Odyssey.*"

"*Tithe Impropriation.*"

"*Simancas Records of the Reign of Henry VII.*" The practice of the Court of Spain, under Ferdinand and Isabella, was to keep their State papers in chests scattered about all parts of their wide dominions. Charles V., in 1543, selected Simancas as the great general receptacle of the scattered muniments of the kingdom. Philip II. enormously increased the collection, so that the archives at present contain about ten million documents: of these some fifty thousand relate to the affairs of England. All access to this extraordinary depository was most jealously prohibited by the crown of Spain down to a very recent period. Access to the papers is, however, now granted by the Spanish authorities on liberal terms, for the purpose of literary and historical research. The papers which have been already made public do not tend to inspire respect for the morality of the reign of Henry VII.

"*The Black Country*" is the title of a paper on the mines and miners of England, and the term is popularly applied to those portions of the Midland district, from which verdure has retreated before the encroachment of the manufacturer.

"*India under Lord Canning.*"

"*Sir Rutherford Alcock's Japan.*" "Japan is essentially a country of anomalies, where all—even familiar things—put on new faces, and are curiously reversed. Except that the Japanese do not walk on their heads instead of their feet, there are few things in which they do not seem, by some occult law, to have been impelled in a perfectly opposite direction and a reversed order. They write from top to bottom, from right to left, in perpendicular instead of horizontal lines; and their books begin where ours end, thus furnishing good examples of the curious perfection this rule of contraries has attained. Their locks, though imitated from Europe, are all made to lock by

turning the key from left to right. The course of all sublunary things appears reversed. Their day is, for the most part, our night; and this principle of antagonism crops out in the most unexpected and *bizarre* way in all their moral being, customs, and habits. The old men fly kites while the children look on; the carpenter uses his plane by drawing it *to* him, and their tailors stitch *from* them; they mount their horses from the off-side—the horses stand in the stables with their heads where we place their tails, and the bells to their harness are always on the hind quarters instead of the front; ladies black their teeth instead of keeping them white, and their anti-crinoline tendencies are carried to the point of seriously interfering not only with grace of movement but with all locomotion, so tightly are the lower limbs, from the waist downwards, girt round with their garments;—and, finally, the utter confusion of sexes in the public bath-houses, making that correct, which we in the West deem so shocking and improper, I leave as I find it—a problem to solve. (Vol. i. p. 414.)

“This catalogue of contradictions might be greatly extended. With an enormous population to feed, and a high degree of agricultural industry, the land produces nothing but rice, corn, and vegetables; no cattle are kept, and no sheep or goats, consequently pastures and dairy produce are unknown. At Yokohama no chickens could be obtained for the table, though there are plenty of eggs. Grapes are grown, but the vintage is made into spirit, not into wine. Such is the ingenuity of this people that Japanese workmen constructed and worked in a boat a steam-engine with tubular boilers from Dutch plans, long before any American or European steamers had ever appeared in Japanese waters. In spite of the general use of the bath, which gave them at first the character of a cleanly people, it now appears that it is difficult to obtain the services of a Japanese attendant not infected with the itch, and that if they wash their bodies they neglect their clothes. Sir Rutherford assures us they have the finest macadamised roads in the world—the Tocado is a grand imperial route connecting Miaco with Jeddo and the consular post of Kanagawa; yet wheeled carriages are not used, and a day’s journey at the usual rate of travelling is seventeen miles. The Mikado is said to be drawn by oxen—other persons ride or are carried by bearers, Mr. Oliphant told us that the first mission never encountered a drunken man; it now appears that the Japanese are as much given to drunkenness as any of the northern races of Europe, as quarrelsome as the worst, and far more dangerous in their cups. In Europe the Moxa is regarded as an extreme application, but every Japanese has it in his own hands as a household remedy; the cauterising tinder is made from the pith of a tree, put up into neat little squares for use; and it is even applied to new-born infants and women in childbirth—‘three cones on the little toe of the right foot to facilitate delivery.’ The flowers of Japan are without scent. The music of the Japanese is horrible, and there is but one species of singing-bird known in the country; as if the ‘stratagems and crimes’ of the Daimios has extinguished the divine art. *En revanche*, the Japanese have carried the art of spinning tops to the highest perfection.

“The tops are of great variety, both in size and construction,—the largest or father of all the tops being more than a foot in diameter, and propor-

tionately heavy—and while some are like this solid, others of the smaller ones contain in their cavities a whole progeny of little ones, which fly out on raising the top, and figure away like the parent; others again pull out into a ladder or spiral of successive tops; a third draws up into a lantern, and spins cheerily in that form. The most remarkable fact connected with some, seems to be the marvellous persistence of the gyrotory motion once communicated. This I thought at first might perhaps be in consequence of the form, which is a horizontal section of a cylinder, instead of being conical, as are those of Europe, with a thin iron rod passing through, forming a handle, a spindle, and a peg, each answering equally well for any of the three. But I afterwards ascertained that it was a top within a top.

“I cannot pretend to describe half the performances, which extended over nearly three hours. One of the most frequent, as well as the most curious, was their mode of throwing even very large tops, as the New Zealanders throw the boomerang, so that while it appears to be going straight at the head of one of the spectators, it inevitably is brought back to the hand of the thrower, who catches it on his palm. It is a marvel to me, especially with some of the heavier, that the iron peg does not bore a hole in their hands. When thus caught, they take it by the spindle, apparently stop it, set it down, and it immediately recommences; turn it upside down, and it goes on just as merrily on its iron spiked head—they will balance it on any kind of surface, round or flat—on the edge of a fan—along a thin cord—and even on the edge of the sharpest Japanese sword—and after several minutes of such perpetual gyration, with intervals of apparent arrest in being transferred from one object to the other, it is thrown carelessly down on the table, and still continues spinning gaily, as if quite unexhausted, and inexhaustible.

“One of the most delicate of the performances consisted in making a top spin in the left hand, run up the arm, round the edge of the robe at the back of the neck, and down the other arm into the palm of the right hand, still spinning. Another, again, was to toss a spinning top into the air and catch it on the hem of the sleeve, without letting it fall. A third was to fling it high in the air, and catch it on the bowl or the angle of a Japanese pipe, pass it behind the back, flinging it to the front, and there catching it again. Finally, one of the larger and heavier tops was given its gyrotory motion by simply rolling the peg in the bite of a cord, one end being held in each hand, then flung some ten or twenty feet in the air, and caught, as it fell, with the same cord, spinning always, and this six, eight, and ten times in succession. The last grand display, which consisted in sending a top spinning up a rope to the head of a mast, was unavoidably postponed, the rain having drenched the cord, and rendered it impossible; but I have seen it since performed in the streets.

“Certainly, I never saw a more perfect display of wonderful tact and dexterity, and there is evidently a great amount of humour and *vis comica* in the Japanese character, which tends to make all these exhibitions doubly amusing.” (Vol. ii. p. 319.)

Professor Huxley on Man's Place in Nature.”

THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW.—APRIL 1863.

“*Austrian Constitutionalism.*”

“*The Reformation Arrested.*” This article is another apology for Bishop Colenso, and treats of part II. of “*The Pentateuch and Book of Joshua.*”—The character of the defence set up for the Bishop may be gleaned from the following passage: “When this unshrinking and avowed willingness to follow the indications of truth, draws upon him violent animosity from the real clerical party, and from hypocritical churchmen; but gains for him *warm applause from millions* outside; we find herein a signal mark of the gulf which has opened between the intelligent part of the nation and the church, which calls itself national. In the nation is truthfulness, in the church a dread of the light.” So says the defender of Bishop Colenso; intelligent christians will reverse his conclusions.

“*Resources of India.*” India has already 1608 miles of railway completed, 700 hundred miles are in an advanced state, and the cost of conveying cotton to market will soon be reduced from $3\frac{1}{2}$ to $1\frac{1}{2}$ per ton per mile over a large area. The growth of cotton is likely to spread in every direction. The finances are in a hopeful condition, and the future of India is most promising.—Of late years India has been steadily draining Europe of silver bullion at the rate of £10,000,000 a year.

“*The Jews of Western Europe.*” This paper embodies a very interesting history of this extraordinary people. It is a review of four works on Jewish History and Literature, published in the French, German and English language.

“*Lady Morgan.*”

“*Truth versus Edification.*” Another article in favor of Bishop Colenso's views. The writer says: “we have spoken plainly, broadly, and as many will say, shockingly, &c.” We are of the number who say “*shockingly.*”

“*The Antiquity of Man.*”

THE BRITISH MONTHLIES.*

BLACKWOOD.—APRIL AND MAY.

“*Sensation. Diplomacy in Japan.*”—The Japanese are now attracting much attention from Europeans. Their mode of government, their customs, and their religion, is only just beginning to be understood. On page 323, some of the characteristics of this extraordinary people are described.

“*Sir James Graham.*”—Admirers of this distinguished statesman could scarcely expect to find a flattering notice of his life and works in *Blackwood.*

* THE BRITISH MONTHLIES, including *Blackwood* (American reprint), *Cornhill*, *Temple Bar*, *The St. James' Magazine*, *Good Words*, *London Society*, *The Churchman's Magazine*, *The Exchange*, &c., &c., can be procured each month at Messrs. Rollo & Adam's Toronto.

He is described as possessing some of the qualities which contribute to build up greatness—patient of labour, careful in coming to conclusions, not at all scrupulous in changing or retaining his opinions, and a first rate administrator. No touch of genius about him, nor a shade of originality, but with much moral timidity. Such a man was not fit to lead.

“*The Inexhaustible Capital.*”—A critique on Roba di Roma, by William W. Story.

“*The Yeang-tai Mountains,*” and “*Spirit-Writing in China.*”—A description of a portion of China lying to the west of the Estuary of the Canton River. The country is magnificent, but the inhabitants are in a deplorable condition, and travelling is very unsafe. Buddhist temples and monasteries are thickly scattered over the country, but the priests have a bad name. Murders are rife, and order and law appear to belong to the past in distracted and rebellious China.

“*Caxtoniana: A Series of Essays on Life, Literature and Manners.*”—“On Self-Control,—The Modern Misanthrope; On certain Principles of Art in Works of Imagination.”

“*The Life of General Sir Howard Douglas, Bart.*”—The names of Sir Howard Douglas, and his father, Sir Charles Douglas, are intimately associated with British American history. Charles Douglas, when Arnold and Montgomery besieged Quebec, forced his squadron through the ice of the St. Lawrence, and relieved the place. He constructed a flotilla, and swept the Canadian lakes of the enemy's gun-boats. Howard Douglas was the eldest son of Sir Charles. In 1795, after completing his college course, he received a lieutenant's commission. From 1804 up to 1814, Douglas was connected with the educational department of the army, in which he rendered highly important services. He subsequently took an active part in the Spanish war under Lord Wellington. In 1824, when already promoted to the rank of Major-General, he was appointed to the governorship of New Brunswick, and placed in command of the troops stationed there, in Nova Scotia, Newfoundland, and Bermuda. During his administration, one of those extraordinary bush fires occurred which are only known in America. The summer had been unusually dry, and the third of a succession of such, and frightful fires devastated forests, country villages, and towns. The boundary line between British America and the United States occupied a considerable portion of Sir Howard Douglas's time. He was requested by the British Government to go to Europe and watch proceedings, pending the solution of the question, the King of Netherlands having been appointed arbitrator. The King's decision gave little satisfaction to either party, and America failed to get all she coveted. “It remained for her, by sharp practice at a further period, to gain her end; and for England, under the management of Lord Ashburton and Sir Robert Peel, to be made a fool of.”

In 1828, or more than thirty years before the civil war, he foretold events in the United States themselves, which have since come to pass.

The people of New Brunswick marked the efforts made by Sir Howard Douglas to prevent the equalising of the duties on foreign and colonial timber, by presenting him with a magnificent service of plate. In 1835, he

was appointed High Commissioner of the Ionian Islands. He died a very old man, honoured and esteemed.

"*Italian Brigandage.*"

"*Ludwig Uhland.*"—Since the death of Goethe, the Laureate of Germany. He was born in 1787, and died at the close of 1862.

"*My Investment in the Far West.*"—A very amusing story, well told, and, unfortunately, too true. The investment is "the Nauvoo and Nebraska Railway."

"*American State Papers.*"—This is a most pungent and severe critique on these documents. Most people are aware that the atmosphere through which American politicians must pass before they can attain to eminence, is more likely to develop in them the wisdom of the serpent than the guilelessness of the dove. The principal agent in the pious attempt to inoculate mankind with virtuous principles, is Mr. W. H. Seward. The manner in which Mr. Seward's musings and lucubrations are disturbed by Confederate cannon, a distracted President, a desperate War Secretary, is uncommonly well told. One would suppose that Mr. Kinglake had a hand in the cold and bitter irony with which parallel passages of Mr. W. H. Seward's despatches are presented to the readers of *Blackwood*. The climax is perhaps the extract from the despatch dated 10th July, 1862. It runs as follows:—"The reduction of Vicksburg, the possession of Chattanooga, and the capture of Richmond, would close the civil war with complete success. All those three enterprises are going forward. The two former will, we think, be effected within the next ten days." Poor Mr. Seward! It is now nearly a year since he predicted Vicksburg would be taken in ten days—Richmond taken, too, and the war closed! The writer in *Blackwood* says:—"Compared with these prophecies, the ravings of Mother Shipton become reputable oracles."

"*The Budget.*"

TEMPLE BAR.—APRIL AND MAY.

"*John Marchmont's Legacy*" is continued.

"*Poland.*" The extraordinary success of the Poles in withstanding the gigantic efforts of Russia to crush the rebellion is mainly attributable to the remarkable secret organization which exists among them, for the purpose of ultimately securing their independence, and retaining their nationality.

"The organization of this powerful and invisible League is based upon the system of decades, every ten members forming a separate division, presided over by the Tenth man. The latter is appointed by the Centurion, or hundredth man, and confirmed by the leader of the district. If he act contrary to orders, or fail to accommodate himself in every respect to the party-programme, complaint is preferred by the Centurion, and sentence of removal pronounced by the local chief. While in office, the Tenth receives orders from the Centurion, who is the only member of the society known to him beyond the members of his own decade. To him he is also bound to report, as frequently as possible, upon the state of his company, and communicate the information furnished by its members. The Tenth is obliged to watch the conduct of the

atter, to communicate orders from above, and to prevent any deviation from the strict line of the programme. Nobody is received into the society except upon the recommendation and guarantee of a member of some standing ; and in selecting new members honesty and enthusiasm for the common cause are the only necessary qualities. The promise that they will obey orders and keep the secrets, whether at large or in prison, is the only rite exacted, the taking the oaths being reserved for extraordinary cases and immediately on the eve of rebellion.

“ Each member of the decade guaranteeing the submission of his new subordinates is allowed to collect a decade of his own, and become a Tenth himself. In like manner a Tenth may obtain promotion to the rank of Centurion. The chief of the district, or, more correctly, the chief of ten Centurions, is appointed by the “ town committee,” or directing body established in all the larger cities of the kingdom. Over the town committees are installed a number of provincial committees, deriving both authority and orders from the central committee in the capital. It is the duty of the districtual leader to make a daily report to the “ town committee,” the orders of the latter being communicated to him by means of a single agent, whilst all intercourse is strictly limited to conversation, or a complicated system of ciphers. In some cases several districts may be united into a department under the direction of a special committee, when the latter is made dependent upon the town committee nearest to it. The upper bodies, though consisting of several persons, are strictly holden to carry on their intercourse with the inferior and superior bodies by the agency of a single person only. Every member of a decade, and the society at large, is obliged to pay implicit obedience to orders from above ; to assist, serve, and advise in every emergency the other members of the League ; to carry on the propaganda among the remaining portion of the population, and prepare himself in every respect for active service in a revolutionary force.

“ A similar organization is carried out in Lithuania, Volhynia, Podolia, Galicia, and the grand duchy of Posen, each province being placed under a provincial committee, which is at the beck of the central committee at Warsaw.

“ There is, moreover, a grand secret tribunal shrouding itself under the appellation of *Central National Committee*. In this head and centre of the organization, powers unlimited have been vested by the will of the founders and the assent of the people. It may act as it likes, command what it pleases, and be free from all responsibility to the subordinate bodies of the League. No resistance offered to its orders will be accounted to legalise the conduct of the recusants ; no contradiction excusable so long as the committee remains enthroned in darkness over the people and its rulers,—those other rulers who have come from the banks of the Neva. Yet, if its resignation should be demanded by two-thirds of the provincial committees, the Central Committee has to bow before the decision of its subordinates, and to retire to the less ambitious position of a simple decade. This central committee consists of seven members, and in addition to its other powers is entitled to fill up vacancies. All its votes are taken by majority, and the sitting is presided over by a mysterious personage, the head of heads, called the ‘ Regulator.’ Each member of this National Board attends to some special department, the divi-

sions being as follows : Warsaw affairs ; provincial affairs, foreign affairs ; control of the Russian police ; matters of finance ; and the press. The minister, as we may well call him, for the latter department, is also charged with the establishment of a secret postal service throughout the kingdom. The Regulator, as becomes the dignity of his office, is saddled with no special business, but directs rebellion without the drudgery of details.

"This omnipotent and omnipresent organization will account for the passiveness of the Poles under so many provocations. The word to rise had to issue from the chiefs of this grand committee of conspirators ; and so long as they were silent, not a battalion moved. They knew the political state of Europe ; they knew the strength of the Russian armies ; they knew the resources of the Czar, and they patiently bided their time. They felt, moreover, the great responsibilities which devolved upon them."

"*Put to the Test*," is a good delineation of the manner in which the Post Office Detectives discover the perpetrators of Post Office frauds. There is nothing new in the artifices employed, and similar occurrences have taken place in Canada.

"*Breakfast in Bed*," is a marvellous word jumble. The description of the crowd in London, when the Princess Alexandra made her entry, will give an idea of many of the rhapsodies which result from breakfast in bed.

"It was one of the most inconceivable jumbles of brass-bands, rifle volunteers, policemen on horseback and policemen on foot, horse-artillerymen, aldermen, common councilmen, javelinmen, watermen, standard-bearers, ticket-porters, and long-shore men, that was ever visible out of the phantasmagoric vision of a raving maniac with superadded *delirium tremens*, who has been supping on raw pork-chops with Mr. Home the medium, and reading Hoffman's *Tales* and the *Woman in White* to the accompaniment of cavendish tobacco and strong green tea. My poor feet began to suffer. Once or twice I was lifted off them bodily, and then asked in indignant terms "vere I vos a shovin' to." I shoved at last into the midst of a group of ancient persons clad in red-baize jerkins, with pewter platters on the breasts thereof, jockey-caps, knee-smalls, and white stockings, with ankle-jacks à la "Roberto Pulveroso," or "Dusty Bob."

"*The Trials of the Tredgolds*" will be noticed when the tale is completed.

"*Trial by Jury*," Part II. and III. are good. They contain many excellent anecdotes, and give a very luminous view of many of the objections and advantages incident to trial by jury.

"*Cloudy Memories of an Old Passport*," by G. Augustus Sala. The second part will appear in June.

"*The Bayard of India*." Sir James Outram died at Pau in the Pyrenees on the 11th of March last. He was buried in Westminster Abbey, and on his coffin is placed one of the great names in the annals of England. He was a soldier with humanity for his watchword ; a diplomatist, with honesty for his motto. He was in private life exactly what might be expected from his public career.

THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE.—APRIL AND MAY.

"*Romola*" continued.

"*Westminster Abbey.*" A well written description of the characteristics, services, and burial of Sir James Outram.

"*Chess.*"

"*From Yeddo to London, with the Japanese Ambassadors.*" A very lively and amusing description of the Japanese envoys. The habits and peculiarities of these extraordinary creatures are portrayed with much quiet humour.

"*Revelations of prison life*" is startling and, to say the least, humiliating. It presents a very revolting picture of the awful degradation of the confirmed thief and convict, and shews how little has been done, even by the present silent system, with all the care exercised by suspicion, to prevent thieves from communicating with one another. The "telegraph" in the prison cells enables the inmates to communicate with one another without any difficulty; and it is but an application, where least expected, of the ordinary mode of "reading" intelligence common in the telegraph offices on this continent, where the ear has become sufficiently practised so as to enable the operator to distinguish the words of a message by the sounds of the "click" when the armature is attracted by the magnet. Just as boys in a telegraph office can tell off a message without looking at the paper, so can thieves communicate by taps with friends four or five cells removed from them. The system adopted is to indicate a letter by its place in the alphabet—thus four taps signifies (*d*); nine taps, (*i*); fourteen taps, (*n*); and five taps, (*e*); a number of rapid taps signifies that the word is complete, and the anxious listener reads "dine."

"*The Small House at Allington.*" This romance gathers interest as it grows. It is becoming painfully exciting.

Corpulence.—The object of this paper is to show what are the causes of fatness, in what way it is likely to be injurious, and how its development may be prevented.

Life in a Barrack.—Is a plain unvarnished statement on matters connected with the soldier's life.

A run through the Southern States.—This is another opinion, well expressed and sustained by facts, of the result of the Civil War in the States. From all the writer has seen or heard during his tour, he feels fully convinced, that no danger will ever frighten, or bribe of power induce the States of the Confederacy, to join again the Northern Union.

"*Notes on Science.*" *The Vapour in our Atmosphere and its Effect on Heat.*—In a lecture on Radiant Heat, at the Royal Institution, our brilliant physicist, Professor Tyndall, made some curious revelations of the invisible—that is to say, not only of the invisible vapour diffused through the air, which may become and often does become visible, as cloud and mist, but also of that invisible ether, the interstellar air, which, in infinite space, connects star with star, and connects, in finite space, gaseous atom with gaseous atom. This supersubtle medium, this mystic ether, which also becomes visible under given velocities of its vibrations, namely, as Light and colour, and is recognized by another sense under lower velocities as Heat—this medium, in which the star

of the Milky Way swim like a shoal of mackerel in the sea, is an object of intense interest to physicists, who measure its undulations with jealous vigilance. Professor Tyndall tells us something more about its waves under the velocity known as Heat.

After our earth has been basking all day in the sun, it begins, as night closes in, to give back the heat which it received; that is, it sends vibrations backwards through the ether. The waves dash upwards through the air, hurrying towards the calmer regions of passionless space. But their upward progress is very considerably arrested, partly by the air—that is, the gaseous atoms floating in the ethereal medium—but mainly by the invisible vapour—that is, the watery atoms floating in the air, as the air floats in the ether. The vapour forms an extremely minute quantity of our atmosphere. Take the air whence you will, and you will find that out of 100 parts 99½ are oxygen and nitrogen, the remaining half per cent. being carbonic acid, ammonia, and water. Such being the proportion of the floating substances which must oppose barriers to the waves of ether, as a shoal of herrings will oppose a barrier to the undulations of the water, let us learn from Professor Tyndall the relative share of each. The water is extremely minute in quantity, but happens to be amazingly obstructive in quality; for while every atom of oxygen opposes a certain barrier, a molecule of vapour opposes a force 16,000 times greater than that of oxygen. These are large figures, and they open the eyes of astonishment, but they rest on rigorous evidence. Nay, we also learn that the smoke of west London, even when an east wind pours its gloomy clouds over us, exerts but a fraction of the heat-retarding power which is due to the transparent and impalpable vapour diffused throughout the air of a perfectly clear day.

It is certain, Professor Tyndall says, that more than 10 per cent. of the heat radiated from the soil of England is stopped within ten feet of the surface. The vapour of our moist atmosphere is a blanket, not less necessary for the fruitful earth than clothing is for earth's proudest inhabitant. 'Remove for a single summer night the aqueous vapour from the air which overspreads this country, and you would assuredly destroy every plant capable of being destroyed by a freezing temperature. The warmth of your fields and gardens would pour itself unrequited into space, and the summer sun would rise upon an island held fast in the iron grip of frost.'

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.—MAY.

"*Physicians and Surgeons of the last Generation.*"—A capital record of many eminent men and well-known names. Marshall Hall, who visited Toronto a few years since, is particularly noticed. In 1849, Dr. Hall's gains from his practice were twenty thousand dollars a year. He was a great advocate for simple remedies and mineral waters.

"*History and its Scientific Pretensions.*"

"*Rariora of Old Poetry.*"

"*Popular Tales of Denmark.*"

"*Neapolitan Prisons, Past and Present.*"

"*Babel: a Philological Exposition.*"

"*Amongst the Mediums.*"—The recent telegraphic announcement, that certain prominent officials in the neighbourhood of the White House, Washington, have not been consulting mediums, will create with us on this side of the water a curiosity to know the experience of one who has been amongst the mediums. It is enough to say that all is humbug, trickery, or imposture, in some form or another. Yet, read the advertisements of the more prominent American papers, and one sees the extraordinary hold which the belief in mediums has taken upon the American mind. Astrologers, Clairvoyants, Spiritualists, &c., &c., advertise by the dozens, and find dupes. Truly the condition of American Society in some cities must be deplorable, when we find such extraordinary belief prevalent in mediums and ministers.

"*Exodus of Mussulmans from Servia.*"

GOOD WORDS.—MAY.

"*The Parables Read in the Light of the Present Day,*" by Thomas Guthrie, D.D., are continued. No. 5 is the parable of the Unjust Judge, and treats of the Unjust Judge—His Character—The Widow—the Means of her Success—the Conclusion. It does not teach us to pray; it teaches us how to pray—Stated daily prayer—It teaches persevering prayer. "Even so, twice a day also at the least are we to replenish our thirsty souls,—fill our emptiness from the ocean of grace and mercy that flows, free and full of Christ, to the least of all saints and chief of sinners. In Him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily."

"*Concerning Old Enemies.*"

"*The Curate of Suverdsio.*"—A beautiful Swedish story, by the late D. M. Moir (Delta.) The curate and his daughter sheltered Gustavus Vasa during the oppressive tyranny of Christiern the second King of Denmark. When Gustavus was made administrator of the Government of Sweden, the curate and Margaret were brought before him—he being in disguise on the judgment seat—and examined, respecting the concealment of Gustavus from Danish soldiers. The finale is, that Margaret marries her lover, Regner Beron, who had become one of Gustavus Vasa's greatest generals, and the Swedish Senate decreed that a large gilt copper crown should be placed on the parish church at Suverdsio, in commemoration of its being the hiding place of the great Swedish liberator.

"*Meditations on Creation,*" by the Dean of Canterbury. Creation has a meaning and significance to the Christian which it cannot have to the Deist or unbeliever. The creation of new matter has ceased altogether, as far as our senses and knowledge teaches us, but the creation of the spiritual is continually going on. The material world was created to subserve the spiritual. Creation is only a part of redemption, or what are we to think of the words, "the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world." Creation will be in a renewed and glorious condition in the next happy state. The desert will rejoice and blossom as the rose. Then no decay will mar nature, and no sin destroy the beauty of spiritual man.

"*Reminiscences of a Highland Parish*" grows in interest with each succeeding number.

CHURCHMAN'S FAMILY MAGAZINE.—MAY.

"*The Conduct of the 'Times' Newspaper in Relation to the Church of England.*"

"*The Life and Times of Thomas à Becket.*"

"*Nest-Making Fish.*"—It is curious to observe that, whereas amongst other classes it is the female whose especial business it is to look after the young, although in many cases the male shares the duty with her, amongst fishes, the male alone is generally the nurse and protector of the young fry. The sticklebacks make a nest of sea-weed, and seem as busy about their domestic labours as birds.

"*Whitsuntide: its Origin and Customs.*"—Among the thousand different customs and practices common in different countries at Whitsuntide, that of the Eton Montem, abolished in 1847, was one of the most interesting, because it was peculiarly the custom of our greatest English school. At Winchester, so lately as 1796, the masters, chaplains, students, and choristers, with a band of music, marched in procession round the courts before the Whitsun holidays, and then round the Domum tree—singing "Domum, Domum, dulce Domum; home, home, sweet home."

"*Black Peter's Conversion.*"

LONDON SOCIETY.—MAY.

This popular Monthly is admirably illustrated, and all the articles are of the lightest and most amusing character. It has a special interest for Londoners, as it is principally occupied with subjects and scenes either occurring within the precincts of the great city, or easily accessible to its three million people by rail.

"*London Society Underground*" is an amusing word-picture of the Metropolitan Railway line, which is a vast tunnel extending to all the more densely inhabited parts of the great city.

"*Easter Monday on Brighton Downs*" describes a review of the volunteers, with a sham battle; the sorrows and troubles of an unfortunate volunteer; and a *dejeuner à la fourchette* on the field of battle.

"*University Boat Races*" is a short history of these exciting trials of skill between Oxford and Cambridge; while the capital tale headed "*Why our boat did not make its Bump*" is a pleasantly told reminiscence of Cambridge life.

AMERICAN PERIODICALS.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE.—MAY AND JUNE.

"*Scenes in the War of 1812—Hull's Campaign.*"—This is a defence of General Hull. He had warned the Government of the folly of attempting the conquest of Canada without better preparation. When the result of the attempt was found to be failure and humiliation, the administration perceived their error, and sacrificed Hull.

"*The Drift of American Society.*"—This is a style of article not common in American publications. It speaks the truth with unusual openness and candour. The conclusion at which the writer arrives is contained in the subjoined quotation. It is a good sign of a healthy tone when men are not afraid to speak of their shortcomings. No people in the world have less cause than the Americans to be ashamed of what they have done in many of the grand duties of nations; and if in some of the great objects of life they have been carried into a dangerous extreme, the best hope of amendment lies in the consciousness of defects which they are not too proud or too self-opinionated to own.

"We are to accept as a sacred inheritance all that comes to us in the line of our antecedents, whether outward or inward, or having the worth of circumstance or of character; It is well for each family to make the most of its own heritage—to use well its patrimony, whether large or small, and treasure up all the lessons and examples of its ancestry. All the more are we to keep faithfully the great heritage of our magnificent civilization, and use our new earnings so as best to bring out, interpret, and diffuse the old wealth of the race. We are all rich by this standard, while apart from it gold and silver are but dust, and property is but a pompous name for poverty. Out of the line of culture and civilization millions of money are of no high account: but in the true line of humanity and God, a modest competence is priceless riches, and unlocks and inherits the treasures of all time. We as a people are sadly negligent of this truth, and our wealth is crude and coarse, and has hardly begun to know the true wisdom and to master the true art. If the next ten years every man of means would spend his money with an eye to this truth, and would ask not how he may follow the reigning mode, but how he may best take the highest wisdom and art of mankind, and leave the most precious heritage to those that come after him, a great revolution would be inaugurated, and a new day dawn upon our manners and entertainments, our houses, schools, museums, galleries, and churches. Heirs of the ages, we might also be their benefactors, and make the whole nation as well as our children rich with the treasures that do not perish but increase with years.

"But we must not, in our somewhat sombre moralizing, fail to see the bright side of our American society, nor forget what immense temptations we have had to struggle against in this new country, with its restless temper and ever-fevered career. If we have drifted away from some of the old landmarks, it has not been because we were idle, but too much engrossed; and now that we are in pressing danger, seriously reckoning our course, and observing our bearings, we find much to encourage the hope that we are to respect the good old loyalties with all the freshness of our young life, and to affirm the *family*, the *status*, and the *heritage* in the home, the nation, and the church, all the more freely and heartily because we have floated a little too far on the tide of *individualism*, *choice*, and *acquisition*. Shakespeare was in many things a prophet for both hemispheres; and his picture of Prince Harry, when sobered by his accession to the throne, does well as a portrait of our Young America as we wish to see him, now that his majority has come, and he is to rise to the empire of his father or come to naught, cumber the ground, and be unfit to fill a decent grave."

"*Insects Injurious to Fruit*" is a valuable article on the insect pests which are making such terrible ravages in the orchards of the United States and Canada.

"*The Indian Massacres and War of 1862.*"—A very interesting and well illustrated sketch of the late Sioux massacre in the State of Minnesota and the Dacotah Territory. Not less than a thousand men, women and children were massacred by the Indians with horrible indignities and cruelty. Language fails to express the dreadful scenes which met the eye in the villages which had fallen a prey to the ruthless and brutal Sioux. Young and old, infants and aged women, were alike butchered and scalped. Over a frontier of four hundred miles—from Fort Abercrombie on the Red River of the North, to Mankato on the Blue Earth River—they carried the torch and the tomahawk. The punishment inflicted on these inhuman creatures was far from commensurate with the awful crimes they committed. Yet the writer says, and perhaps justly, "Permit traders and lawless men again to rob and oppress them till their savage blood boils, and again our own will soak the frontier soil." The war with the Sioux, we fear, has only just commenced. In the able report of Lieut. Warren, on the exploration of the Niobara, published in December, 1858, the whole question of the Sioux difficulties is reviewed, and the most prominent elements of warfare pointed out. Indeed Lieut. Warren even (in 1858) says that there were inevitable causes at work to produce a war with the Dakotahs, or Sioux. He considers they will retreat to the Missouri, and in the ravines and fastnesses of the Niobara. There are persons who suppose that in the event of the United States Government sending a large and properly equipped force against the Sioux, they will retreat to British Territory. But there they will not only find 3,000 of their inveterate enemies (the Red River half-breeds) willing to repel them, but if they go west, on to the Saskatchewan, they will come in contact with the Prairie Crees, the Blackfeet, and the Assinniboines, who yearly cross the 49th parallel to hunt the buffalo.

"*The Quicksilver Mines of New Almaden, California.*"—This article must be read in order to be properly appreciated. The process of extracting the ore, distilling the quicksilver, and filling the flasks, are well described, and illustrated with drawings.

"*Insects Injurious to the Vine*"—"Rosemary"—"*Katy Keith*"—"Two Weeks at Port Royal," &c., &c., &c.

Harper is well sustained, notwithstanding the war, and many of the original articles contained in these numbers are of more than usual merit.

TO PUBLISHERS AND EXCHANGES.

Want of space compels us to omit notices of several American and Canadian publications. They will appear in the August number. Books and Periodicals for Review should be sent to the Publishers of the *British American Magazine* before the tenth of the month, with the words "FOR THE BRITISH AMERICAN MAGAZINE" written on the address.