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A MONARCHY, OR A REPUBLIC! WHICH?

"History never repeats itself." There may be parallelism, but there can never be the same sequence of events in the same country, or in different countries, at different times. This may, indeed, must be accepted as an historical axiom; for if it cannot be proved, neither can it be gainsaid. It is a fact, then, that every nation, as it starts into independent life, comes to the birth under different circumstances from those which ushered in the existence of every other. And in no instance has this been more wonderfully illustrated than in the incidents now affecting the British American Provinces, and preparing them for union under a Central Government. So far as the records of the past are available, the world has never yet witnessed the foundations of a State laid under such a happy combination of favouring circumstances as those which at the present moment are inviting Canada and the maritime provinces to unite, and form themselves into a compact and powerful nation. Everything connected with them both at home and abroad points to union not only as best in itself, but as the most easily attainable end they can achieve. Everything invites the attempt; everything promises success; and a golden opportunity for accomplishing a great work is presented to the people of British America; the world looking on the while encouraging them to begin, and wishing them "God speed" in their glorious undertaking.

What are the facts of the case? They are broadly these. Supposing the provinces wish to form an union among themselves, they cannot be opposed; and they would receive all the assistance that could possibly

be given to them. Now, it will be acknowledged, that supposing there is no *à priori*, no natural impossibility in any undertaking, that it involves no contradiction of the Laws of Nature, their absence of opposition on the one hand, and all the assistance that can possibly be obtained on the other, will go far to ensure success, if not to secure it. But these would be the very conditions under which British America would come to the work of laying the foundation of its nationality, and raising the glorious structure of its independence. For, effectual opposition could only be offered by England, or the United States. Of England's opposition nothing needs to be said; because, as it will be shewn shortly, England would forward the work with all her might. The only possible opposition that could be offered, must come from the States; it is only with this, then, that we need concern ourselves.

If the States were free to act with the power they possessed before Secession became a fact, it might be an open question, whether they would attempt to prevent the formation of a British American Union, or not. Without asserting it dogmatically, we cannot but believe they would. This, of course, is of no value, but as a mere opinion, although it is one shared in by many; but be it as it may, we need not trouble ourselves with the question, as we only have to deal with the States as they are, and not as they were; without stopping then to inquire what they would attempt, it will be sufficient to see what they could effect, supposing them to determine to intervene.

Were the Union still compact, and its resources untouched, there can be little doubt, that even if aided by all the might of England, British America would be cruelly tried in an effort to establish a Union, even of a democratical kind, much more a monarchical one, if the States put forth all their strength in opposition. But now. they cannot do this. No longer has British America on her only frontiers an united people, possessing resources nearly, perhaps quite, equal to those of England, and superior to those of any other State; a people proudly conscious of its strength, and longing to measure it with that of the Mistress of the Seas for the openly avowed purpose of annexing Canada. Rent and shattered by civil war, now no longer a terror to any but itself, one half of the late Union hails French intervention in Mexico with acclamation, while the other dares not utter a word in complaint, though the Monroe doctrine is scorned and set at naught by a European government. The Union, as one of the first-rate powers of the world, is a thing of the past; and though the two or three, or more States, that will be formed out of its several fragments, will still be powerful, and able to hold their own against all comers, yet their day of dictation is over, and the British American Provinces, aided by England, can now form themselves into a Republic, (if it be possible that democratic institutions can still find favour in their

eyes, after their inevitable result has been so unmistakably manifested in the States), or into a Vice-royalty or kingdom, if the spectacle of the union of the fullest liberty with the most unruffled order, of perfect peace with the most widely-spread prosperity, as presented by England under a Constitutional Monarchy can suffice to dispel the dreams of visionaries, or the theories of *dilettanti* statesmen, and persuade the yet divided colonies to select for themselves the most perfect model of government that the mind of man has yet conceived, and the best that the world has yet known. The Northern States of the late Union, when their present struggle is over, might by a great effort be able to do enormous injury to the provinces lying on their frontier, if they were content to do so at the price of equal injury inflicted upon themselves, and if the provinces were so reckless of their own safety as to neglect thorough and efficient military organization; but they could not say no, and compel obedience to their commands, to any measure affecting the internal affairs of the provinces, that was the result of the united will of England and her Transatlantic children. The States might bluster; but effectual opposition there could be none.

And to view the question from the opposite side. What assistance could be looked for? All that could possibly be desired or required. There would in the first place be no need for foreign help. So long as England did not oppose the union and independence of her provinces, and would not suffer any other government to do so, there would be no room for foreign help; since the whole question being one between England and her colonies, would not admit of foreign intervention, so long as they were not opposed to one another. Now, that England would not oppose any steps the colonies might take for the establishing of an independent Union among themselves is evident from all her modern policy, and the spirit in which she approaches every colonial question. There was unquestionably, a time when England in common with all the world looked upon colonies as dependencies to be held for the exclusive benefit of the people of the mother country, without any consideration for the welfare of the colonists. All ancient colonizing States, witness the Peloponnesian war, did so. France, Holland, Spain, Portugal, did so. England did not stand alone in her folly. But England has long since discarded all those erroneous notions, which lost her the possession of her thirteen colonies; and it is with England as she is, and not as she was in former years, that her present colonies have to do. And what is England's way of treating her colonies now? Does she not endeavour to conciliate their affection by every means in her power? Has she not granted responsible government to all; not only to those in America, but also those in South Africa and Australia? Does she not refrain entirely from all interference in their internal affairs? Nay, does she not carry her forbearance so far as to

suffer them to tax her own productions and manufactures without a murmur, as if they were those of a foreign State? Whatever the colonies demand, England grants; and if becoming impatient of the nominal hold she has upon them, they were to require her to recall her governors, and recognize their independence, the whole tenor of her modern colonial policy shews that the demand would be yielded without a remonstrance, and accompanied with a kindly expressed hope that the young nation might be prosperous and happy. And while it is evident that there could be no effectual opposition from abroad, but rather that whatever assistance the mother country could give, would be cheerfully given, so also if we turn to the provinces themselves, we find everything wearing a flattering aspect, and proclaiming that the time for Union is come.

Until the present time each colony has been fully occupied with its own hard task of laying the foundations of its individual existence. All alike have been engaged with the labour of turning the forest into a ploughed field, and of raising buildings befitting a civilized and prosperous people, where the log-huts of the first settlers marked out the sites of future cities. But the first rough work is done; the days of mere settlement are over; and men, no longer compelled to devote all their energies to the rudest elementary labour, are becoming conscious of greater wants, and moved by higher aspirations. To be a Canadian, a Nova Scotian, a New Brunswicker, a Prince Edward Islander, confers no distinction, and gives no title to respect; because for want of a distinct nationality the people of the provinces hold no recognized position in the world; they are only colonists. Hence arises an instinctive feeling for a change from provincial obscurity to national dignity; and hence the reason, why the proposal for the union of the provinces under one central government, has already, in so short a time from the day it was first enunciated, met with so general acceptance. Men naturally and justly wish to rise to a level with their fellow-men; and as with individuals, so with nations this desire, when kept within legitimate bounds, and suffered to run into no excess, is full of benefit to mankind in general, because it is the motive that underlies all human progress, which, after all, is only the result of the efforts of all individuals for their own personal advancement. Hitherto this longing for nationality, where it has existed in British America, has taken the form of a desire for annexation to the late Union, and has manifested itself in an admiration for democratic institutions; but the mass of the people have recoiled with horror from such a destiny, and the willingness with which they listen to proposals for union among themselves shews that national independence can alone satisfy their political wants; while the unmistakable loathing they evince at the notion of being used as a make weight by the Federal States to restore to the constitution the balance that democratic institutions are unable to preserve, is a nation's

protest against being incorporated into a foreign State, and a manifestation of their determination to resist unto death any attempt at forcible incorporation. And assuredly it would be a nobler destiny for the British American Provinces to be a nation among themselves, able to fight their own battles, and maintain their own independence, than to be annexed as members to a Union, which, professing to be based on the sovereignty of its several States, and to be the guardian of personal freedom, has, according to the invariable custom of all democracies, destroyed liberty, suspended the *Habeas Corpus* in spite of the sovereignty of the States, and has so entirely trampled personal freedom under foot, as to march bands of unwilling conscripts bound in chains to serve in a war they loathe, having for its object the coercing of other Sovereign and independent States into a Union which they hate. Or should the Provinces not be dragged unwillingly into union with the States, assuredly it would be a nobler destiny for them to become a nation than to remain forever colonies, leaning upon the power of England for protection; or to hold an ignoble position as separate States, owing a quasi-independence to the scornful forbearance of their more powerful neighbours, and

"With bated breath, and whispering humbleness,"

begging permission to regulate their internal affairs with some degree of reference to their own wishes. The late Union, when entire, did certainly possess some advantages, (great ones too) which might reasonably have been taken into consideration, especially by the people of Canada, when the subject of their future condition occupied their thoughts, but now that the Union is shivered, and about to be permanently split into several fragments, and in danger of bankruptcy, it would be as foolish on financial grounds, as degrading for moral reasons, to seek to be united to any one of the bits of the late Union, that might happen to appear the least unworthy of the connection. The provinces cannot forever remain dependent upon the mother country. The events now passing in America proclaim in unmistakable terms that old things are passing away, and that they must enter into new relations with the rest of the world and themselves. As separate States, they would be too weak to defend their independence; and consequently there is only the alternative of union or annexation. Canada, British America, cannot be content to be ever an outlying dependency, either of England or the States. They must, or their people are not men, aspire to the rank and dignity of a free people, the independence of a nation. They must, therefore, unite among themselves, since it is only by union they can escape the disgrace of annexation. The great chain of lakes is Nature's testimony, that different nations shall dwell on their shores, nations that may be firm friends

but cannot be one people. For as surely as the waters of the St. Lawrence and the rivers of the States seek the sea by widely diverging channels, so surely will the interests of the two sections of the continent be different, and their peoples seek happiness by different paths. The institutions of the two peoples may be similar, but they cannot be the same; and leaving to the Americans the unchallenged right of framing such institutions as they may deem most conducive to their happiness, the time is arrived when the people of British America should deliberate upon what they will choose for themselves. Will these be republican, or monarchical? The choice must shortly be made; and if they are wise they will choose a monarchy for their form of government; monarchical institutions as the best safeguard of personal liberty.

Where population is not only sparse but small, wealth evenly distributed, manners simple, and morals pure, there a republic can be established and democratic institutions promote the happiness of men. But as population increases, wealth accumulates, and manners lose their simplicity, then all history shews a republic to be impossible and that society after passing though a period of anarchy and terror invariably falls beneath the power of a Dictator, and content to be enslaved, bows before a master. Without going back to ancient history, England under Cromwell, and France under Napoleon in modern times, afford instances of the impossibility of maintaining a republic among a highly civilized people; while the fate of Poland with its elective king, and the bloody struggle now going on in the States, warn us against the delusion of imagining that ambition can be restrained, or political parties possess a spark of honesty, under a republic, when such an object as the presidency is periodically held up for competition, as if on purpose to corrupt all public men by the magnitude of the prize presented to their selfishness. The world is clearly not yet ripe for democratic institutions, whatever it may become in some future and far distant generation; but Constitutional Monarchy, which both ensures liberty, and supplies the means of gratifying those strong yearnings for distinction, which are as powerful as instincts in man's nature, takes root wherever it is established under proper conditions, thereby shewing itself to be the best form of government for men in their present state of moral and political education; while the universal effort throughout Western civilization to overthrow autocratic and escape from democratic despotism, proves it to be the form they have for generation upon generation longed for, and have only now at length discovered. If anything had been wanting to prove that a monarchy is alone capable of satisfying the wants of a great and wealthy people, the mad desire of gratifying the unacknowledged, but easily traced, passion and lust of dominion, which has been the real motive that has impelled the Federal States on their terrible course, would alone be sufficient to do so.

For, stripped of all that is accidental, and which only serves as a pretext for the continuation of the war, now that its ultimate result in the destruction of the Union is visible, is it not the desire of establishing a strong central government that animates the Republicans, one that would enable them to speak as masters to the rest of the world, and for which they are sacrificing the fundamental principle of the Union, the sovereignty of the States. But a central power is the monarchical power, and can only be exercised by a monarch; and setting aside the extreme abolitionists, for what is the Republican party fighting, unconsciously perhaps to itself, but this; and for what but the retention of the sovereignty of the States are the democrats ineffectually striving? So long as men are such as we know them will they covet power and distinction; and so long will they turn instinctively to the centralized, that is the monarchical system of government, because it is in that alone they find the desired objects of gratification in the forms least injurious, nay rather most beneficial to society. For under a monarchy men seek distinctions in fictitious objects, the ranks of nobility, and the orders of chivalry, and are content with them; while these to command respect must be made honourable by the lives of their possessors. Hence principles of honour, chivalrous feeling, courtesy, refinement, are of necessity cultivated by those, who have attained to, or seek admission into the ranks where honour is to be obtained: and society is benefitted and purified by the spirit that is evoked in consequence, and which more or less spreads to the whole mass. But under a democratic form of government money alone can confer distinction; and consequently gross corruption in public, and a narrow morality in private affairs necessarily follows; because these are the means by which money is gained most rapidly, and if distrusting the assertions of the admirers of either system, we would study the results of the two kinds of government, England and the United States are ready to our hands for the purpose. Now, though one would be very loath to affirm that all is perfection in the former, one can have no hesitation in declaring it to be scarcely possible to exceed the defect of moral principle in the latter. And the reason is on the surface. It is not that Englishmen are naturally better than Americans, but because the institutions under which they are trained, the influences which surround them through life, make them so. As men they are more honest and just; and the different reception the bills of the two countries meet with in the Exchanges of Europe, not to speak of repudiation, justify the assertion. As citizens they are freer; because, although the will of the majority in both countries determines the general policy of the State, in the former it is the will of those, who by education are qualified to appreciate the blessings of freedom, and are best qualified to be its efficient guardians, and not, as in the States, that of an ignorant mob, that acts under the influence of passions excited by the fustian of stump orators.

Constitutional monarchy is for the present unknown in North America; and consequently men are apt to jumble in their minds strange notions concerning it, derived from the traditions of the past. A constitutional monarch is the representative before foreigners of the national dignity, the exalted unit that comprehends all the millions of the people, the depositary of their might, the incarnation of the great abstraction and real governor of a free people, THE LAW. The president of the most favoured republic cannot be more than this; while under a constitutional monarchy the nation is never agitated and torn in pieces by the passions of a presidential election. And yet it is not debarred from having the best man at its head; indeed it generally does have the best man there, since it can at any time elect its King without the formality of an election. For, though the monarch on the throne is the King *de jure*, the King that reigns, the symbol of the stability of the state, yet the prime minister is the King *de facto*, the King that governs and sways its powers, but who can be removed at pleasure without effort, and who can be made to account for his acts without the necessity or the perils of a revolution. These are advantages which no republic can give, and which more than compensate for the social inequality visible in a monarchy; but which, after all, only represents the inequality that exists everywhere among men. For no human enactments can make men equal. It is and always will be true,

> ——— "in every soil,
> That those who think must govern those who toil."

And though in a republic men may prattle about their equality, yet even there inequality reigns everywhere; inequality of wealth, inequality of social position, inequality of influence, inequality of office and power, to say nothing of that inequality which God stamps upon men, making one strong and another weak, one brave and another timid, one prompt and another vacillating, in every way unequal. In a monarchy this inequality is recognised. In a republic it is disowned and disguised; but truth vindicates itself by forcing men by a retributive inconsistency to belie their professions; and by constantly contrasting the aristocracy of nature with that of art acknowledge with their lips the instincts of their hearts, which tell them that for the good of all inequality has been impressed upon men by God. In a constitutional monarchy the various ranks of society, though acting harmoniously together, and by their union maintaining the power and dignity of the State, serve nevertheless as mutual checks, and prevent the defects of either the monarchical, the aristocratic, or democratic element in the government obtaining an undue development. Hence a constitutional monarchy must have more than

the two orders of Viceroy or King and people; and the examples of England, Holland, Sweden, Portugal, Belgium, and probably we may add Italy, shew there must be at least three broadly distinguished Orders or Estates. The crown, the nobility, and the mass of the people. A negative proof of the same truth may be taken from the instance of France, which has twice attempted to form a constitutional monarchy without an hereditary class, and twice has failed, only to sink at last under a military despotism. Thus both by positive and also by negative evidence we learn as a fact in the science of government, that while liberty and order are best secured, and probably can co-exist only under a constitutional monarchy, the monarchy itself can exist only on condition of its possessing an Order of nobility, titled or untitled, matters not, but an Order possessing sufficient hereditary wealth, to be independent in its fortunes both of the crown and of the people; and, therefore, not requiring to pander for its influence to the ignorant passions of a mob, nor liable to be bribed by the former to consent to the oppression of the latter. An Order, such as the English nobility, and such as British America might possess, needs no feudal privileges to make it useful for the end for which it is founded; and consequently objections to an aristocracy, wherever they arise from a misplaced fear of its power, are unworthy of men, who have had the events of the last hundred and fifty years to enlighten them in the science and practice of government. Where objections arise from envy, nothing that could be said in its favour would be of any avail; and therefore we do not attempt to meet such. We only write in the hope of influencing honourable and rational men, who will accept or reject a system on its merits, and according to the way in which it presents itself to their own minds and commends itself to their judgment. With these it is an honor to enter into discussion, even though they differ from us entirely; but with those who oppose a system of government, only because they cannot, from a conscious want of fitness, aspire to its honour, it would simply be a lowering of one-self to hold communication with them for a moment. That some honourable men may object to an aristocracy is very probable, though their number will be small, since there are few men who would object to one, if they had only the most meagre expectation of attaining its honours; and the eagerness with which titles of nobility, ribbons and crosses are sought after in democratic France, proves, if proof were wanting, that hereditary distinctions, whether of rank or wealth, are forbidden in democratic States, only because while all desire them, few can obtain them, and that it is for this reason and this alone that the bulk of the people, moved by the most contemptible of all the passions, deny to others those outward signs of superiority they clearly covet, but are incapable of winning for themselves. But the British Americans are not men of this stamp. They are as much too generous to be envious, as

they are too wise to be republican. With the States on the one hand and England on the other, with both of which they are thoroughly acquainted, they have only to compare democratic institutions in their latest results with those of constitutional monarchy, to choose the latter as affording the only real guarantees for the maintenance of order and the protection of liberty. Desirous as they must be of securing those, the two greatest blessings good government can give, they cannot be so blind to their own interests, so wedded to silly prejudices implanted in their minds by their republican neighbours, as to reject constitutional monarchy, because it would introduce an Order of nobility. Such an order might wound the vanity of those who do not love to recognise the inequality that forms so remarkable a feature in God's dispensation; but will the people of British America pass by the best form of government to humour such paltry selfishness, and give the preference to the unstable institutions of the States, institutions whose instability is being made daily more and more manifest by the stern logic of facts; or shall their deliberate choice fall, not upon a servile copy, but a liberal transcript of the noble English constitution, the form of government best suited to free men? This is the form under which modern liberty first arose, which has with generous consistency always cherished it, and which alone protects it, now that it has been expelled from the two most democratic countries under the sun. Equality in France and the States has strangled freedom; its outward forms are annihilated in both, and the name of Emperor alone is wanting in the latter to assimilate it in form, as it is already in essence and in power to the former. It cannot be too frequently repeated, if we would form a correct judgment on a most momentous question, that while equality has destroyed freedom, inequality of rank, especially in England, has effectually maintained it. From these two facts let British America determine whether she will accept a Viceroy with the ultimate design of establishing a free Monarchy like that of England, or add another to the list of nations that have been duped by the specious notion of equality to surrender all her liberties into the hand of a master.

WARRINGTON,
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CHILDREN.

BY THE REV. H. F. DARNELL, M.A.

Children! How different are the thoughts and feelings conjured up and awakened in the human mind and heart by the mention of children, and what a multitude and variety of associations are linked with them! To some they are unpleasantly suggestive of all that is discordant and disagreeable in human life. They are synonymous with domestic disorder, discomfort, and denial of self. They involve, of necessity, ill-prepared and irregular meals, and the conversion of the whole house into a Bedlam at least, and, in some instances, into a perfect Pandemonium; all of which is supplemented with the quarterly or semi-annual appearance of formidable bills for physic, provender, and apparel. That such are the associations connected with children in the minds of many it cannot be denied, but let us hope that these feelings are, for the most part, confined to fidgety and crusty old bachelors, who, having once been crossed in love, have never had the courage or self-respect to try another chance; or else to those, who dead to the tenderer and better feelings of our nature, have become wedded only to their overflowing money bags, or to their own delightful selves.

Whilst then, here and there, there are without doubt some who thus look upon children as the plague-spots of creation and a universal nuisance, it is yet a pleasant thing to know that the great bulk of mankind—with all their sins and short-comings—are true to the nobler instincts implanted in them by their great Creator, and warm towards those little messengers of Heaven's love, which come among us from time to time, claiming at our hands with tiny form and pleading looks, protection, sympathy, and love. Taught by the example of Him who loved and blessed them, we have learned to look upon them with tender and admiring gaze as the nearest earthly types of Heaven's holy ones; and our yearning hearts have responded to the feeling, and re-echoed the words,—"Suffer little children to come unto me."

But let those speak who have had the largest circle to love, and live and labour for; who have experienced most deeply the cares and anxieties inseparable from the charge of children;—let these speak and tell us what they think of them. Ask them if, for all their cares, they received no corresponding consolations? Ask them if their labours, on the whole, were the heavier or the lighter for their children's presence, and their hearth the brighter or the darker for their absence? Ask them if they have battled the more feebly or resolutely in the stern con-

flicts of life, for the clustering and dependent little ones who looked up to them for bread? Ask them, if they were to die to-morrow, whether they would pass away the sadder or the happier for the thought, that their names would survive them in their children; and that little feet would tread the turf about their stone, and cherish the memory of their love? He whom the world looks down upon and despises, has risen to the full measure of a man, when he stood by his own hearthstone, the centre of an admiring and loving circle, who looked up to him with reverence and trustful dependence. The darkness of the outer life has been forgotten in the winning smiles and cheery voices which make the sunshine and music of a happy home; whilst the hardest and bitterest thoughts of God, and men, and things, have been dissolved, and banished from the breast on which some golden-headed child has nestled, dove-like, to its rest. And as for the self-denials which many make so much of,—What of these? They are but what we choose to make them—molehills or mountains—light or heavy—sweet or bitter. The whole testimony of a true life goes to prove that acts of self-denial practised for those we love, or from a sense of right, are usually the most fragrant and blessed of our lives.

We speak a word for children;—yea, they speak for themselves more appealingly and forcibly than aught or any else can. They come to us as tokens of the Divine blessing: "Blessed is the man that hath his quiver full of them." They bring around us the sunlight of domestic happiness; and set up within the walls of home an altar of peaceful and secure refuge, to which we can ever escape from the bitter hostility or cold neglect of a misjudging or unsympathising world. Their very helplessness increases strength. They arouse the despondent spirit and nerve the sluggish arm. They make toil noble, and duty a delight. They open out a higher field for human ambition than the gratification of fleshly appetites and sordid desires. They give us something more to live and die for than the world, and sin, and self. They incite us to become better examples of Christian morality: we would not have them curse us as the authors of their ruin. They lead us to pray, though prayer till now were strange upon our lips. Our own sufferings and sorrows might possibly be endured in self-contained and dogged silence, but in *their* agonies not only lip but heart must plead. They give us more tender and compassionate views of fallen and destitute humanity; for those whose hearts have been awakened to the weaknesses and necessities of their own limited circle, learn at length to embrace, with the arms of an active and sympathetic benevolence, the whole human family. Through them God teaches us most effectually our duty to those by whom we were begotten: never do we realise a parent's due, or render it so readily and gratefully as when we look, with eyes yearning for respon-

sive affection, upon the faces of our own offspring. Through them the same wise and beneficient Being gives us an insight also into that blessed relationship, with all its requirements, by which we are entitled to look up to Him, and say, "Our Father!" By them, as by angels ministering upon earth, has He, who can bless and sanctify the humblest and weakest means, sometimes led even a parent's wandering feet into the paths of holiness and peace. By them has the Great Author of all good thus not only brightened earth, but beaconed heaven.

How many cares have yielded to the senseless but musical prattle of a child! How many afflictions have been assuaged by the brightness and beauty of their presence! How many estranged hearts have concentred and become reunited, in this common focus of affection; and how many jarring and discordant spirits have been attuned to harmony by a child's touch!

Children, ye are welcome to this earth of sin, of suffering, and care! Would that it were a better and a brighter heritage; a safer and a smoother path for your little feet to tread in! Would that there were, for your sakes at least, no thorns with its flowers; no poisons with its sweets; no sufferings with its enjoyments; no frowns with its smiles; no sickness, decay, or death with its beauty and its life! But thus it may not be; and, though we cannot always see it so, we have been taught to trust "what is, is best." Whatever your heritage on earth, man's sin hath made it what it is; and you, as man's offspring, must enter into his sins and his sorrows. Such is the Father's will. Through the tribulation and darkness of this sin-stained world must you enter into, and be disciplined for, your prepared and happy kingdom.

Children, we welcome you to earth! She has her stately trees, and goodly shrubs, and verdant plains; and at their feet, or on their breast, bloom little winsome flowers of varied hue and fragrance: the former excite our wonder and admiration, the latter win upon and refresh our hearts. What these are to the bodily eye, are ye to the eyes of the Spirit. Ye are the little way-side flowers, which gladden and beautify with your presence the dusty highway of life, so trodden by the busy feet of weary men. Those who may not linger to enjoy your sweetness, and cannot pluck you, or wear you in their bosoms, may at least be refreshed in passing by your brightness and your beauty.

Little tender ones, we welcome you among us! We open not only our arms to you, but our homes, and our hearts. We acknowledge your soft yet mighty influence; for the darkest spirits, and the most hardened hearts have yielded to it. There are heirless palaces and childless homes yearning for your presence. There are ancient titles, time-honored names, and ample means awaiting your acceptance. Troops of attendants, and a couch of down, with canopy of lace would start into existence

at your approach. Desolate hearts, though compassed by all that the world deems beautiful and costly, count all things joyless without you.—Praying hearts are besieging heaven with petitions, that it would bless the holy covenant into which they have entered before God and man, and seal it with the impress of an infants face.'

But not alone in solitary or desolated homes and hearts is there a welcome for you. The arms of yonder mother have embraced already a goodly band of such as you. Several are about her hearth-stone yet; and not a few, with aching heart, she has silently laid away beneath yon little marble by the neighbouring church; but fear not to enter that bright though broken circle, and to repose upon that tired but loving bosom.—You will meet no cold, unwelcome looks; for the warmest corner in a mother's heart is usually for the latest comer, no matter how long the little visitor may delay his advent, and lag behind the rest. Again, you see that little white-washed cottage, nestling under the shadow of those tall and taper trees. A group of children of all sorts and sizes may, at any time, be seen filling up the doorway, or sporting cheerily upon the green before it. It is evidently the home of a poor man; and, as is often the case now-a-days, a poor man with a large family; for a large family and limited means have become almost synonymous terms. Times are hard; and when are they not hard to some of the world's many millions? How often, in the mysteries of providence, do they seem to be the hardest with those who murmur the least, and strive the most! In that same cottage there is rarely too much to eat, and many mouths to feed. Alert by every sunrise, some eight young trencher-men, of all ages and capacities, gather ravenously around that table at each meal time with the most persistent punctuality; which, if carried with them into the business of after life, will most indubitably make their fortunes. Now considering the state of affairs existent there, one would have deemed it a most unpromising locality for another few inches of humanity to light upon; and yet what is really the case?

Neighbour Newbald's slatternly wife, who has no children, and yet is always well nigh neck-deep in dirt, debt, and difficulties, has just been circulating through the village, like a morning paper, edifying its inhabitants with the pitiable intelligence that "poor Mrs. Thornton has got another baby;" editorial remarks, of course, of the most gloomy character. But what of the parties most interested in the matter? "Poor Mrs. Thornton" looks pretty comfortable considering the lamentable state of affairs, and evidently expects rather to be congratulated than condoled with. The children may, perhaps, have a bite or two the less by and by, but it seems not to trouble them much just at present; for they have gathered round the new comer as eagerly and clamorously as if they had never seen such a production before. As for master Bobby, the youngest of

the bunch, who was in the same interesting predicament himself only some two years since, he has already offered to take his little sister in tow; and, notwithstanding her most violent remonstrances, is bent even now on sharing his breakfast with her. And the father of this somewhat extensive progeny, how does he bear up under his accumulated misfortunes. Acquaintances are not wanting, with officious kindness, to condole with him on his increasing burden; but somehow or another the honest fellow cannot be made to see that he is any worse off than his fellows. He has got it into his head that one more baby makes no great difference; and now that Betsy and Jane are getting old enough to be useful, the household arrangements are but little interfered with. Even when considerately reminded that female babies are usually developed into girls, and the males into boys, both of which require to be fed, and in this civilised country, decently clothed; though reluctantly compelled from actual experience to admit this much, he usually cuts all argument short by expressing his unshaken belief that "all will come right in the end;" and by quietly suggesting that "if his neighbour's wife would mend her own stockings instead of counting his children, it would be pleasanter and better for all parties." Yes, it is honest Robert's belief that "all will come right in the end;" and when, on his return from work, the youngster is tossed, crowing, into his arms, and his toil-hardened hand, unstained by a dishonest or unkindly act, strokes with the gentleness of a woman that tiny head which is pillowed trustingly upon his breast, he not only believes it but feels it too. If there are days of pinching and perplexity within those four walls, almost too circumscribed for their numerous occupants, there are also days of pride and pleasure. Few parents can lead to Church or send to Sabbath School a brighter or better band of curly-headed scholars, than issue from that humble portal each day of rest to toll of bell. Scarcely a month passes without pastor, friend, or teacher, looking in with words of commendation; or without some little token of approval being borne in triumph home. As for Betsy and Jane, the two eldest girls, active, modest, and good looking, they might have been placed out again and again, if their mother could have spared them; and if the world, with all its faults, continues what it is a few years longer, you may depend upon it that the boys of Wilford village will soon know the path to that white-washed cottage better than their multiplication table.

Well, little one, how do you like your nest? Pretty well, considering, eh! I question if, after all, we could have done much better for you, or found you a kinder or more unselfish welcome. We might have secured you a silver spoon instead of a wooden one; but your food would be none the sweeter, and, in all probability, your life would be none the happier. God has chosen a home for you; and it is not for us to ask the "why"

or the "wherefore." We cannot do better than endorse honest Robert's opinion; he has had more experience than most people in these matters, and ought to know best. Where you are to sit and sleep by and by; what you are to eat and to wear; and a multitude of such details concerning you, may seem to the uninitiated a most perplexing series of problems; but, as long as honest Robert's faith is what it is, I, for one, am firmly persuaded that you will find a crust and a corner somewhere; and never can I for one moment doubt, whilst the whole creation is full and fragrant of God's love for man, that you, though the smallest of His creatures, will be either neglected or forgotten.

Children, we owe you much; in fact we could not do without you, either politically, socially, or morally. Dynasties would terminate; titles would become extinct: our very race would cease; the best and tenderest feelings of our fallen nature would be unawakened. And what a multitude of minor evils would, of necessity, be entailed upon humanity through your disappearance. How should we employ all those dear old maiden aunts, who sacrifice their whole lives with untiring, and too often, with unrequited devotion to a brother's or a sister's children? How should we ever replace that system of Chronology so prevalent among the humbler classes, and of which your absence from this world would necessarily deprive them? Worthy Mrs. Jackson, however long she may be spared, will never forget the birthday of the heir apparent to her country's throne. If questioned upon that fact of modern history, her answer would, in all likelihood assume an interrogative form, and be very much as follows:—"Why, wasn't he born in the very same year that Sarah Amelia was married, and on the very day that poor Kate's precious little Tommy was took down with the measles." I know Sarah Amelia's marriage, and her little grandchild Tommy's attack of measles, are with Mrs. J., chronological points, and if these individuals had never existed, it follows as a matter of course that these points could never have been established; and thus poor Mrs. Jackson, with all other supports of this invaluable system, would be perfectly at sea as to the date of many events, both of local and national importance, which are now indelibly engraven upon their memory.

Yes, little ones, we laugh at you, we fondle you, we are worried, and too often domineered over, by you, according to the fluctuations of our own tempers, or the varying complexion of the circumstances which encompass you; but we cannot help loving you, and feeling the better for your presence. If at times you bring us sorrow, anxiety, and disappointment, it is often due rather to our own faulty or negligent stewardship, than, as some would seem to wish to have it, to the superlative depravity of you, our charge. Admitting freely on the one hand that there are among you many varieties of intelligence, disposition and temperament;

we cannot, on the other, altogether ignore the force and verity of the admonition and promise of Holy Writ; "train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old, he will not depart from it."

If you take from our sap and vigour, and make the battle for independence a harder or a longer one, you give us of your freshness and joyousness, in its times of weariness and despondency. You add fresh laurels to its victories, and draw the sting from its failures and defeats. You are like the ivy or the creeper wreathed about the stalwart tree. It may be the shorter lived for your presence, and in supporting and nourishing you, it may become itself enfeebled; but you, in your turn, hide with evergreen festoons its withered and decaying trunk, and invest it with comeliness and beauty. We thank God for children, as among the foremost of His best and dearest gifts to us His creatures; and as reminding us of the innocence from which we have fallen, and the holiness to which we would aspire. We remember that "*of such is the Kingdom of God*; and still, as of continually presented to us by the Divine Saviour, we recognize in them the fair exemplars of what we should and would be. We take them to our arms; we press our lips upon their unstained brows; we gaze into the pure depths of their guileless eyes; whilst often the prayer will rise within the heart, and fall almost involuntarily from the lips, "that our proud and stubborn wills may be subdued; that our souls may be purified from their worldliness and corruption; and that by a second birth, we may *become as little children, and enter into the Kingdom of Heaven.*"

WILLIE THE MINER.*

BY GEORGE MURRAY.

Ghastly and strange was the relic found
By some swart pitmen below the ground:

They were hard rough men, bnt each heart beat quick,
Each voice with horror was hoarse and thick,

For never perchance since the world began,
Had sight so solemn been seen by man!

* Founded on an incident related in "The Recreations of a country Parson."

The pitman foremost to see the sight
Had shrieked out wildly, and swooned with fright;

His comrades heard, for the shrill scar'd cry
Rang through each gallery, low and high,

So they clutched their picks, and they clustered round,
And gazed with awe at the thing they found,

For never perchance since the world began,
Had sight so solemn been seen by man!

It lay alone in a dark recess,
How long it had lain there, none might guess.

They held above it a gleaming lamp,
But the air of the cavern was chill and damp,

So they carried it up to the blaze of day,
And set the thing in the sun's bright ray.

'Twas the corpse of a Miner in manhood's bloom,
An image, dismal in glare or gloom.

Awful it seemed in its stillness there,
With its calm wide eyes, and its jet-black hair,

Cold as some effigy carved in stone,
And clad in raiment that matched their own,

But none of the miners, who looked, could trace
Friend, Son, or Brother in that pale face.

What marvel? a century's half had roll'd
Since that strong body grew stiff and cold,

In youth's blithe summer-time robb'd of breath
By vapors wing'd with electric death.

Many, who felt that their mate was slain,
Probed earth's deep heart for his corpse, in vain,

And when nought was found, after years had fled,
Few, few still wept for the stripling dead,

Save one true maiden, who kept the vows
Pledged oft to Willie, her promised spouse.

Now cold he lieth, for whom she pined,
A soulless body, deaf, dumb, and blind,

But still untainted, with flesh all firm,
Untravelled o'er by the charnel-worm.

'Twas as though some treacherous element
Had strangled a life, and then, ill-content,

Had, pitying sorely the poor dead clay,
Embalmed the body to balk decay,

Striving to keep, when the breath was o'er,
A semblance of that which had been before.

So it came to pass, that there lay in the sun,
Stared at by many but claimed by none,

A corpse, unsullied and life-like still,
Though its heart, years fifty since, was chill.

But ho! ye miners, call forth your old,
Let men and matrons the corpse behold,

Before the hour cometh, as come it must,
When the flesh shall crumble and fall to dust;

Some dame or grey-beard may chance to know
This lad, who perished so long ago.

The summons sped like a wind-blown flame,
From cot and cabin each inmate came.

Veteran miners, a white-haired crew,
Limped, crawled, and tottered the dead to view,

(Some supporting companions sick,
Leaning themselves upon crutch or stick.)

With wrinkled groups of decrepit crones,
Wearily dragging their palsied bones;

'Twas a quaint, sad sight to see, that day,
A crowd so withered, and gaunt, and grey.

And now they are standing, in restless lines,
Around the spot where the corpse reclines,

And each stoops downward in turn, and pries
Into its visage with purblind eyes;

Mind and memory from some are gone,
Aghast and silent, they all look on.

But lo! there cometh a dark-robed dame,
With careworn features, and age-bowed frame,

But bearing dim traces of beauty yet,
As light still lingers, when day hath set.

She nears the corpse, and the crowd give way,
For, "'Tis her lover," some old men say,

Her lover, Willie, who, while his bride
Decked the white robe for her wedding, died,

Died at his work in the coal-seam, smit
By fumes that poisoned the baleful pit!

One piercing shriek! she has seen the face,
And clings to the body with strict embrace.

'Tis he, to whose pleading in by-gone years
She yielded her heart, while she wept glad tears,

'Tis the same brave Willie, that once she knew,
To whom she was ever, and still is, true,

Unchanged each feature, undimmed each tress,
He is clasped, as of old, in a close caress.

Many an eye in that throng was wet,
The pitmen say, they can ne'er forget

The wild deep sorrow, and yearning love
Of her who lay moaning that corpse above.

She smoothed his hair, and she stroked his cheek,
She half forgot that he could not speak,

And fondly whispered endearing words
In murmurs sweet as the song of birds.

"Willlie, O Willie, my bonny lad,
"Was ever meeting so strange and sad?

"Four and fifty lone years have past
"Since i' the flesh I beheld thee last,

"Thou art comely still, as i' days o' yore,
"And the girl-love wells i' my heart once more.

"I thank thee, Lord, that thy tender ruth
"Suffers mine arms to enfold this youth,

"For I loved him much . . . I am now on the brink
"O' the cold, cold grave, and I didna think,

"When the lad so long i' the pit had lain,
"These lips would ever press his again!

"Willie, strange thoughts i' my soul arise
"While thus I caress thee wi' loving eyes:

"We meet, one lifeless, one living yet,
"As lovers ne'er i' this world have met,

"We are both well-nigh of one age—but thou
"Hast coal-black curls and a smooth fair brow,

"While I—thy chosen—beside thee lie,
"Greyhaired and wrinkled and fain to die!"

So sobbed the woman; and all the crowd
Lifted their voices and wept aloud,

Wept to behold her, as there she clung
One so agëd to one so young.

And surely pathos more deep or keen
In earthly contrast was never seen;

Both had been youthful, long years ago,
When neither dreamed of the coming woe,

But time with the maiden had onward sped,
Standing still with her lover dead!

THE CITED CURATE.

BY MISS MURRAY.

CHAPTER XVI.

When we all met at breakfast, there was nothing in Eardley's manner or appearance to remind me of what had passed the preceding night, except that his face wore that petrified expression which I have so often alluded to, as the strongest symptom he ever showed of internal suffering. Yet two or three times during that day and the next I saw his stoicism severely tried. Once, while we still remained at the breakfast table, and Sir Francis was busy with the newspaper——"Won't you go to see that poor old man to-day, Eardley?" Evelyn asked.

"I think not," he answered. "You know he is a Roman Catholic, and the priest will most likely be with him. I don't think a visit from me would be of any use."

"Do you think *I* might go to see him, Eardley? I pity him so much, poor old man, and Johnson says she was so pretty and so good."

It is known that some ladies of "wit and fashion" have a patent for politely and gracefully inflicting keen wounds on the objects of their open or covert rivalry, scorn, or hate; but many a woman who would not give intentional pain for the world, from want of mental sympathy and appreciation, often unwittingly and unsuspectingly stabs with innocent and unlucky arrows, that quiver in a mark they were never meant to reach.

I wondered, as I listened, how Evelyn, loving Eardley as I know she did, could help feeling through all the subtle links of love's electric chain the sharp pang with which her words must have pierced his heart. But Evelyn's nature, though not shallow was not deep, and was not of an order to comprehend that of Eardley, nor did she possess that sympathetic intuition with which some fine and rare organizations are gifted, whose instinct often acts like a power of divination; she was simply a very sweet, affectionate, tender-hearted girl, and was satisfied to love her husband without ever attempting to understand him.

"May I go to see the poor old man, Eardley," persisted Evelyn.

"No, Evelyn, I think it will be better not."

"Certainly not," said Sir Francis decidedly, looking up from his newspaper; "Johnson tells me she is to be buried in the old church, at Black church," he continued.

"So I heard," said Eardley, "but all things considered, I think it better not to interfere."

"I think you are perfectly right," said Sir Francis.

"Yet she was of our faith, poor thing," said Evelyn.

"And what then?" said Eardley, with more life than he had hitherto shown in his manner; "what does it signify to her now where they lay the cast off garments she wore while on earth—in a marble tomb, or on a green hill-side, or among the shifting sands of the sea shore, in a Protestant church or a Catholic grave yard—all are alike to her now. Her spirit has soared far above and beyond us and our paltry prejudices and absurd distinctions."

"I wonder the priest permits her to be buried in consecrated ground," said Sir Francis.

"Why not?" asked Evelyn.

"Because she was a suicide."

"Ah!" said Evelyn, with a shudder, "I have heard of those horrible laws about suicides; but she was mad—she did not know what she was doing—they could not apply to her, Eardley, could they?"

"Oh, I suppose not," interposed Sir Francis; "her madness was too well known; and now I remember Johnson said they had the priest with her after she was taken home. The last time I was here," continued Sir Francis, turning to me, "a wretched man who lived in this neighbourhood hung himself in an old barn. He was mad, I daresay, but he had been an outcast from his church for some time, so the priest would not allow him a consecrated grave: and I remember hearing that his body was disturbed five times, and carried to five different places before it was suffered to rest in peace."

"The country people would not allow him to remain near any of their dwellings lest he should haunt them, and at last some of them carried him to the sea-beach, and buried him in the sand; but the fishermen soon found it out, and would not let him rest there, wild and stormy as such a grave would have been, being fully persuaded, like the others, that his spirit would *walk*, and in some way or other lure their boats to destruction. In the end, his bones found refuge in a lonely lair, far up in the mountains;—a dark, gloomy spot it is, too, as any troubled disembodied spirit might love to haunt, and I suppose no earthly temptation could induce any man or woman in the county to pass that glen after sunset since Maguire's corpse was buried there."

"I could hardly have believed such barbarous superstition existed," I said.

"Indeed!" exclaimed Eardley, sarcastically. "Yet it seems to me there are many barbarous superstitions to be met with every day besides that of condemning misery's victims to an *unblessed* grave. But so it must be till mortals learn to leave the vindication of God's honour to his own omnipotence without their presumptuous intermeddlings."

Certain that this conversation must inflict on Eardley mental tortures only to be compared to the tearing of sharp thorns in a raw and bleeding wound, I hesitated how to answer him, and greatly to my relief, Sir Francis abruptly changed the subject. But that evening Evelyn again unconsciously sent a shaft to his heart when she sang Fletcher's little madrigal.

> "Lay a garland on my hearse
> Of the dismal yew;
> Maidens, willow branches bear,
> Say I died true.
> My love was false, but I was firm
> From my hour of birth;
> Upon my buried body lie
> Lightly, gentle earth!"

Her voice, the most melting, sweet, and tuneful, was well suited to the simple pathos of the song. I was standing by the piano, and chancing to look round, I saw that Eardley had laid down his book and had turned partly towards her, leaning over the back of his chair, his chin resting on his hand, while he appeared to be listening with a sort of gloomy fascination. When she had finished he asked her to sing it again, and never have I heard any thing more softly plaintive than those liquid notes of harmony; especially the last two lines ending in a cadence mournful as that "dying fall" which charmed Olivia's princely lover.

> "Upon my buried body lie
> Lightly, gentle earth!"

As she ceased, she looked smilingly round at her husband, but he had turned again to the table and was bending over his book.

"Is not he stony-hearted?" she cried gaily, "it is plain it was all pretence when he seemed to like it the first time and asked me to sing it again; for I am sure he never listened. But perhaps I did not sing it so well this time, did I?"

"Better, if possible," I exclaimed with perfect sincerity.

"There now, Eardley, do you hear that? You know you say Mr. French is an admirable judge. Now what have you to say to excuse yourself for not listening?"

"I did listen," he said in an irritated tone, and then, as if ashamed of his ungracious manner, he added,—"It is too sad; sing something merry."

"Well, what shall it be?" she asked, never once resenting his surliness and as eager to please him as a child.

Without giving one glance towards the lovely face turned so bewitch-

ingly towards him, he named a little Venetian canzonet, and she immediately sang it with enchanting grace and spirit. This time he rewarded her efforts to please him with a few words of praise, which however much she deserved it, never seemed to satisfy her unless it came from Eardley.

Next morning it rained; not a violent tempest, but soft mild rain, "the gentle rain from heaven," in the midst of which the robin sang among the shrubs, and the winter grass seemed to renew its spring verdure. In the afternoon I was in the library with Eardley and his wife, and Evelyn called me to look at a water-colour painting done by Eardley, which hung there. It was a night scene. In the foreground was a flat sea-beach, strewn with pebbles and sea-weed, and washed by rippling waves, and half covered by those gentle waves was the figure of a drowned girl, her face up-turned to the sky, and her long dark tresses floating on the tide. Great skill had been shewn in combining exquisite beauty of feature with the ghastly livid aspect of death, and the shining, glistening tresses seemed almost to move like floating sea-weed with the heaving water. A point of land on which was a grey ruin, the remains of some church or abbey was seen on the distant horizon, and through the Gothic tracery of its large chancel window the full round moon appeared, strewing the waves with a path of light, till its rays seemed to concentrate themselves on the pallid face and dark streaming locks of the drowned girl. Just in the moonlit streak was a solitary little sail boat with one dark and lonely occupant, who leaning over the prow seemed straining his gaze in search of some object on the beach.

"It is beautiful," I exclaimed, "and wonderfully well done, even for Eardley, but is there any story attached to it?"

"None that I know of," she replied, looking towards Eardley, who was watching us gravely.

"Your imagination must supply the story; it is but a fancy sketch," he said carelessly.

A little while after, Evelyn having left the room, Eardley got up from his seat and going over to the picture I had been examining, gazed at it earnestly. "I must get rid of that picture," he said at last; "it is in vain that I try to steel myself; I cannot bear the sight of that long floating hair.

"It looks painfully real," I said.

"Yes, to me. Walter, do you know that old gipsy sibyl we were talking about the other day predicted that the only one who, in her words 'held the key to my soul' should be drowned? It was her prophecy suggested that picture, and perhaps some vague mystic foreshadowings of my own heart. I wonder if the fate she foretold for me will be as truly fulfilled in every other particular."

"What else did she say?" I asked.

"No matter now. It has ceased raining," he added, looking out of the window, "don't you feel stifled in here? let us go out."

I agreed, and we were speedily in the open air. The grey sky was now rapidly brightening into blue, the sun gleaming palely down on the fresh moist earth, and the birds singing as if it had been April. We left the domain, crossed the bridge, climbed the heights which led to the moor, and passing the church struck into a path I had never taken before. Till now, I had walked beside Eardley mechanically, too much absorbed in our conversation, which I remember was on a subject that peculiarly interested me, to pay much attention to the direction in which we were going; but as we still went on, drawing nearer and nearer to the hills which since our mad visit to them a few nights before, I own I regarded with anything but agreeable feelings, I could not help asking my companion whither we were bound.

"Oh, not far," he answered lightly, and re-assuring myself with the thought that there could not be much cause for apprehension in broad day light, I said no more on the matter.

Skirting along the base of the mountains, we soon entered a green hollow shut in by low hills and watered by a little stream on the banks of which stood the crumbling ruins of some ecclesiastical building, centuries old, surrounded by a number of burial mounds; some with headstones of great antiquity whose inscriptions it would have puzzled the most learned antiquary to decipher; but others with names and epitaphs freshly cut, and graves where the sods had not yet united, and where withered garlands still hung on the wooden crosses set up at head and foot, proving that the place was still used as a burial ground by the Catholic peasantry. Treading swiftly among these memorials of the dead, Eardley led the way to the other side of the ruin. Here the damp ground was marked with foot prints, and following their track, he led me to a fresh made grave removed from all others and resting at the foot of a lonely thorn tree.

"She lies here!" said Eardley, as by a common impulse we stayed our steps and looked down on the brown and beaten heap of sods, not yet made smooth and green by nature's healing hand, beneath which the fair form of Kate Redmond was lying.

"Walter," said Eardley, after a short pause, "don't you think one might sleep as sweetly here as by the church on yonder barren moor?"

"Better," I answered; "the breath of the storms that sweep over the moor cannot come here, and yonder gentle stream will freshen the turf and deck it with daisies."

"Aye," he said, in that mocking tone which he often used when most deeply moved; "daisies are her fittest emblems; truly she met me in an evil hour." But the next moment he added with an emotion he did not

attempt to conceal, "It is well with her at any rate, pure soul of love and innocence that she was, she is either too full of bliss to remember her past sorrows, or sleeping a sleep which has no evil dreams, no bitter awakening! Either way she is happy. And as for me—such anguish as you witnessed the other night can never shake me more! Ambition has henceforth no rival with me."

This was not the lesson I would have had him learn from poor Kate's grave; and I might have said something to that effect, if he had not suddenly laid his hand on my arm, and spoke again. "The past is the past!" he said, "and I am not one to complain of what is irrevocable! And now I want your promise, Walter, your serious, solemn promise, never again by word, or look, or hint, or sign, to allude to *her*, or any thing connected with her, in my presence, or even in any way recall her to my memory."

"Can you ever forget her, Eardley?" I asked, the words coming out before I knew what I was saying.

"Forget her!" he repeated—"when I forget my heart, and soul and life and senses, and all that makes up this mingled compound of good and evil, sense, and madness, which you call Eardley Temple, then I shall forget her—never till then! But I need not tell you, Walter, that there are torn nerves so full of vital agony that they cannot bear the tenderest touch, nor is there any charm on earth powerful enough to heal them. So now let me have your promise."

And of course I gave it.

"Now let us go," he said taking my arm and drawing me quickly away. Once, before we lost sight of the spot, he turned and looked back, and I thought his face brightened into a smile as he saw a gleam of sunshine, like some hallowing influence, resting on the lonely grave.

During the rest of my visits, his spirits never seemed clouded for a moment; he joined in all the christmas festivities with the greatest animation and even as it seemed, interest, and Evelyn, bright, beautiful, and blithe as a bird, appeared perfectly happy.

(*To be concluded in January.*)

LEAVES FROM THE LIFE ROMANCE OF MERNE DILLAMER.

BY H. T. DEVON.

CHAPTER I.

MERNE DILLAMER.

THE Bay of Quinté in its present state affords attractions of no ordinary kind to the lovers of picturesque scenery. Studded with islands, and winding in a succession of abrupt curves through shores of moderate height; diversified by agreeable combinations of cornfield, homestead, and woodland, with here and there a village or a town, and occasionally an isolated church spire, pointing with cross and pinnacle to the skies, it delights the eye of the tourist, and enchants the cultivated and more discriminating taste of the artist, by an uninterrupted variety of charming landscape, neither too monotonous like the ordinary shores of the Upper St. Lawrence, nor overwhelmingly grand like the Niagara River, but pleasing always, and enlivened by those peculiar combinations of tint, which, produced by the great transparency of our atmosphere, and the azure glory of our vast waters, is quite distinctive in character, and only wanting in the charms of association to equal the placid serenity of many far-famed English rivers, or to rival even the bolder beauties of the fairy-haunted Rhine.

Midway between the eastern and western extremities of the bay lies a gentle and slightly undulating eminence, which gradually recedes from the waters' edge in a succession of natural terraces, luxuriantly clothed with patches of evergreens and half grown trees, whose summit commands a delightful and extensive view of the long stretch of blue water beneath, the slanting meadow lands around, and the belt of forest by which all are encircled. At the period of our story, which was perhaps, thirty years ago, there stood on the uppermost slope of this hill top a newly erected edifice, composed chiefly of hewn logs, but of so extensive and irregular a character as to give an idea rather of an embryo village than a single habitation. The centre, and chief portion of the domicile, was a large square single-storied cottage, with broad French windows opening out upon a gallery slightly raised from the ground, and shaded by a rough though not inelegant verandah. Scattered around, and connected by all sorts of picturesque contrivances, in a rambling kind of way with the main building, were a number of auxiliary constructions—

erected, apparently, as circumstances or necessity required. The whole was neatly painted in white and green, and presented a most romantic appearance with its many appendages of lattice work, balcony, and deep pointed gable. Long trailing festoons of the Virginia creeper, with the graceful wild vine and honeysuckle, twined in prodigal luxuriance around the rustic columns of the verandah, and half concealed the shingled roof of the cottage; while a neatly-trimmed hedge of the ever abundant arbor vitæ surrounded a lawn of considerable dimensions, stretching from the front of the "mansion" towards the bend of the hill, where a road led through an avenue of elms to a boat house and wharf on the bay shore. Nothing could be more charming than the view from the vicinity of this delightful spot. Far away to the east and to the west were the ever changing waters of the Bay of Quinté, broken in outline by boldly defined points, with here and there an island, bearing on its bosom a huge bouquet of variegated foliage. In the remote distances the blue of the water faded into the blue of the sky, and the one ever reflected, as in a gigantic mirror, the varying changes of the other. Sometimes the snowy sails of a schooner agreeably enlivened the scene; at others, the graceful form of a birch canoe flitted from point to point, propelled by the skilful hand of an Indian settler, or guided with a vigilance custom had rendered familiar by some veteran pioneer of our forest homes.

On a bright and sunny morning in early summer, Mr. Merne Dillamer, the owner of the domain we have been describing, together with land enough to form a township, radiating from it in all directions, was pacing up and down the verandah in front of the cottage with an open letter in his hand, whose contents seemed to cause him a considerable amount of uneasiness. The missive had been handed him by his servant only a few moments after his appearance for the day, and had been brought over in the yacht that morning from the post-office in the village, fast rising into the dignity of a town, a mile or so distant by water from Prospect Hill—for so was this place of Mr. Dillamer's named. After a fretful period of unpleasant reflection, which caused frown after frown to pass over the very handsome face of the young gentleman, he seemed determined to banish the disagreeable thoughts engendered by the unwelcome epistle; and as he quietly folded the closely written pages together and placed them in his pocket, tried to interest himself by humming a lively tune, which was varied as he moved restlessly about by muttering softly, "I can never marry you, my lady cousin. The promise to do so was extorted from me, in a manner, by my father. But how to break off this hateful engagement I know not. At any rate," he rather energetically continued, "I'll be hanged if I ever place myself under the yoke of matrimony with a partner so utterly distasteful to me as Miss Maude Dillamer of Dillamer Manor, heiress of all my uncle's estates and negroes

in Maryland, as he pompously says in his letter. Heigho!" he exclaimed, and then fell to switching the beautiful creepers that twined round the pillars near where he stood, from which absorbing occupation he was aroused by the loud harsh voice of his housekeeper summoning him to breakfast, where we must leave him for the present in order to describe the circumstances which caused the agitation experienced by the young man after his perusal of the letter.

Merne Dillamer's paternal grandfather was one of those intrepid United Empire Loyalists, who, at the commencement of the great American struggle for independence, left their native homes with a spirit of undaunted heroism, and tràversed perilous and unknown tracts of forest, and miles upon miles of unreclaimed wilderness, in order to reach the British Provinces at the north, rather than endure the insulting alternative of acknowledging a self-constituted government, or of proclaiming their allegiance to a flag whose folds waved in triumphant though rebellious majesty over the noble land of their birth.

The Dillamer family owned vast possessions in the State of Maryland, all of which were confiscated by the newly established Republican Government, though most of them were eventually restored to a member of another branch of the family who had taken the popular side in the quarrel, and obtained some distinction as an officer of ability in the different campaigns he served under General Washington.

Mr. Dillamer, in common with many others, voluntarily sacrificed his all, and cheerfully abandoned old associations and ties for the sake of those chivalrous and unselfish principles of loyalty, whose preservation he considered dearer than life itself, and which he clung to with a tenacity, as admirable as it was honourable. His devotion to the Royal cause was not unrewarded, for on arriving at Quebec he was at once intrusted, by Sir Guy Carleton, with important government offices; while both he and his two sons, who were very young men, were presented with large grants of land in the Upper Province. The young Dillamers married among the old colonial aristocracy, and the elder ultimately succeeded his cousin in the inheritance of the Maryland estates; for as time wore on and prejudices became softened or extinct, the republican effected a reconciliation with his kinsfolk in the north, and at length, after the interchange of various visits, made George Dillamer his heir; thus restoring the property to what must be considered its lawful owner. Mr. Merne Dillamer, the father of our hero, was content to remain in Canada, and having but one son it was always a favourite project of his to unite the surviving branches of the family by means of a marriage between young Merne and Miss Maude Dillamer, who was also the only child and heiress of his brother in Maryland. As soon as he had arrived at the age of early manhood young Dillamer was sent to England, where he hoped to finish

his education, and acquire that knowledge of polite life which nothing but travel can bestow. On his way there he visited his uncle George, and staid several months at Dillamer Manor, on the shores of Chesapeake Bay. He there encountered the young girl, two or three years his senior, whom he had been taught from childhood to look upon as his future wife. But do what he would, for the life of him, poor Merne could never endure her; though he tried hard and was often provoked enough with himself, for, as he said, "Maude was an extremely fine girl, and an heiress to boot, but she is far too Maria Theresa like for my style;" and this was quite true, for the lady was proud and imperious in her bearing, of a most exacting disposition, and in all her actions, comported herself with the dignity of a tragedy queen. With the usual carelessness of youth, Merne passively endured the caresses and attentions heaped upon him, and rather weakly allowed himself to enter into the responsibilities of an engagement with the young lady, who really liked the handsome light-hearted youth as well as her nature at that time, allowed her to love anything. Rings were exchanged between the lovers, and Merne, without much concern, placidly resigned himself to what he thought must be his inevitable destiny, while the girl was delighted with her future prospects, for she was entirely too proud to mate with the families around her, and had no desire to die an old maid. At parting she condescendingly allowed her betrothed to touch her cheek with his lips, .and then formally curtsied him a stately and cold adieu, which was precisely the sort of thing Merne Dillamer detested, in fact his ideal of a future bride was quite the reverse of the imperial Maude; for he fancied, and such fancies are apt to inflict very young men like an epidemic, that he should like her to be—well—a wild, laughing witch of a thing, not tall like a female grenadier, nor diminutive like an inflated doll, but just the right size, which means neither too tall nor too short, with rosy cheeks and dark tangled curls, and a trusting, loving heart.

Merne Dillamer was at first very assiduous in keeping up a correspondence with his southern *fiancée*, but as he grew older and his European experience quickened his comprehension, with a more discriminating knowledge of the world, he began to feel an increasing antipathy to this engagement with which he had so thoughtlessly fettered himself. As the period of his English sojourn shortened, and the prospect of returning to Canada drew near, he, in imitation of his associates, plunged into the usual round of fashionable dissipation, and began to consider himself a sort of martyr to the whims of his uncle and father, but unfortunately had not enough resolution to pain these relatives by refusing to accede to their wishes.

In the midst of this revelling the young man was greatly shocked to find himself summoned home to the bedside of his dying father, in

Lower Canada, where he only arrived in time to receive the old man's blessing, who, even in the hour of death, absorbed by his interest in the union of the cousins, was about making a most solemn appeal to Merne, for the purpose of exacting from him a promise to fulfill the engagement between them, which he well knew if once made would be sacredly kept, but before the final words of the adjuration were spoken or the promise given, a film gathered over the sick man's eyes, his mind began to wander and his heart soon ceased to beat.

After the affairs of the deceased had been settled Merne found himself in possession of a good fortune, which, though not large, was still enough and more than enough for his wants, and along with it he inherited all the uncultivated land in the Upper Province, previously granted to his grandfather for his noble devotion to the cause of loyalty. As a considerable share of this was located around and in the vicinity of the Bay of Quintè, he, in emulation of some friends who very properly considered it their duty to make every exertion towards opening up the country, visited his grant, and was so charmed with the scenery, and the fine facilities for hunting and fishing in its neighbourhood, that he resolved to settle down there, and accordingly expended all his energies for the time being in erecting the picturesqe dwelling place in which we first introduced him to the reader, as well as in the cultivation and improvement of the extensive domain which surrounded it. From the time of his fathers death the correspondence between Merne and his Maryland relatives grew insensibly less, and at length dwindled away, on his part, altogether, until he began to think that perhaps it might die a natural death and so cease, and with it the claim Maude Dillamer held over him, which he was now more unwilling than ever to satisfy. From this state of supineness, however, Merne was very unpleasantly roused by a sharp letter of remonstrance from his uncle ; the identical letter he was reading with so much embarrassment when we discovered him in the verandah, smarting under its unwelcome contents ; and we must confess that old Mr. Dillamer of Dillamer Manor had good cause for complaint against his nephew ; because it is very wrong for young men in their teens, who are proverbially fickle, to engage themselves to young girls for an indefinite number of years, thereby keeping the damsels thus fettered from any chance of forming another alliance, or in other words, spoiling their market ; for whoever felt inclined to meddle with or pay any attention to that victim of uncertainty—an engaged young lady.

It may be said, however, to Merne Dillamer's extenuation, that his position was a peculiar one, because he was in a manner inveigled into the engagement entirely against his will, and had an instinctive idea of the formal, loveless life he should lead with the cold and stately Maude if he married her.

I have said that Merne Dillamer was handsome, but in truth his comeliness arose rather from the varying expression of his features than from any classical beauty they possessed. He was blessed with an excellent constitution, and had rather a slight, though middle sized, graceful kind of figure, with just the suspicion of a tendency to stoop in the shoulders. When impelled to any exertion he could be active enough, but, as a general thing, he was inclined to indolence. He delighted in all sorts of muscular exercise, in theory or in other people, but was himself too idle to practis any. His tendencies were all æsthetical, he was a decided worshipper of beauty, and of rather a selfish disposition, as such natures are apt to be. His love of Art was intuitive, and his discrimination of its excellencies, where they existed in their most perfect form, almost an instinct. In his room there hung a beautiful copy of Rafaelle's Madonna di San Sisto, and he kept it there, not from any reverence for the deep, devotional sentiment it inspired, but because he fancied that the sweet Virgin face in that divine picture was the only face in all painting that travelled back to the mind, through the wilderness of painted faces he had seen; just as the fire light of the soul illumines some human face which we see sometimes but for a moment, and then leaves it to haunt the memory for ever after. And this love of beauty so peculiar to artists tinged all his thoughts, and influenced all his actions. It pervaded his dress, the furniture of his rooms, the arrangement of his grounds, his likes and his dislikes. He was something of an enthusiast, for his rich sunny imagination tinted everything he regarded with some of its bright, golden colouring. He had strong religious impulses, but they too were tinged with the poetry of Art, even as the sunset floods the world with the heavenly radiance of its parting beauty. Had Merne Dillamer lived in England he would have been intensely 'high church,' or he might, perchance, have drifted into the capacious bosom of the Roman Church, where so many other enthusiastic artist spirits have gone. As it was, he had no sympathy for what seemed to him to be the chilly devotion of ordinary Canadian Protestantism; he felt no spiritual warmth in the bare, freezing-looking temples which at that time, in the infancy of the colony, were far less adorned than now; although the fashion of beautifying the house of God is not much in vogue among us at the present day, and then was not even thought of. Merne's religion was, therefore, of the same *dilletante* character as his taste for fiction, or poetry, or pictures, it required the aid of painted windows and chaunted litanies to warm it into life; but the germ of deep, religious faith existed in his bosom, and as he grew older it gave promise of bringing forth fruit abundantly in God's own good time. He had at one time an idea of building a church on a part of his domain, after a mental model of his own, to be enriched with the grand architectural beauties of ecclesias-

tical Art, so that aisle and chancel, from the font in the western doorway to the superb altar under the glowing eastern window, tower and spire, pinnacle and buttress, should be a standing and impressive memorial of the imperishable glory of that Art he so delighted in,—a substantial tribute to the superiority of his own culture—an embodiment of his peculiar ideas of religion; but he had too little thought of the glory of God and the sacrifice of His blessed Son in his architectural day-dreams. And if some personal vanity mingled itself with these notions, was it not vanity of a pardonable nature, and the most amiable but deceitful of all descriptions of selfishness?

With the single exception of his untruthful conduct with regard to his betrothal to Maude, for which in my heart I can offer no extenuation, Merne Dillamer was honour itself; he was kind to his inferiors, and courteous to his rough uncultivated neighbours, whose invitations to their homes—though mostly his inferiors in education and position—he never refused, and to whom, in turn, he was ever willing to repay with alacrity any hospitality he considered their due.

His bachelor household was presided over and conducted by a hired female of uncertain age, who was greatly renowned all through the settlement, as well as for miles beyond its limits, for the profundity of her domestic knowledge; so that Merne was, on most occasions, fain to acknowledge himself specially blessed in being the proprietor of so celebrated a housekeeping phenomenon. But we have something more to say concerning the peculiar merits of this Prospect Hill celebrity, which demands the dignity of a new chapter for the record.

HEAT AND MOTION.—A "NEW PHILOSOPHY."

BY THE EDITOR.

How frequently does it happen that two men thinking and acting independently of one another, arrive at similar results by very different means. Who does not remember the history of the planet Neptune, and the almost simultaneous prediction of its existence by the English mathematician, Adams, and the French astronomer, Leverrier? In 1845 Adams computed the place of this planet within two degrees, and placed the manuscript containing his calculations in the hands of the Astronomer royal, in whose possession they remained, almost unnoticed, until 1846, when Leverrier announced that a planet ought to be found in a particular part of the heavens, where, to the astonishment of the world, it was actually discovered by M. Galle on the 23rd Sept. of the same year. So also with the planet Vulcan: a village doctor humbly pursuing celestial observations, with the grand idea constantly in his mind that he should sooner or later discover a planet between Mercury and the sun, saw a dark spot cross the disc of the great luminary, and at once knew that he had seen what his previous calculations told him ought to exist. Meanwhile Leverrier, observing the perturbations in the motion of the planet Mercury, arrived at the conclusion that there must be another unobserved body between Mercury and the Sun. He declared his conviction to the Academy of Science, and in due course the village doctor, Lescarbault, at Orgères, tremblingly wrote to the Imperial Astronomer that he had seen the planet whose existence the great mathematician had predicted.

As in the sublime science of Astronomy, so also in the not-less beautiful field of experimental research, two men, living far apart and wholly unknown to one another, conceived and worked out the same idea by totally different methods. Dr. Mayer of Heilbron in Germany, enunciated the exact relation which exists between heat and work or mechanical force, in the spring of 1842. He arrived at his results by reasoning on certain observed effects. In 1843 Mr. Joule communicated a paper to the British Association, in which he described a series of experiments on magneto-electricity, executed with a view to determine the mechanical equivalent of heat. As the result of experiments alone, concluded in 1849, Mr. Joule fixed the exact mechanical equivalent of heat. He found that to raise one pound of water one degree of Fahrenheit's thermometer, as much heat

was required as would raise seven hundred and seventy-two pounds weight, acting mechanically, one foot high. Dr. Mayer in 1842 determined, by calculation, the mechanical equivalent of heat to be 771.4 foot pounds, differing only from Mr. Joule's determination by $\frac{6}{10}$ of a pound in 772 lbs. We shall explain further on what is meant by foot-pounds, and the expression 'mechanical equivalent of heat.'

In the series of Lectures delivered by Professor Tyndall before the Royal Institution last year,* the rudiments of a "New Philosophy" have been brought within the reach of any person possessing ordinary intelligence and culture, who takes the trouble to think about what he is reading and observing.

Heat has always been a great mystery. Men have puzzled their brains for generations about its origin, its entity, its relations, its effects and its finality. The achievements of heat through the steam engine are known wherever steam has been made the agent of motive power. But motive power implies mechanical force, and every child knows that by rubbing his hands sharply together he produces heat; hence some common quality must unite this agent, heat, with the ordinary forms of mechanical power. Heat and mechanical force then, are most intimately connected, in fact one cannot exist without developing in some form or other its inevitable companion.

Let us examine this relationship and endeavour to state in popular phraseology what is now known of heat, and its invariable associate mechanical force.

As an illustration of the practical results of the conversion of heat into mechanical force, the following may be instanced :—A pound of coal placed under the boiler of the best steam engine now constructed, produces an effect equal to raising a weight of one million pounds a foot high. But the mechanical energy resident in one pound of coal and liberated during its combustion, is capable of raising to the same height ten times that weight; nine-tenths at least of its mechanical power being lost in overcoming friction and other imperfections of even the best steam engines.

Accurate experiment implies the use of accurate and sensitive instruments. The common thermometer, however delicately constructed, is far too sluggish and inert a piece of mechanism to subserve the purpose of the modern enquirer into the secrets of the "New Philosophy."

The thermo-electric pile † possesses the requisite delicacy for indicat-

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* Heat considered as a mode of Motion. By John Tyndall, F.R.S.

† The thermo-electric pile consists of a number of bars of antimony and bismuth, soldered together at alternate extremities. When a hot body is applied to the points of junction a current of electricity is generated, the direction of the current

ing minute and rapid changes of temperature. Breathing for an instant on such an instrument, causes the needle of the attached galvanometer to be powerfully deflected in one direction; touching it for an instant with ice produces a prompt and energetic deflection in the opposite direction. Hence the thermo-electric pile is capable of indicating instantaneously, not only heat and cold, but their minutest variations.

As a general rule whenever motion is arrested heat is produced, and *vice versa,* and the heat evolved in the measure of the force expended. It is a pretty and instructive experiment to fill a brass tube with water nearly to the brim, insert a cork tightly, and cause the tube to involve rapidly by means of a common whirling table. With a pair of wooden tongs the brass tube may be gently squeezed so as to produce friction, and thus generate heat by converting mechanical force into that agent. The water will soon boil, and in two minutes and a half the cork may be violently projected by the steam with a report like that of a pistol. Opposite effects produced in an apparently similar manner can be beautifully explained by the "New Philosophy." Air expelled from a bellows strikes the face of the thermo-electric pile, and the vibrating needle shows instantly that heat is generated by the destruction of the motion. But the carbonic acid of a bottle of soda water driving out the cork produces cold when it strikes the face of the pile; the gas was compressed in the bottle, it performed mechanical work as it drove out the cork, and it consumed just as much heat as it performed work.

The dynamical or mechanical theory of heat discards the idea of materiality. The supporters of this theory do not believe heat to be matter, but a condition of matter, namely, a *motion* of its ultimate particles. When a sledge hammer strikes a piece of iron or lead, its descending motion is arrested and is transferred to the atoms of the lead or iron, and announces itself to our nerves as heat. Mr. Joule in his experiments agitated water, mercury, and sperm oil, in suitable vessels, and determined the amount of heat generated by the motion and labour or mechanical force expended in the operation. He varied his experiments in many different ways. He caused disks of iron to

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being from the bismuth to the antimony. When a cold body is placed in contact with the points of junction, a current is generated in the opposite direction, or from the antimony to the bismuth. The existence and direction of the current are shown by its action on a freely suspended magnetic needle. Such an instrument is termed a Galvanometer, and when the effect of the current is multiplied by passing it through a coil of wire, and the needle rendered independent of the magnetic force of the earth by a second needle placed above it, with reversed poles, the Galvanometer becomes extremely sensible to variations of temperature, and indicates heat or "cold" by moving to the right hand or the left hand, according to the direction of the current.

rub against one another, and measured the heat produced by their friction, and the force expended in overcoming it. The results at which he arrived leave no shadow of doubt upon the mind that, *under all circumstances, the quantity of heat generated by the same amount of force is fixed and invariable.* Turning to natural forces, we arrive at many important and unexpected conclusions of singular interest. The flow of a river generates heat by the friction of the water against the bottom; the sea becomes warmer after a storm, by the clashing of the waves against one another, and the conversion of the mechanical force they exert into heat. May we not explain the sudden disappearance of the ice from our bays and lakes in the spring of the year, after a storm, in this manner? The extreme cold of the petroleum which issued from some of the spouting wells in Enniskillen may be explained in the same way as the cold produced by the exit of the gas from a bottle of soda water. No doubt at the depth of two hundred feet the petroleum is warmer than the mean temperature of the air above; but the vast mechanical force of compression employed in projecting it some thirty feet above the ground in a continuous stream is sustained by heat, and in accommodating itself to the new condition of pressure, its own heat is converted into mechanical force, and its temperature becomes much reduced. As the result of Mr. Joule's experiments, it was found that the quantity of heat which would raise one pound of water one degree of Fahr. in temperature, is exactly equal to what would be generated if a pound weight, after falling through a height of 772 feet, had its moving force destroyed by collision with the earth. Conversely, the amount of heat necessary to raise a pound of water one degree in temperature, would, if applied mechanically, be competent to raise a pound weight 772 feet high, or it would raise 772 pounds one foot high. The term "foot-pound," has been introduced to express the lifting of one pound to the height of one foot. And the quantity of heat necessary to raise the temperature of a pound of water one degree being taken as the standard of measurement, 772 foot-pounds constitute what is termed the "*mechanical equivalent of heat.*"

Among the illustrations showing the conversion of mechanical force into heat, the following may be specified: A rifle bullet, when it strikes a target, is intensely heated. Cannon balls striking the plates of an iron-clad produce a flash of light and become hot. The simple stoppage of the earth in its orbit would develope heat equal to that derived from the combustion of fourteen globes of coal, each equal to the earth in magnitude; and if after this stoppage of its motion, which would be abundantly sufficient to reduce it in great part to vapour, it should fall into the sun, as it assuredly would, the amount of heat generated by the concussion would be equal to that developed by the combustion of

5,600 worlds of solid carbon. Motion arrested is the same as mechanical force arrested, and having ascertained with precision the exact amount of heat generated by the stoppage of the motion of one pound of matter of known speed, it becomes a simple arithmetical calculation to find out the amount of heat produced by the sudden arrest of the motion of any body whose speed and mass are known.

Turning from the amazing magnitude of the results which present themselves to our strained imagination, where the earth and sun form the basis of calculation, let us examine the nature of the forces called into action when atoms clash together, as during combustion :—

"It is to the clashing together of the oxygen of the air and the constituents of our gas and candles that the light and heat of our flames are due. I scatter steel filings in this flame, and you see the star-like scintillation produced by the combustion of the steel. Here the steel is first heated till the attraction between it and the oxygen becomes sufficiently strong to cause them to combine, and these rocket-like flashes are the result of the collision. It is this impact of the atoms of oxygen against the atoms of sulphur which produces the flame observed when sulphur is burned in oxygen or air; to the collision of the same atoms against phosphorous are due the intense heat and dazzling light which result from the combustion of phosphorous in oxygen gas. It is the collision of chlorine and antimony which produces light and heat observed when these bodies are mixed together; and it is the clashing of sulphur and copper which causes the incandescence of the mass when these substances are heated together in a Florence flask. In short, all cases of combustion are to be ascribed to the collision of atoms which have been urged together by their mutual attractions."*

Nature is full of anomalies which no foresight can predict, and which experiment alone can reveal. From the deportment of a vast number of bodies, we should be led to conclude that heat always produces expansion and that cold always produces contraction. But water is an exception to this rule, and a most important one; so is bismuth. If a metal be compressed heat is developed; but if a metal wire be stretched cold is developed. If a piece of India rubber be stretched heat is developed; and again, if a piece of India rubber be heated it will be shortened. Wax passing from the solid to the liquid state expands, and the melting point of some substances which contract on solidifying has been raised by pressure as much as 20° and 30° Fahr., thus establishing the fact that the melting point of many bodies is dependent upon the pressure to which they are subjected—a discovery which has an important bearing upon the thickness of the crust of the globe.

* "Heat considered as a Mode of Motion." By John Tyndall, F.R.S., &c.

The comparatively tranquil boiling of water is dependent upon the air it contains; if pure ice, which contains no air or any foreign matter, be melted under spirit of turpentine so as to exclude all air, it can be heated far beyond its boiling point, and when ebullition does take place, it occurs with explosive violence. It is probable that the explosion of locomotives on quitting the shed where they have remained quiescent, just as the engineer turned on the steam, may have arisen from the water being deprived of air by long boiling, and the mechanical act of turning on the steam and thus diminishing the pressure on the water, may have caused the rupture of cohesion between the particles of water and the sudden formation of a large quantity of steam of explosive force.

When the temperature of any body, such as lead, is raised, what becomes of the heat? Here is an important question which the "New Philosophy" is competent to solve—discarding altogether the old notion of latent heat, or the destruction or loss of heat. Nothing is lost in nature, if a force disappear we may be sure to find it again in another form or doing *interior* and invisible *work*.

Suppose that heat is communicated to a lump of lead, how is that heat disposed of within the substance? It performs too different kinds of work. One portion imparts that species of motion which raises the temperature of the lead and is sensible to the thermometer. The other portion goes to force the atoms of lead into new positions and is lost as heat. If this interior working portion accumulates so as to destroy the cohesion between the particles of lead, it melts, and we observe the effects produced. When the body cools, the forces which were overcome in the process of heating come into play, and the heat which was consumed by the forcing asunder of the atoms is now restored by the drawing together of the atoms.*

The energy of the forces engaged in this atomic motion and interior work, as measured by any ordinary mechanical standard, is enormous. A pound of iron, on being heated from 32° to 212° F., expands by about $\frac{1}{800}$th of the volume it had at 32°. But it expands with almost irresistible force, and the amount of heat required to effect the expansion would raise eight tons one foot high. Water expands on both sides of its point of maximum density, namely 39° F. Suppose it be heated from 38 F. to 40 F. (more accurately from $3\frac{1}{2}$ C. to $4\frac{1}{2}$ C.) its volume at both temperatures is the same; still, an amount of heat has been imparted to the water sufficient to raise 1390 lbs. one foot high. The interior work done in this case by the heat, can be nothing more than turning round the atoms of water, preparing them as it were to

* Tyndalls' Lectures, page 155.

assume the form of steam, as opposed to the condition in which they were ready to assume the form of ice, before the additional heat was imparted to them. Owing to the high specific heat of water, a pound of that fluid in losing 1° of temperature, would warm 4 lbs. of air 1°. But water being 770 times heavier than air, it follows that when equal volumes are compared, a cubic foot of water in losing 1° of temperature would raise 3080 cubic feet of air 1°. Hence we see what an extrordinary influence the great lakes must exercise upon the climate of Canada, and especially upon the winter temperature of their shores. The warmth of the Niagara district is explained by this fact. The heat of summer is stored up in lakes Erie and Ontario, and slowly given out during winter. On the lake shore snow does not lie nearly so long as a few miles inland.

The force of gravity sinks into insignificance when compared with molecular forces. When the atoms of oxygen and hydrogen clash together to form an atom of water, the force they exercise is positively enormous. A pound of hydrogen combining with 8 lbs. of oxygen to form 9 lbs. of water clash together with a force equal in mechanical value to the raising of forty seven million pounds one foot high. When the molecules of 9 lbs. of steam fall together to form 9 lbs. of water the force of condensation is equivalent to raising 6,718,716 lbs. one foot high. Finally, when 9 lbs. of water pass from the liquid state to that of ice, the mechanical value of the act is equal to 993,564 foot-pounds. These results tabulated are as follows :—

	Equivalent of Mechanical force expressed in lbs. raised one foot high.
1 lb. Hydrogen, 8 lbs. Oxygen. } 9 lbs. water	47,000,000
9 lbs. steam condensed to water.	6,718,716
9 lbs. water assuming the form of ice.	993,564

Or, in other words, the first effect is equal to a fall of a ton weight down a precipice 22,320 feet high, the second down a precipice 2,900 feet high, and the third the descent of a ton down a precipice 433 feet high. The curious reader will observe a close relationship between the cube roots of these numbers, which are 28.15556; 14.26400 ; 7.365355.

The condensation of heat in organic bodies possesses some important peculiarities of especial interest to the vegetable physiologist. There are in wood three lines, at right angles with each other, which the mere inspection of the substance enables us to fix upon as the necessary resultants of the molecular action; the first line is parallel to the fibre ; the second is perpendicular to the fibre, and parallel or tangential to the

ligneous layers, which indicate the annual growth of the tree; while the third is perpendicular to the fibre and to the ligneous layers. These three lines are axes of unequal calorific conduction, and the conducting powers are in the order of the lines above named. In virtue of this property a tree is able to resist sudden changes of temperature, and sudden obstruction of heat from within and the sudden accession of it from without. But Nature has gone farther, and clothes the tree with a sheathing of bark, of worse conducting material than the wood itself.

The relation between light and heat is most interesting, especially in the manner in which these agents affect our nerves. The discovery of invisible rays of light opened a wide field for speculation, so also has the discovery of inaudible waves of sound. Some animals and insects may possess the curious faculty of seeing by what are the invisible rays of light to us, and of hearing by what are the inaudible waves of sound.

Insects may communicate with one another by means of sounds which lie beyond the range embraced by our organs, just as bats and night-feeding birds may see by light which to us is invisible.

The properties of gasses with respect to radiant heat are most astonishing. Air scarcely absorbs any sensible quantity of radiant heat, but if air absorbs one ray, ammonia will absorb 1195 rays, and olefiant gas 970. Hence although ammonia is as transparent to light as the air we breathe, it is almost opaque to heat. But if the absorption be estimated at a low tension, that is to say when a small quantity of gas only is present, the difference becomes more apparent and striking. Thus at a tension of one inch, for every individual ray struck down by the air, oxygen, hydrogen, or nitrogen—ammonia strikes down a brigade of heat rays 7,260 strong—olefiant gas a brigade of 7,950, while sulphurous acid destroys 8,800 rays. This property is most important in its bearings upon climate. Aqueous vapour which always exists in the air, absorbs heat with great vigour. Regarding the earth as a source of heat, at least 10 per cent. of its heat is intercepted within ten feet of the surface by the aqueous vapour of the air. The removal, for a single summer night, of the aqueous vapour from the atmosphere which covers England, would be attended by the destruction of every plant which a freezing temperature could kill. The moisture of the air covers the earth as with a blanket at night, and where the air is dry as in the great desert of Sahara and the plains of Thibet, or the deserts of Australia, ice is frequently formed at night by the direct radiation of the heat of the earth towards the planetary spaces, there being no blanket of aqueous vapour to retain it. So powerful is the effect of aqueous vapour in retaining heat that although the atmosphere contains but one particle of aqueous vapour to 200 of air on an average, yet that single particle absorbs 80 times as much heat as the 200 particles of air. The obscure heat of the moon is absorbed by

the aqueous vapour of the atmosphere, so that little or none can reach the solid earth directly, while the heat of the sun's rays is so great, that when vertical they are competent to melt nearly half an inch thickness of ice per hour, and the total amount of solar heat received by the earth in a year would, if distributed uniformly over the earth's surface, be sufficient to liquefy a layer of ice 100 feet thick and covering the whole earth, and yet the quantity of solar heat intercepted by the earth is only $\frac{1}{2300000000}$ of the total solar radiation. The heat of the sun, if used to melt a stratum of ice applied to the surface of that glorious luminary, would liquify it at the rate of 2,400 feet an hour, and it would boil, per hour 700,000,000,000 cubic miles of ice-cold water. Expressed in another form, the heat emitted in a year is equal to that which would be produced by the combustion of a layer of coal 17 miles in thickness. How is all this enormous temperature sustained? If the sun were a solid block of coal and were it allowed a sufficient supply of oxygen, to enable it to burn at the rate necessary to produce the observed emission, it would be utterly consumed in 5000 years—what then sustains the solar heat? Meteors may feed the sun, and by the conversion of their motion,—their mechanical force—into heat, sustain the temperature of that great and distant 'star.' An asteroid on striking the sun with a velocity of 390 miles a second,—the speed acquired if it approached the sun from an infinite distance—would develope more than 9000 times the heat generated by the combustion of an equal asteroid of solid coal. If it approached the sun at the lowest possible speed, namely, that of 276 miles a second, it would on striking develope heat equal to the combustion of 4,000 such asteroids of solid coal. Supposing a brake were applied to the surface of the sun and planets until the motion of rotation had entirely stopped, the heat developed would cover the solar emission for 134 years, while the heat of gravitation, if all the planets fell into the sun, would cover the emission for 45,589 years. These results follow directly and necessarily from the application of the mechanical equivalent of heat to cosmical matters. If the number representing the mechanical equivalent of heat should be found to be in excess or defect, these results would have to be varied, but the great facts embodied in the 'New Philosophy' remain the same.

One single instance will suffice to shew the care which the student must exercise in endeavouring to arrive at the true source of heat in any given case. Suppose, for instance, that we turn a mill by the action of the tide, and produce heat by the friction of the millstones; that heat has an origin totally different from the heat produced by another pair of millstones which are turned by a mountain stream. The former is produced at the expense of the earth's rotation round its axis; the latter at the expense of the sun's radiation, which lifted the millstream to its source in the form of invisible vapour, where it was subsequently condensed, and made to assume the form of rain or snow.

WISHES FOR OUR FRIENDS.

BY T. D. M.

I.

What shall we wish the friends we truly love,
To wish them well?
That Fortune ever may propitious prove,
And Honor bear the bell?
Or that the chastening hand of grief,
If come it must,
May spare the stem while scattering the leaf
Low in the dust?

II.

The life we live, in outward acts, 'tis known
Is ill contained;
By heart and brains, not equipage alone,
The goal is gained.
Trappings and harness made for passing show
Are little worth,
When halts the hearse where all things human go,
With earth—to earth!

III.

Then let us wish our lov'd the youthful zest,—
To wish them well!
That laughs with childhood, gladdens with the guest;
Is quick to tell,
With brow unshamed, the story of its youth,—
The simple tale
Proving that years well spent lead on, in sooth,
To old age, green and hale!

Montreal, October 30, 1863.

THORNHAUGH.

A DIARY.

March 15th.—Our life has gone on very quietly for the last fortnight. The weather has been so unfavourable as to confine us much to the house, but the young people are a merry party, and in all their amusements I am permitted and invited to share. They seem, indeed, to forget that I am a dependent, and treat me as an equal, as I am sensible of being except in the one respect of wealth. In spite of Fanny's dislike of stupid people, I think most of her family might come under that name. She herself, though lively, is not intellectual or talented; and her brother inherits his father's quietness, without, so far as I have seen, the good nature and heartiness which form so large a part of the character of the General.

Of Mrs. Knollys I see very little. She is, or fancies herself, a confirmed invalid, and spends the greater part of the day in her dressing room. When we meet, which is generally in the evening when I repair to the drawing room to take charge of the children, and play and sing if required, she treats me with a condescending amiability and friendliness which sometimes amuses and sometimes annoys me. But I have, in reality nothing to complain of. It is not on her that the happiness of my life depends, but on those with whom I pass the chief part of my time, and they are all I would wish.

Miss Morley has left Thornhaugh, but her brother's visits continue almost daily, and Fanny and her brother ride with him constantly. Never being of the party, I cannot say what passes on these occasions; but I can see, whenever I have the opportunity of observing, that Fanny and Mr. Morley are becoming sincerely attached to each other. Why they should not, or what obstacle is likely to be thrown in the way of their happiness, is of course unknown to me; but I am sure that some objection exists. No symptom of his affection is suffered to appear in the presence of her father or mother; and on Fanny's part more self-command is exhibited than I should have supposed possible in a girl of her temperament. Even with me she is very guarded. Though she continues her evening chats before my fire, and though communicative on every other subject, on that of her cousin she preserves complete silence; and if his name is mentioned by accident, she immediately changes the conversation. This is, I fancy, out of consideration for me, that she may not make me a sharer in a secret

which it would be inconsistent with my duty to keep from her father and mother. She is so affectionate in all other respects, and so frank, that I can imagine no other reason for a reserve so opposed to her nature and so different from her usual custom. Besides, the heart of a young girl in the sweet enjoyment of a first love, is generally overflowing with confidence and innocent delight and happiness, and, if not directly confessed, it is betrayed in a thousand ways. They must be serious reasons which can bind a girl like Fanny to so strict a reserve.

My pupils are very apt, and are, I trust, learning to look on me as a friend as well as governess and guide. At first I found Clara rather inclined to assume the air of a grand lady, and to imitate her mother's manner with the addition of a *hauteur* all her own. This I was by no means disposed to allow, and by the exercise of some rebuke and some gentle persuasion I have already brought her to regard herself as pupil and not mistress. With Emily, poor child, I had no trouble in that way; the fear with her is that she will be too shy and retiring. Her painful consciousness of her want of beauty, and the dread attendant upon it that she will not, in consequence, be sought or cared for, keeps her at a constant disadvantage, and is likely to bring about its own fulfilment. But I am in hopes of working a salutary change here also, with time and care.

There is only one member of the family whom I have not described. This is Mr. Robert Knollys, the only son, a somewhat sullen youth of about twenty. He has of late become very fond of the society of his young sisters, seeking them at all times, convenient or otherwise, accompanying us in our walks, and even penetrating into the school room during the hours of study, in spite of plain hints that his presence is neither needed nor desired. Were I inclined to vanity I might imagine that I am the object of attraction; but the idea would be too ridiculous. He such a boy, and I the governess! "Bob," as his sisters call him, is sufficiently good looking, though a continual frown mars the expression of his face. He does not impress me favourably, and there seems to be no great affection between him and his sister Fanny. When inclined to be mischievous, he contrives to make some allusion to her cousin Everard, which never fails to make her cross for the remainder of the day. Of this cousin I know no more than at my last entry in this book. I might suppose there was some engagement between him and Fanny, did not her dislike of his name, and my knowledge of her attachment to Mr. Morley dispel the idea.

March 27th.—We went to-day, the children and I, to visit a poor woman in the village, in whom Mrs. Knollys professes to take great interest, fancying she can discover in her ailments and frail health something akin to her own complaints. There is, however, a wide difference between the two. Mrs. Knollys is a *malade imaginaire,* who would be wretched if not petted and caressed, and treated with the consideration she thinks her hard fate deserves; Anne Holloway is, as can be plainly perceived even by unpractised eyes like mine, on the verge of the grave.

She interested me very much—not so much the natural compassion that any person of common humanity must feel for one so near eternity, but I felt a deep pity for her when she spoke of the mother's grief she must experience at leaving her helpless children to the care of a thoughtless father, and at the same time admiration for the resignation with which she bore a fate that many might have murmured at as hard. She seemed to take a fancy to me; she questioned me about my former life with freedom, which she excused by saying "that she had been accustomed to look on the young ladies as her children for so long, (she is Fanny's foster-mother) that perhaps she forgot what was due to a stranger;" and on learning that I, too, was an orphan, she addressed to me words expressing deeper feeling and warmer sympathy than any I have heard since there fell on me my bitter loss.

We had conversed for a long time, and I was bidding her good bye with a promise to come again soon, as she entreated me to do, when I was surprised by the entrance of Fanny.

"Why, Fanny, what made you come by yourself?" said Emily; "you told me you were going to Manston."

"I changed my mind," said Fanny with a laugh, "and I thought it would do me good to come and see Anne. I did not expect to find you here though." And her tone said plainly, "Nor did I wish it."

"We shall not be here long," I said. "Come, children, it will be dark before we get home. Are you coming with us, Fanny?"

"I have not spoken to Anne yet; I will follow you."

She blushed under my eye, and with an undefined feeling of something wrong I left the cottage with the children. As we turned the corner of the narrow street, I looked round at the sound of a horse's tread and saw Mr. Morley reining up before Anne Holloway's door.

"Oh, there's Charlie!" cried Clara. "Charlie, stop and bring Fanny home!"

"All right!" was the answer, and we pursued our way. My mind was full of misgivings as I turned towards home. It was plain to me now that Fanny concealed some serious secret; and how far the understanding or engagement between her and her cousin had gone, or how to win the confidence she seemed to extend to no one, I could not guess,

and wearied myself in trying to conjecture. The children laughed at the strange answers I made to their remarks, and I was glad when, their evening meal over, they betook themselves to play.

Mr. Morley came home with Fanny and stayed to dinner. He did not come into the drawing room, so that I had no opportunity of observing him, but I thought Fanny seemed very quiet and subdued. She was going to bid me good night at the door of my room, instead of entering with me as usual, but I held her hand, and said, "Come in for a few minutes, Fanny; I want to speak to you." She hesitated, but complied.

"Make haste, Gracie, for I'm sleepy," she said, as she threw herself into an arm chair, and yawned ostentatiously.

"Fanny, do you remember the first time I saw you, when you asked me to be your friend, and I said 'Yes, if you let me?'"

She remembered it very well she said.

"Then, Fanny, let me perform a friend's part, and warn you."

"Against what?" She opened wide her blue eyes as if in amazement, but I saw the color deepen in her cheek.

"Fanny, dearest, you know what I mean."

"I don't like mysteries," she said, pettishly; "how can I know what you mean unless you tell me."

"Fanny, did you know that Mr. Morley was going to Anne Holloway's to-day? Or, rather, did he know you were likely to be there?"

"I don't know. Perhaps he did, for I go there very often."

"I know you do," said I; "and I think I know that you go there less to see Anne Holloway than to meet your cousin."

She blushed scarlet. "How dare you say so?" she exclaimed passionately; and then as if trying to laugh it off, "Oh, Grace, how can you be so ridiculous as to imagine such folly, because by accident he rode through the village while I was there?"

"It was no accident," said I, gravely; "I have not been blind since I came here. Fanny, dear Fanny, will you not confide in me?"

"I have nothing to confide," she replied, sullenly, "and if you are so ready to suspect me, I am sure you cannot be my friend."

I tried in vain to make peace. She was very angry, but I fancied the anger was partly assumed to hide a confusion she would not betray, and my gentle entreaties had no effect whatever. After a time she snatched up her candle, and saying, "I'm so tired! good night," left me.

And left me in no pleasant frame of mind. That she has come to some secret understanding with her cousin, I am, whatever she may say to the contrary, perfectly convinced. I see clearly now the reason of her interest in the invalid. Often when I have been going to the cottage before, she has interposed and performed her mother's errands. She shows more want of truth, too, than I could have suspected; her change

of plan to-day in not pursuing her ride to Manston is explained. If we had not met at the cottage, I wonder whether she would have confessed at home to having been there?

April 5th.—I hardly know whether to-day's event is worth writing down. It amused while it vexed me; amused me by its present absurdity, and vexed me because it may be the occasion of future annoyance.

The weather has suddenly melted into soft and genial spring. The water-courses are musical with the floods from the hills, and the few birds seem already to anticipate their coming holiday, and to welcome the approaching summer with their songs. The beauty of the day had tempted all out to enjoy the open air save myself. Mrs. Knollys and the children were gone for a drive, Fanny for a ride with her father. (Mr. Morley has not been here since my conversation with Fanny, a week ago.) I had sat down to the piano to enjoy in peaceful solitude the luxury of a packet of new music, and was lost in a dreamy *Reverie* when the door of the school room opened and admitted Mr. Robert Knollys.

"Is every one out?" asked the bright youth.

"Yes, every one. I thought you were gone shooting," I said.

"Well you see I am not. I heard the piano, and came to hear you play; its a comfort not to hear those children strumming. Go on; don't mind me."

I obeyed. I resumed my *Reverie*, and certainly did not mind him in the least.

"What do you call that music?" said he, presently; its *adagio*, ain't it?"

"Whatever you please," answered I.

"Play something lively. Rattle it off as Fanny does."

I selected some brilliant waltzes and dashed through them at the speed of an express train. "Will that do?" I asked.

"No. Stop playing and talk to me. You never talk to me, and I have something to say to you."

He came up to the piano and leaned his elbows on it, so as to bring his face on a level with mine. I pushed back the music stool.

Why do you edge away from me? Can't you guess what I want to tell you?"

"Not in the least," said I.

"Don't you know that ever since I saw you I've thought you the prettiest, dearest, sweetest girl in the world?"

"What else?" asked I, laughing.

"What else? Isn't that enough? That I love you dearly, and want you to be my wife."

This was earnest with a vengeance. I felt it was getting serious, and must be stopped at once.

"Hush!" I said. "Do you remember who you are, and whom you are speaking to?"

"I am Robert Knollys, and you are the dearest, best ——"

"You are the only son of General Knollys, of Thornhaugh, and I am your sisters' governess."

"What difference does that make to me?"

"It makes much to me," I said. "I do not forget that I am a dependent in your father's house, and that by encouraging or allowing you so to address me, I should deeply wrong those who trust me. You, by uttering such words as you have just spoken, have shown that you forget what is due both to your parents and to me."

"You don't mean ——"

"I do mean that I cannot listen to you any longer. You are far too young" (a poisoned shaft, I knew,) "to offer marriage to any woman without the consent of your parents; and least of all should you have selected me, who am so dependent on their good will, for the object of attentions which could but injure in their estimation did I permit them, or offend you, did I reject. I have several times been much amazed. Let me beg that you will cease your attentions now."

"But, Grace ——."

"If you profess to care so much about me, surely you may grant the only favour I ask?"

"It's too hard," he muttered. "Is the governor the only reason you have for not liking me better?"

"By no means," I answered cheerfully. "I have reasons which would in any case cause me to act the same."

"And is there no hope for me?" very dolorously.

"Not in that way. I should be sorry to deprive you of *all* hope. Now will you allow me to go back to Schuloff and Brinley Richards?"

"You're as hard as a stone, and as cold," he said, as he prepared to depart. "But you can't prevent my loving you!" The gloomy triumph with which this was said so amused me, that I with difficulty repressed a smile. I was heartily glad when I saw him go, but his visit had disturbed me. I thought of another day when ——. I did not return to Schuloff, but spent the rest of the afternoon musing over two old letters which lie in a corner of my writing desk, ——. "What in the world brought Robert's letter here?" said Clara, taking one up from the floor.

"I suppose he dropped it," said I. "He came here while you were out."

"What for, I wonder?" she fixed on me a penetrating look of the red-brown eyes.

"He said he came to hear me play." I answered as carelessly as I could, but I know I looked guilty.

"Mamma, only fancy," said the monkey, in the evening, "Bob is growing fond of music! He actually went to the school-room to-day to hear Miss Norton play."

April 9th.—I thought something was coming when I received a message from Mrs. Knollys this afternoon, to the effect that when the lessons were over she would be glad of my company for a drive. Silently wondering at so unusual a request, I sent a grateful acquiescence, and at three o'clock found myself seated in the carriage at her side.

For some time she spoke of nothing but the most ordinary matters. The day was exquisitely fine, and I enjoyed the drive through the balmy spring air and over the furzy, breezy common, too much to think of anything but the present pleasure. Mrs. Knollys was in her most amiable mood, so that I had no reason to fear that the private conference to which I had been summoned would prove a very disagreeable one. By degrees she insensibly led the conversation from general subjects to more familiar matters. She began with the song of a bird in the leafless hedge; from that diverged to Emily's music, for which the child shows a rare aptitude; this led to a comparison between the two children, and a discussion on Clara's beauty, and from her beauty to Fanny's was but a short stop. That point once touched, a certain satisfaction in the lady's manner told me the discussion had reached its destination.

"Yes, she is very pretty," said Mrs. Knollys, in reply to a remark of mine. "I expect her to be much admired when introduced, and, when her turn comes, she will make a lovely bride."

"And it is not likely but that will be soon," I said, "or gentlemen have less taste than I give them credit for.

Mrs. Knollys looked at me. "Do you not know? Has not my daughter told you that she is engaged to her cousin Everard?"

It all flashed on me; I understood now what had before been dark. The childish engagement, (he had been abroad two years,) the promise given when she knew not to what she pledged herself, the wakening of the woman's heart, the attachment of her cousin, known too late. Poor Fanny!

"Indeed! I was not aware of it," I said. "Miss Knollys has never spoken to me on the subject."

"I am surprised at that. I should have thought so talkative a girl as Fanny would have communicated so important a secret, which, after all, is no secret, though we do not make it a subject of common talk. It has been a long understanding, and is perfectly approved of on both sides. He is a most excellent young man, and it will be a great comfort to me to give my daughter to one I know so well and trust so completely."

"And are the young people much attached to each other?"

"Oh, I believe so. You know girls are generally reserved on such points, and Fanny does not say much; she seems shy when the subject is mentioned. It is very natural; it was so with myself, and will be with you some day," and she looked earnestly at me as she spoke.

"It is not likely that I shall ever marry," I said very quietly.

"Tut! so most girls say, but we find they change their minds. You are but a girl; you will change yours."

There was a pause before Mrs. Knollys resumed.

"Do you remember, Miss Norton, the day I first saw you, that you agreed with me that it was better to speak plainly, and be clearly understood, in order to avoid after mistakes and misunderstandings? Will you allow me so to speak now?"

"I had rather you did so at all times, Mrs. Knollys."

"You are no doubt aware, Miss Norton, that our branch of the family does not share equally with the elder one in its wealth. Sir Everard's fortune is very large, but that of the General has its limits, and we have four children, while Sir Everard has but one."

Not knowing exactly what answer was expected, I bowed.

It is for this reason that I am so glad that Fanny's prospects are settled, and so well. My nephew's fortune being already so ample he will need no dower with his wife; her portion may therefore pass to her sisters. And, also for the same reason," she added significantly, "it will be necessary that my son should marry well."

"I understand," I replied. So I did most fully.

"Now, Miss Norton, if I say anything that can at all be construed into unkindness, you must forgive me, and believe that it is very far from being intended as such. I have learned, partly from my own observation and partly from that of others, that my son has paid you particular attention since you have been one of our family."

The last expression I felt to be kindly meant. "And if so?" I asked.

"You must be sensible, Miss Norton, that such an attachment or engagement would, at my son's age and in his circumstances, be one that neither General Knollys nor myself could for one moment countenance. He is too young yet to think of marriage at all; and must, at any time,

look for worldly advantages with his wife. I shall be glad if you will give me a promise that you will in future discountenance his attentions in every possible way; as, I am sure you must feel, is best for all parties."

"You have spoken frankly, Madam, and as far as you could, in speaking on such a subject at all, kindly; and I thank you. May I claim the right to address you with equal candour?"

She nodded her consent, and I continued.

"I will not deny that from the time I became an inmate of your house, Mr. Knollys has honoured me with especial attention; and on one occasion addressed me in language which it was not consistent with my duty, either to you or to myself, to permit him to use, and which I therefore begged him to cease. So far from his preference having been any gratification to me, it has been a source of sincere annoyance. I have represented to Mr. Knollys that it could not fail to be displeasing to the General and to you, and that it could never be reciprocated by me. One word more, Madam. In my estimation there are other considerations in marriage than those of wealth and station, and were there no other objection, Mr. Knollys would never be my choice; which was made long since, though, like many of the projects of this life, made in vain."

I expected that Mrs. Knollys might have been offended at words more haughty than her own; but such did not seem to be the case. On the contrary she took my hand, complimented me on my good sense and right feeling, and dismissed the subject, with the assurance that her mind was now quite at ease; and the drive came to an end in perfect harmony. But I congratulated myself that I was in no danger of loving Robert Knollys, and murmured to myself, as I left his cautious and cunningly-candid mother, "What if I had? How would she have spoken then? I do not—never shall; but what if I had?"

CANADA IN WINTER.

BY W. GEORGE BEERS, MONTREAL.

It is unfortunately true that Canada has been one of the most ill-used and misrepresented portions of the globe, from the time when it was styled "a few arpents of snow" in the reign of Louis XV., to the epoch of the great exhibition of 1851. From its whereabouts to its climate, from its productions to its progression, the majority of intelligent Englishmen, some few years ago, knew far less than about many miserable patches of land, where human flesh was considered the most palatable of digestibles. They could have told you all about Kwang-tung, or the Sandwich Islands; given you accurate statistics of Finland, Hungary or the Cape; but had you asked them of Canada, and what they knew about it, you would probably have been answered—"Oh! Canada's an out-of-the-way hole, somewhere or other on the other side of the Atlantic, where the natives are a mixture of emigrants and wild Indians." Look at the absurd ignorance of the leading papers of England to-day about Colonial matters—and if the *Times* is mistaken in its geography and statistics what must the masses be! "Canada in winter" was once an awful theme of terror to nearly everybody out of Canada. What a shivering, hyperboreal, frost-bound lot of creatures we were supposed to be! Our houses were domestic refrigerators, and we Canadians in an eternal surrounding of ice, snow and icebergs, where caloric never was known! Such tales have done Canada much harm, for a home in an arctic region is by no means pleasant to those who think of emigrating. Canada has been unjustly condemned for her climate. In summer we have some extremes of heat, and in winter some extremes of cold, but what country is without its extremes and its disagreeableness? Canada is not Paradise, neither is England (think of 240 rainy days per annum in Lancashire, in Canada we have 120). If we cannot boast of England's many months of "May flowers," we can rejoice that our "April showers" are not from January to December, when you least expect them. Every country has its disadvantages and its objections; national perfection was apparently never intended.

And now for an account of our winter sports and pastimes, and, first of all, let us begin with sleighing, which is nowhere more enjoyed than in this Canada of ours.

If you want to see sleighs of every date and fashion, come to Lower Canada, where the French Canadian habitant persistently adheres to his antiquated *traineau*, and profits nothing by example or comparison.

Magnificent bloods and the funny little shaggy Canadian pony strive alongside of each other for the lead. The "*hi*" of the English driver, and the "*avant*" of the French one sound odd to the ears of strangers. But no matter if it is an old soap-box on runners or a magnificent cutter, there's a great delight in sleighing. The gliding motion of the sleigh, the spirited horses dashing up clouded snow-wreaths from beneath their feet while the driver gives them the rein, the occasional not unpleasant bobbing into unsuspected *cahoes*, or waves of the shore, the passing other sleighs and the wild excitement caused by being behind a fast horse with the reins in your hand!

Canada is not a little proud of her skating rinks and skaters—the former are the best in the world, and the latter might be. Last winter there was a skating mania from Gaspé to Sarnia, and I don't believe you could find four out of every twenty families without one or more pair of skates in the house. I don't like to mention names, or I could tell you who are the best lady skaters in Quebec, Montreal, Kingston, Toronto, &c. Montreal has two magnificent rinks: one erected at an expense of over $4000, and the other over double that sum. The first rink in Canada was in Sherbrooke, C. E. But, let us go into our Montreal rink. It is lit up with gas, and beautifully decorated with evergreens; hundreds of charming Canadian girls are gliding through the mazes of the dance with the officers and civilian swells. The various attitudes of the skaters, the different dresses, the merry laugh and glee of the whole throng, and the many little pleasant "affairs" which occur, all lend their charm to the enchantment. Many a heart is lost and won on skates in these rinks, and many a pleasant acquaintance made. Now let us out into the open air, to nature's own rink, where there is plenty of room, and a river of ice. If the St. Lawrence happens to be clear of snow, and as smooth as it now and then,—within a few years, has been,—from far away above the Victoria Bridge, down, oh! down as far as ever you would like to travel on skates between sunrise and sunset, we have a rink which nothing in the world can equal. But in Upper Canada, where the snow is not so deep, and skating is more constant than in Lower, the out-of-rink skating is something really fine. On the sides of the lakes and rivers, on brooks and ponds and wherever there is ice, you may see multitudes on the steel-runners. Bachelors, married young ladies, prudes, romps, bashful young men, dundreary's and people of all temperaments and beauty romp and skate like madcaps. Skaters who never saw each other before, involuntarily start off on a race; young ladies smite the hearts of young Canada with their good-natured smiles; mothers do not disapprove of the young fellows who skate hand in hand with their pretty daughters; every heart is filled with goodness, and every soul with joy,—excepting those who get severe upsets. What

sport is there like open air skating? Away with your stupid cotillions and fandangos of the ball room; let our sport be on the gleaming ice, where we almost run wild in our feeling of freedom!

And now let us take a run down to "where the keen curlers be." The first game of curling ever played in the Province was on a mill dam at Beauport, in 1805. After this, an artificial rink was made on one of the wharves in the lower town of Quebec in 1808, and regularly renewed every season. The "stones" then used were made of the hardest granite, as in Scotland, but as the intense frost cracked them, recourse was had to iron; a model for which was made by a cooper in the lower town and sent to the forges at Three Rivers, from whence a supply was received, some of which are still in the possession of the Quebec C. Club. Scotch players who have used both, prefer the iron to stone, as they are more easily weighted, not so cumbrous, and keep a truer "turn up" to the "tee." Great interest is taken every year in the matches between the different cities, and it does one good to see our sober-sided merchants, throwing off their dignity and coats, and betaking themselves with vigor to the game; sending the stones spinning up the ice, or frantically sweeping those they wish to hurry on, forgetting all about "stocks," and "notes to pay," in the excitement of the game.

But what are all these imported sports to our own Canadian originals? Have you ever heard of snow-shoeing. I think you have. We confess that skating took possession of the seven senses of Canadians last winter, but we are notwithstanding, a province of snow-shoers. I need not describe the shoe to Canadian readers; but will just say for the information of others, that it is formed of one thin piece of hickory or ash, bent to a long oval, and bound at the back ends which meet. Its length is three feet long by ten inches wide; much broader for long tramps in deep snow. Two strips of wood are now fastened to near the top and bottom of this long oval frame, and the whole interior woven with a net-work of deerskin thongs; a hole being left near the front for the reception of the toe, which slightly projects through when walking. There is a shoe for each foot of course and they are fastened to the feet by thongs of moose skin. A mile on snow-shoes can be made in 6½ minutes, by a good snow-shoer; over snow which would take you 6½ minutes to get out of the first step you would take in it without snow-shoes. Dr. Rae, the arctic traveller, once walked on them, from Hamilton to Toronto—40 miles,—between breakfast and dinner. The troops in Canada are drilled on them, and the idea of Volunteers manœuvring on snow-shoes was originated last year by the Victoria Rifles of Montreal, in a grand sham fight on the mountain. This corps acted as part of the attacking party, and some hundreds strong, marched up the mountain and skirmished on these shoes. The latter city is the great city of snow-shoes. Just come

up to the top of Mount Royal with me; time $7\frac{1}{2}$ p.m. You will probably find it hard work at first, but there! take hold of my sash, or stick, and come along. Up long hills which seem to grow longer as you grow tired, and over little hills: take advantage of every twig and tree as you climb, and thrust your hands or stick in the snow to assist you in scaling the hills, and you'll seldom slip back or come to the undecided stand of the novice. Here we are at the top. Now let us stand for a few minutes. Hark!—"whoop! whoop!" there they are! a long file of apparently silent figures come winding around yonder hillock of snow, with bodies slightly bent forward, all in step, on they come towards us, at a quick steady pace. Tramp! tramp! here they are on the summit. A wild "hurrah!" bursts forth from the whole line as they see us, and never stopping, on they go at a steady run, down the other side of the mountain, into the valley of *Côte des Neiges*, their destination being the village of that name. Along the plain with their characteristic long stride; over fences, over snow-covered ditches—sometimes into them—through snow drifts, over the fields into the cemetery, and a run over there in spite of the savage mastiffs who bark unheeded! Now the pace slackens a little and a fine manly voice starts, "The Canadian snow shoe tramp," and all join in the chorus. Hark!—

Men may talk of steam and railroads,
But too well our comrades know,
We can beat the fastest engines
In a night tramp o'er the snow!
They may puff, sir, they may blow, sir,
They may whistle, they may scream,
But gently dipping, slightly tipping,
Snow-shoes leave behind the steam!

CHORUS:—Tramp! tramp! on snow-shoes tramping,
All the day we marching go!
Till at night, by fires encamping,
We find couches 'mid the snow!

Isn't the view from here a fine one? There before us lies the beautiful valley shrouded in snow; the royal mountain looking down upon it, and stretching its arms around its limits like the Greek mother sheltering her offspring from the wrath of the son of Artemis; while the wind wails through the trees like some distant harp, and the glorious old moon shines as grandly upon the scenery as it did when Jacques Cartier and his band first stood here, perhaps on the very spot where we are. But where are our snow-shoers? Out of sight, and doubtless at their rendezvous by this time. So let us start for home and *coucher*, to dream of losing our head in a snow-drift, and finding it at Côte des Neiges; of getting into snow-caverns, and snow-shoeing about there for a score of

years; of doing a great many nonsensical things which are happily never realized.

Toboganing is another fine amusement of Canada in Winter. The tobogan, or Indian sled, is made of two thin strips of pliable wood, from eight to ten feet long, joined together, and united by brackets of wood. The front part is turned up, like the dashboard of a sleigh; use makes its bottom as smooth as glass. It is steered by one person, who sits at the stern, by means of two small pieces of wood, or his hands. The favorite resorts of toboganists are the splendid ice-cone at Montmorenci, which is formed by the spray of the Falls, and is sometimes one hundred feet high; the fine hill of Fort Henry at Kingston; Côte des Neiges hill at Montreal, and other hills which I am not well enough informed about to mention. Let us fancy ourselves on the latter hill, for we know more about it ourselves: First of all, seat the ladies—an indispensable part of all Canadian amusements in winter; recommend them to sit tailor-fashion, tuck in their dresses—lady toboganists should not wear hoops—and seat yourself as pilot. All ready? Fire away! A little shove and off we go, slowly at first but soon at a "break-neck pace," the trees and fences seeming to be running a race up the hill! Isn't it dreadfully exciting! The novice holds his breath. "Oh! if we should meet a horse as we dart across that street!" It would be bad for the horse, methinks! But what if we did: if it would only stand we must all lie back, and the pilot will steer us under its belly! It has actually been done more than once. But on we go! Now we dart like an arrow over a crystal-ice-covered part of the hill, or shoot over the *cahoes*, while the old French *habitant* going to market stares at us with astonishment, and exclaims his usual "*Mon Dieu!*" On we go, tearing and dashing along like "highway comets," while the very life blood goes quivering and thrilling through our veins with sympathetic excitement. And here's the foot of the hill! A swift ride of over a mile—wasn't it fine! Nature is an accomplished macadamizer, and gives us glorious hills to slide on, and unequalled roads to ride on.

Another amusement of Canada in Winter is ice-boating, which is greatly in vogue about the shores of Lake Ontario. The ice-boat is a paradoxical contrivance: a triangular floor, mounted on large iron skates, and rigged with masts and sails. A skate at the stern is worked with a tiller—this is the helm. These boats are made to hold five or six persons, lying down, and "wear" and "tack" precisely the same as an ordinary sailing yacht. Five miles have been done by these boats in four minutes.

Canada in Winter is famous for its game of every size. Moose-hunting is a great sport, and the season, which closes on the first of February, never passes without a great deal of fine venison being brought to the

market. Parties of sportsmen make a hunting excursion every winter in quest of game, with dogs and all the necessaries for camping in the woods.

Bear-hunting is more practised of late years than formerly, the bears getting very bold. The Indians, who are taken as guides in these hunts, have strange notions about Bruin. They call him "the forest man," from his resemblance to a fur-coated man, when erect. The French Canadians call him the "*bourgeois*," which means "like a citizen."

Bush-life in Canada is a pretty hard life in winter. But these lumbermen sometimes see a sight in the woods of gorgeous beauty. When a partial thaw occurs every tree and branch is hung with trembling crystals of gleaming ice, of every size and shape, transparent as pure water, and gorgeous beyond description. Every part of the wood sparkles in the sun like a forest of diamonds, sometimes too dazzling for the eye to bear. I have never seen anything that so nearly realized the dreams we had of fairy palaces, when we were little boys, and read the *Arabian Nights* far oftener than our school books.

I have thus endeavoured to describe a few of the pleasures of a Canadian winter. There are people all over nerves who coop themselves up, moping around the stove in winter, and making up their minds to feel as disagreeable as possible. They imagine the thermometer twenty degrees lower than it really is, and come to the conclusion that winter is a great mistake on the part of Nature. Such people, however, are nearly always of the genus "grumblers." The neat is as disagreeable to them as the cold, and the sunshine as obnoxious as the north wind. The most of people whom I have heard complain of Canada in winter are these grumblers, who insist upon turning all sweet into gall, and think people are "patronizing" or humbugging them if they try to please their vinegar natures. Poverty, true enough, has its trials in Canada in winter as everywhere else; but it is the same all over the world, and the poor of Canada are, generally speaking, much better off than the poor of any other country. They have every opportunity of being sheltered from the inclemency of the weather; there are houses of refuge for those needing refuge; hospitals for the sick; benevolent societies who care, or pretend to, for their fellow-countrymen; wealth, too, is more liberal in winter, and honest poverty seldom remains unrelieved. The poor man who comes, like a poor man once came to me, with the neck of a whiskey bottle telling tales from his pocket, deserves no relief, and yet even such a man will generally get it. "Ah, my man," said I, pointing to the bottle, "that's the cause of all your poverty, I think." "Faix, sir, and its the cause of all poverty, I'm thinking; but what can a man do if he can't get bread to ate? "Don't you think the bread you could buy with the money you spend for liquor would keep you from begging for want?" "Shure, yer honor, and that's thrue enough. *But whiskey's a grate relafe.*"

SUMMER EVENINGS ON THE GALLERY.

BY ALFRED BAILEY.

NO. II.—IN WHICH THE TALK IS STILL OF TALKING, AND THE MAJOR TELLS A TALE.

"The fact is, Parson," said Rufus J., "whil I admit all you have said about the excellence to which conversation is being carried, particularly in England, I think you will allow that my country beats your's hollow in public speaking."

"I am doubtful of that," said the Parson.

"Right again," said the doctor; "I know no greater humbug than that idolatry of a fluent tongue which is so prevalent in this country and your's, Jackson. In all your colleges you are cultivating the tongue at the expense of the head and heart. I hardly know any evil in this country that cannot be put down to the cause of too much talk."

Bénard.—*Ecce signum.*

Doctor.—It may be so. I know I talk too much; I know you talk too much; we all talk too much—but that is the effect of——of——of the company I have been keeping lately.

Annie.—Including me, Doctor?

Doctor.—No, no! I except all women folk. No man *can* argue with a woman, or, at least, if he once begins it, he soon gives it up in despair. I believe that women are a wholesome invention sent to us by Providence for the curbing of men's tongues.

And as an illustration of the old man's very ungallant remark, Annie arose, passed over to her crabbed old friend, and—kissed him!

The effect was marvellous. The doctor relapsed into a silence of half an hour, interspersed only with growls.

Charles.—Miss Annie, you have disarmed him quite. All my filial obedience of years' standing never had such an effect on my father as that.

Doctor.—(*Growl.*)

Parson.—I would, Annie, that all violent talk could be silenced in the same way. I must confess that I am much of the Doctor's opinion. I am no politician, but I cannot but think that the present session of the Canadian Parliament can hardly be considered a very profitable one. I read in the newspapers of much talk, recrimination, and abuse, on subjects which seem to me of very little importance to anybody but the persons individually concerned.

Bénard.—I wonder to hear that from you, Parson. Is the public morality of public individuals of no importance to the public itself?

Parson.—Undoubtedly; but they are not subjects for a public debate. During my long residence in Canada, I have never found my adopted countrymen slow in finding out a false and venal character. Members of Parliament are not paid to act as a species of political detective policemen. The one practical act of recent legislation is the Militia Bill. By its being almost unanimously passed, I imagine that it must be a good measure. It was curious to me to observe that the debate on this subject was confined almost to businesss-like observations on the details the bill.

Rufus J.—And are you really going to deny altogether the power of eloquence?

Parson.—What do you mean by "eloquence?"

Rufus J.—The art of speaking well.

Bénard.—Or, rather, of speaking elegantly.

Doctor (*unable to hold out any longer*).—The art of talking nonsense.

Parson (*not noticing the last definition*).—Hardly so. What you describe should rather be classed as a branch of rhetoric. In the days of Cicero, "eloquentia" doubtless meant, as its derivation implies, much what you described. But as Max Müller tells us, all language is a process of decay, corruption if you will, of elder roots. What once meant the power of speaking now means the "*power of persuasion.*" Eloquence does not necessarily imply speech. We speak of an eloquent eye, an eloquent look, an eloquent page, even of "a silence more eloquent than speech itself." Cowper, himself a great master of the English tongue, says, in his epitaph on Johnson,—

> "His prose was *eloquence*, by wisdom taught."

Bénard.—Allowing your definition, surely you are not going to deny the importance of powerful spoken eloquence?

Parson.—I do not know. It is a power which at the present day is being subject to fearful abuses. It is a power which the ignorant love. There is a dangerous fascination in this kind of so-called "eloquence" The influence of "sensation" novels and sensation dramas is, to say the least, doubtful. What shall we say of sensation speeches? I believe that it is to them more than anything else that we owe this horrible war. Do you remember a remark of Earl Russell's in his late speech at Blairgowrie? How he told us that much of the absurd ill feeling now existing between England and the United States was traceable to "what are called orations." When a very little boy sins, I have to appeal to his

feelings almost exclusively. I speak of the love of God to him, and perhaps of that of his mother, and tell him for the sake of God and his mother not to tell that lie or commit that theft again. But as the boy grows older, he grows in a knowledge of God's works, God's mercies, and God's commands. If his understanding be properly developed, I must get at his heart through his understanding. It may be a yielding tissue or an obstinate wall of granite, or it may be a fortress armed with truth, telling me that I am wrong. There is in the world now a rising class of "sensation preachers." I speak of no particular denomination; they abound in all classes, both Catholic and Protestant. I confess, as a clergyman, I feel humiliated when I hear men, if not asserting, at least almost insinuating, that the heart is God's work and the understanding the devil's. Those who appeal to the feelings alone are the scoffer's ready prey. On the ignorant they make a transient impression—an impression often so transient that as its power fades away the poor, crude, undigested understanding leads it into wrong paths.

I am no foe to teetotalism, but I was horrified the other day when a leading member of a Temperance organization, well qualified to speak on the subject, told me of the number of professed teetotallers who had broken their pledges. This has been one of the effects of sensation oratory—that of appealing to the heart at the expense of the head.

Bénard.—But to return—you surely are not going to depreciate the great oratorical efforts of the end of the last century?

Parson.—I will take your own countrymen, Bénard, as examples. The most eloquent as well as the most estimable members of the French revolutionary assembly were the orators of the Gironde. That the eloquence of Verguiand did not save his own head, is no disgrace to him. But, much admired as it was, it was powerless; it was rhetorical not logical, impassioned not argumentative. He sought for illustrations in Greece and Rome, when he should have found them in the streets of Paris.

Rufus J.—But your own great orators, Burke and Chatham.

Parson.—Would, I believe, now-a-days hardly be listened to. If any present member of the House of Commons were to treat it to an oration in the style of Burke's "Nabob of Accot's debts, I fear a "count out" would be the result. Or if Chatham had, in the present generation, informed a noble lord that "his ancestor frowned from the tapestry to tell him that he was a disgrace to his country," it would be likely to produce a burst of merriment similar to that which greeted Mr. John O'Connell when he declared his intention of "dying on the floor of the house."

Bénard.—There may be much, Parson, in the abuse of oratory, but the possession of the faculty of moving multitudes is surely not one to be despised. That power of improvising, possessed by the ancients and even by the Italians, must have been a wonderful gift.

DOCTOR.—If it ever existed—I should like to see a man who ever saw an improvisatore?

MAJOR.—I have.

ANNIE.—You! Major, now do tell us all about it. You have not opened your lips this evening until now.

MAJOR.—It is rather a long story, but I will tell it as quickly as I can.

THE MAJOR'S TALE.

In the year 185–, before the Crimean war, I was quartered at Malta. Having obtained a months leave of absence, I determined to explore the island of Sicily. Being pretty well prepared to rough it, I hired two mules and a muleteer and proceeded leisurely, never more than twenty miles a day, over rough bridle paths, marble mountains, and torrents which would be impassable to the pedestrian, but which are mere trifles to a mule. It was one of the most delightful journeys I ever made in my life; it had but two draw-backs. I heard of nothing but robbers who never appeared, and heard nothing of fleas which flourish in this island to an exent almost incredible.

It was a beautiful evening when, after a long and rugged journey on the north coast, I arrived at the little town of Cefalû. Blessings on your heart, Don Raffaelle.. (By the way, in the north of Sicily men are nearly always "Don." "Signor" is used for "Sir," but hardly ever for "Mr.") "Blessings on your heart Don Raffaelle, mine host, for things which I had not seen since leaving Messina,—clean sheets, clean table-cloth, and clean plates! And then your viands so tempting to a hungry man. That macaroni *not* swimming in grease—those red mullet fresh from the Mediterranean—those fowls who were not grandfathers—and last, not least, that salad which you seasoned with one of your own proverbs. "To make a salad, Signor, requires four men. A prodigal for the oil, and a miser for the vinegar, a wise man for the salt and a madman to mix it. And then, Signor, there is one thing more; if you *can* coax a delicate damsel just to touch your plate with garlic, so much the better, but the operation must not be trusted to ruder hands." The next morning I took a survey of the town. I will not weary you by a description, suffice it that Cefalù consists of two objects: the rock and the cathedral. The rock towers high behind the town. This was the site of the ancient Cephaladium, and a small piece of Palasgic masonry, in black volcanic tufa, still testifies to the existence of a people older than the Greeks. The cathedral is said to be the oldest Norman structure on the island. When you are in your study, parson, I will talk to you about its Greek mosaics and ritual arrangements. At present I forbear.

The next afternoon, after an early dinner, I was aroused by mine host. "Guardate quella gruppa," said he.

I looked out of the window, and truly it was a picture for a painter.—On a rude bench outside a small wine shop, sat an old man and two sons, all blind—blind from their birth, as Don Raffaelle told me. That blindness which is so painful to behold, when the eye is open but the pupil wanting. Round these, some lolling, some lying at full length, and some standing, were men, women and children of all ages, in various degrees of merriment. I soon saw what the old man was about. The landlord was whispering in his ear the names and occupations of the by-standers, while he, in true Theodore Hook style was improvizing verses on them. A few chords on the violin separated each couplet. It was in the broadest Sicilian patois, so that I could follow but little—but still I could understand his reproff to tradesmen in general, not to adulterate liquids with water. "It makes wine weak," sang he, "it makes oil rise to the top," and (addressing the town shoemaker,) "it makes blacking turn white." In my turn I came in for his satire. "The English army," said he, dropping suddenly into most understandable Italian, "the English army are the poorest in the world, even their officers cannot afford a few *bajocchi* to a blind improvisatore." There was no resisting this appeal. Having satisfied his importunity, I asked the old man if he could improvise on some higher subject. He replied, sadly, that once he could, but that he had lost the faculty with old age. All the by-standers besought him to try once more, and I was deputed to choose a subject. I suggested "The ancient glories of Sicily." With a little more coaxing, a great deal of preliminary scraping on the violin and an assurrnce that no *gendarme* was near, the old man began in a sort of monotonous chant, which gradually warmed up to the highest pitch, and finally died off in a plaintive wail. When you bear in mind that King Bomba was the being then most detested in Sicily, you may judge at the enthusiasm which the old man produced among his hearers. This specimen of the improvisatore's powers was in the purest Italian. I noted it down at the time as nearly as I could, and have since tried to render it into English verse, which, if not so forcible is at least as rugged as the original:—

THE SONG OF THE IMPROVISATORE OF CEFALU.

King Roger made a solemn vow,
A holy vow and true,
To rear a noble minster
To St. George in Cafalû.
He kept his vow, King Roger bold,
As every one may see,

As kings kept vows in days of old,
When Sicily was free.

But the vows of false King Ferdinand
Are only empty words ;
He brings from snowy Switzerland
His mercenary swords.
The scourgers of the Austrian
Are brought across the sea,
For money Tell's own children
Make war against the free.

The Moslem with his scimitar
And yataghan and bow,
The infidel was gentler far,
More Christian far, than thou.
His Koran taught him not to *lie,*
No promise false made he,
That Sicily should once again
As once she *was*—be free

Our native hills are hard and rude,
All marble, rock, and snow,
Dig deeper, stranger, you will find
The sulphur mines below.
And, tyrant, like our native hills,
All hard and rude are we,
But in our breasts a fire dwells
That burns to make us free.

High Etna's snowy face is pale
Throughout the changing year,
And *we* are pale, with hunger pale,
With rage, but not with fear.
There's something hid 'neath Etna's snow
A fire within has he,
We feel the self same inward glow,
When panting to be free.

They have robbed me of my rifle,
My only means of bread ;
It seems to them a trifle
To give me stone instead ;
But I would not change with Ferdinand
My hut beside the sea,

For the palace of that tyrant
That persecutes the free.

No more the joyous dances,
Around our doors are seen;
No old Sicilian measures,
To sound of tambourine;
No songs of ancient freedom,
And freedom yet to be,
Of the Cyclops and the giants
Or the times when we were free.

But our feet now move no longer,
And our songs have died away;
We are fainting now with hunger,
We can only fast—and pray
That the days of good King Roger,
To our island in the sea,
May come again, as once of old,
When Sicily was free.

NOVEMBER RAMBLES.

BY W. SAUNDERS.

When early winter comes with its withering breath, few care for a stroll through woods and fields, for the trees are leafless, or nearly so, the flowers have faded, the gay butterflies have gone, and it would seem as if all beauty had departed. But it is not so. True, much that was lovely has disappeared, but much still remains to charm the eye and delight the mind. Even in November or December a midday walk through woods and fields, when the sun shines bright, will reward us with the sight of many things which will arouse both interest and admiration. Life does not meet us at every step, thrusting itself in our way as in the summer months, but it is there in every corner and nook.

In the shelter of a wooded ravine, if snow has not fallen, or on a sloping bank with a southern aspect, may be found several of our most beautiful ferns. The terminal shield fern (*Aspidium acrostichoides*) is one of our

hardiest species, and under favourable circumstances will live the winter through, spreading its rich green circle of tall lanceolate fronds half buried in dead and decaying leaves. A frond or two may occasionally be found with its *pinnæ* or leaflets from the top to a third of its length downwards all crumpled and deformed. These are the fruitful fronds. A closer inspection of the under side of the plant shows the pinnæ entirely covered with spore cases, little roundish dark coloured bodies filled with spores or seeds. The number of spores which a single frond will produce is truly astonishing. A frond of an English fern, the common Harts tongue (*Scolopendrium*), not nearly so large as some that grow with us, is estimated to yield annually the enormous number of *ten millions*. These spores, light as the air which bears them, are not fertilized as other seeds; for ferns do not flower, and they have not the sexual system of the higher orders of plants.*

The beautiful maiden hair (*Adiantum pedatum*) with its graceful aerial frond, sustained by a deep purple stem, must not be overlooked. Jack Frost plays sad havoc with this species, and it is only in spots very much sheltered that survivors may be found so late in the season; but another very pretty little fern (*Cystopteris fragilis*) almost as tender and delicate in appearance may still be seen in comparatively exposed situations.

The swampy recesses are bared of many of their beauties. The lovely orchids have passed away, and many of the ferns too are gone: the royal flowering fern (*Osmunda regalis*) is among the first to disappear, but there still linger, here and there under the shelter afforded by thickly grown cedars, scattered clumps of the cinnamon fern: (*Osmunda cinnamonea,*) although mere remnants of the gorgeous display of a few weeks since.

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* "An interesting experiment may be made to learn the growth of a fern, by simply shaking some ripe spores on a saucerful of fine mould, covering it with a bell-glass or tumbler and keeping it moist, warm, and shaded. In a short time a thin green film will spread over the soil, which, take up carefully on the point of a lancet and examine under the microscope. The little spore first becomes swollen, angular, and bursts, throwing out a fine rootlet which fixes in the soil and draws in nourishment. Then a number of delicate transparent cells are formed from the mother-cell in the spore, making a little green scale which, as it expands, throws out many fibres or rootlets on the under side. The wonderful part is, that this tiny green scale produces two kinds of cells, which fructify each other as do the stamens and pistil of flowering plants."

"One set of cells called *antheridia* contain most curious spiral filaments, which move spontaneously, and wheel round and round until the cell breaks, and they escape to enter into the other kind of cells, called *archegonia* or germ-cells, from which the real stem of the future fern is produced. This is difficult to watch, and it requires a power of 300 diameters to see these moving filaments called *antherozoides*; but the developement of the little fern is in itself worth seeing and mounting for the microscope in its several stages." (Objects for the microscope, L. Lane Clarke.)

In the early summer months the appearance of this plant is splendid, towering up as it frequently does to the height of four or five feet.

Here in this wood is an odd looking plant, a naked slender thing with stems which are never covered with leaves, but bear nothing more than small scales in their stead. It is called beech-drops (*Epiphegus virginiana*) and grows as a parasite on the roots of beech trees. In October the plant is full of life and vigor; the stems which have been hard and brittle the summer through are now tender and succulent, and shoot out many branches. The flowering season is scarcely over, but the flowers being small are not readily found. It bears the reputation of possessing medicinal virtues.

But what bush is this with its stems so thickly covered with bright yellow flowers? 'Tis the witch-hazel (*Hamamelis virginica*) and it has the odd habit of flowering immediately after it has cast its foliage; and at a time when almost every other plant is out of season. It rises from ten to fifteen feet in height, and is full of bloom and beauty when all else around is withered and dry. The blossoms are succeeded by a heavy crop of nut-like seeds which are not fully matured until the following summer.

Those scarlet berries which occasionally catch the eye as you walk through the thickly grown woods and almost startle you with the brightness of their color, are borne by a lovely little creeping plant called partridge-berry vine, (*Mitchella repens*) an evergreen very hardy and very pretty, and might be well worth cultivating on rock work. The sweetly scented wintergreen, (*Gaultheria procumbens*) also bears berries of a similar color.

Then there are the hardy mosses which everywhere strew our pathway with refreshing greenness in the midst of general decay, for now many of them attain their greatest beauty and perfection. The heat of summer shrivels their moist and delicate tissues, but they live and thrive in the coolness and damp of November. Among the most conspicuous of these is the hair cap moss, (*Polytrichum juniperarum*) so named because the spore case or seed vessel which grows on a long footstalk is covered by a hairy looking hood or cap. It is found chiefly on the margins of woods in exposed situations, and may be readily known by its sturdy growth; its thick stems being crowned with compact tufts of rigid leaves. Another very beautiful species (*Bryum roseum*) thrives in rich woods, growing on decaying logs, or at the base of trees; it has a compact and beautifully stellate cluster of serrated leaves, from the centre of which arises a reddish stem with a gracefully curved neck from which is supported a large pendulous spore-case. These spore-cases are in all the species covered by a cap or lid which serves to protect the spores, and prevent their being scattered before they arrive at maturity; but when fully grown, by a

wonderful arrangement the lid lifts gradually off and the winds soon scatter the spores to fructify elsewhere. The form of the spore-case and its cover, and the manner in which the lid is removed, differ in different families of mosses, and these differences are of great use in classification. Several species of *Hypnum* are in their prime and are objects of great beauty, but in such damp and shaded situations beauties of this sort crowd upon you at every step, the trees are hung with them, unsightly decaying logs are made beautiful by them, and the ground is covered with their delicate and modest forms.

Moss-like plants of larger growth are occasionally met with; some in the depth of the forest, others in sandy soils under clumps of pine, while others affect more exposed situations. These are called club-mosses, and range in height from two to ten or even twelve inches. They are beautifully green, perhaps not more so than in summer, but the universal decay around seems by contrast to heighten their appearance. One species grows with an erect, thick stem, single or forked, with widely spreading pointed leaves (*Lycopodium lucidulum*); another (*L. dendroideum*) somewhat resembling a small pine tree, has received the common name of the " Ground Pine," while a third has the stem branched into a fan-like form, with the branches covered with minute appressed leaves almost like scales. (*L. complanatum.*)

The lichens too are beautiful; how thickly they clothe the bare trunks and branches of the leafless trees. Almost every kind of tree has its own peculiar parasite; a few assuming minute arborescent forms, as some species of *Usnea*, others a circular growth like a widely expanded flower. (*Parmelia*). There is a pretty little lichen called *Cladonia floerkiana*, which richly clothes many decaying stumps in exposed situations; its minute fronds rise about an inch in height, are enlarged above and tipped with briliant red. In company with it may usually be found a closely allied species with its greyish green fronds terminated by little cup-like depressions.

Let us quickly turn over this decaying log. Here among the moist dead leaves we see specimens of *Podura*, hopping about like fleas in all directions. We have taken them by surprise, and alarmed, they hurriedly seek for shelter. These little creatures, which are of a whitish color, have their bodies covered with minute scales which appear of a very beautiful and complex structure when examined under a high power of the microscope. They seem to be always active; in early spring before the frost is fairly out of the ground they may be found, and indeed, in the same localities throughout the summer. They are difficult to catch, but when once taken will well repay attentive examination.

Adhering to the under side of this log is a *millepede*—a long cylindrical repulsive looking insect with an immense number of legs; it is coiled

up in the attitude of rest, in which state it remains during the day, and seeks its food at night, which consists chiefly of decaying vegetable substances. In the earlier periods of its history it has passed through several stages before arriving at maturity, whose curious progress has been studied by several eminent zoologists.

Insects which, until of late, have been numerous enough, have now to be sought for. Numbers have died after having deposited their eggs, and thus secured the continuance of their species; others have retired to their winter quarters; but many are still at large, crawling sluggishly along in search of food or shelter, hopping briskly about among the decaying leaves, or sporting in the sunshine. Among the latter are several species of gnats and other two-winged flies, creatures whose structure appear so delicate that one would fain imagine that the first chilly blast would end their joys forever. But they endure the early frosts much better than many others far more robust and sturdy in appearance. The larvæ of most of the gnats are aquatic in their habits, and the female insect displays a considerable amount of instinctive skill in the manner in which she deposits her eggs. She glues them together, one by one, into a boat-shaped mass, and leaves them to float on the surface of the water where the warmth of the sun in summer speedily hatches them. Probably these late comers deposit eggs which are not hatched until the spring. The eggs of insects, although covered with a comparatively delicate membrane, are enabled by some powerful vital principle within them, to bear exposure to intense cold without the liquid with which they are filled becoming frozen. Were it not for this power of resistance the eggs would freeze and burst, and thus in many cases entail the destruction of the species.

During the last days of October and early in November, there appears a race of very delicate looking moths, species of *Hybernia*, with wings so thin and gauze-like that one would think them ill fitted to endure the severe frosts common to this season of the year. But this is their regular time of appearing and it would seem as if a certain degree of cold was essential to their developement. Our commonest species is probably identical with the *Hybernia vernalis* described in Harris' work on "Insects injurious to vegetation," in Massachusetts, and is so named because it is found most abundant there in the early spring months. We have taken it in our own neighbourhood as late as the 25th of November, but have never yet found it in the spring. Its fore wings, which expand about an inch or rather more, are pale ash colored, crossed by whitish bands, the hind wings paler and more transparent. All those that we see on the wing are males, for the females have no wings, but are soft, odd-looking, spider-like creatures with long sprawling legs. The females, as soon as they escape from the the chrysalis, instinctively crawl towards

he nearest trees, and creep slowly up their trunks. They are soon discovered by the active winged males who, during the warmer portions of the day, are almost continually on the wing.

Another species of Hybernia is also common with us, it is the *H. tiliaria* of Harris. It is larger than the last mentioned, the wings expand to about one and three quarter inches. The fore wings are dull buff or yellowish, crossed by one or two wavy brown lines, and sprinkled with small brownish dots, the hind wings are much paler. It is a handsome moth with the antennæ or feelers large and feathered. The female of this species is also without wings, and is of a grayish color sprinkled with black dots. The caterpillar is about 1¼ to 1½ inches in length, and of a yellow color with black lines along the back. They eat voraciously and will feed on almost any tree, but, with us, appear to prefer the American horn beam (*Carpinus americana*) and thorn bushes (*Cratœgus*).

On removing portions of the loose bark from old and decaying trees, we meet with many species of beetles which have here taken up their winter quarters. Groups of ladybirds (*Coccinellidæ*) are frequently found numbering from 10 to 20 or 30 specimens huddled closely together, as if endeavouring to keep each other warm. Motionless, and apparently lifeless, they lie with their feelers and feet drawn under their wing cases. These insects are not seen associated in this way at any time during the summer; their habits are solitary; yet this grouping can scarcely be considered the result of accident, since the insects thus accumulated in any one spot, usually all, or nearly all, belong to the same species. Within a circumference of three or four miles we have collected in one season more than a hundred species of beetles alone, all in this state of torpor; and as different localities contain many different species, and every year some species are plentiful which are rare at other times, this probably is but a small proportion of the whole.

In swampy places, resting on the bark of trees in the crevices formed by the irregularities of its surface, may be found numbers of a strange looking beetle (*Ellychnia corrusca*). It is a soft bodied creature of a blackish-brown color, with a curious shield like thorax which overhangs the head. This thorax is striped on each side with red, and the sides of the body underneath are pink. When handled there exudes from them a small quantity of a yellowish liquid having a strong disagreeable odor, which they use as a means of defence against their enemies. They belong to the same family as the fire fly, and have the same nocturnal habits, becoming active only after dusk. The perfect insects pair in spring, soon after which they deposit their eggs and then die. The eggs are either placed in the earth, or fastened upon sprigs of moss or other plants. The larva or grub is carnivorous, feeding on snails and the young of other species; when full grown it enters the pupa or chrysalis state, from which it soon emerges a perfect beetle.

A beautiful scarlet beetle, (*Cucujus clavipes,*) is not uncommon under the bark of decaying trees. It is about half an inch in length; of a very flat form throughout, with the wing cases smooth. An allied species, (*Catogenus rufus,*) though much more rare, may also occasionally be found with it. In this latter the wing cases are ridged with numerous longitudinal lines, and its color is not so bright; points of difference which serve readily to distinguish it from the former. The larvæ of both live in the decaying wood of the trees about which you find them, and their habits are probably carnivorous.

Another very pretty beetle is now quite common which one rarely ever meets with in summer (*Thanasimus dubius*). It is frequently found in situations where but little shelter is afforded from the severity of the weather; yet it is seldom completely torpid, but in the coldest weather soon acquires the power of its limbs, and when captured uses them freely if a chance of escape offers itself It is nearly half an inch long, with the head and thorax red, and the wing cases black, crossed by two whitish bands somewhat silvery in appearance.

In fungi we may find several species; one very rough looking creature (*Boletophagus cornutus*) with its entire upper surface covered with rugged protuberances, and having a pair of formidable looking horns extending over the head. This is the male; the female is without horns. Another, about the size of a ladybird, and of a bright green color (*Oplocephala bicornis*), the males of which are also provided with a pair of horns, which in this case stand upright on the front of the head; many other smaller species may also be found in abundance. All these, with their larvæ, feed upon this decaying matter, and thus render good service by consuming what otherwise would soon become putrid and noxious. But this source is not nearly so prolific in species or in individuals now, as it was in the heat of summer; the loose cellular texture of the material does not probably afford sufficient protection from cold for most of the species who feed on it, hence they look for winter shelter elsewhere.

Many snout beetles (*Curculionidæ*) winter with us; odd looking creatures they are, with their long snouts bent under the thorax. They may often be found under the grass about the roots of trees, and they have a strange habit when alarmed of feigning death. This they do in summer also; drawing their legs up, they fall to the ground, where, lying quite still they are often passed by their enemies unnoticed. We have often been amused when approaching a bush, on which some of the larger species have been sunning themselves in the summer time, to see how quickly one by one they have dropped to the ground to avoid danger. To the microscopist this family of beetles is particularly interesting, since their elytra or wing cases form beautiful objects for examination. They are usually covered with small scales not unlike those of the butterflies,

which under reflected light show sometimes the most brilliant metallic colours.

Another locality not yet mentioned will be found very prolific in beetles. Under the clumps of moss that grow around the roots of trees many may be found. Numbers of *Carabidæ* here take refuge and some comparatively rare species may frequently be discovered amongst them. It is also a favourite place of winter resort for that beautiful little whitish coloured ladybird with a number of small black dots on its wing cases, (*Psyllobora* 20 *maculatæ*) groups of *Platydema* may also be found, with many other species still more minute.

But although beetles from their numbers necessarily claim a large share of attention they need not absorb all our notice, for insects belonging to other families are frequently met with. Many *Hymenopterous* or four winged flies hybernate; indeed a much greater number than one might at first suppose; some grasshoppers (*Locustidæ*), many bugs; (*Hemiptera*) a few *Homopterous* insects, and a number of the smaller *Dipterous* or two winged flies may be added to the list.

Occasionally while prying into holes and corners in search of other things, you meet with caterpillars. Here is one full grown, not however a very common species; it is about two inches long, black and bristly looking with red stripes between the segments or rings of the body, it is the caterpillar of a very pretty moth, which has we believe no common name; its scientific one is *Ecpantheria scribonia.* Up to a late period in the fall you find them feeding upon the wild sunflower, (*Helianthus decapetalus*) when the cold weather commences they retire to their hiding places, where they live through the winter without food; but when aroused from their torpor by the genial warmth of spring they feed for a day or two before entering the chrysalis state. In June a beautiful moth escapes from its prison-house, measuring about 2½ inches across the wings, with the anterior pair white with many black spots and ringlets, and the hind pair nearly wholly white. Its body is of a steel blue colour with a metallic lustre.

Another species—the caterpillar of one of our loveliest tiger moths—(*Arctia americana*) has a still more remarkable history. The female deposits her eggs late in July or early in August, when the young brood soon hatches. They grow slowly until they attain to about half an inch in length when they will eat no more for the season, not even the choicest food you could furnish them with; they usually reach this size by the latter end of September, and although we may have much fine weather after that, they usually remain inactive, and nothing will induce them to endeavour to increase their stature. Up to this period they have lived in company, numbers of them having fed on the same leaf; but now they dissolve partnership, each one taking care of himself; and

selecting suitable hiding-places they stow themselves away until spring, when with returning vegetation their appetites grow keen and they soon complete their growth ; passing afterwards into the chrysalis state and appearing as moths in July.

Thus it is seen that in whatever way it is intended for insects to pass the winter, due provision is made for their preservation. If in the egg state, the eggs are usually protected by a coating of gum or varnish which is impervious to moisture, and also serves the purpose of a secure attachment to the place on which they have been deposited, in the selection of which the parent always has an eye to an abundant supply of food within easy reach of the future offspring ; the egg has also the power of preserving its vitality uninjured, in the extremest cold.—If in the larva or caterpillar state, they know when to eat and when to leave off eating, when and where to find proper shelter—if in the chrysalis state, the same instinct of self preservation is shown by the care with which the caterpillar selects a place in which the transformation is to take place—and finally, if in the perfect state similar instincts guide them.

CLAIRE MEADOWSWEET,

OR SELF-RELIANCE.

"Claire—Claire Meadowsweet; Good Morning!" The pretty, singular name caught my fancy, and I turned to see if it were appropriately bestowed—if the owner were fair, simple and youthful, as I thought in virtue of her cognomen she ought to be.

Two ladies were standing at an adjoining counter in the shop where I was making some trifling purchase. The one was a fair saxon-looking girl with large limpid blue eyes, a soft bloom upon her rounded cheeks, and a quantity of pale brown hair arranged in open braids. Her companion was of medium height, not stout nor slender; compactly built, and sufficiently plump. She was dressed in mourning ; her face was serious, sensible, and full of earnest purpose, but it was the face of one who had seen trouble. Without being actually pretty it was *good* to look upon a face that conveyed the impression of a well-balanced, upright, self-reliant character. The eyes were quiet and clear, the mouth gentle but firm, the complexion more pale than brilliant, the hair dark brown, and gathered into a simple net, under a plain straw hat.

Had I not learned from the conversation which followed that the grave young lady was Claire Meadowsweet, and her companion some "Mary," apparently a friend of her's, I should, unhesitatingly, have linked the pretty and somewhat romantic appellation with the fair hair and blue eyes.

I was a stranger in Cedarslie, having come there on a visit to an aunt only two days previously. That morning, wanting a skein of wool to complete my work, I set out to procure it, leaving aunt Agnes at home, busy with domestic matters.

When I returned almost my first question was: "Aunt, who is Claire Meadowsweet?" for despite the superior prettiness of Saxon Mary, something in Miss Meadowsweet's countenance as well as her name had interested me.

Aunt Agnes looked up from the pudding she was mixing. "Claire Meadowsweet!—she's a character—a remarkable character, I ought to say. There is quite a history in connection with her; I'll tell you all about it when I get through my house-keeping. How did you come to ask—you have never heard of her?"

No, but I saw her a few moments since making purchases—she and another lady were together; and I proceeded to describe Miss Meadowsweet's companion, and learned that her surname was Young, and that she was the eldest daughter of the principal physician of the place.

It was indeed quite a history; Miss Meadowsweet's life, as told me that afternoon by Aunt Agnes. From her twelfth to her twentieth year, the confidential friend, adviser, companion and housekeeper of her father, her existence had flowed smoothly on in a busy but unimpeded course. Sole mistress and manager of her father's household, for Mrs. Meadowsweet had died when Claire was but a few years old, untroubled by separate or opposing interests, fondly loved, and, as years developed the rectitude of her principles and the steadiness of her character, no less respected by her father, who was accustomed to consult her on every matter, whether trivial or important, her life from childhood to womanhood had been singularly happy and contented. It came upon her then like a sudden and teribble blow in the dark, wholly unexpected, and stunning in its force, the announcement which Mr. Meadowsweet made one morning just before starting for his office, that in four days from that time he was going to be married to Mrs. Levisson of Q——, an adjoining town, and would Claire be first bridesmaid? It was Mrs. L.'s most earnest wish, and she had deputed him to give her love to Claire and make the request. Claire heard him in perfect silence. It had cost him a great effort to tell the news; he had put it off till the last moment, and then had assumed an air of nonchalance he was far from

feeling. If she had reproached him, or reasoned against the step, or had even had recourse to the, with her, unusual, expedient of tears, he would have been prepared; but her silence disconcerted him more than anything she could do.

He went hurriedly on, saying how Claire had always been to him all that it was in the power of a daughter to be—no one had ever more comfort in a child. But he was growing an old man now—she might be leaving him some of these days. He could never love any one as he had loved her mother, but often, especially of late, he had felt the want of that closer intimacy that only a wife could supply. Mrs. Levisson was so sweet, so amiable, so gentle, and she would never interfere with Claire's house-keeping or anything of that sort; she had said herself that she would not for the world usurp Claire's authority. She would be more like a friend and companion than a step-mother. He felt sure they would all be very happy and get on well together.

Sick at heart, too wretched for words, Claire listened like one in a waking dream, and again he paused for an answer, nervously tapping the table with his glove.

At length she spoke: "If it be your wish that I should be bridesmaid, Papa, I will."

This was all. She felt herself how cold and unnatural the words sounded. She would gladly, even though condemning the step, have expressed a hope that it might be for his happiness, but she could not, the shock was too sudden and too great.

The house was put in order from garret to cellar. Claire went about superintending and assisting. The servants, to whom she had herself announced the approaching event, wondered at her taking matters so coolly; they were not well pleased at the prospect of a new mistress and additional duties.

The wedding was a gay one. All Mrs. Levisson's acquaintances, legion by name, were invited. The church was decked with evergreens and flowers, at whose suggestion no one seemed to know, the bride glistened in pearly silk, and blushed under a cloud of real brussels. How she had procured it and the other articles of an unusually fashionable and expensive *trousseau* was a mystery to many of her friends, as it was a well-known fact that since her widowhood she had subsisted entirely on the charity of her husband's relations, none of whom were very wealthy. Despite, however, these apparent checks to the indulgence of her taste in dress, Mrs. L. had always contrived to appear in the very height of the mode, and her costume on the occasion of her marriage was no exception to her general practice.

Claire received her elaborate embraces and eager welcome politely, but without reciprocal warmth. She blamed herself for her coldness,

but it was her only refuge from the public exhibition of the sorrow and bitter misgivings that filled her mind. Mrs. Levisson and she were not quite strangers to each other. Casually they had met some half dozen times, and though the former had been all sweetness and urbanity and gentle grace, and not a suspicion that they should one day be connected had then crossed the latter's mind, an unaccountable prejudice and aversion to the fair, soft-seeming widow had from the first possessed Miss Meadowsweet. Honourable and high principled and with sound judgment and penetrative powers unusual in one so young, and partly the result of early self-reliance, Claire read the widow's character at a glance. She saw underneath the soft deceptive smiles, the fawning manner, the lute-like voice, the indiscriminately bestowed endearing words and melting glances, that passed current with the world at large, a cruel, deceitful heart, a cold, pitiless and purely selfish nature that would suffer no sacrifice of another to stand in the way ot its own gratification.

Was this the woman who should succeed her mother—that should henceforth be nearest to her father's heart—that should take her place as the future inmate of *their* home; to whom duty would reqnire that Claire should render at least outward respect and obedience?

She had been very kind and gracious that morning of the wedding, had begged Claire to love her, and assured her with tears in her soft blue eyes that all she desired was to make her and her own dear Charles happy. *Her* own dear Charles—how the words grated on the daughter's ears.

When Mr. Meadowsweet brought his bride home after their wedding tour, he missed one object upon which for years he had been accustomed to look. The portrait of his first wife which had always hung over the dining room mantel, was removed, and its place left vacant. The room had been freshly papered, so that the blank looked bright and new, and when he turned inquiringly to Claire, she merely said in a low voice, "I have taken it to my own room—I thought it would be better there now."

It soon became evident that Mrs. Meadowsweet intended to lead a gay life. She did not seem in the slightest degree disposed to question Claire's right to her office of housekeeper, but was rather pleased that the duties should not devolve upon herself. The social custom prevalent throughout Canada for the ladies of the household to remain at home on the first day of the new year, and receive the visits of their gentlemen acquaintances, who call to pay them the usual friendly compliments of the season, had long been observed in Cedarslie; but the maids and matrons of the place, many of whom were in circumstances to sanction a more expensive display, had it been necessary, had never provided for their visitors any entertainment but the ordinary one of their own agreeable society and the invariable accompaniment of cake

and wine or coffee. It therefore excited no little astonishment when as guest after guest drew up before the door of Mr. Meadowsweet's house, he was ushered into rooms from which every ray of day-light was carefully excluded, and where only the soft and lovely light of lamps was admitted.

The fair bride, radiant in smiles, magnificent in silk, glittering in jewelry, received her visitors with winning grace. and invited them to a banquet the like of which had never been seen in Cedarslie.

Fruits from afar, rare and costly, exquisite flowers, shedding delicious odors on the air, viands that might have tempted an anchorite, wines that sparkled like distilled jewels, met the sight and gratified the palates of the wondering guests. And the hostess, so fair, so affable, so bewitchingly gracious; scarce a gentleman in Cedarslie but thought Mr. Meadowsweet a happy man that day, while Claire, unusually sombre in her dress, unusually serious in her manner, with a look almost of care on her face, formed a striking contrast to the beautiful woman at whose side she sat.

The New Year's entertainment was but the beginning of the gaiety that henceforth was to rule in the Meadowsweet mansion. Mr. Meadowsweet was fully fifty years of age when he brought home his bride; what was the number of her years, no one could tell. She looked as if she might be the junior of the grave and silent girl, who, in proportion as the mirth of her step-mother increased, grew daily more reserved and thoughtful. "Every day," said my aunt, "it seemed to me that Mrs. Meadowsweet grew younger and lighter hearted, and Claire more anxious, old and subdued. I had known her from her infancy, had been her mother's early friend, and it grieved me to notice the change in her. She rarely spoke of her step-mother unless compelled to do so, and then it was with the respect due to her father's wife. When they appeared together Mrs. Meadowsweet was all smiles and love and caresses to her '*dearest Claire*;' but the 'dearest Claire' neither repelled nor invited her attentions. She suffered them, received them politely, but gave none back. As for Mr. Meadowsweet, he seemed fairly captivated by his wife; he doted on her with a fondness almost imbecile: no demand of hers was too unreasonable to gratify, no whim too childish. He was not a rich man. The government office which he held brought him in an income which, with his small family, might have, and hitherto had been, enough for perfect comfort and respectability, and he had been in the yearly habit of setting aside a certain sum for a "rainy day." But soon rumor had it that this hoard was no longer sacred, that little by little it was diminishing. The gay wife must have her parties, her costly dresses, her pretty ponies, her luxurious carriage, her thousand elegant trifles; and the bank was visited more frequently by Mr. Meadow-

sweet, and Claire's brow grew more cloudy, her dress plainer, and her indulgences fewer. She was fond of reading, and out of her own pocket money subscribed for many of the standard Reviews and periodicals of the day, but one by one she discontinued these. One by one her little outlays ceased. Two or three times when I had dropped into Mr. Meadowsweet's of a morning, and had asked for Claire, I found her in her own room with a troubled, perplexed face, poring over account books, while her step-mother was taking an airing in her pretty carriage, or entertaining visitors in the drawing-room. I have no doubt now that the greater part of the money allotted to Claire for her private use went towards the daily increasing expenses of the family. She had never before made her own dresses, but at this period she began to do so, and soon ceased to give out work of any sort.

One night there was a brilliant party at Mr. Meadowsweet's. The fair queen of the *fête* received her guests standing under a magnificent chandelier, a recent purchase. She was dressed in blue silk, worked in silver cord. Her neck and arms white, and soft as wax, were bare, except for falls of delicate lace, and in her shining yellow hair a single creamy rose nestled amid bright green leaves.

I was observing her closely; an admiring group had gathered round her, with whom she was speaking of the contents of a note received half an hour previously. Mrs. Lennox, one of the ladies invited, had sent to request permission to bring a friend who had arrived in the evening train. The permission was of course given, and some laughing surmises as to the age and sex of the unknown addition to her party were passing among the hostess and her guests.

While they were talking, Mrs. Lennox, her husband, and another gentleman entered the room. Mrs Meadowsweet's face was towards the door, her smiling eyes turned upon the advancing trio. As they came slowly towards her, her glance, politely curious, rested on the stranger. Suddenly, in an instant her face changed, she grew white as death, to her very lips; her brow contracted with an expression of sharp agony, and she pressed her hands tightly upon her bosom and uttered a low, half stifled cry of suffering. In a moment every one had pressed around her, alarmed and horrified; but almost before we could speak she had recovered her self-possession. "It is one of those dreadful spasms," she said, speaking slowly and like one under strong restraint. "I used to have them long ago, but I thought I had got over them now; it is such a time since they have troubled me." She drew a long gasping breath and then broke into a light laugh—"You all look frightened to death, it is well Mr. Meadowsweet is in the other room; he would fancy I were dying, and it is quite over now—I am perfectly recovered."

All had passed so quickly that Mrs. Lennox and her companions had but just reached Mrs. Meadowsweet as the latter stopped speaking.

The hostess greeted them with even more than her accustomed cordiality, and as Mrs. L. was about to introduce the stranger, interrupted her with a smile so bright and beaming that one could scarcely believe that the countenance now so irradiated had a moment before been convulsed with agony. "It is not necessary my dear Mrs. Lennox, Mr. Mortimer and I are old friends, we have often met, and I am very glad indeed to welcome him to my house. Claire dearest," and she motioned to Claire who was passing, "Let me make you acquainted with my friend Mr. Mortimer—Mr. Mortimer, my daughter, Miss Meadowsweet."

Only surprise was visible in the singularly frank and open countenance of Mr. Mortimer—no deeper emotion. "I recollect now," said he, "It was very stupid not to do so at once. I saw your marriage in the papers at the time, but I did not think it was here you lived, and not expecting to meet an acquaintance in my hostess, I was puzzled for the moment."

That night Mrs. Meadowsweet was the gayest of the gay. Her husband's eyes followed her wherever she went with a rapturous admiration which he tried in vain to conceal She invariably made a great show of her affection for him, but on that occasion she surpassed herself. She would glide towards him, when released from her partners in the dance, sit down by his side, lay her hand in his and look up into his face with confiding tenderness. Every one said how they loved each other—Mr. Mortimer among the number. Indeed he had ample opportunity of observing their affection, for when he was near, it seemed as if they, she at least, redoubled her caresses.

It was a nine days' wonder when it became known in Cedarslie that, on the night of the party, Mr. Mortimer had fallen violently in love with Claire Meadowsweet.

By tacit consent every one seemed to have agreed that Claire was to be an old maid. She was grave and sensible and never encouraged nonsense, nor flirted, nor did anything silly ; so as gentlemen are complimentarily supposed to be deterred from tender advances by the existence of the above named characteristics, it was almost unanimously settled by the *lad i es* Cedarslie that Claire Meadowsweet should descend into her grave in single blessedness.

Notwithstanding Mrs. Meadowsweet's beauty and popularity her extravagance was generally censured. Even those who attended her parties and admired her elegant furniture and costly dress, acknowledged them unsuited to her husband's circumstances. It was generally conceded, though no hint to that effect had escaped from Claire herself, ev e to her best known friends, that Miss Meadowsweet discountenanced her stepmother's course, and endeavoured by her own personal economy to supply the deficit caused by Mrs. Meadowsweet's continual demand.

By and by it began to creep out that Claire's life at home was less happy than it had been, that Mrs. Meadowsweet was not quite the angel she appeared. Her influence over her husband was unbounded, and although before the world her caresses and endearments were still as freely lavished upon the unreciprocating Claire, still it was said that they were insincere, and that in reality there was little love lost between the stepmother and daughter. The whole burden of the house rested on Claire's shoulders; the enjoyment was Mrs. Meadowseet's, the labour of providing it Claire's. She it was who prepared for the dinners, luncheons and supper at which her step mother so gracefully presided. From her childhood, accustomed to the charge of her father's household, she had taken a pride and pleasure in herself performing domestic duties which many another similarly circumstanced would have left to the care of servants. The delicate cakes and pastry, the snowy biscuits and transparent sweetmeats that appeared on Mr. Meadowsweet's table were all made by his daughter's hands.

When there were but two to provide for, and whatever pleased Claire was sure to be acceptable to her father, the task was a light and pleasant one. But now the case was different; something new and tempting must daily be designed for the fastidious palate of the new mistress of the house; and the style which she insisted on introducing, the number and elaborateness of the entertainments she gave, and the continual attentions her demands required, were a severe and incessant tax on Claire's time and patience.

ON CONVERSATION.

BY JOHN READE.

PART II.

Most lawyers are fluent talkers, but their talk is often merely professional: beyond this pale they are dumb. I might say the same of merchants, members of parliament, editors, literary men, soldiers, sailors, teachers of all classes, farmers, tradesmen, &c. Each of them is "*addictus jurare in verba magistri,*" bound to speak in the language of his craft—a cruel, self-imposed tyranny. In all of these, though both you, my reader, and I can recall honorable exceptions—men of liberality and

intelligence, in almost every department of life, from whom the love of gold and the love of power had not taken away the love of free manhood; whose minds would not wear the chain of *any* craft, till their very speech was fettered; who could leave the jargon of office behind them, and wander freely over all the domains of art and nature—their tongues being to their minds willing servants. Would that there were many such! Even the greatest men, men unquestionably great in some respects, have been forced to lie under this professional incubus, unable to shake it off. The purport of a letter of the Duke of Wellington to his Adjutant General was briefly expressed thus:—"Singing of psalms *in the abstract* innocent." The Duke often sang psalms himself, and thought this devotional exercise "in the abstract innocent;" but in point of military discipline, in the Peninsula, it was a different thing.

A man's conversational powers cannot be exerted to the same degree, or with the same effect, at all times. I read an anecdote which will exemplify this very well, not long since, in a lecture—one of a volume of lectures published by Bishop Fulford. I had the pleasure of hearing the lecture delivered, but had forgotten the anecdote; and as I should only mutilate it by quoting it partially, I will take the liberty of giving the whole in his Lordship's own words:—

"The late Mr. Canning, besides his great reputation as a statesman and parliamentary orator of the highest class, was one of the most agreeable companions, remarkable for his brilliant powers of conversation and lively play of wit at all times; and an anecdote concerning him, which I will tell you, will show how it will chance at times that people do suffer such great disappointments when invited to meet those whose conversation may reasonably have been expected to be most instructive and entertaining. A gentleman under an engagement to dine with a friend in London, called on him to say that he hoped he would let him off as for that very day he had since received an invitation to dine at the India House, where he should meet Mr. Canning, who was then President of the Board of Control. His friend readily admitted the force of his plea, and agreed to let him off but on one condition, viz., that he should call on him the next morning and relate to him some of the brilliant and witty sayings which Mr. Canning had given utterance to during the evening. Accordingly he went to the dinner, and in due time came to his friend to fulfil his promise. "Well," said his friend, "I am delighted to see you. What a fortunate man you have been! But, come now, sit down and tell me all about it. What did Mr. Canning say?" "Well," said he, "to the best of my recollection the only observation I heard him make that I can retail to you was to this effect:—Speaking to the gentleman who was sitting next to him, he said, 'General, I believe the elephants on the Island of Ceylon are larger than those on the Continent.'"

This sort of disappointment, all, no doubt, whose fortune it has been to meet once or twice in their lives with personages in any way distinguished, must have experienced. It is certainly natural to expect that the man who has excited our admiration in a public capacity, will elicit this feeling in our personal intercourse with him, at least to a greater degree than one whose name has never been heard beyond the little circle of his friends. Here, as in many cases, "distance lends enchantment to the view." I heard a man once say that he would give a good sum (I forget how much) to see Charles Dickens. Perhaps he would have given double the sum afterwards, if he had only seen "Boz." The fact is that these "great expectations" generally entertained of public men are often a source of annoyance to the subjects of them. A man can hardly be his best self when he is watched like a lion in a menagerie, when, perhaps, half a dozen news hunters are noting down "his words, his wit, his worth, his action, utterance, and power of speech." At least not many can be so. A man has thrilled you with his eloquence—you expect to be charmed by every word he utters; a man has written a beautiful poem—you expect his common speech to "move harmonions numbers;" a man has done a brave deed—you look for a Hercules or a Hector, with a voice like Homer's Mars. Ah! if we saw all our heroes I am afraid some of us would think less of them—not the wisest among us, I hope. Let us be thankful that we can claim brotherhood with better, greater than ourselves, and rest contented that

> "They give the people of their best;
> The worst they keep, the best they give."

Kings, statesmen, philosophers, poets, warriors, are, with all their greatness, but men. It was the same David that slew Goliath, that loved Michal and Jonathan, that wrote the Psalms, that wept over Absalom. I have digressed slightly from my main subject for the purpose of shewing that conversational excellence is not to be expected (except in those rare cases where it is a gift of nature) from those who have given the subject no attention, however eminent in other respects, any more than the kindred arts of music, poetry, and painting. Great men in this are only common men.

My reader, just recall to mind the "conversations" that you have taken part in since your thoughts first assumed the "toga" verbal of maturity. Set down on the one side those that were useful, honourable, calculated to do speakers and hearers moral and mental good, and on the other side those that were trifling, mischievous, good for neither head nor heart, and see if the result meet with the approval of conscience. Think of the hours, the days, aye, the years that have been *lost* out of your

little term of life by the frivolous chit-chat and gossip and small talk, which (though the tyrant "Society" approve of it) is far from being the object of God's noblest, most distinctive gift to man. Think of the moments when, if your *talent* of conversation had undergone that *natural* improvement that God intends all our talents should undergo, it might have been to some, to many, the choicest blessing that comes from heaven.

I do not think this unnecessarily serious, nor that I have over-rated the importance of my subject. Reader, I appeal to you again. Listen to the conversation of the promenade, of the ball-room, of the tea-party, (I might go farther but I will not), and ask yourself, "Is all this as it should be?" Look at the tricks that are used to make ceremonial intercourse even bearable. Just listen to that meteorological discourse, as if "Jupiter Pluvius" were the dearest old fellow in the world to talk about. Hear that glib critique about a book of which the leaves *may* be just cut; and that smiling insinuation about an absent *friend* (poor thing!); and the children (little dears!); and the bonnets and shawls; and the latest *bulletins* of the three great epochs of human sorrow and——. But I need not tire myself and you.

And then the evening parties to which Terpsichore has not been invited, and where a sort of indoor Olympia has been established. What shall we say of these? Woe betide me! when I forget the happy hours of some of them!

> "The pleasant hours that swiftly flew,
> The friends whose kindness made them fleet,
> The words that were as music sweet,
> The acts that showed those words were true."

But how often, when the games are all played and the pianist is tired, and the friendly gathering has become a gathering of "friends," and it seems as if Tacita had offered a prize to her most faithful votary, would a happy general conversation on any subject of interest, where each might give an opinion, keep the recreant jaws from showing that they were tired of their good hostess's hospitality.

Oh, at such times, how often have I envied the old Athenians, those practised conversationalists, whose tongues were ever ready to pour forth the treasures of their choice Attic speech, on all subjects—as far as they knew who worshipped an "Unknown God." How often have I thought of that sage, hero, martyr, that lover of wisdom and hater of sham, who went from house to house, from street to street, conversing in his simple truthfulness with the keenest and subtlest of listeners; or, stretched beneath the palm-trees, on the banks of the Ilissus, heard and spake words that we are still glad to repeat. And infinitely higher than he, I have

thought with reverence of Him who "went about doing good;" who spake "the words of life," whose blessed feet carried glad tidings wherever he went, whose voice was heard at Cana's wedding-feast, heard in the sweetest of invitations, "Suffer little children to come unto me," heard in the house of mourning, at the lonely hearth of his beloved Mary, and which "spake," on all occasions, "as never man spake." He whom his dearest disciples called The Word left us an example of the importance of conversation.

My reader, though I have not nearly said all I intended to say, I must now conclude. I have ventured to call attention to what I consider a deficiency in our public education and in our private training. If I have succeeded in doing so, my object in writing this paper is gained; if I have said anything that I ought not to have said, my earnestness will be my plea; if I have done no good, I will hope that I have done no harm.*

REVIEWS.

A Popular History of Ireland from the Earliest Period to the Emancipation of the Catholics. By Thomas D'Arcy McGee, B.C.L. Vols. I, and II. New York: D. & J. Sadlier & Co. Toronto: Wm. Palmer. 1863.

VOLUME II.

During the reign of Elizabeth, the history of Ireland viewed and described from a Roman Catholic stand-point necessarily invests some prominent characters with honour, which the earnest Protestant regards with dislike if not with disgust. It is true that the Reformed Religion was thrust upon Ireland with no tolerant or merciful rule, and in strict accordance with the harsh spirit of those turbulent times. But as a set off and perhaps a strong inducement to the religious persecutions of the Catholics, it must be remembered that the kings of Spain and the sovereign pontiffs projected and gave powerful assistance to numerous insurrections in Ireland, which culminated in the destruction of the "Invincible Armada," and declined for a time with the second mad attempt of Philip; against whom not man only, but the elements warred with fearful and most destructive effect.

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* In a book written by Mrs. Ellis, entitled "Women of England," there are two excellent chapters on this subject. Every lady should have a copy, and should read it. J. R.

Religion and learning in Ireland, during the seventeenth century, can boast of several time-honoured names. Archbishop Usher has left a reputation which centuries will not efface. Wadding was sent by the king of Spain to maintain the thesis of the Immaculate Conception at Rome, and subsequently was intrusted by the Pope to report upon the propositions of Jansenius.

"The Annals of the Four Masters," is the master piece of the Gælic literature of that age. These annals extend to the year 1616, the time of the compilers, and they include all the manuscripts of Irish antiquity which the authors could gather or borrow. The New Testament was translated into Gælic and published in Dublin in 1603, and in the year 1688 a translation of the Old Testament was made for Bishop Bedell by the Gælic scholars of Meath and Cavan. With the exception of a few state papers, of Hiberno-English Literature, there was none before the seventeenth century.

The battle of the Boyne is thus described by Mr. McGee :—"On the last day of June the hostile forces confronted each other at the Boyne. The gentle, legendary river, wreathed in all the glory of its abundant foliage, was startled with the cannonade from the northern bank, which continued through the long summer's evening, and woke the early echoes of the morrow. WILLIAM, strong in his veteran ranks, welcomed the battle ; JAMES, strong in his defensive position, and the goodness of his cause, awaited it with confidence. On the northern bank, near to the ford of Oldbridge, William with his chief officers, breakfasting on the turf, nearly lost his life from a sudden discharge of cannon ; but he was quickly in the saddle, at all points reviewing his army. James, on the hill of Donore, looked down on his devoted defenders, through whose ranks rode Tyrconnell, lame and ill, the youthful Berwick, the adventurous Lauzan, and the beloved Sarsfield—everywhere received with cordial acclamations. The battle commenced at the Ford of Oldbridge, between Sir Neil O'Neil and the younger Schomberg ; O'Neil fell mortally wounded, and the ford was forced. By this ford, William ordered his centre to advance under the elder Schomberg, as the hour of noon approached, while he himself moved with the left across the river, nearer to Drogheda. Lauzan with Sarsfield's horse, dreading to be outflanked, had galloped to guard the bridge of Slane four miles higher up the stream, where alone a flank movement was possible. The battle was now transferred from the gunners to the swordsmen and pikemen—from the banks to the fords and borders of the river. William on the extreme left, swam his horse across in imminent danger ; Schomberg and Callemotte fell in the centre, mortally wounded. News was brought to William that Dr. Walker—recently appointed to the see of Derry—had also fallen. 'What brought him there?' was the natural comment of the soldier prince. After seven hours fighting the Irish fell back on Duleek in good order. The assailants admitted five hundred killed, and as many wounded ; the defenders were said to have lost from one thousand to fifteen hundred men—less than at Newtown-Butler. The carnage compared with some great battles was inconsiderable, but the political consequences were momentous. The next day, the garrison of Drogheda, one thousand three hundred strong, surrendered ; in another week, William was in Dublin, and James, terrified by the reports which had reached him, was *en route* for France. It is hardly

an exaggeration to say, that the fate of Europe was decided by the battle of the Boyne."

The revolutionary war cost the English £10,000,000 sterling, and with the other wars of the reign, laid the foundation of the National debt. The loss of life was estimated at 100,000. The vanquished won from the conquerors the reputation of being "one of the most warlike of nations."

Swift was a great rock defence against injustice and proscription. His life was spent in the promotion of civil and religious freedom, commerce, and self-reliance, and economy among the poorer classes. In his time and in his position with a cassock "entangling his course," what more could be expected of him?

The changes which led to the Legislative Union between England and Ireland are painfully described by Mr. McGee. From his particular point of view it reveals a shocking system of fraud, corruption, and abuse; but the facts of the case, in which a vast majority of the Irish parliament were admittedly purchased, selling their country for filthy lucre, speak volumes in favour of the necessity of the transfer, and the low price at which independence was held by the representatives of the people.

Of Curran and Grattan he writes eloquently and well: "The genius of patriotic resistance which seemed to have withdrawn from the Island with Grattan's secession from parliament now reappeared in the last place where it might have been expected—in those Courts of death, rather than of justice—before those predetermined juries, beside the hopeless inmates of the crowded dock, personified in the person of Curran. Often at midnight, amid the clash of arms, his wonderful pleadings were delivered; sometimes as in Dublin when the court rooms adjoined the prisons, the condemned or the confined could hear, in their cells, his piercing accents breaking the stillness of the early morning, pleading for justice and mercy—pleading always with superhuman perseverance, but almost always in vain. Neither menaces of arrest, nor threats of assassination, had power to intimidate that all-daring spirit; nor, it may be safely said, can the whole library of human history present us a form of heroism superior in kind or degree to that which this illustrious advocate exhibited during nearly two years, when he went forth daily, with his life in his hand, in the holy hope to snatch some human victim from the clutch of the destroyer thirsting for his blood."

Theobald Wolfe Tone rendered his name famous among those who attempted time and again to organize rebellious alliances against England. The death of the founder of the "United Irishmen" was from his own hand, and with that horror with which all properly constituted minds regard the suicide; the historian tells us that, "that fatal final act must always stand between Wolfe Tone and the Christian people for whom he suffered, sternly forbidding them to invoke him in their prayers, or to uphold him as an example to the young men of their country." Of the United Irishmen as a body of public men, many will be disposed to disagree with Mr. McGee in his laudatory comment on their personal and political virtues; "the world has never seen a more sincere or more self-sacrificing generation." Robert Emmett of whom Moore said that he would place him among "the highest of the few" who combined in "the greatest degree, pure moral worth, with intel-

lectual power," is described as one who "snatched at immortal fame, and obtained it, in the very agony of a public, but not for him, a shameful death."

After the lapse of considerably more than half a century, we can calmly reflect on the characters of those who, on the one hand must be considered as rebels, on the other as patriots, and we can only lament that the excessive hardships of those times, should have consigned to a felon's cell and a shameful death, so many bright spirits in the hey-day of youth, and for the sake of what they believed to be a patriot's noblest cause. Those times are past, and with them the cause of the religious and political troubles which deluged the country in blood, and created heart-burnings and a bitterness of spirit which happily has passed from the revengeful recollection of the majority of the Irish people. And in this spirit Mr. McGee closes his able, impartial, and most attractive popular history of Ireland, deriving his inspiration from the sword of Bishop Walker, who fell at the Boyne, which for many long years had braved upon the ramparts of Derry, both wintry storms and summer rains, but which fell from the marble grasp of the warlike churchman's effigy on the day the royal signature was given to the Act of Emancipation." So, we may now say, *without bitterness, and almost without reproach*, so may fall and shiver to pieces, every code, in every land beneath the sun, which impiously attempts to shackle conscience, or endows an exclusive caste with the rights, and franchises which belong to an entire People."

Report of the Board of Inspectors of Asylums, Prisons, &c., for the year 1862. Hunter, Rose & Co., Quebec.

In a paper on "the Life-boat and its Work," by Sir David Brewster, published in the October number of Good Words, that distinguished philosopher says, "One of the noblest characteristics of modern civilization is its sympathy with human life, whether lavished on the battle-field, or doomed to the scaffold, or sacrificed on the altar of daily duty, or perilled under the countless ills, 'which flesh is heir to.' In the various forms under which the dread enemy grapples with his prey, he often warns us to make ready for the change. Even amid the hazards of war, the hero is hardly taken by surprise, and during the scourge of pestilence and famine, the lingering spirit has time to bequeath a blessing, or to breathe a prayer; but in the perils of the sea, when the life-freighted vessel founders in mid-ocean, or is dashed upon the reef, or wrecked upon the shore, the interests of the future disappear in the terrors of the present; the cry for help from man is louder and more earnest than that for mercy from heaven, and while the body perishes in the wild embrace of the waves, the soul is hurried unshriven to its eternal home.

"This peculiar phase of sudden death has impressed itself upon the Christian philanthropist and called forth his noblest efforts. If the prayer of faith cannot make its appeal amid the discord of cracking timbers, and rending canvas, and despairing cries, the beacon lights may be made to shine from

every headland; the Life-boat may be ready to be plunged into the gulf of waters, and the rope of mercy to be thrown over the sinking ark, to rescue the mass of life which stands imploring upon its deck, or clings convulsively to its floating spars."

If it be considered one of the highest and holiest duties to save the life we so highly prize, should it not be an equal duty to save, through the mercy of God, the living soul from destruction, especially when that soul is incapable of taking care of itself, either through physical or mental ailments, vicious parental examples, or the world's cruel neglect?

The deaf, the dumb, and the blind, the insane, juvenile offenders, and the children of the homeless poor, above all other helpless objects, have a claim on our warmest sympathies.

If we and our energies are roused to the rescue of the drowning man from his prospective doom, should we not with equal eagerness endeavour to shelter the young of both sexes from crime, vice and ultimate ruin?

The Juvenile Reformatory Act has worked admirably in England; In 1856, 11,808 English and Welsh boys were committed; in 1860 the number had diminished to 6,865; in 1856 the committals of English and Welsh girls were 2,308; in 1860 they were 1,269; in both cases showing a reduction of nearly one half, in the short space of five years, and it is to be well observed that the commencement of this decrease, has generally been contemporaneous with the commencement of reformatory action.

For a long period, year by year, the number of criminals have been steadily diminishing in English prisons, until that number which in 1850 was 10,967, has dwindled in 1861 to 2,488.

In the Report of our Provincial Board of Inspectors favourable testimony is given regarding the Reformatory Prison of St. Vincent de Paul for Lower Canada, and that at Penetanguishene for Upper Canada. At the close of 1862 there were 56 youthful inmates in the former and 99 in the latter.

The practical working of these Reformatories is admirable, they are instruments for reclaiming youths from crime and shame, and yet they are wholly incapable of meeting the urgent demands upon their space. It is now a well established fact that the incarceration of boys and girls under 16 years old in common jails for any length of time, tends to familiarize them with vice in its worst forms, and ultimately to convert them into hardened criminals. There were at the close of 1862 no less than 438 young persons under the age of 16, inmates of the common jails. The two reformatories being filled with the 194 young offenders they contained. It is painful to think that these 438 young persons should now be travelling on the high road to ruin, and that their race thither *is accelerated by the law of the land.* In some of the States of the American Union they have ten times as much accommodation as we have in Canada.

Private benevolence might step in and found a House of Refuge. What crime and misery here and hereafter might be avoided and alleviated if private benevolence would come to the rescue, and hold out the necessary encouragement of good example, proper restraints and moral training to the young, who are now inmates of our common jails.

It is a most note-worthy and happily no less characteristic fact, that the Queen of the Realm, when Princess Victoria, in the year 1834, gave her name to the Girls' Reformatory at Cheswick and this, the VICTORIA ASYLUM, was the first institution which the Princess Victoria, then a young girl, has so highly honoured with her illustrious name.

The Montreal jail is a school for crime. A young man or a young girl, even for a trifling offence is thrown into the society of the most abandoned wretches. The result is not to be wondered at. The jail is overcrowded and there is no attempt at a proper classification or moral reformation. This jail which last year received 1,721 prisoners is one of the worst in the Province. The rigid employment of prisoners is absolutely necessary as a measure of Christian duty which the state owes to the public. Prisons are not intended to be converted into schools of crime. And it should be the imperative duty of every clergyman and magistrate to exert themselves to the utmost to procure Reformatories for young criminals, and houses of refuge for the temporary relief of the destitute and friendless youthful poor.

The 'Inspectors' tell us a sad truth with regard to the state of our Canadian laws with reference to petty crimes. "The present state of the Law, and the custom of the police and Recorder's Court actually tend to foster crime, and to train up families of criminals to the second and third generations, in the practice of the profession." There is a jail population in Montreal and Toronto which circulates through the streets to the city courts, and from the city courts to the city prison, where they sojourn for a specified number of days, to issue again from the gates and make the usual circuit of the streets and courts as before.

Mr. Inspector Meredith draws a sad picture of the want of religious instruction in our jails. "The prisoners still continue in most of the jails in a state of religious destitution—no man caring for their souls. The cry still goes up for help in their distress, apparently in vain." Well does he say that this state of things is a disgrace to a Christian country.

We close this notice with a quotation from the testimony of the Inspecting Officers regarding the Provincial Lunatic Asylum, which all may read with satisfaction and pride :—

"The entire machinery of the large institution moves, throughout the various details of its management, in the utmost order and harmony ; and from the cheerful services of his subordinates, the energetic and devoted Superintendent receives that hearty and effective coöperation so necessary to give effect to his benevolent policy, and to lighten the anxieties and duties of his painful office."

Transactions of the National Association for the Promotion of Social Science, 1860–1861. Edited by George W. Hastings, LL. B., General Secretary of the Association. London: Emily Faithfull & Co.

Social Science! What is it? Many in Canada will ask this question. We have not yet arrived at that density of population, with the innumerable social evils attendant upon it, which renders necessary the discussion of many subjects properly belonging to Social Science. Nevertheless, there are numerous branches of this highly important department of human knowledge which demand our best attention. We do not need to trouble ourselves with "*Belligerent Rights over Private Property at Sea*," but we have every inducement to discuss "*Education*." We have a high interest in "*Reformatories and Industrial Schools*," in the "*Treatment of Offenders*," in "*Crime and its Incentives*," in "*Prison Statistics*," in "*Sanitary Measures*," in "*The Condition of the Working Classes*," &c., &c.

It is a remarkable fact that a great many papers communicated to the National Association for the Promotion of Social Science are written by ladies. The subjects they select are frequently not such as we would suppose likely to attract the thoughts and studies of ladies; yet there are no bounds to true philanthropy, no limits to real Christian Charity.

> "The quality of mercy is not strained;
> It droppeth as the gentle dew from heaven,
> Upon the place beneath."

There are admirable papers on "*Destitute Incurables in Workhouses*," by Margaret Elliot and Frances Power Cobbe; "*The Diffusion of Sanitary Knowledge*," by Susan R. Powers; "*Supplementary Measures needed for Reformatories for the Diminution of Juvenile Crime*," by Mary Carpenter; "*Workhouse Education*," by Louisa Twining; "*Hospital Statistics and Hospital Plans*," by FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE; "*Woman's Work among the Female Peasantry in Ireland*," by Mrs. Catherine Brougham; "*Female Compositors*," by Emily Faithfull; and a host of others. Be it observed that the names of these gifted women appear in the same volume of "*Transactions*" as those well known Social Science advocates Lord Brougham, Sir John George Shaw Lefevre, Lord Talbot de Malahide, Right Hon. James Whiteside, Sir Robert Kane, Professor Hennessy, Edwin Lankester, &c.

A glance at the paper entitled "*Destitute Incurables in Workhouses*," by Margaret Elliot and Frances Power Cobbe, shows at once the value of these contributions to Social Science and the philanthropic aim of the writers. These ladies say:—"Among the forms of human misery which may justly claim our efforts for their relief, the most obvious is that of incurable disease. No laboured appeal is necessary to awaken our sympathy for the fellow-creature who is called on to bear that sorest trial, the physician's sentence that his case is hopeless, and that the anguish he is now enduring can only terminate with his life."

With all the splendour and wealth of England, there is but one hospital there for incurables. The object of this paper is not to urge schemes of

hopeless magnitude, but to point out, first, that the want exists, and forms an enormous blank in the Charities of England; and, secondly, that there may be found a means of partially meeting the case. These ladies close that sad picture of hopeless suffering with the following pathetic appeal :—"Out of the 80,000 who will this year die in England of consumption, dropsy, and cancer, there are at this moment tens of thousands wearing away the last months of their agonies in the workhouses. Shall we not try any plan, however humble, which may promise to bring relief to this mass of human misery? They are trifles, indeed, which it is proposed to offer for the purpose; but shall we not then give those trifles which may alleviate—nay, which unquestionably will essentially alleviate—the pains of the afflicted children of God?"

Miss Bessie R. Parkes contributes an admirable paper on "*A Year's Experience in Woman's Work.*" How little do ninety-nine out of a hundred women know what woman's work really is! Miss Parkes mentions the severities of the studies and training of Miss Nightingale, Miss Carpenter, Miss Blackwell, Miss Dix, Mrs. Fry, Miss Dence, &c., and she instances numerous examples of woman's work in alleviating suffering humanity.

On another page of this *Magazine* we notice the "*Report of the Board of Inspectors for Asylums, Prisons, &c., in Canada*, from which we may obtain some idea of the existence of much evil and wretchedness in our midst. The question of the treatment of young offenders in reformatories and industrial schools forms an important subject in the "*Transactions*" before us. In 1860 there were ten papers, and in 1861 eight papers on this branch of Social Science.

Turning to the leaf which precedes the title page, we find the following expressive words :—

LONDON:
PRINTED BY EMILY FAITHFULL & CO., VICTORIA PRESS,
GREAT CORAM STREET, W. C.

Who is Emily Faithfull? And what is the Victoria Press? Turning over the pages of the voluminous table of contents, we alight on two papers entitled respectively "*Female Compositors,*" by Emily Faithfull, in 1861; and the "*Victoria Press,*" by Emily Faithfull, in the volume for 1860. Miss Faithfull tells us that "A gentleman well known for his public efforts in promoting the social industrial welfare of women, determined to embark with me in the enterprise of establishing a printing business in which female compositors should be employed. * * * We ventured to call it the "Victoria Press," after the Sovereign to whose influence English women owe so large a debt of gratitude, and in the hope also that the name would prove a happy augury of victory." Among the compositors of the "Victoria Press" is a little deaf and dumb girl. The fact speaks for itself, and for the benefits which Social Science is capable of conferring. It is certainly a splendid illustration of the advantages which, in many conditions of life, may spring from this organization, which ought to be imitated in Canada without delay, that two handsome octavo volumes, containing respectively 817 and 900 pages, should be filled with lucid papers on social science in all its bearings, and be printed by young girls, among whom are the deaf and the dumb.

The Social Condition and Education of the People in England. By Joseph Kay, Esq., M.A. New York: Harper & Brothers; Toronto: Rollo & Adam.

In the preface to this American Edition of Mr. Kay's work, the editor very wisely skulks under the signature S——. He tells us in his preface—and no doubt he well knows how few people read prefaces—that this work was published in England in 1850, or thirteen years since, and describes scenes witnessed by Mr. Kay fourteen and fifteen years ago, or half a generation of man; yet in the first four lines of the work he takes care that the author informs the public that he is endeavouring to exhibit the *present* social condition of the people of England. He does more, he republishes some chapters only of Mr. Kay's work, and he selects those which paint the saddest scenes, and rejects those which portray the redeeming features in the social condition of the English people fifteen years ago. He cuts out all the bad parts of the picture, sticks them together, and says to the American public 'here is a description of England, of Englishmen, of English civilization, English morality, English freedom, drawn and given to the world by one of her most gifted men, who was especially set apart for this great task by the time-honoured University of Cambridge.' Well may the man who wrote the preparatory paragraphs in this reprint, who mangled and distorted the original to suit his own purposes, and who, to avoid the appearance of intentional evil, inserts into his ill-natured preface the date when it was first issued, hide his name and his station under a letter and a dash—the symbols usually employed when reference is made to one guilty of some dishonorable or criminal action, whose friends wish to save from public shame.

The compiler of this "Social Condition" might be a disciple of the infamous Tom Payne, and to serve his own purpose he would repeat the shocking profanity of asserting that the Bible declares "there is no God," by ignoring the context "The fool hath said in his heart." He has done this, in effect, by his unfair reproduction of some of Mr. Kay's chapters; and not content with insulting the intelligence of his countrymen with the literary fraud he attempts to impose on them, he even ignores all that is good and noble, and almost sublime, in the present attitude of the operatives of England in the hour of their severe distress; and, in place of that, he culls out loathsome descriptions of long-forgotten poverty and wretchedness, and offers them to his countrymen as a true picture of the social condition of the people of England now. The public press in the United States ought to assist in exposing this wretched fraud upon the intelligence and good sense of the American people. It is gratifying to think that the Rev. Mr. Beecher is telling a different story to this anonymous editor.

Air-Breathers of the Coal Period: A Descriptive Account of the Remains of Land Animals found in the Coal Formation of Nova Scotia. By J. W. Dawson, LL.D., F.R.S., F.G.S., &c., Principal of McGill University. Montreal: Dawson Brothers. 1863.

In 1841, the first indications of the existence of reptiles in the Coal Period were obtained by Sir William Logan in the Lower Coal Formation of Nova Scotia. Insects and Arachnidans had previously been discovered in the coal formations of Europe.

In 1844, Dr. Dawson found impressions of rain-drops, worm-burrows, sun-cracks, and two kinds of foot-prints, probably of reptilian animals. In the summer of 1851, Dr. Dawson had occasion to spend a day at the Albion Mines, and on arriving at the railway station he found himself too early for the train. By way of improving the time left on his hands, he betook himself to the examination of a large pile of rubbish, consisting of shale and iron-stone from one of the pits in which he had previously found scales and teeth of fishes. Among other remains he observed what might be a tooth or scale, or a coprolite, weathered white, on the edge of a block of stone. On splitting the block open, lo! a large flattened skull revealed itself. This was the skull of what was afterwards named *Baphetes planiceps*, "the flat-headed diving animal,"—an air-breather, a denizen of the damp forests and marshy swamps of the coal period. Since this discovery, Dr. Dawson and others have increased the number of known air-breathing land animals to no less than eight different species.

The non-geological reader will understand the interest with which scientific men regarded these remains from the fact that throughout the amazingly prolonged period of time occupied by the Cambrian, Silurian, and Lower Devonian epochs, animal life solely consisted, as far as our present knowledge goes, of marine species. In the Upper Silurian and Lower Devonian land plants begin to appear, and in the Upper Devonian they are both numerous and varied, and may have given food and shelter to land animals; but as yet there is no absolute certainty on this point. Hence the existence of so many species of land animals in the great formation succeeding the Devonian is one of peculiar interest, and Canadians may congratulate themselves that the discovery has been chiefly made by Dr. Dawson of McGill College.

In the pamphlet before us, scientific descriptions are given of the creeping, crawling, and flying tenants of the dark luxuriant forests of the coal period of Nova Scotia, and allusion is also made to the origin and mode of accumulation of coal. The greater part of the subject matter has already appeared in the *Canadian Naturalist and Geologist*, in detached numbers. The publication of these interesting and valuable descriptions in their present form will prove particularly useful to the geologist, and especially to those who may be induced to search for new species of air-breathers in the vast unexplored coal fields of British America and the United States.

The Canadian Almanac and Repository of Useful Knowledge for the year 1864. Toronto: W. C. Chewett & Co.

This publication has reached its seventeenth year. It is one of the cheapest, most useful, and best printed Almanacs published in any country. For 12½ cents, ninety pages, exclusive of twelve pages of advertisements, of closely printed matter, with part of a large map of the province, are offered to the public. In order to form a correct idea of this valuable "Repository of Useful Knowledge," the reader will be assisted by the statement that as regards quantity, there is as much matter in the Canadian Almanac as is contained in 300 pages of this Magazine; with respect to quality, it is almost altogether from official sources, or from authorities expresssly employed by the publishers to prepare special articles or details. It is also enriched with several compilations of a scientific character, possessing considerable merit and value. The abstract of Meteorological observations exhibits the mean result of twenty two years' records at the Magnetical Observatory; showing the average monthly and annual means, together with the extremes of temperature; the barometrical pressure, the degree of humidity of the atmosphere, the degree of cloudiness, the direction and force of the winds, the fall of rain and snow.

The Statistical tables are well selected, well condensed and intelligibly presented. A Literary article entitled "Ten reasons for emigrating to Canada," is an excellent synopsis of many advantages Canada possesses for emigrants of a certain class, but it does not notice the important statement made by the Commissioner of Crown Lands in his official Report—that the best land in Canada is sold.

The information respecting all the public Institutions of Canada, whether Educational, Literary, Scientific, Political, Religious, Legal or Commercial is very full and, as far as we can judge, very correct.

The Edition of the Canadian Almanac has varied from 30,000 to 40,000 and even 60,000 per annum. It well deserves the large circulation it has attained, and the high reputation which by unanimous consent appears to be accorded to it, not only by the press but also by the public.

Roundabout Papers.—By W. M. Thackeray; with illustrations. New York: Harper & Brother. Toronto: Rollo & Adam.

The reader of the *Cornhill Magazine* will always remember Thackeray's instructive and amusing *Roundabout Papers.*

Some of these singular productions contain very touching descriptions of heroism. One on *Ribbons* describes the strange and fearful vicissitudes of seamen's dangers. Others are full of deep pathos and sad memorials of the love and labour of life. Others again are capital chapters of fun, which do all who read them good.

Some twenty of these *Papers* have been reprinted by the Messrs. Harper in a neat octavo form, with numerous illustrations of different degrees of merit.

"*Mary Lindsay.*"—A Novel, by the Lady Emily Ponsonby.

"How much we love God, how submissive we are to God's will, we cannot otherwise than by willingly undergoing or patiently bearing afflictions, well express; without it no sore trial of virtue can be; without it no excellent example of goodness had ever been."—Barrow.

Such is the motto of this very pleasing novel. The sentiments expressed throughout are of the highest moral and religious standard, and the reader cannot fail to feel the deepest interest in the fate, and the warmest admiration for the character of the lonely and gentle heroine in her submission to the will of Providence, while bearing perhaps the most severe trial with which a young and trusting heart can be visited. Under the impression that her lover, to whom she is devotedly attached, had died in India, she married, for her family's sake, one whom she only highly esteemed, but could not love; sad to relate, soon after her marriage, her former lover reappears, and it becomes the life-effort of our heroine to walk in the thorny path of duty, which she successfully, and as time rolls on, peacefully accomplishes.

THE BRITISH QUARTERLIES.*

THE EDINBURGH REVIEW.—OCTOBER.

Queensland.—The Australian group of colonies are rapidly asserting their political and commercial importance among the rising states of the world. Queensland is one of the most recent aspirants to the dignity and importance of a promising State, with immense resources.

The natural features of this tract of Australian soil are strongly marked. They consist (1.) of a seaboard from 50 to 100 miles broad; (2.) an elevated table-land, or, more strictly speaking, a succession of undulating downs or plains, situated some 2,000 feet above the sea-level, and stretching back to the west for 400 or 500 miles, without continuous rise or fall; and (3.) a succession of terraces descending, generally with rapidity, but in some places less perceptibly, until the more extended level of the interior of the continent is reached.

Not, however, to dwell longer on the luxuriance of a region to which we shall have occasion to return in examining the general fitness of Queensland

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

for the production of cotton, sugar, and tobacco, we shall here content ourselves by mentioning the following almost incredible example of healthy and rapid growth, as reported by Dr. Lang :—

"I may also mention, as a remarkable instance of the extraordinary fertility of the district, that a young peach-tree, about eight feet high, and covered with blossoms, happened to attract my notice in the garden of the Rev. James Collins, Tyrone Villa, near Grafton ; and Mr. Collins informed me that the peach-stone, from which that tree had grown, had been planted by himself in the month of January preceding, only eight months before."

"In short, notwithstanding the generally received calumny to which the great "South Land" has hitherto been subjected in Europe, as being destitute of "springs of water," and to a vast extent hopelessly barren and unavailable for the purposes of man, it would perhaps be difficult to point to any tract of country of equal extent, and within the same parallels of latitude in either hemisphere, in which there is a greater number either of streams of water or of rivers available for navigation."

The whole of this almost boundless plateau—extending within the tropics but elevated 2,000 feet above sea-level—is peculiarly fitted for a wide range of crops. Indeed, as vegetation is continued during the whole year, the farmer has only to choose his various seasons for bringing most of the productions of the temperate and tropical zones to maturity. Thus, wheat, oats barley, maize, potatoes, (and more especially the sweet potatoe, which here grows to the immense weight of twenty and even thirty pounds,) arrow-root, indigo, and, more generally, all the productions of the kitchen garden, have already been cultivated with great success. At present, however, with the exception of some half dozen incipient townships and their surrounding farms, these tablelands are clothed throughout their vast extent with the rich and luxuriant natural grasses of the country, and are roamed over by the flocks and herds of some widely scattered sheep and cattle owners.

The fleece of an Australian sheep weighs from two to three pounds, or little more than one-third that of the English Southdown. While, however, the English fleece averages about one shilling per pound, that of Australia ranges from two shillings and sixpence to three shillings.

It may not be uninteresting to the reader to lay before him the actual prospects of Queensland as a field for the production of cotton. It had been ascertained for several years that a variety of the cotton plant, known as the Sea Island cotton, was capable of being cultivated with great success in the Moreton Bay settlement : indeed, this variety of cotton, if not indigenous to the Australian continent, as there is reason to suppose, is found in great luxuriance on some of the islands adjoining the mainland. It was also ascertained that the shrubs continued to improve up to their third and fourth year after planting, thereby effecting a considerable saving over the American plantations, where they are obliged to be renewed every year. Samples of this cotton were, from time to time, and as early as 1846, submitted to Manchester firms, and were most highly spoken of, their market value being established at from 1*s.* to 1*s.* 3*d.* and even 2*s.* per pound—the common 'New Orleans' variety then fetching about 5*d.* But it was not until 1858 that

Australian cotton made its appearance in Liverpool as an article of commerce. It then realized 1*s*. 9*d*. per pound.

"I saw at once," says Mr. Bazley. M.P. for Manchester, in a speech delivered on the subject of cotton growth, "that, with such vastly superior cotton, yarn could be produced finer than any that could be manufactured in India or Great Britain. I bought that cotton, carried it to Manchester, and spun it into exquisitely fine yarn. I found that the weavers of Lancashire could not produce a fabric from it, it was so exceedingly delicate ; the weavers of Scotland could not weave it ; nor could even the manufacturers of France weave this yarn into fine muslin. It occurred to me to send it to Calcutta, and in due time I had the happiness of receiving from India some of the finest muslin ever manufactured, the product of the skill of the Hindoos with this delicate Australian cotton.

Small consignments of this cotton continued during succeeding years to arrive in England ; and at the International Exhibition of 1862, no less than seven medals were awarded to Queensland growers, while the distinction of "honourable mention" was conferred on five more. In a report of the Manchester Chamber of Commerce on these exhibited samples, it is remarked—"The samples of Sea Island cotton from the Australian colonies are far superior to cotton from any other part of the world."

On every account, from its vast extent, from its fertile soil, from its delicious climate, from its extensive seaboard and abundant watercourses, from its judicious institutions, and from the wise and temperate spirit which has hitherto prevailed in its administration, Queensland deserves to be regarded as one of the most interesting and promising of those youthful States with which the maritime and colonial genius of England has studded the globe.

Cadastral Survey of Great Britain.—The French term "cadastral," from *cadrer*, to square, has of late years been generally adopted on the Continent, and is now used in England to denote a survey on a large scale. A cadastral as opposed to a topographical map may be defined to be one on which the objects represented, agree, as to their relative positions and dimensions, with the objects on the face of the country ; while a topographical map, drawn on a small scale, exaggerates, for the sake of distinctness, the dimensions of houses, and the breadth of roads and streams ; and is, owing to its smaller size, necessarily less correct than a cadastral plan. The survey of the United Kingdom is in future to be made sufficiently large to admit of its being drawn, or as it is technically called "plotted," on the scale of ·0004, or $\frac{1}{2500}$ of the linear measure of the ground. This scale has been generally adopted throughout those parts of Europe in which a Cadastral Survey is in progress. It corresponds so nearly to twenty-five inches to one mile, that it is usually spoken of as the 25-inch scale. It has the further advantage of bearing within a very small fraction, the proportion of one inch to an acre.

The principal triangulation of Great Britain is just completed. The measured bases are on Salisbury Plain, and at Lough Foyle in Ireland ; bases for verification have also been measured at Misterton Carr in Nottinghamshire, at Rhuddlam Marsh in North Wales, and at Belhelvie in Aberdeenshire. The two first named are those from which all the distances in the triangulation have been computed ; and such is the accuracy with which the operation has

been conducted, that when 500 feet of the Lough Foyle base were remeasured in the presence of Mr. Babbage and Sir John Herschel, it was necessary to use a microscope to detect the discrepancy between the original measurement and the verification. The actual error demonstrated proved to be one-third of the finest dot that could be made with the point of a needle.

The computed height of the mountain Ben Macdei was 4295·60 feet. The height determined by spirit-levelling up the western side was 4295·70, and by levelling down the eastern side 4295·76 feet. Thus the height arrived at by three independent modes of calculation did not differ in measuring one of the highest mountains in Scotland by more than the thickness of an ordinary boot-heel.

The length of the sides in the principal triangulation is from 60 to 100 miles. This principal or primary triangulation is broken up into smaller triangles, which form what is called the secondary triangulation. These, again are divided into minor triangles, which form the actual foundation of the survey. The length of each side in the tertiary triangulation is usually about a mile.

In some instances, however, sides even longer than 100 miles were measured. These were usually accomplished by the "heliostat," a revolving mirror which reflects the sun from the apex of some distant hill to the observatory. Weeks sometimes elapse before the wished-for gleam comes to make an observation possible. There must be no intervening cloud between the two points; the sun must be shining on the point to be observed, and the watchers who have been anxiously looking for the propitious moment must be on the look-out, unwearied by past days of unsuccess. In this manner Berule, in the Isle of Man, was observed from Snowdon, in Wales, and from Kippure and Slieve Donard, on the Irish shore; and thus, from St. Peter's Church and Fairlight, in Kent and Sussex, triangles were thrown into France and Belgium. The last observations to St. Peter's from Montalembert, in France, were taken in a dense fog. "This fog," says the account of the extension of the triangulation, "which was passing in heavy continuous clouds from the north-east, was seen to break slightly in the direction of St. Peter's and the heliostat coming out brightly for about twenty-five minutes, was observed upon two arcs." There is something almost heroic in the utter simplicity with which months of hard and scientific work are dismissed in such a sentence.

The cost of a survey, such as is recommended by Lord Bury's Committee, is stated to be £1,400,000. This appears, even for such a work as a national survey, a large sum. We therefore examine with some curiosity the grounds upon which the committee report their belief "that large as may be the cost of a cadastral survey, the national advantages of such a survey are so great that to complete it would be a judicious outlay of public money."

Macknight's Life of Lord Bolingbroke.—Assuming "great" to be a term for expressing the extent of influence, good or bad, that has been exercised by an individual on thought and action, or the space he has occupied in men's minds, a plausible claim to it may be advanced by Bolingbroke, who falls little short of the received standard. He was pre-eminently gifted with the qualities that lead mankind captive. He was *facile princeps* in the senate, the

council-chamber, and the saloon. He maintained the same ascendancy among statesmen, orators, courtiers, fine gentlemen, and wits. His name may be tracked in history by a luminous streak, such as a shooting star leaves behind it in its glancing and glittering dash across the sky. He swayed the course of events to and fro in the crisis of a nation's destiny : he organized and breathed life into parties : he set up and pulled down governments : he elevated and depressed dynasties. Not a scrap or relic of his speeches has been preserved, yet the tradition of their excellence is as sure in its way as that of Chatham's action (in the Demosthenic sense), of Sheridan's first Begum speech, or Garrick's dramatic art, or of many other stock objects of admiration which no one dreams of questioning. Nay, it is much surer ; for, as already intimated, the same combination of thoughts, words, and images—the same *vis vivida*—by which (delivery apart) Bollingbroke swayed assemblies, are found in his writings, and these are the very qualities which still constitute their principal attraction.

Oddly enough, it is his happiest imitator, Burke, who is made to ask, 'Who now reads Bolingbroke ?" The answer is, that few read him for his political opinions which are out of date, for his principles which may prove unsound, or for his statements which are often one-sided ; but all lovers of English literature read him as one of the masters of our tongue ; and to students of rhetoric he is, or ought to be, a text-book. The highest living authority on this point, Lord Brougham, declares that "if Bolingbroke spoke as he wrote, he must have been the greatest of modern orators, as far as composition goes," having already pronounced his assemblage of purely personal qualifications—face, figure, voice, presence, manner—to be unequaled. Boldness, rapidity, vigour, lucid clearness of expression, betokening perfect precision of thought and correct rhythmical sentences constructed of short Saxon words, are amongst his charms ; but what is absolutely inimitable is his imagery, which is as rich and varied as Dryden's, and more chaste.

The moral of his career lies upon the surface for those who run to read. It is, that honesty is emphatically the best policy : that the most splendid talents, without prudence, principle, religion, or morality, are as nought. In theory, his grand object was his country—in practice, it was himself ; his sentiments were uniformly noble, his conduct was frequently mean ; his passions always get the better of his resolutions, or (as one of his friends told him in early youth), whilst his soul was all virtue, his body was all vice. A Stoic in the library, he was an Epicurean at the supper-table and in the boudoir.—Innumerable writers have tried their hands at him, analysing, sifting, comparing, balancing, and counter-balancing his merits and defects ; yet all of them bring us back to the crowning reflection of a congenial and sympathizing spirit, Lord Chesterfield : "Upon the whole of this extraordinary character, where good and ill were perpetually jostling each other, what can we say but alas ! poor human nature ! "

THE BRITISH MONTHLIES.*

BLACKWOOD.—OCTOBER.

Caxtoniana is finished, and in its closing paragraphs the distinguished author has evidently had in mental review the events which have transpired on this continent during the past two years. His remarks on "Conservatism," and his "Thoughts on Politics," are very pointed and very *àpropos.* The reader will not fail to detect the application of many trite observations and criticisms in the following extracts :—

The true conservative policy in any given state is in self-preservation ; and self-preservation does not confine itself to the mere care for existence, but extends to all that can keep the body politic in the highest state of health and vigour : therefore progress and development of forces are essential to self-preservation. But according to a conservative policy, such progress and such development will always be encouraged with a due regard to the idiosyncratic character of a state, such as it has been made by time and circumstance—to the institutions which have not only become endeared to it by custom, but have contributed to consolidate the national unity by forming and systematising the national spirit and mind. A conservative policy in England will favour peace, if only because England is essentially a commercial commonwealth, and its real sinews of strength are in its financial resources. War exposes commerce to hazard, and financial resources to an indefinite drain. But, even upon that ground, a conservative policy cannot accept peace at all hazards, because no commerce would be long safe under a flag dishonoured or despised. A conservative policy in England would vigilantly guard our maritime power, and spare no cost necessary to maintain a navy superior to that of any other single European Power ; but it would regard with great jealousy any attempt to maintain, in England itself, more than the well-disciplined nucleus and framework of a standing army. It has to conserve political liberty as the most precious of all heirlooms ; and a nation once reconciled to the maintenance of large standing armies, submits its liberties to the mercy of accident. A state must, for durability, as I have said, conserve its special national character ; and the national character of England will be lost whenever it shall see with apathy large standing armies within its own shores. One of the obvious advantages of military colonies is the facility they afford for maintaining therein such military strength as may be necessary for the protection of the empire, without quartering large bodies of troops in England, to the danger of freedom ; and therefore it is a very shallow view of Imperial policy to ascribe solely to our colonial wants the military forces kept

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* 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.

in colonies, and exclaim, "See what these colonies cost us!" If we had no troops in colonies, we must either be without adequate military force, or we must attain such adequate military force at the risk of freedom, by collecting and converging it into garrisons at home.

Lastly, the statesman who would maintain a conservative policy for England has always to bear in mind that any state which attains to a wealth, an influence, a grandeur disproportioned to its native population, or the extent of its native dominion, owes its rank rather to causes that may be called complicated and artificial than to causes simple and natural. The prosperity and power of France recover with a bound after numerous shocks upon internal order and commercial credit. But a single one of such shocks might suffice to destroy for a century, perhaps for ever, the rank of England among first-rate powers; and therefore, English statesmen have to consider many political questions, not only on their own abstract merits, but with due regard to their collateral bearings upon the national wellbeing. It is for this reason, perhaps, that in England a truly conservative politician, though without any undue apprehension of revolutionary tendencies among the bulk of the population, would seek to preserve the preponderating electoral power among the middle classes; because with them there is, upon the whole, a larger amount of education and forethought than could be reasonably expected from numbers subsisting upon manual labour. But as free nations are governed either by the preponderance of numbers or by the ascendancy of cultivated intelligence, so a conservative policy, if it do not maintain itself in power by the first, must seek to conciliate and identify itself with the second. It should have no fear of the calm spread of knowledge; its real antagonist is in the passionate force of ignorance. As it seeks to develop in the state whatever is best for the state's preservation in its highest form of integral unity, so certainly it should befriend and foster all the intellectual powers which enrich and adorn a state—seeking, irrespective of class, to honour and ally itself with all that ennobles the people it guards. It should be the friend of commerce, of art, of science, of letters, and should carefully keep open every vista by which merit can win its way to distinction; for the best mode to aristocratise the sentiment of a population is to revere, as the finest element of aristocracy, every merit which, conquering obstacles of birth and fortune, rises up into distinction, and adds a new dignity to the nation itself.

Distinguish carefully between what it is wise to think and what it is wisdom to do. As a philosopher you may advance the cause of mankind in constructing theories of a perfect government, by which you would destroy a nation could you put them into immediate practice. A profound writer seeks to say what has never been said before; a profound statesman is loth to legislate till all that can be said upon the subject has been said. The first opens the case of truth—the last sums up after all the evidence is put in. The time at which to deliver judgment is not regulated by the pendulum, for nations go by the weather-glass, and not by the clock.

In the constitution of man, what we call disease is the effort of nature to recover health. The morbid elements have been at work unperceived during the time we fancied ourselves well. So it is with states: the violent disorder is a struggle for the dislodgement of morbid matter. True; but in both the

effort for recovery may kill. The worst sign for the man is when, in despair of the physician he calls in the quack ; the worst sign for the state is when it dismisses the statesman to trust in the demagogue.

The most common death of liberty is suicide.

Whenever liberty and order are formally arrayed against each other, order must eventually triumph ; and if the strife be long and bloody, despotism will be invariably accepted as the firmest assertor of order. If there had been no Brutus, there could have been no Augustus. The populace seeks to destroy whatever it has been accustomed to regard as its counterpoise without consideration of the consequences. Thus the Roman populace assented to the dictatorship of Cæsar in its habitual strife against its counterpoise in the aristocracy represented by Pompey. It conceived that it obtained a triumph for freedom when the flower of the patricians perished at Pharsalia and Philippi, and consummated the victory of the multitude by establishing the rule of the autocrat.

Popular representation in a community should be preceded by local self-government. We lay deep and sure foundations for the freedom of a people when we secure free municipalities to the subdivisions of an empire. And on these foundations the throne even of an absolute monarch may still rest for some time, because, in proportion as men are left to enjoy the liberty of making their own laws and choosing their own magistrates in their immediate circle of action, the more willingly they submit to the sovereign authority under which that liberty is exercised. Besides, in free municipalities there must necessarily spring up rival parties. Suppose a town in which the vast majority of the burgesses are democratic, but in which the offices are appointed by the centralizing sovereign executive, the democratic spirit will be sure some day or other to find a revolutionary vent against the sovereign executive itself. Remove this central authority – open to all the burgesses by popular election all the offices through which the affiairs of the town are administered—let the most democratic of the citizens be the first officers elected,—the ambition of the rest will form a party against them, and in a few years the law of competition alone will create an anti-democratical party. Where two or more parties are thus called into existence, neither can govern in the long run without a check from its antagonist, and institutions rarely perish so long as they take repair from one party and defence from another.

The Roman Empire, in spite of its inherent weakness and odious vices, maintained its hold over its subjects by leaving to towns so large a share of self-government. When the Empire perished the municipalities remained, and out of them grew the free republics of the middle ages.

The freedom of the press is the most popular institution in Great Britain, and we are apt to estimate the liberty of other nations according to the license permitted to its journals. But we ourselves do not permit the free expression of opinion through organs in which that expression is not familiarised to our habits. No play that treated of political affairs or public character with the frankness of a newspaper could appear on our boards. For this distinction between a play and a newspaper, no doubt, there are excellent reasons, to which excellent answers could be given. But when all is said, this simple

truth would remain :—That legislators, however bold, do not volunteer vents for opinion not demanded by the public ; and a public, however free, do not vehemently insist upon vents for opinion which custom has not rendered essential to their notions of freedom. This consideration should make us more forbearing to foreign governments—such as the Italian, in which a free press is as unfamiliar an experiment as a free stage is with us.

A free debating chamber is the only safety-valve for the popular excitement which can be occasioned by the action of a free press. Even with us the public would be constantly misled upon public affairs and the characters and actions of leading politicians, if a Minister could not be questioned *vivâ voce* in Parliament. Where a state is not ripe for unshackled freedom of debate, it is, therefore, not ripe for unshackled freedom of the press. But freedom of debate once established, the freedom of the press must inevitably follow ; and each acting on the other to the joint security of both, the result, in well ordered states, is an essential check to the licentiousness of either. For it is the very function of the press to be a critic on the debate, and the necessity of debate to be an emendator of the press. And any constitutional government which, by corrupting the one, transfers to the other a disproportionate influence over public opinion, destroys its own surest safeguard. Thus the throne of Louis Philippe was doomed when the French press obtained over public opinion an influence denied to the representative Chamber, from the belief that the press was honest and the Chamber venal. The chief political power of the press is concentred in its daily journals ; but however honest and however able the journalism of any given state or time may be, its very nature necessitates animated appeals to the passion of the day, without that deliberate consideration of consequences to be felt in the morrow, which is the proper care of legislative assemblies when wisely constituted. Journalism is therefore in itself more fitted to destroy bad governments than to construct foundations for good ones. And thus, where journalism is potent upon popular action, and the representative assembly comparatively disregarded, political changes will be characterised by abundant energy and defective forethought. As the agent of the day, journalism does but the work of the day—the work of the morrow is left for the men of the morrow. But where the law of reaction has not been taken into account, the men of the morrow are seized with alarm at the work which was lauded the day before. What was called the reasoning of freedom when a something is to be pulled down, is called the madness of licence when a something is to be built up. And the press which assisted to a revolution that threatens the men of the morrow with anarchy, is sure to be silenced by the first revolution which promises restoration to order.

The commencement of civilisation is in the desire of individual possession; and in proportion as civilisation spreads, that desire becomes its prevailing passion. Security of property is thus more valued in highly civilised communities than even security of life. Men will shed their blood for some cause they scarcely comprehend, at the bidding of a sovereign, to whom they would not concede the illegal tax of a shilling.

Foreign wars, however unpopular, never, or rarely, produce intestine re-

bellion. But the financial distress which follows a war the most popular, is the most dangerous cause of revolutions.

Every form of government in which the expenditure habitually exceeds the revenue, is doomed to undergo a vital change. The more hopelessly the finances are disordered, the more violent in all probability the change. Thus despotic governments may become democratized, and republican institutions may become monarchical.

GOOD WORDS.—OCTOBER.

Needlewomen.—The needlewomen of London, if we include all those who are partly as well as wholly dependent upon needlework for support, number at least one hundred thousand ; the acknowledged sempstresses form nearly fifty thousand of this total, and twenty thousand of this fifty thousand may be classed under the head of milliners and dress-makers. The 'court milliners' frequently employ fifty or sixty hands during the season. Overwork ruins many a constitution ; from fourteen to seventeen hours a day continued for four months in succession is sufficient to destroy the health of the most robust. Hundreds sink yearly under the tremendous overwork, and thousands become sufferers for the term of their natural lives, and all these are victims on the altar of fashion.

The Life-Boat and its work.—The number of vessels which traded in 1862 on the coast of the United Kingdom from its different ports amounted to 268,462 manned, by about 1,600,000 men and boys. Of these vessels 1827 or 1 in 147 were wrecked in that year ; the average number wrecked during the last eleven years being 1 in every 201. Of the million and a half lives then exposed 690 were lost and 4039 saved by life-boats, life preserving apparatus, the ships own boats and other means. In the last seven years no fewer than 20,158 persons have been saved by the same means from a watery grave. Of the 4039 lives saved from shipwreck last year on the coasts of the United Kingdom, by the mercy of God and the help of man, 637 were saved by the life-boats, other boats, and the apparatus they employ. Public and private liberality have succeeded in making the Life-boat a national institution of most valuable character. In 1852 the number of Life-boats belonging to the Life-boat Institution was 30, in 1863 it had risen to 124. No fewer than 160 self-righting life-boats have been constructed in ten years by Messrs. Forrest of Limehouse, and of these about 40 have been made for foreign governments and colonies. Since the Life-boat Institution was founded, it has expended on its establishment £75,380 sterling. The income for 1862 was £14,825. Since the establishment of this valuable Institution in 1824, the large number of 12,854 lives have been saved by its own Life-boats or by special exertions for which it has granted rewards ; it now possesses a fleet of 130 boats. "If it is a christian duty to convert the Jew and reclaim the heathen, to frank the missionary to his field of labour, and to turn the wicked from the evil of their ways, it is doubtless an equal privilege and a higher duty to rescue the unconverted from a watery grave, and lead them from the brink of destruction to that mercy seat to which they have been often and so unsuccessfully invited to appeal."

In the latest English papers we read that an eminent Parsee merchant firm in the city of London has presented £2,000 to the Royal National Lifeboat Institution, through its chairman, Thomas Baring, Esq., M.P., to enable it to form a life-boat establishment on the English coast, and permanently to keep it up. This firm is now under dissolution; and in order to show their gratitude to the people of the great metropolis, from whom they have received for many years every courtesy, they have presented this munificent amount to the Life-Boat Institution.

Autumn Thoughts.

I saw the forests fade,
The air was still and grey,
And o'er my soul dismayed
A heavy sadness lay.

* * * * * * * *

Sudden there sweetly rung
To me a song so new!
The transit bird it sung
As southward fast it flew.

* * * * * * * *

It told of joy forgot
Pointed to distant heaven;
Sang, "Soul, forget it not,
To thee, too, wings are given."

The Parable of the Sower—Discipleship.

A Bundle of old Letters—Essays for Sunday Reading, &c., &c.

TEMPLE BAR—OCTOBER.

Dost Mahomed Khan.—Dost Mahomed was the twentieth out of twenty-one sons whom Sarfraz, Minister to Tainur Shah of Affghanistan, left behind. The early years of Dost Mahomed were entirely neglected, and, being dependent on the generosity of his brothers, who refused to give him any help, he was sometimes reduced to the greatest distress. At the age of twelve he was made water carrier, and afterwards pipe-bearer to his brother Fatah Khan. When Fatah Khan was established as Minister at Caubul, he advancd him in dignity and admitted him to his counsels. Fatah Khan and Dost Mahomed went with a force to intercept the Persians who were marching upon Herat. Fatah Khan was wounded, but Dost Mahomed beat the Persians back. In process of time Fatah Khan was murdered by the sovereign he had placed on the throne. This murder sealed the doom of the royal house of Sadozai. Dost Mahomed set up Shah Ali, appointing himself as his Vizier. After a short time, the country was divided between the brothers of Dost Mahomed, and Ghunzie fell to his share. This treacherous chieftain, however, plotted against his brothers, and in 1826 he established himself as Sovereign of Caubul. In 1837 he was at war with the Sikhs, and although he defeated them, yet he found himself compelled to have recourse to the Persians and the British. In 1839 the celebrated expedition to Caubul took place. Dost Mahomed became a prisoner in the hands of the Khan of Bokhara. He

escaped and stirred up rebellion in Affghanistan, but not meeting with the success he anticipated he gave himself up to the British in Caubul and was sent to Calcutta. When the British evacuated Affghanistan, Shah Soojah was again dethroned, and in 1843 Dost Mahomed was restored to the throne of Caubul, which he held until his death in May last. During that period he was a consistent friend of the British, and during the Indian revolt an active and faithful ally. As a man he was cruel, revengeful, treacherous, ungrateful and dissolute; yet withal, in India at least, "a great man."

Fifty Years Ago is a splendid description of the Battle of Leipzig.

John Marchmont's Legacy, and the *Trials of the Tredgolds* are continued.

A Bad Time for Tornassi is a narrative of the trial and condemnation of a notorious forger of Venice and two accomplices, Bartolomeo, the crooked mouthed, and Maddalena Rosati, who betrays Tornassi. Tornassi is condemned to hard labour in chains *for life*, Bartolomeo for fifteen years, and Maddalena is pardoned—who shortly afterwards was supposed to receive the blood-money from the Austrians.

THE CHURCHMAN'S FAMILY MAGAZINE—OCTOBER.

Michaelmas.—This day does not appear to have been generally kept until the eighth century, and was formally recognized by the Council of Mayence, A.D. 813. The origin of the fashion of eating a goose at Michaelmas is derived from a custom prevalent in the thirteenth, fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries. In nearly every grant from lords of manors to their tenants during that period it was stipulated that the former should receive, among other reserved rents and services, a goose at Michaelmas. In Ireland a cock, in Paris a turkey, and in Denmark a roast goose was sacrificed in honour of St. Martin. There are numerous other superstitious ceremonies practised at Michaelmas, in different countries, which it is needless to mention. "The Church in this feast particularly commemorates St. Michael because he was prince or tutelar angel of the Jewish Church, and so of the Christian Church or true Israel of God," &c.

The Rector of Gladdersdale—An Old Church Story.

The House Fly in his Youth.—The house fly in his grub state feeds on decaying vegetable matter, and never ceases feeding while in that condition. He takes no rest, for his food is continually decomposing and flying off in the form of gaseous exhalations. As an indefatigable scavenger he is unrivalled, in his lowly grub state. He does not change his skin like other "grubs" feeding on living vegetables. He has no time to lose, and so goes on eating continually; yet this same disgusting grub, when he changes into the pupa state, and finally emerges as a perfect fly, without an instructor or example, feels his feet, stretches his wings, and, without failure or mistake, strikes the air and flies off. Who can fail to admire the secret wisdom which prepares such a wondrous little living machine inside the horny case of the pupa, and the astonishing skill which causes its "action" to be at once so perfect.

The Story of a Dream Excursion, by Mrs. Alfred Gatty, is a clever rhapsody.

Many of the articles of the *Churchman's Family Magazine* are especially directed towards illustrating the ancient customs, churches, and eminent prelates of the Church of England. The illustrations are very good in general, but in the present number, *Conscience* is too harsh in delineation of feature to convey the impression the artist had in view.

CORNHILL—OCTOBER.

The House of Commons from the Ladies' Gallery.—The ladies' gallery is really a very comfortable and neatly arranged wire cage where lady visitors to the House of Commons may see without being seen. A retiring room and tea room is attached in which refreshments can be procured. The ominous words "Silence is requested," are inscribed in every available position. The lady visitor and writer was especially struck with the great latitude with which M.P.s abuse and insult one another. Anything short of giving the actual lie is quite "parliamentary." But at the close of the debate all are gentlemen, courteous and smooth. The lady visitor heard Sir George Bowyer deliver a speech, and heard, too, Mr. Gladstone's reply. She says :—"But this man, *my* orator, the nearest approach to that ideal which we most of us have, and never expect to see realized, does not attempt to wile. He scarcely even condescends to persuade. He appeals simply to your reason, or, rather, without any direct appeal, he lays before you what your reason at once acknowledges to be the truth, thereby, if he has any victory to gain, making yourself, not himself, your conqueror." He smote Sir George Bowyer—hip and thigh—with great slaughter, but quite impersonally, the man being the mere embodiment of the cause—but he did it. What a lesson this might be to some of our M.P.P.s ? Well does this lady writer describe the effect of Gladstone's eloquence. "How we listened—we in the ladies' gallery—those present will long remember and rejoice. *When he ended, the sudden silence felt like an actual pain.*" "The pause of silence, however, was broken by a näive exclamation near us : 'Only look ! Sir George has actually crossed the house, and put his arm upon his shoulder.' And so it was ! 'He,' the great orator, and evidently the one 'he' in the world to his affectionate listener, sat in amiable confabulation with his late enemy, who had come over and laid his hand upon him—in amicable, not inimical intent. There they were, chatting and smiling together as if they had not been all this time at open warfare, tearing one another to pieces in the most gentlemanly manner—which manner long may they and the whole House retain ! No harm shall come if each valorous M.P. keeps up a true Briton's hearty respect for another equally true Briton who happens to hold a different opinion from himself."

The Miseries of a Dramatic Author.—These are manifold and trying. First you have to get your piece read by the manager. Suppose it is accepted as a whole ; it is certain to require numerous alterations to adapt it to the stage—to render it "practicable." These made to suit the manager, then

comes the reading in the green room. Some actors don't like their parts, and throw them up ; if the actor is a prominent one, it must be remodelled or the piece withdrawn. Now follows the rehearsal, and the feeling of different actors begins to show itself if they are not satisfied, and often the piece has to be withdrawn on account of those who are desired to take a prominent but unwilling part, "fearing" for the result. The rehearsal got over, the first night follows; and if the author is strongminded enough to be a listener, he is condemned to hear his poetry mangled, his wit blunted, and his conceptions distorted. One man is nervous ; an actress who was charming at rehearsal is totally without charm on the first night. And so it goes on to the end of the piece, when the author learns for the first time whether it is a success or otherwise.

The Small House at Allington is continued.

Sea Fights, Ancient and Modern.

Eveleen O'Connor.—A very pretty Irish story.

Out of the World—Part II.

A Letter to a Saturday Reviewer.

LONDON SOCIETY.—OCTOBER.

The great attraction of *London Society* consists in the admirable illustrations which adorn this popular monthly. *Her First Season*, by Mrs. Ellen Edwards ; *Shop*, by C. H. Bennett ; *Social Science*, by Florence Claxton ; and *Pictures in the Clouds*, by T. Morten, are excellent drawings, and well engraved. The stories are all short but spicy, and well told. *Mrs. Brown's Excursion* is a very laughable sketch of a trip to Brighton. *Mr. Trafford Carr's Business Journey* ends as most lovers' quarrels do, or ought to do, in a reconciliation with Ellenor Challis. *Fags and Fagging* revives the old song of the terrible abuse of the system as formerly practised in the great public schools in England ; and *Shop* rather harshly describes "the Churchwarden," "the Sentimental Cheesemonger," "the Wholesale Hypocrite," and "the Underground Money-maker."

AMERICAN PERIODICALS.

The American Literary Gazette and Publishers Circular,—N. Childs, Philadelphia.

The correspondence of this valuable and exceedingly interesting publication, contains several instructive and useful anecdotes. A letter from George Sand we cordially commend to the attention of a good many writers of "poetry." It may be useful if attended to.

"I prefer silence to telling falsehoods, or to wounding by frankness. I

think I discover a great many ideas and talents in your lines. I am not a very competent judge of poetry, let me tell you; and I am very often mistaken. Therefore do not place implicit confidence in my opinions. You are very young, and I think you have a great deal yet to do before you can feel confidence in yourself. . . . These are my criticisms; you see they are very brutal, but they do not prevent your poem from being remarkable, beautiful in many places, and, in fine, giving promise of real talents, if you do not be in too great a hurry to produce works, and if you labor conscientiously. Bear in mind that, since the great successes of Hugo and Lamartine so much poetry has been published that one must write sublime poetry to make his way through the immense crowd of those who write very well. Will you believe that *not a single day passes* without my receiving at least *three packets* of unpublished poetry? Reckon how many unknown poets that makes a year. I believe a hundred new poems are annually published . . . at their expense . . . in Paris. All their works pass away unnoticed. Nobody busies himself about them, although there are among them some poems which would have been noticed twenty years ago. But, at present, France becomes like Italy, where everybody writes poetry, even people who cannot read. One must consequently excel these *thousand battalions* before it can become an honourable calling—it never can become a profession, or a means of livelihood. Think of all these things, and do not become intoxicated with family and local triumphs."

The Paris correspondent says that George Sand is both of aristocratic and plebeian lineage, and she bears in her life, upon her countenance, in her attitude, in her mien, the indelible mark of this double origin, of this clandestine nobility, of this hap hazard mixture of heroic and common blood.

"By what name shall one call the careless freedom with which, drawing from her pocket small Andalusian cigarettes, George Sand, without perceiving your astonishment, adroitly lights them with a live coal which she takes from the hearth with the tongs, and gradually conceals herself in the midst of the azure cloud thickened by the double column of smoke which she drives from each nostril with the automatic precision of a steam engine."

Messrs. Little, Brown & Co. announce a new edition of the "American Loyalists," by Mr. Sabine. The first edition of this work—long out of print—was intended only as a contribution to a part of history hitherto untouched, and was given to the public in the hope that it might in some degree rescue from the "razure of oblivion" the hidden treasures of family records, and stimulate others to furnish new facts relating to this almost unexplored part of American history. It is now nearly twenty-five years since Mr. Sabine commenced his researches, and the hearty zeal with which he has pursued them is only equalled by his untiring perseverance. With free access to private letters and family records in possession of the descendants of the loyalists in the British Colonies and the United States, he has succeeded in collecting a vast amount of valuable material, both historical and biographical, not only of interest to the student of history, but to the general reader.

HUNT'S MERCHANT'S MAGAZINE.—NOVEMBER.

The first article is a foolish and one would almost think malicious attempt to embitter the feelings of the American people against the British Government. It professes to establish the liability of the Government of Great Britain for the depredations of Rebel Privateers on the commerce of the United States. The writer may rest assured that the British and French governments would never have recognized the Confederates as Belligerents except for valid reasons—reasons which the United States government have themselves adopted, if they did not in part suggest them by their actions. Being Belligerents the Confederates are alone responsible for the acts of these vessels of war, and privateers.

SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN.

The excellent illustrations which embellish this very popular "Weekly Journal of Practical Information in Art, Science, Mechanics, Chemistry, and Manufactures," make it especially valuable to practical men. Each number of the *Scientific American* contains several well drawn and well executed engravings which serve the treble purpose of explaining the construction of new improvements in machinery, so that any unlettered mechanic may comprehend them ; giving publicity to the brain work of those who are best qualified to excel in mechanical contrivances, and affording thousands who wish to benefit by the labours of others the best means of making themselves familiar with the results of applied knowledge and skill. The *Scientific American* is deservedly known as an able and reliable popular exponent of the scientific and mechanical progress of the day.

ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

The Spaniard and the Heretic.—Weariness.—Mrs. Lewis.—The Formation of Glaciers.—Two Scenes from the Life of Blondel.—Night and Moonlight. —Andante.—The Brothers.—The Sam. Adams' Regiments in the Town of Boston.—Wet Weather Work.—The French Struggle for Naval and Colonial Power.—Something Left Undone.—The Great Instrument.—The King's Wine. —Monograph from an Old Note Book, with a Postcript. Boston : Ticknor & Fields.

KNICKERBOCKER MONTHLY—OCTOBER.

A Picture of Peru (Kinahan Cornwallis).—Guizot.—Boarding School Days. —Battle ; poetry.—Remorse.—About Humming Birds.—Hugh Miller ; poetry (Anna Gray).—The Count's Story.—Art in the Middle Ages.—The De Gallifets.—Lethe ; poetry.—William Hickling Prescott.—Adrift on the World, continued (Kinahan Cornwallis).—New Publications.—Editor's Table. New York : H. Dexter & S. Tousey.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Brampton Chess Club.—Your solution to Problem No. 1 is correct. All others are wrong.

*** We publish this month a problem which is easy enough, but will be seen to have some interesting points of play in it. Two-move problems can never be very difficult, but they afford good practice, if our readers will endeavour to solve them from the diagram only, or from the board without moving the pieces. The object of the study of problems being improvement in actual play, the rule of "touch and move" should be as rigidly adhered to in one case as the other.

Solution to Problem No. 1.

White.	*Black.*
1. B. takes Kt.	Kt. takes B. (A)
2. R. to Q. B. 6 ch.	Kt. interposes.
3. Kt. to Q. 6.	Anything.
4. P. to Q. R. 4.	Anything.
5. P. or B. mates.	

(A.)

White.	*Black.*
	R. to Kt. sq.
2. P. to Q. R. 4.	Kt. takes B. (1)
3. Kt. to Q. 6.	Kt. takes B.
4. R. to Q. B. 6.	R. interposes.
5. P. mates.	

(1)

White.	*Black.*
	P. takes P. or R. or B. moves (2)
3. R. takes P. ch.	K. moves.
4. R. to Q. R. 5 ch.	K. takes P.
5. B. mates.	

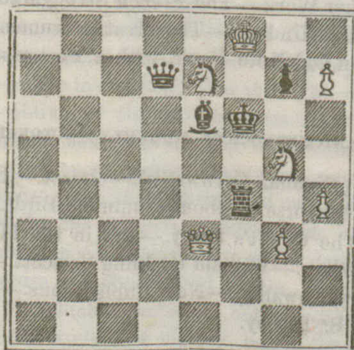
(2)

White.	*Black.*
	Kt. to Q. B. 3.
3. R. takes Kt. ch.	R. interposes.
4. Kt. to Q. 6.	Anything.
5. P. or R. mates.	

Black has still other modes of play, but cannot retard mate.

Problem No. 2.—By J. B. C., of Toronto.

WHITE.



BLACK.

White to play, and mate in two moves.