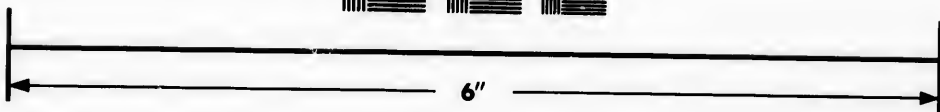
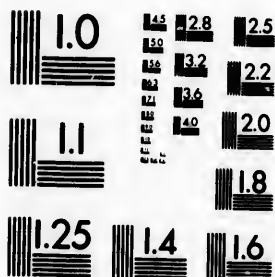


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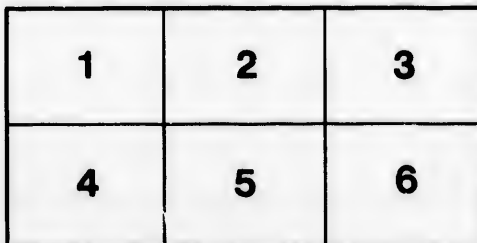
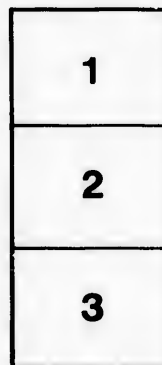
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WOLFE'S COVE, QUEBEC.—BY H.R.H. THE PRINCESS LOUISE.

7

The Royal Readers.  
*Special Canadian Series.*

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FOURTH BOOK

OF

READING LESSONS.

---

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM GIACOMELLI AND OTHER EMINENT ARTISTS.



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## PREFACE.

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WE enter the FOURTH BOOK by the old military gateway of Quebec, through whose massive portals throng the stirring memories of two hundred and seventy years. The fearless explorations of Champlain, La Salle, Joliet, and their gay voyageurs; the devotion and the sufferings of Marquette and Brebœuf; the Indian ambuscades; the lawless rollicking bush-rangers (*Coureurs des Bois*); the great fur-trading Nabobs; those magnificent spend-thrifts the French Intendants; the lordly proconsuls of France and of England—all these and many other visions of the older time throng through the old gateway when Quebec is mentioned. No wonder that so much imaginative and descriptive literature has been inspired by memories of this historic fortress!

The immigrant arrived at Quebec when the summer is breaking, already finds his yearnings for the dear Old Land half charmed away by the lovely landscapes of the New; though, all unconsciously, he will still often find himself humming *The Bulls of Shandon*, or *Lochaber no More*. As he

ascends the mighty River and traverses our inland Seas, and so gets into the great current of our national life, his sympathies with Canada deepen and broaden. He soon wins for himself a snug nest under the greenwood tree or out upon the prairie. His opened eye learns the Indian woodcraft, and his quickened ear distinguishes kindly voices in the solitudes. He gratefully enjoys the bracing air, the brilliant sunshine, the moonlight sleeping on the forest-side, the glories of our Indian summer. And when winter breathes cold upon him from "the White North"—from Franklin's grave—the pioneer keenly enjoys by his back-log fire the tuneful pages that tell him how the first bold adventurers came over to win the American wilds, and how the red-cross flag came to float over so much of this broad earth.

Such has been the life of most of our pioneers. This Book is designed to be read by their children and their grandchildren. Can it do better than reflect the stages of our national life?

TORONTO, July 26, 1882.

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## FOURTH BOOK OF READING LESSONS.

### PART I.

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#### QUEBEC.\*

H.R.H. THE PRINCESS LOUISE, MARCHIONESS OF LORNE.

EQUAL gallantry, and very unequal fortune, characterized the contest between the French and the English for the New World. Had the French Court sufficiently backed their gallant general, who was fighting against long odds, the French language might have been spoken now over regions more extensive than the Province of Quebec or the State of Louisiana. Two fruitless victories crowned their arms, and two defeats brought about the treaty, the results of which were so loyally accepted by the French Canadians that there is no population more attached than is theirs to the British Constitution. High as were the hopes of the gallant commanders of the English in 1758, they could hardly have expected that, within a brief period, the sons of the brave men who confronted them would be fighting side by side with the redcoats to repel the invasion which threatened to absorb Canada in the neighboring Republic. But the armament equipped against the French colonists was imposing enough in number of ships and troops to justify confidence that resistance could not be prolonged. The first remarkable action was that at Louisburg. It was one of the two decisive British successes. The place shows no striking natural features. Low rocky shores almost encircle a wide bay. Dominating the recesses of this bay, and to the left as the fleet entered, rose the strong ramparts of a citadel, garrisoned by some of the best regiments of the royal army of France.

\* Reprinted, by the kind permission of His Excellency the Marquis of Lorne, from *Good Words*, April 1882.

The fleet advances, a cloud of small boats covers the waters between the ships and the shore. The surf is heavy, and the position of the garrison looks most formidable. A slight figure in the leading boat stands up amid a storm of shot, and is seen to wave his hat. Some said afterwards that he waved his men back, thinking the attempt to land too perilous. But his gallant followers think it is the signal for a dash: on they row amid the splash of balls and roar of artillery; and, as each boat touches land, the crew leap out, and slipping, struggling through the surf, form amid the terrible fire, and rush to the assault. The capture of the place was an extraordinary feat of arms, and the slightly-built man who waved his cocked hat in the leading boat that day was soon afterwards nominated chief of the British forces in North America. Wolfe's next chance was given him in the summer of 1759, when Montcalm, calmly watching his enemy's movements from the ridges near the Falls of Montmorenci, was enabled to crush a brigade too hastily thrown on shore, and compelled it to retreat, leaving many killed and wounded. But the hold gained by the invader was not to be easily shaken off. Already master of the Island of Orleans, with the banks of the river below the Falls, and also those opposite to Quebec, in his hands, Wolfe waited until the autumn. His able opponent lay in the lines he had successfully defended. They stretched along the left side of the St. Lawrence as far as the Isle of Orleans, and encircled the city, which on its commanding cape presented one steep front to the great river and another to the wide valley of a small stream named the St. Charles. On the third side the citadel batteries looked across the so-called Plains of Abraham, a plateau, the walls of which rise steeply two hundred feet above the water. The position was a difficult one to take, and it was held by soldiers who, if they had been properly supported by the Government at Versailles, would have rendered it impregnable. Joined with a few of the finest regiments, composed of the veterans of the wars of King Louis, were gallant bands of hardy provincials, who had proved that they could render most efficient aid to the regulars. But there was a chance for the English to place themselves near the town and on a level with its garrison before the French reinforcements expected from Montreal should arrive. Wolfe had an overwhelming superiority in his fleet, both of men-of-war and of transports. These he well employed. Making as though he would again attempt to force the lines he

had vainly attacked in the summer, he caused the mass of his enemy's forces to remain one autumn afternoon on the Beaufort shore, and then under cover of night swept up with the tide above the city. Quickly scaling the high bank, he drew up his men without meeting with resistance. Montcalm in the gray of morning hurried over the St. Charles and poured his troops through the town on to the plateau. Impetuously attacking, he was driven back and mortally wounded, almost at the same moment that Wolfe also fell, happier than his rival, who lived long enough to feel that the desertion of himself and of his army by the French Court must cause the surrender of the town. But its possession was again stoutly contested the next year, and the Marquis de Levis revenged in 1760, too late, and uselessly, the disaster of the previous year.

*Pictures from my Portfolio (1882).*

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Home they brought her warrior dead :—

She nor swooned nor uttered cry :  
All her maidens, watching, said,  
"She must weep, or she will die."

Then they praised him, soft and low,  
Called him worthy to be loved,  
Truest friend and noblest foe ;—  
Yet she neither spoke nor moved.

Stole a maiden from her place,  
Lightly to the warrior stept,  
Took the face-cloth from the face ;—  
Yet she neither moved nor wept.

Rose a nurse of ninety years,  
Set his child upon her knee ;—  
Like summer tempest came her tears—  
"Sweet my child, I live for thee."

TENNYSON : *The Princess.*

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### THE THOUSAND ISLANDS.

CHARLES SANGSTER (born at Kingston, 1822).

[Sangster is the laureate of Ontario, as Fr chet te is of Quebec. Both reach their chief excellence in lyric poetry; and, in their best lyrics, they have taken their inspiration and color from the magnificent scenery of the St. Lawrence and the Saguenay.]

Here the Spirit of Beauty keepeth  
 Jubilee for evermore;  
 Here the Voice of Gladness leapeth,  
 Echoing from shore to shore.  
 O'er the hidden watery valley,  
 O'er each buried wood and glade,  
 Dances our delighted galley  
 Through the sunlight and the shade—  
 Dances o'er the granite cells,  
 Where the Soul of Beauty dwells.

Here the flowers are ever springing  
 While the summer breezes blow;  
 Here the Hours are ever clinging,  
 Loitering before they go;

Playing round each beauteous islet,  
 Loath to leave the sunny shore,  
 Where, upon her couch of violet,  
 Beauty sits for evermore—  
 Sits and smiles by day and night  
 Hand in hand with pure Delight.

Here the Spirit of Beauty dwelleth  
 In each palpitating tree,  
 In each amber wave that welleteth  
 From its home, beneath the sea;  
 In the moss upon the granite,  
 In each calm, secluded bay,  
 With the zephyr trains that fan it  
 With their sweet breaths all the day—  
 On the waters, on the shore,  
 Beauty dwelleth evermore!

*The St. Lawrence and the Saguenay (1856).*

### IDYLS OF INVERBURN.

ROBERT BUCHANAN (b. 1841).

My father was a shepherd, old and poor,  
 Who, dwelling 'mong the clouds on norland hills,  
 His tartan plaidie on, and by his side  
 His sheep-dog running, reddened with the winds  
 That whistle saltly south from Polar seas.  
 I followed in his footsteps when a boy,  
 And knew by heart the mountains round our home:  
 But when I went to Edinglass,\* to learn  
 At college there, I looked about the place,  
 And heard the murmur of the busy streets  
 Around me in a dream; and only saw  
 The clouds that snow around the mountain tops,  
 The mists that chase the phantom of the moon  
 In lonely mountain tarns; and heard the while,  
 Not footsteps sounding hollow to and fro,  
 But wild winds, wailing through the woods of pine.  
 Time passed, and day by day those sights and sounds  
 Grew fainter, till they troubled me no more.

*Willie Baird (1865).*

\* Edinburgh.

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## HOW THE CLIFF WAS CLAD.

BJORNSTJERNE BJORNSON.

[Björnsterne Björnson (pr. *be-irn'-ste-er'-neh be-irn'-son*), who now ranks as one of the greatest writers of Northern Europe, achieved his first success in 1857, and with that year the new literary life of Norway is considered to commence. Björnson has now innumerable enthusiastic readers in the languages of Western Europe. "Arne" (pr. *ar'-nay*) disputes the first place in popularity with "The Happy Boy." Both owe their charm to their delightful pictures of Norse scenery and rural life.]

Between two cliffs lay a deep ravine, with a full stream rolling heavily through it over boulders and rough ground. It was high and steep, and one side was bare, save at the foot, where clustered a thick, fresh wood, so close to the stream that the mist from the water lay upon the foliage in spring and autumn. The trees stood looking upwards and forwards, unable to move either way.

"What if we were to clothe the Cliff?" said the Juniper one day to the foreign Oak that stood next him. The Oak looked down to find out who was speaking, and then looked up again without answering a word. The stream worked so hard that it grew white; the north wind rushed through the ravine, and shrieked in the fissures; and the bare Cliff hung heavily over and felt cold. "What if we were to clothe the Cliff?" said the Juniper to the Fir on the other side. "Well, if anybody is to do it, I suppose we must," replied the Fir, stroking his beard. "What dost thou think?" he added, looking over to the Birch. "In Mercy's name, let us clothe it," answered the Birch, glancing timidly towards the Cliff, which hung over her so heavily that she felt as if she could scarcely breathe. And thus, although they were but three, they agreed to clothe the Cliff. The Juniper went first.

When they had gone a little way, they met the Heather. The Juniper seemed as though he meant to pass her by. "Nay, let us take the Heather with us," said the Fir. So on went the Heather. Soon the Juniper began to slip. "Lay hold on me," said the Heather. The Juniper did so, and where there was only a little crevice the Heather put in one finger; and where she had got in one finger, the Juniper put in his whole hand. They crawled and climbed, the Fir heavily behind with the Birch. "It is a work of charity," said the Birch.

But the Cliff began to ponder what little things these could

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he that came clambering up it; and when it had thought over this a few hundred years, it sent down a little Brook to see about it. It was just spring flood, and the Brook rushed on till she met the Heather. "Dear, dear Heather, canst thou not let me pass? I am so little," said the Brook. The Heather, being very busy, only raised herself a little, and worked on. The Brook slipped under her, and ran onwards. "Dear, dear Juniper, canst thou not let me pass? I am so little," said the Brook. The Juniper glanced sharply at her; but as the Heather had let her pass, he thought he might do so as well. The Brook slipped under him, and ran on till she came where the Fir stood panting on a crag. "Dear, dear Fir, canst thou not let me pass? I am so little," the Brook said, fondly kissing the Fir on his foot. The Fir felt bashful, and let her pass. But the Birch made way before the Brook asked. "He, he, he," laughed the Brook, as she grew large. "Ha, ha, ha," laughed the Brook again, pushing Heather and Juniper, Fir and Birch, forwards and backwards, up and down on the great crags. The Cliff sat for many hundred years after, pondering whether it did not smile a little that day.

It was clear the Cliff did not wish to be clad. The Heather felt so vexed that she turned green again, and then she went on. "Never mind; take courage!" said the Heather.

The Juniper sat up to look at the Heather, and at last he rose to his feet. He scratched his head a moment, and then he too went on again, and clutched so firmly that he thought the Cliff could not help feeling it. "If thou wilt not take me, then I will take thee," said he. The Fir bent his toes a little, to feel if they were whole; lifted one foot, which he found all right; then the other, which was all right too; and then both feet. He first examined the path he had come, then where he had been lying, and at last where he had to go. Then he strode onwards, just as though he had never fallen. The Birch had been splashed very badly, but now she got up and made herself tidy. And so they went rapidly on, upwards and sideways, in sunshine and rain. "But what in the world is all this?" said the Cliff when the summer sun shone, the dew-drops glittered, the birds sang, the wood-mouse squeaked, the hare bounded, and the weasel hid and screamed among the trees.

Then the day came when the Heather could peep over the Cliff's edge. "Oh dear me!" said she, and over she went. "What is it the Heather sees, dear?" said the Juniper, and



came forwards till he too could peep over. "Dear me!" he cried, and over he went. "What's the matter with the Juniper to-day?" said the Fir, taking long strides in the hot sun. Soon he too, by standing on tiptoe, could peep over. "Ah!"—every branch and prickle stood on end with astonishment. He strode onwards, and over he went. "What is it they all see and not I?" said the Birch, lifting up her skirts and tripping after. "Ah!" said she, putting her head over, "there is a whole forest of fir, and heather, and juniper, and birch waiting for us on the plain;" and her leaves trembled in the sunshine till the dew-drops fell. "This comes of reaching forwards," said the Juniper.

### THE SEA.

BRYAN WALLER PROCTER (BARRY CORNWALL)—1790-1874.

The Sea! the Sea! the open Sea!  
 The blue, the fresh, the ever free!  
 Without a mark, without a bound,  
 It runneth the Earth's wide regions round;  
 It plays with the clouds; it mocks the skies;  
 Or like a cradled creature lies.

I'm on the Sea! I'm on the Sea!  
 I am where I would ever be;  
 With the blue above and the blue below  
 And silence wheresoe'er I go.  
 If a storm should come and awake the deep,  
 What matter? I shall ride, and sleep.

I love (oh, *how* I love) to ride  
 On the fierce, foaming, bursting tide,  
 When every mad wave drowns the moon,  
 Or whistles aloft his tempest tune,  
 And tells how goeth the world below,  
 And why the south-west blasts do blow.

I never was on the dull, tame shore,  
 But I loved the great sea more and more,  
 And backwards flew to her billowy breast,  
 Like a bird that seeketh its mother's nest:  
 And a mother she *was* and *is* to me;  
 For I was born on the open sea!



The waves were white, and red the morn,  
In the noisy hour when I was born ;  
And the whale it whistled, the porpoise rolled,  
And the dolphins bared their backs of gold ;  
And never was heard such an outcry wild  
As welcomed to life the Ocean-child !

I've lived since then, in calm and strife,  
Full fifty summers a sailor's life,  
With wealth to spend and a power to range,  
But never have sought nor sighed for change.  
And Death, whenever he comes to me,  
Shall come on the wild, unbounded sea !

## CANADA: ITS SCENERY AND MAJESTIC PROPORTIONS.

HON. JOSEPH HOWE (1804-1873).

[In 1841 the old provinces of Upper and Lower Canada were, under the administration of Lord Sydenham, united in one Parliament; but for yet a quarter century longer the Maritime Provinces were to retain their own legislatures. In his own province of Nova Scotia, Howe had now become a great tribune of the people. Desiring to inform himself more fully on Canada and its political system, he undertook in 1841 a tour through the united provinces, and attended the opening of the first Parliament at Kingston. On his return to Nova Scotia he thus recorded his impressions:—]

He is not a wise Nova Scotian who shuts himself up within the boundaries of his own little province, and, wasting life amidst the narrow prejudices and evil passions of his own contracted sphere, vegetates and dies, regardless of the growing communities and widely extending influences by which the interests of his country are affected every day, and which may at no distant period, if not watched and counteracted, control its destinies with an overmastering and resistless power.

The question has been put to us twenty times in a day since we returned home, "What do you think of Canada?" and as it is likely to be many times repeated, we take this early opportunity of recording our conviction that it is one of the noblest countries that it has ever been our good fortune to behold. Canada wants two elements of prosperity which the lower colonies possess — open harbors for general commerce, and a homogeneous population; but it has got everything else that the most fastidious political economist would require. We knew that Canada was a very extensive province, that there was some fine scenery in it, and that much of the soil was good, for we had read all this a great many times; but yet it is only by spending some weeks in traversing the face of the country that one becomes really alive to its vast proportions, its great national features, boundless resources, and surpassing beauty. It is said, so exquisite is the architecture of St. Peter's at Rome, that it is not until a visitor has examined the fingers of a cherub, and found them as thick as his arm, or until he has attempted to fondle a dove, and found it far beyond his reach, and much larger than an eagle, that he becomes aware of the dimensions of the noble pile. So is it with Canada. A glance at the map or a perusal of a volume or two of description will

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give but a faint idea of the country. It must be *felt* to be understood.

Nova Scotia and Cape Breton together extend over a space of four hundred miles, and a good steam-boat will run past both in thirty hours. From Anticosti to Quebec is about six hundred miles; and then when you have got there, you are but upon the threshold of the province. For two days and nights you steam along after entering the estuary of the St. Lawrence, at the *Unicorn's* highest speed, with Canada on both sides of you; and when you are beneath the shadow of Cape Diamond, you begin to think that you have got a reasonable distance inland—that Canada, as they say in the States, is “considerable of a place.” But again you embark, and steam up the St. Lawrence, for one hundred and eighty miles further, to Montreal; and there you may take your choice, either to continue your route or to ascend the Ottawa, and seek at a greater distance from you than you are from the sea for the northern limits of Canada. But you probably prefer adhering to the St. Lawrence, as we did; and on you go, by coach and steam-boat, for forty-eight hours more, and find yourself at Kingston. Looking back upon the extent of land and water you have passed, you begin to fancy that, if not near the end of the world, you ought at least to be upon the outside edge of Canada. But it is not so. You have only reached the central point chosen for the seat of government; and although you are a thousand miles from the sea, you may pass on west for another thousand miles, and yet it is all Canada.

But the mere extent of the country would not perhaps impress the mind so strongly if there were not so much of the vast, the magnificent, the national, in all its leading features. It is impossible to fancy that you are in a province—a colony: you feel at every step that Canada must become a great nation; and at every step you pray most devoutly for the descent upon the country of that wisdom, and foresight, and energy which shall make it the great treasury of British institutions upon this continent, and an honor to the British name. All the lakes of Scotland thrown together would not make one of those great inland seas, which form, as it were, a chain of Mediterraneans: all the rivers of England, old father Thames included, would scarcely fill the channel of the St. Lawrence. There is a grandeur in the mountain ranges, and a voice in the noble cataracts, which elevate the spirit above the ignorance and the passions of the past, and the perplexities of the present, and make us

feel that the great Creator of the universe never meant such a country to be the scene of perpetual discord and degradation, but will yet inspire the people with the union, the virtue, and the true patriotism by which alone its political and social condition shall be made to take, more nearly than it does now, the impress of its natural features. Canada is a country to be proud of; to inspire high thoughts; to cherish a love for the sublime and beautiful; and to take its stand among the nations of the Earth, in spite of all the circumstances which have hitherto retarded, and may still retard, its progress.

ANNAND: *Speeches and Public Letters of the Hon. Joseph Howe.*

### LOCHABER NO MORE.

ALLAN RAMSAY (1685-1758).

[The air to which these touching words are sung is based upon a simple ballad air of one strain, called *Lord Ronald my Son*.

The effect of *Lochaber No More* on Scotchmen when far from the dear old land strongly recalls the effect of the *Ranz des Vaches* ("The Herding of the Kine") upon Swiss exiles; for this simple herdsman's air, which Wordsworth vainly tried to feel, produced so much home-sickness and desertion among Swiss soldiery that it became a forbidden tune. So it once became necessary in the West Indies to forbid the playing of *Lochaber No More* within the hearing of a Highland regiment. In "Constable's Miscellany," a pathetic story is told of a Lochaber soldier of the 71st, who, having served out his time during the Peninsular War, took his discharge, and, despite the entreaties of an attached comrade, accepted service with a kind Spanish family. At the last good-bye, his comrade, holding Donald's hand in his own, sang a verse of *Lochaber No More*. Donald utterly broke down, and bursting into tears, exclaimed, "I'll no stay here—I canna bide here!" The poor fellow re-enlisted, and next day was once more on the march with his Highland regiment.]

Farewell to Lochaber, and farewell, my Jean,  
 Where heartsome wi' her I ha'e mony a day been;  
 For Lochaber no more, Lochaber no more,  
 We'll may-be return to Lochaber no more.  
 These tears that I shed they are a' for my dear,  
 And no for the dangers attending on weir;  
 Though borne on rough seas to a far-distant shore,  
 May-be to return to Lochaber no more.

Though hurricanes rise, though rise every wind,  
 No tempest can equal the storm in my mind;  
 Though loudest of thunders on louder waves roar,  
 There's naething like leavin' my love on the shore.



To leave thee behind me my heart is sair pained,  
 But by ease that's inglorious no fame can be gained ;  
 And beauty and love's the command of the brave,  
 And I maun deserve it before I can crave.

Then glory, my Jeanie, maun plead my excuse ;  
 Since honor commands me, how can I refuse ?  
 Without it I ne'er could have merit for thee,  
 And losing thy favor I'd better not be.  
 I gae, then, my lass, to win honor and fame ;  
 And if I should chance to come glorious name,  
 I'll bring a heart to thee with love running o'er,—  
 And then I'll leave thee and Lochaber no more.

GLOSSARY.—A', *all*; gae, *go*; hame, *home*; ha'e, *have*; heartsome, *joyous*;  
 maun, *must*; mony, *many*; naething, *nothing*; no, *not*; sair, *sore*; weir, *war*;  
 wi', *with*.

## THE BELLS OF SHANDON.

REV. FRANCIS MAHONY ("FATHER PROUT"), 1805-1866.

["Francis Mahony—or as he called himself, O'Mahony, better known as Father Prout—was a kindred spirit, with the same mixture of fun, learning, and fluency which distinguished Maginn.

"To have heard Mahony sing this, an old man, leaning his fine old head, like a carving in ivory, against the mantle-shelf, in a cracked and thready voice which had once been fine, is a pathetic memory. Between the melodious commonplace of Moore's melodies and the wild and impassioned ravings of Shan van Voght, this more temperate type of Irish verse, with its characteristic broken melody, its touch of mockery, its soul of tender if not profound remembrance, is wholesome and grateful, though it has no pretensions to be great."—Mrs. OLIPHANT: *Literary History of England* (1882).

These lines first appeared (1834) in *Fraser's Magazine*, to which Father Prout was a contributor. The bells that he has made so famous still chime the hours from the steeple of St. Anne, or Upper Shandon, in Cork, the poet's native city.

Father Prout's own note is: "The spire of Shandon, built on the ruins of old Shandon Castle, is a prominent object, from whatever side the traveller approaches our beautiful city. In a vault at its foot sleep some generation of the writer's kith and kin."—*The Reliques of Father Prout.*]

With deep affection and recollection  
I often think of those Shandon bells,  
Whose sounds so wild would, in the days of childhood,  
Fling round my cradle their magic spells.

On this I ponder where'er I wander,  
And thus grow fonder, sweet Cork, of thee ;  
With thy bells of Shandon that sound so grand on  
The pleasant waters of the River Lee.

I've heard bells chiming full many a clime in,  
Tolling sublime in cathedral shrine ;  
While at a glib rate brass tongues would vibrate ;—  
But all their music spoke naught like thine.

For memory dwelling on each proud swelling  
Of thy belfry knelling its bold notes free,  
Made bells of the Shandon sound far more grand on  
The pleasant waters of the River Lee.

I've heard bells tolling old Adrian's Mole\* in,  
Their thunder rolling from the Vatican ;

\* Adrian's Mausoleum,—now the site of the Castle of St. Angelo,



And cymbals glorious swinging uproarious  
In the gorgeous turrets of Notre Dame.\*

But thy sounds were sweeter than the dome of Peter  
Flings o'er the Tiber, pealing solemnly :  
Oh, the bells of Shandon sound far more grand on  
The pleasant waters of the River Lee.

There's a bell in Moscow ; while on tower and kiosk O !  
In Saint Sophia † the Turkman gets,  
And loud in air calls men to prayer  
From the tapering summits of tall minarets.

Such empty phantom I freely grant them ;  
But there's an anthem more dear to me :  
'Tis the bells of Shandon that sound so grand on  
The pleasant waters of the River Lee.

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**"SHE IS FAR FROM THE LAND."**

THOMAS MOORE (1779-1852).

[The subject of these beautiful lines was the widow of Robert Emmett, a young barrister, who was executed (September 20) for his connection with the Irish insurrection of July 23, 1803.]

She is far from the land where her young hero sleeps,  
And lovers around her are sighing ;  
But coldly she turns from their gaze and weeps,  
For her heart in his grave is lying.

She sings the wild songs of her dear native plains,  
Every note which he loved awaking—  
Ah ! little they think, who delight in her strains,  
How the heart of the minstrel is breaking !

He had lived for his love, for his country he died—  
They were all that to life had entwined him ;  
Nor soon shall the tears of his country be dried,  
Nor long will his love stay behind him !

Oh ! make her a grave where the sunbeams rest  
When they promise a glorious morrow ;  
They'll shine o'er her sleep like a smile from the west,  
From her own loved island of sorrow !

\* Notre Dame, the famous cathedral of Paris.

† St. Sophia, the great Mohammedan mosque of Constantinople.





### THE MEETING OF THE WATERS.

THOMAS MOORE (1779-1852).

There is not in the wide world a valley so sweet,  
 As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet;—  
 Oh! the last rays of feeling and life must depart,  
 Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart.

Yet it was not that Nature had shed o'er the scene  
 Her purest of crystal and brightest of green;  
 'Twas not her soft magic of streamlet and hill;  
 Oh, no!—it was something more exquisite still.

'Twas that friends, the beloved of my bosom, were near,  
 Who made every dear scene of enchantment more dear,  
 And who felt how the best charms of Nature improve,  
 When we see them reflected from looks that we love.

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## MEMORIES OF THE OLD LAND.

W. J. RATTRAY.

It is certainly full time that Canadians began to regard their noble heritage with the eyes of national pride and predilection, and that its life, political, intellectual, and social, were taking a national tinge. If we cannot at once spring into the stature of complete manhood, it is at least possible—indeed, necessary, if we desire Canada to be great—that the *habit*, so to speak, of nationality should be formed and cherished until it grows to be a familiar and settled feature in our country's life.

But it is quite another thing to propose that the state shall be cleaned off, and that if this noble Canada of ours cannot begin without patriotic capital of its own, it should wait patiently until it has made a history and a name for itself. The stimulus necessary in the initial stages of colonial progress must be drawn from older lands; it cannot be improvised off-hand at pleasure. Factitious patriotism is a sentimental gewgaw which anybody may fabricate and adorn with such tinsel rhetoric as he can command, but it bears no resemblance to the genuine article. As with the individual, so with the embryo nation: the life it leads, the pulse which leaps through its frame, is the life of the parent—the mother or the mother-land, as the case may be. Traditions gather about the young nationality as it advances through adolescence to maturity; yet even the sons and grandsons of Englishmen, Scots, Irishmen, French, or Germans, must revere the memories of the country from which they sprang—glory in what is illustrious in its history, and strive to emulate the virtues transplanted in their persons to blossom on another soil and beneath another sky. The old maxim, "No one can put off his country," has lost its international value in a legal sense; but it remains valid in regard to the character, tendencies, and aptitude of the individual man. Such as his country has made him he is, and, broadly speaking, he must remain to the end of the chapter; the national stamp will be impressed upon his children and his children's children, and traces of it will survive all vicissitudes and be perpetuated in his remotest posterity. In a new country there is much to dissipate traditional feelings, but inherited traits of character remain and crop up long after the

ties of political connection have been broken for ever. Up to the time of the American Revolution, the colonists of New England, or Virginia, looked across the ocean with tender affection to the dear old land they had left behind. England was a harsh mother to some of those expatriated ones, yet they never ceased to feel an honest pride in her renown ; and even beneath the surface-coldness of the Puritan character the glow of tender and almost yearning love for England burned in the heart and found expression in the writings of those early days. And so at this day : with much to estrange the peoples of England and America, what is common to both on the glorious page of history, in the language and literature of the English-speaking peoples, seems to attach them again to each other with ever-tightening bands. Crafty demagogues may flatter and prompt the ignorant prejudices of the residuum, but there can be little doubt that the sound heart of the United States is drawing closer to the maternal bosom than it has done at any time since '76.

Attachment to the land from which we or our fathers came is not only compatible with intense devotion to the highest interests of the country where we dwell, but is a necessary condition of its birth, its growth, and its fervor. The dutiful son, the affectionate husband and father, will usually be the best and most patriotic subject or citizen ; and he will love Canada best who draws his love of country in copious draughts from the old fountain-head across the sea. We have an example of strong devotion to the European stock, combined with unwavering attachment to Canada, in our French fellow-countrymen of Quebec. No people can be more tenacious of their language, their institutions, and their religion than they are ; they still love France and its past glories with all the passionate ardor of their warm and constant natures ; and yet no people are more contented, more tenderly devoted to Canadian interests, more loyal to the Crown and the free institutions under which they live. Sir Etienne Taché gave expression to the settled feeling of his compatriots when he predicted that the last shot for British rule in America would be fired from the citadel of Quebec by a French Canadian. The Norman and Breton root from which the Lower Canadians sprang was peculiarly patriotic, almost exclusively so, in a provincial or sectional sense, in old France ; and they, like the Scot, brought their proud, hardy, and chivalrous nature with them, to

dignify and enrich the future of colonial life. The French Canadian, moreover, can boast a thrilling history in the Dominion itself, to which the English portion of the population can lay no claim. Quebec has a Valhalla\* of departed heroes distinctively its own; yet still it does not turn its back upon the older France, but lives in the past, inspired by its spirit to work out the problem of a new nationality in its own way. There is no more patriotic Canadian than the Frenchman, and he is also the proudest of his origin and race. There is nothing, then, to forbid the English-speaking Canadian from revering the country of his fathers, be it England, Scotland, or Ireland; on the contrary, it may be laid down as a national maxim, that the unpatriotic Englishman, Scot, or Irishman, will be sure to prove a very inferior specimen of the Canadian.

*The Scot in British North America.*

### THE SCOT ABROAD.

(From "*Spring Wild Flowers.*")

DANIEL WILSON, LL.D., PRESIDENT OF UNIVERSITY COLLEGE,  
TORONTO (b. 1816).

Oh, to be in Scotland now,  
When the mellow autumn smiles  
So pleasantly on knoll and howe; †  
Where from rugged cliff and heathy brow  
Of each mountain height you look down defiles  
Golden with the harvest's glow.

Oh, to be in the kindly land,  
Whether mellow autumn smile or no:  
It is well if the joyous reaper stand  
Breast-deep in the yellow corn, sickle in hand;  
But I care not though sleety east winds blow,  
So long as I tread its strand:

To be wandering there at will,  
Be it sunshine, or rain, or its winds that brace;  
To climb the old familiar hill,  
Of the storied landscape to drink my fill,  
And look out on the gray old town at its base,  
And linger a dreamer still!

\* In Scandinavian mythology, the palace of the souls of heroes who have fallen in battle.

† Howe, *dell*.

Ah! weep ye not for the dead,  
 The dear ones safe in their native earth;  
 There fond hands pillowed the narrow bed,  
 Where fresh gowans,\* star-like, above their head  
 Spangle the turf of each spring's new birth,  
 For the living, loving tread.

Ah! not for them: doubly blest,  
 Safely home, and past all weeping;  
 Hushed and still, there closely prest  
 Kith to kin, on one mother's breast;  
 All still, securely, trustfully sleeping,  
 As in their first cradled rest.

Weep rather, ay, weep sore,  
 For him who departs to a distant land.  
 There are pleasant homes on the far-off shore;  
 Friends, too, but not like the friends of yore,  
 That fondly, but vainly, beckoning stand  
 For him who returns no more.

Oh, to lie in Scottish earth,  
 Lapped in the clods of its kindly soil;  
 Where the soaring laverock's† song has birth  
 In the welkin's blue, and its heavenward mirth  
 Lends a rapture to earth-born toil—  
 What matter! Death recks not the dearth.

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### THE FIRST SPRING DAY.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI (b. 1830).

I wonder if the sap is stirring yet,  
 If wintry birds are dreaming of a mate,  
 If frozen snow-drops feel as yet the sun,  
 And crocus fires are kindling one by one:  
 Sing, robin, sing!

I still am sore in doubt concerning Spring.  
 I wonder if the spring-tide of this year  
 Will bring another spring both lost and dear;  
 If heart and spirit will find out their spring,  
 Or if the world alone will bud and sing:  
 Sing, hope, to me!

Sweet notes, my hope, soft notes for memory.

\* Mountain daisy.

† Lark's.

The sap will surely quicken soon or late,  
 The tardiest bird will twitter to a mate ;  
 So Spring must dawn again with warmth and bloom,  
 Or in this world, or in the world to come :  
     Sing, voice of Spring !  
 Till I too blossom and rejoice and sing.



### SPRING.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Then bursts the song from every leafy glade,  
 The yielding season's bridal serenade ;  
 Then flash the wings returning Summer calls  
 Through the deep arches of her forest halls ;—  
 The blue-bird breathing from his azure plumes  
 The fragrance borrowed where the myrtle blooms ;  
 The thrush, poor wanderer, dropping meekly down,  
 Clad in his remnant of autumnal brown ;  
 The oriole, drifting like a flake of fire,  
 Rent by the whirlwind from a blazing spire ;  
 The robin, jerking his spasmodic throat,  
 Repeats, imperious, his staccato\* note ;  
 The crack-brained bobolink courts his crazy mate,  
 Poised on a bulrush tipsy with his weight ;  
 Nay, in his cage, the lone canary sings,  
 Feels the soft air and spreads his idle wings.

*Pictures from Occasional Poems (1850-1856).*

\* Disconnected.

## THE FOUNDING OF GALT, GUELPH, AND GODERICH.

JOHN GALT (1779-1839).

[Galt, whose tastes were commercial as well as literary, was commissioned by the Canada Company to act as their local manager, and he thus came to reside in Canada from 1824 to 1827. His inclination to literature became more decided after a tour of the Mediterranean, where he made the acquaintance of Lord Byron; and thenceforward his pen was kept actively employed. His novels and his "Life of Byron" have run through many editions. His reputation rests chiefly on "The Provost" and "The Annals of the Parish." Galt's brief administration of the Canada Company's vast territory in the peninsula of Upper Canada was eminently beneficial and progressive—indeed, too progressive for the shareholders. Roads were opened out, and easy access was afforded to Lake Huron and between the centres of population. Very many of the geographical names in Western and North-Western Ontario were devised by Galt. They chiefly commemorate the names of his friends or of the Company's directors; but in some cases they were suggested by home-scenes in Scotland. The village of *Ayr* and the *Irvine River* remind us that John Galt was born at Irvine in Ayrshire.]

I directed an inspection by qualified persons of a block or tract of upwards of forty thousand acres of the [Canada] Company's purchase, for the purpose of finding within it an eligible situation for a town. All reports made to me agreed in recommending the spot where Guelph now stands, and it was fixed upon; but as it was too early in the year to undertake field operations, and the immigrant season had not commenced, I went to New York to make some necessary arrangements.

When the causes which induced me to visit New York were adjusted, I returned to Upper Canada, and gave orders that operations should commence on St. George's day, the 23rd of April [1827]. This was not without design: I was well aware of the boding effect of a little solemnity on the minds of most men, and especially of the unlettered, such as the first class of settlers were likely to be, at eras which betokened destiny, like the launching of a vessel or the birth of an enterprise, of which a horoscope might be cast. The founding of a town was certainly one of these; and accordingly I appointed a national holy-day for the ceremony, which secretly I was determined should be so celebrated as to be held in remembrance, and yet so conducted as to be only apparently and accidentally impressive.

In the meantime, as I imagined it would not be difficult to persuade the directors to erect a central office for the Company there, and as a tavern and hotel were indispensable, I set about procuring plans.

Having myself a kind of amateur taste in architectural draw-



ing, and being in consequence, from the period of my travels, led to adopt as a rule in art that the style of a building should always indicate and be appropriate to its purpose, I thought that the constructing of a city afforded an opportunity to edify posterity in this matter. Accordingly, I undertook myself to draw the most problematic design of the office; and gave a house-carpenter instructions to make a plan and elevation for a tavern, delivering to him, like a Sir Oracle, my ideas as to the fitness of indicating by the appearance of the building the particular uses to which it was destined. My drawing was of course very classical, but his "beat all," as the Yankees say, "to immortal smash." It represented a two-story commonplace house, with a pediment; but on every corner and cornice, "coigne and vantage," were rows of glasses, bottles, punch-bowls, and wine-decanterers!—such an exhibition as did not require a man to be a god to tell it was an inn. In short, no rule was ever more unequivocally illustrated, and cannot even yet be thought of with sobriety.

On the 22nd of April, the day previous to the time appointed for laying the foundations of my projected *polis*, I went to Galt, a town situated on the banks of the Grand River, which my friend the Honorable William Dickson, in whose township it is situated, had named after me, long before the Canada Company was imagined: \* it had arrived at the maturity of having a post-office before I heard of its existence. There I met by appointment, at Mr. Dickson's, Dr. Dunlop, who held a roving commission in the Canada Company, and was informed that the requisite woodmen were assembled.

Next morning we walked after breakfast towards the site which had been selected. The distance was about eighteen miles from Galt, half of it in the forest; but till we came near the end of the road no accident happened. Scarcely, however, had we entered the bush, as the woods are called, when the doctor found he had lost the way. I was excessively angry, for such an accident is no trifle in the woods; but after wandering up and

\* As early as 1816, under the direction of the Hon. Wm. Dickson, a settlement had been formed by Absalom Shade. Mr. Shade was an active, keen-witted young carpenter from Buffalo, and he became so identified with the young village that it was known for eleven years as Shade's Mills. As soon as the village was allowed postal service, the post-office was, at Mr. Dickson's request, officially designated "Galt," after his early friend and school-mate at Edinburgh; and after Mr. Galt's visit in 1827, the name was adopted for the village as well as for the post-office.—See *Early History of Galt and the Settlement of Dumfries*, by James Young, M.P. (1880).



down like the two babes, with not even the comfort of a black-berry, the heavens frowning and the surrounding forest sullenly still, we discovered a hut, and "tirling at the pin,"\* entered, and found it inhabited by a Dutch shoemaker. We made him understand our lost condition, and induced him to set us on the right path. He had been in the French army, and had, after the peace, emigrated to the United States; thence he had come into Upper Canada, where he bought a lot of land, which, after he had made some betterments, he exchanged for the location in the woods, or, as he said himself, "Je swape the first land for the lot on which I am now settled."

With his assistance we reached the skirts of the wild to which we were going, and were informed in the cabin of a squatter that all our men had gone forward. By this time it began to rain; but, undeterred by that circumstance, we resumed our journey in the pathless wood. About sunset, dripping wet, we arrived near the spot we were in quest of—a shanty, which an Indian, who had committed murder, had raised as a refuge for himself.

We found the men, under the orders of Mr. Prior, whom I had employed for the Company, kindling a roaring fire; and after endeavoring to dry ourselves, and having recourse to the store-basket, I proposed to go to the spot chosen for the town. By this time the sun was set, and Dr. Dunlop, with his characteristic drollery, having doffed his wet garb and dressed himself Indian fashion in blankets, we proceeded with Mr. Prior, attended by two woodmen with their axes.

It was consistent with my plan to invest our ceremony with a little mystery, the better to make it be remembered. So, intimating that the main body of the men were not to come, we walked to the brow of the neighboring rising ground; and Mr. Prior having shown the site selected for the town, a large maple-tree was chosen, on which, taking an axe from one of the woodmen, I struck the first stroke. To me, at least, the moment was impressive; and the silence of the woods that echoed to the sound was as the sigh of the solemn genius of the wilderness departing for ever.

The doctor followed me; then, if I recollect rightly, Mr. Prior; and the woodmen finished the work. The tree fell with a crash of accumulating thunder, as if ancient Nature were alarmed at

\* Twirling the handle of the door-latch.

the entrance of social man into her innocent solitudes, with his sorrows, his follies, and his crimes.

I do not suppose that the sublimity of the occasion was unfelt by the others; for I noticed that after the tree fell, there was a funereal pause, as when the coffin is lowered into the grave: it was, however, of short duration.

The name [Guelph] was chosen in compliment to the Royal Family, both because I thought it auspicious in itself, and because I could not recollect that it had ever been before used in all the King's dominions.

After the solemnity—for though the ceremony was simple, it may be so denominated—we returned to the shanty; and the rain, which had been suspended during the performance, began again to pour.

It may appear ludicrous to many readers that I look on this incident with gravity, but in truth I am very serious; for although Guelph is not so situated as ever to become celebrated for foreign commerce, the location possesses many advantages, independent of being situated on a tongue of land surrounded by a clear and rapid stream.

In planning the city—for I shall still dignify it by that title, though applied at first in derision—I had, like the lawyers in establishing their fees, an eye to futurity in the magnitude of the parts. A beautiful central hill was reserved for the Catholics, in compliment to my friend Bishop Macdonell, for his advice in the formation of the Company; the centre of a rising ground, destined to be a square hereafter, was appropriated to the Episcopal Church for Archdeacon Strachan; and another rising ground was reserved for the Presbyterians.

Education is a subject so important to a community that it obtained my earliest attention; and accordingly, in planting the town, I stipulated that the half of the price of the building sites should be appropriated to endow a school, undertaking that the Company in the first instance should sustain the expense of the building, and be gradually repaid by the sale of the town lots. The school-house was thus among the first buildings undertaken to draw settlers.

The works and the roads soon drew from all parts a greater influx of inhabitants than was expected, insomuch that the rise of the town far surpassed my hopes.

Before the foundations of the town were laid, land was valued by the magistrates, in quarter sessions, at one shilling and

threepence per acre, and the settled townships around at three-fourths of a dollar. When I left the place, the lowest rate of land sold was fifteen shillings; and the price in the neighboring townships was estimated at ten shillings.

When I had effectually set the operations for the Canada Company agoing at Guelph, I returned to York [Toronto], and took into consideration a step to which the Company was pledged to the public and the Government.

Among the inducements held out to obtain the reserves at a moderate price, was the vast advantages which would arise to the Province from having an opulent Company interested in promoting its improvement. One of the most obvious modes of accomplishing this was, as it appeared to me, to receive payments in produce, and to undertake the sale of it on consignment. By an arrangement contemplated, in the event of the directors agreeing to this, I conceived that the commissions on the consignments of wheat would defray all the official expenses, and a stimulus would be given to the prosperity of the Province, which would soon compensate the country for all the profit that might be drawn from it in consequence of the Company's speculation. Accordingly, having settled a plan for carrying the business into effect, and ascertained what would be the most convenient points to have receiving-houses established, I endeavored to find whether it would be necessary to erect stores or to rent them.

In my inquiries, I found that by far the most eligible situation for the purpose of erecting a central store was on the banks of a canal which the Government was excavating through a narrow neck of land, to open Burlington Bay into Lake Ontario. It occurred to me, when my attention was drawn to this situation, that the land would be soon occupied, and although still in the hands of the Government, would not be allowed to remain long so.

I therefore determined to make an application for a grant to the Company of this valuable and most eligible site. The business admitting of no delay, I made the solicitation for the grant, and explained in my letter the purpose for which it was solicited,—namely, to erect stores, etc., for the reception of produce.

The letter was sent in to the Government office, and the grant was made without delay. I think it was for three acres;—much the most valuable spot in the whole Province. It fronted

the canal ; on the right it had Burlington Bay, and on the left Lake Ontario : a more convenient spot for any commercial purpose in a new country could not be chosen. It gave me unspeakable pleasure to have obtained for the Company so great a boon, and I expressed to the directors my satisfaction at the liberal treatment of the Government ; it was not necessary to be more particular.

After staying some time on official business at York, I went to Guelph to inspect the improvements, of which I had appointed Mr. Prior the overseer and manager, and was gratified at the condition of everything.

While there I received a visit from Bishop Macdonell and the Provincial Inspector-General ; and when they had left me, other friends from Edinburgh, with ladies, came also in, for the works being on a great scale were now becoming objects of curiosity. Not being restricted in any means which could be employed in the country, I certainly did indulge myself in the rapidity of creation.

The glory of Guelph was unparalleled ; but, like all earthly glories, it was destined to pass away. It consisted of a glade opened through the forest, about seven miles in length, upwards of one hundred and thirty feet in width, forming an avenue, with trees on each side far exceeding in height the most stupendous in England. The high road to the town lay along the middle of this Babylonian approach,\* which was cut so wide as to admit the sun and air, and was intended to be fenced of the usual breadth, the price of the land contiguous to be such as to defray the expense of the clearing. But the imagination forbears when it would attempt to depict the magnificent effect of the golden sun shining through the colossal vista of smoke and flames ; the woodmen dimly seen moving in the " palpable obscure,"† with their axes glancing along in the distance.

By doing speedily and collectively works which in detail would not have been remarkable, these superb effects were obtained. They brought " to home " the wandering emigrants, gave them employment, and by the wonder at their greatness, magnified the importance of the improvements. This gigantic vision did not cost much more than the publication of a novel.

It had been clearly understood as an inducement to Govern-

\* Reference to the artificial vistas and " hanging gardens " of Babylon.

† The quotation is from Milton's " Paradise Lost," book ii., line 406.

ment to sell the reserves to the Company, that the Province was to be greatly benefited by its operations, and that it was not to be a mere land-jobbing concern. I therefore estimated the expenditure, one thing with another, equal to the price of the land ; and I received a paper of calculations made by the gentleman who acted in my absence, by which he showed himself of the same opinion. But without this consideration, there were circumstances in the state of the times by which the shares of all joint-stock companies were affected. Nevertheless, though I was, to use a familiar figure, only building the house that was afterwards to produce a rental, it was said my expenditure had tended to lower the Company's stock—in short, the echo of the rumor that I had heard of the directors' disapproval before any account of my proceedings could have reached London ; and to crown all, I was ordered to change the name from Guelph to Goderich. In reply, I endeavored to justify what had been done ; and as the name could not be altered, I called another town, founded about this time at Lake Huron, by the name of his lordship.

But instead of giving any satisfaction, my letters of justification drew a more decisive condemnation of the name Guelph. The manner in which the second disapproval was couched set me athinking ; and, laying different things together, I drew the conclusion that there was somewhere a disposition to effect my recall. That, I knew, could be done without assigning any reason ; but it was a step that required a pretext to take, and therefore I determined to make a stand.

Strictly according to rule and law, I wrote back that the name of the place was not a thing that I cared two straws about ; but as it had been the scene of legal transactions, it was necessary to get an Act of the Provincial Parliament before the change could be made, and that therefore if the court would send me the preamble for a Bill, I would lose no time in applying for it. I heard, however, nothing more on the subject, and thus a most contemptible controversy ended ; but I cannot yet imagine how a number of grave and most intelligent merchants ever troubled their heads about such a matter.

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### DOWN UPON THE GREEN EARTH.

CHARLES MACKAY (b. 1814).

Five hundred years the royal tree  
 Has waved in the woods his branches free ;  
 But king no longer shall he stand,  
 To cast his shadow o'er the land ;  
 The hour has come when he must die :  
 Down upon the green earth let him lie !

No more beneath his spreading boughs  
 Shall lovers breathe their tender vows ;  
 No more with early fondness mark  
 Their names upon his crinkled bark,



Or idly dream and softly sigh :  
Down upon the green earth let him lie !

The lightning stroke has o'er him passed,  
And never harmed him first or last ;  
But mine are strokes more sure, I trust,  
To lay his forehead in the dust ;  
My hatchet falls—the splinters fly :  
Down upon the green earth let him lie !

But yet, although I smite him down,  
And cast to earth his forest crown,  
The good old tree shall live again,  
To plough deep furrows o'er the main,  
And flaunt his pennant to the sky :  
Down upon the green earth let him lie !

Full-breasted to the favoring breeze,  
He shall be monarch of the seas,  
And bear our Britain's triumphs far.  
In calm or tempest, peace or war ;  
'Tis but to live that he must die :  
Down upon the green earth let him lie !

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### IN WINDSOR FOREST.

ALEXANDER POPE (1688-1744).

[The British oaks shall go on their mission of commerce to the far distant East, and bring back the products of its woods and seas and mines.]

Thy trees, fair Windsor ! now shall leave their woods,  
And half thy forests rush into thy floods ;  
Bear Britain's thunder, and her cross display,  
To the bright regions of the rising day ;  
Tempt icy seas, where scarce the waters roll,  
Where clearer flames glow round the frozen pole ;  
Or under southern skies exalt their sails,  
Led by new stars and borne by spicy gales !  
For me the balm shall bleed, and amber flow,  
The coral redden, and the ruby glow,  
The pearly shell its lucid globe infold,  
And Phœbus warm the ripening ore to gold.

*Windsor Forest.*



**THE UNWRITTEN HISTORY OF OUR FOREFATHERS.**

REV. JAMES MACKENZIE.

The history of the early Britons, though it was never written, may be read. A curious history it is; and the way in which the materials of it have been gathered and put together is a fine example of the triumphs of patient thought. The historian of other periods finds his materials in books, in written records and documents. The materials for the history of this period have been found on waste moors and in deep mosses, in caves and on hills, under ancient burial mounds and cairns, by the margins of rivers and in the beds of drained lochs.

Here, for instance, is an ancient boat, found a few years since

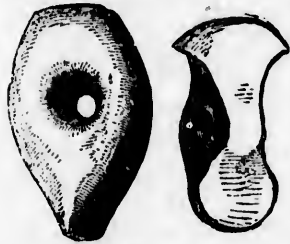


on the south bank of the Clyde, when excavations were being made for the purpose of enlarging the harbor of Glasgow. It is of oak, not planked or built, but hewn out of the trunk of a single tree. The hollow has been made with fire, as the marks

still show. Within it, when it was discovered, there lay an axe-head of stone.

Now, that fire-hollowed boat and stone axe tell their story as plainly as a printed book. The savage on the shores of the Pacific cuts a groove in the bark round the root of the tree of which he intends to form his canoe. Into this groove he puts burning embers till it is charred to some depth. Next he deepens the groove by hewing out the charred wood with his stone hatchet. Then he applies the fire again; and so on, until, by the alternate use of fire and axe, the tree is brought to the ground. By the same process it is hollowed out, and shaped into a canoe. The ancient boat-maker of the Clyde had used exactly such a method of forming his little vessel. The stone axe, brought to light after untold ages, bears mute but expressive witness that its owner was a savage.

The axe with which the ancient Briton hollowed his canoe, served him also as a weapon in battle. Under a large cairn, on a moor in the south of Scotland, a stone coffin of very rude workmanship was found. It contained the skeleton of a man of uncommon size. One of the arms had been almost severed from the shoulder. A fragment of very hard stone was sticking in the shattered bone. That blow had been struck with a stone axe. When the victor, after the fight, looked at his bloody weapon, he saw that a splinter had broken from its edge. Thousands of years passed, the



STONE AXES.

cairn of the dead was opened, and that splinter was found in the bone of the once mighty arm which the axe had all but hewn away. What a curious tale to be told by a single splinter of stone!

On yonder lea field the ploughman turns over the grassy sward. At the furrow's end, as he breathes his horses for a moment and looks at his work, his eye is caught by some object sticking in the upturned mould. He picks it up. It is a barbed arrow-head, neatly chipped out of yellow flint. How came it there? It is no elf-arrow, shot by the fairies. It was once, when tied to a reed with a sinew or a strip of skin, an arrow in the quiver of an ancient British savage hunting the deer.

There are spots where the flint arrow-heads have been found in such numbers as to show that the barbarian tribes had met

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there in battle. Spear-heads, too, and knives of flint, have been dug up from time to time in various parts. The ancient race who employed such weapons must have existed before the use of iron, or any other metal, was known.

That period when the rude inhabitants of a country were ignorant of metals, and formed their tools and weapons of stone, is called the *Stone Period*.

Had this ancient race any idea of religion and a future state? We shall see. Here is an earthen mound, heaped over the grave of some chief. When dug into, it is found to contain a rude stone coffin. In the coffin with the skeleton are flint arrow-heads, a spear-head, also of flint, and perhaps the stone head of a battle-axe, the wooden portions of these weapons having long since mouldered away.

Now we know that the savage expects to go after death to the happy hunting-grounds, and to follow again the war-path. His implements of war and the chase are therefore buried with him, that he may start up fully equipped in the new state of being. His favorite horse or dog, and perhaps his favorite attendants, are laid beside his grave, that at his rising he may appear in a manner fitting his rank. The contents of the burial-mound unmistakably proclaim that the men of these long-forgotten ages had the same rude idea of a future state which the Red Indian still has.

In all probability, this ancient race occupied the country, with unchanging habits and with little or no progress, for many centuries. At length, however, the elements of a great change were introduced: the savage tribes became acquainted with the use of metals.

The introduction of metals is the first great stage in the history of civilization. Armed with an axe of metal, instead of the old axe of stone, the savage can go into the forest and cut down trees at will. He can split them, and hew them into planks. He needs not now to pile up overlapping blocks of stone to roof in his dark, under-ground abode. He can make a much more convenient dwelling of rough, axe-hewn boards.

He needs not now to hollow out a log-canoe, for his new tools have given him the power of building boats of plank. He can now increase the size of his little vessel, and thus make further and bolder ventures out to sea. The trees nearest his village fall first by his axe; but, year by year, he cuts his way deeper into the forest. The clearings extend, and the soil,

which will be corn-land by-and-by, is laid open. He now can form a variety of tools suited to a variety of purposes. New wants are created with the increased facility of meeting them. In a word, with the introduction of metal among a savage race, stationary till then, the march of improvement has begun.

The discovery of copper, silver, and gold naturally takes place before the discovery of iron. The smelting of iron is an art much too difficult for the savage to master, till he has been long familiar with the working of the softer and easier metals. Accordingly, we find that the earliest metallic implements used in Britain were not of iron, but of bronze. Copper and tin are soft metals; but if a portion of tin is mixed with copper, the result is bronze, a metal harder than either of the two of which it is composed. Tools and weapons made of this metal are a great advance upon those made of stone or flint. Bronze, however, is but a poor substitute for iron and steel, and we may be very sure that the people who made use of bronze tools knew nothing of iron.

That period during which the ancient inhabitants of a country, ignorant as yet of iron, made use of bronze tools and weapons, is called the *Bronze Period*.

Let us again suppose ourselves present at the opening of an ancient British tomb. It is under a cairn heaped on the top of a hill which overlooks a wide tract of moorland. The stone coffin is very short—not over four feet in length. From the position of the bones, the body has evidently been placed in a sitting or folded posture. There are cups or bowls of pottery. There is a bronze sword, but it has been broken in two before it was laid beside its owner in his long rest. And what is that which glitters among the warrior's dust? It is an ornament of gold—a bracelet or a collar—which he had worn.

The skeleton of a dog is found beside the coffin; for the warrior knew hunting-craft by lake and wood, and loved to pursue his game with hound and bow. So they laid his four-footed favorite, which had licked his hand and followed his halloo, in his long home beside him.

Now observe the cup or bowl, which has contained drink or food—friendship's last gift to the dead. This cup is very different from the unshapely hand-made and sun-dried pottery of the Stone Period. It has been rounded on a wheel. It is made of fine baked clay, and is neatly ornamented with a

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simple pattern. There has been progress, then, in the mechanical arts since the ruder and older time.

Let the broken sword next tell its story. The last honor paid to the buried warrior was to break his sword and lay it beside him, ere his companions-in-arms piled over him the memorial cairn. The warrior of the Stone Period was buried with axe, lance, and bow, in barbarian anticipation of warfare beyond the grave; but the warrior of the Bronze Period was laid in his narrow bed with his broken sword, in token of warfare accomplished and of expected rest. This speaks in no obscure language of some better and higher ideas which this ancient race had acquired.

### TOM BOWLING.

CHARLES DIBDIN (1745-1814).

Here, a sheer hulk, lies poor Tom Bowling,  
The darling of our crew;  
No more he'll hear the tempest howling,  
For Death has broached him to.  
His form was of the manliest beauty,  
His heart was kind and soft;  
Faithful below he did his duty,  
But now he's gone aloft.

Tom never from his word departed,  
His virtues were so rare;  
His friends were many and true-hearted,  
His Poll was kind and fair:  
And then he'd sing so blithe and jolly;  
Ah, many's the time and oft!  
But mirth is turned to melancholy,  
For Tom is gone aloft.

Yet shall poor Tom find pleasant weather,  
When He who all commands  
Shall give, to call life's crew together,  
The word to pipe all hands.  
Thus Death, who kings and tars despatches,  
In vain Tom's life has doffed;  
For though his body's under hatches,  
His soul is gone aloft.

## TO THE LADY CHARLOTTE RAWDON.

*From the Banks of the St. Lawrence [1804].*

THOMAS MOORE (1779-1852).

I dreamt not then that, ere the rolling year  
 Had filled its circle, I should wander here  
 In musing awe ; should tread this wondrous world,  
 See all its store of inland waters hurled  
 In one vast volume down Niagara's steep,  
 Or calm behold them, in transparent sleep,  
 Where the blue hills of old Toronto shed  
 Their evening shadows o'er Ontario's bed ;  
 Should trace the grand Cadaraqui, and glide  
 Down the white rapids of his lordly tide  
 Through massy woods, 'mid islets flowering fair,  
 And blooming glades, where the first sinful pair  
 For consolation might have weeping trod,  
 When banished from the garden of their God.

But lo !—the last tints of the west decline,  
 And night falls dewy o'er these banks of pine.  
 Among the reeds, in which our idle boat  
 Is rocked to rest, the wind's complaining note  
 Dies like a half-breathed whispering of flutes ;  
 Along the wave the gleaming porpoise shoots,  
 And I can trace him, like a watery star,  
 Down the steep current, till he fades afar  
 Amid the foaming breakers' silvery light,  
 Where yon rough rapids sparkle through the night.  
 Here, as along this shadowy bank I stray,  
 And the smooth glass snake, gliding o'er my way,  
 Shows the dim moonlight through his scaly form,  
 Fancy, with all the scene's enchantment warm,  
 Hears in the murmur of the nightly breeze  
 Some Indian spirit warble words like these :—\*

From the land beyond the sea,  
 Whither happy spirits flee—

\* Observe here the transition from the iambic to the trochaic movement, and the change from pentameters to tetrameters.



Where, transformed to sacred doves,\*  
 Many a blessed Indian roves  
 Through the air, on wing as white  
 As those wondrous stones of light †  
 Which the eye of morning counts  
 On the Apalachian mounts—  
 Hither oft my flight I take  
 Over Huron's lucid lake,  
 Where the wave, as clear as dew,  
 Sleeps beneath the light canoe,  
 Which, reflected, floating there,  
 Looks as if it hung in air. ‡

Then, when I have strayed a while  
 Through the Manataulin isle,  
 Breathing all its holy bloom,  
 Swift I mount me on the plume  
 Of my Wakon-bird, § and fly  
 Where, beneath a burning sky,  
 O'er the bed of Erie's lake  
 Slumbers many a water-snake,  
 Wrapt within the web of leaves  
 Which the water-lily weaves.  
 Next I chase the flow'ret-king  
 Through his rosy realm of Spring ;  
 See him now, while diamond hues  
 Soft his neck and wings suffuse,  
 In the leafy chalice sink,  
 Thirsting for his balmy drink ;  
 Now behold him all on fire,  
 Lovely in his looks of ire;  
 Breaking every infant stem,  
 Scattering every velvet gem,  
 Where his little tyrant lip  
 Had not found enough to sip.

\* "The departed spirit goes into the Land of Souls, where, according to some, it is transformed into a dove."—CHARLEROIX.

† The mountains appeared to be sprinkled with white stones, which glistened in the sun, and were called by the Indians "spirit stones."—SIR ALEX. MACKENZIE: *Journal*.

‡ Moore tells us that this picture was suggested by a passage in Carver's *Travels* (1778).

§ A mythical bird described in such terms as to suggest the bird of paradise.



Then my playful hand I steep  
 Where the gold-thread\* loves to creep,  
 Cull from thence a tangled wreath,  
 Words of magic round it breathe,  
 And the sunny chaplet spread  
 O'er the sleeping fly-bird's head,  
 Till, with dreams of honey blest,  
 Haunted, in his downy nest,  
 By the garden's fairest spells,  
 Dewy buds and fragrant bells,  
 Fancy all his soul embowers  
 In the fly-bird's heaven of flowers.

Oft, when hoar and silvery flakes  
 Melt along the ruffled lakes,  
 When the gray moose sheds his horns,  
 When the track, at evening, warns  
 Weary hunters of the way  
 To the wigwam's cheering ray ;  
 Then, aloft through freezing air,  
 With the snow-bird soft and fair  
 As the fleece that heaven flings  
 O'er his little pearly wings,  
 Light above the rocks I play,  
 Where Niagara's starry spray,  
 Frozen on the cliff, appears  
 Like a giant's starting tears.  
 There, amid the island-sedge,  
 Just upon the cataract's edge,  
 Where the foot of living man  
 Never trod since time began,  
 Lone I sit, at close of day ;  
 While, beneath the golden ray,  
 Icy columns gleam below,  
 Feathered round with falling snow,  
 And an arch of glory springs,  
 Sparkling as the chain of rings  
 Round the neck of virgins hung,—  
 Virgins who have wandered young  
 O'er the waters of the west  
 To the land where spirits rest !

\* Gold-thread (*Coptis trifolia*), a spreading marsh plant abundant in Canada. Its roots consist of long bright yellow fibres.

**HEREWARD, THE ENGLISH OUTLAW.**

JOHN LINGARD (1771-1851).

[After the victory of Senlac, William marched toward London, where the Witan had chosen Edgar the Ætheling as King. On the Duke's approach, the chief supporters of Edgar fled; and William was crowned King of England on Christmas Day. Not, however, till five years later was he master of England. During these five years there were repeated disturbances in different parts of the country, caused by the efforts of the English to rid themselves of the Norman yoke. In 1067, during the absence of William in Normandy, there were revolts in the east, the west, and the north—the last under the Earls Edwin and Morcar, brothers-in-law of Harold, the late King. In the following year, the King of Denmark landed in Yorkshire, and was joined by the English exiles in Scotland, headed by Edgar the Ætheling. The insurgents seized York. In 1069, William got rid of the Danes by buying them off. He then retook York, drove the English northward, and laid waste the country between the Ouse and the Tyne. Thereafter the country was quiet till 1071.]

In 1071 the embers of civil war were again rekindled by the jealousy of William. During the late disturbance Edwin and Morcar had cautiously abstained from any communication with the insurgents. But if their conduct was unexceptionable, their influence was judged dangerous. In them the natives beheld the present hope, and the future liberators, of their country; and the King judged it expedient to allay his own apprehensions by securing their persons. The attempt was made in vain. Edwin concealed himself; solicited aid from the friends of his family; and, eluding the vigilance of the Normans, endeavored to escape towards the borders of Scotland. Unfortunately, the secret of his route was betrayed by three of his vassals: the temporary swell of a rivulet from the influx of the tide intercepted his flight, and he fell, with twenty of his faithful adherents, fighting against his pursuers. The traitors presented his head to William, who rewarded their services with a sentence of perpetual banishment. The fate of his brother Morcar was different. He fled to the protection of Hereward, who had presumed to rear the banner of independence amidst the fens and morasses of Cambridgeshire.

The memory of Hereward was long dear to the people of England. The recital of his exploits gratified their vanity and resentment; and traditionary songs transmitted his fame to succeeding generations. His father, the lord of Born in Lincolnshire, unable to restrain the turbulence of his temper, had obtained an order for his banishment from Edward the Confessor; and the exile had earned in foreign countries the praise

of a hardy and fearless warrior. He was in Flanders at the period of the Conquest ; but when he heard that his father was dead, and that his mother had been dispossessed of the lordship of Born by a foreigner, he returned in haste, collected the vassals of the family, and drove the Norman from his paternal estates. The fame of the exploit increased the number of his followers : every man anxious to avenge his own wrongs, or the wrongs of his country, hastened to the standard of Hereward ; a fortress of wood was erected in the Isle of Ely for the protection of their treasures ; and a small band of outlaws, instigated by revenge, and emboldened by despair, set at defiance the whole power of the Conqueror.

Hereward, with several of his followers, had received the sword of knighthood from his uncle Brand, abbot of Peterborough. Brand died before the close of the year 1069 ; and William gave the abbey to Turolde, a foreign monk, who, with a guard of one hundred and sixty horsemen, proceeded to take possession. He had already reached Stamford, when Hereward resolved to plunder the monastery. The Danes, who had passed the winter in the Humber, were now in the Wash ; and Sbern, their leader, consented to join the outlaws. The town of Peterborough was burned ; the monks were dispersed ; the treasures which they had concealed were discovered ; and the abbey was given to the flames. Hereward retired to his asylum. Sbern sailed towards Denmark.

To remove these importunate enemies, Turolde purchased the services of Ivo Tailbois, to whom the Conqueror had given the district of Hoyland. Confident of success, the abbot and the Norman commenced the expedition with a numerous body of cavalry. But nothing could elude the vigilance of Hereward. As Tailbois entered one side of a thick wood, the chieftain issued from the other, darted unexpectedly upon Turolde, and carried him off with several other Normans, whom he confined in damp and unwholesome dungeons, till the sum of two thousand pounds had been paid for their ransom.

For a while the pride of William disdained to notice the efforts of Hereward ; but when Morcar and most of the exiles from Scotland had joined that chieftain, prudence compelled him to crush the hydra before it could grow to maturity. He stationed his fleet in the Wash, with orders to observe every outlet from the fens to the ocean : by land he distributed his forces in such manner as to render escape almost impossible.

Still the great difficulty remained—to reach the enemy, who had retired to their fortress, situated in an expanse of water which in the narrowest part was more than two miles in breadth.

The King undertook to construct a solid road across the marshes, and to throw bridges over the channels of the rivers; a work of considerable labor and of equal danger, in the face of a vigilant and enterprising enemy. Hereward frequently dispersed the workmen; and his attacks were so sudden, so incessant, and so destructive, that the Normans attributed his success to the assistance of Satan. At the instigation of Taillebois, William had the weakness to employ a sorceress, who was expected, by the superior efficacy of her spells, to defeat those of the English magicians. She was placed in a wooden turret at the head of the work; but Hereward, who had watched his opportunity, set fire to the dry reeds in the neighborhood; the wind rapidly spread the conflagration, and the enchantress with her gourds, the turret with the workmen, were enveloped and consumed in the flames.

These checks might irritate the King; they could not divert him from his purpose. In defiance of every obstacle, the work advanced: it was evident that in a few days the Normans would be in possession of the island, and the greater part of the outlaws voluntarily submitted to the royal mercy. Their fate was different. Of some he accepted the ransom; a few suffered death; many lost an eye, a hand, or a foot; and several, among whom were Morcar and the Bishop of Durham, were condemned to perpetual imprisonment.

Hereward alone could not brook the idea of submission. He escaped across the marshes, concealed himself in the woods, and as soon as the royal army had retired, resumed hostilities against the enemy. But the King, who had learned to respect his valor, was not averse to a reconciliation. The chieftain took the oath of allegiance, and was permitted to enjoy in peace the patrimony of his ancestors. Hereward was the last Englishman who had drawn the sword in the cause of independence.

*History of England.*

**THE SKY-LARK.**

JAMES HOGG, THE ETRICK SHEPHERD (1770-1835).

Bird of the wilderness  
 Blithesome and cumberless,\*  
 Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and lea !  
 Emblem of happiness,  
 Blest is thy dwelling-place—  
 O to abide in the desert with thee !  
 Wild is thy lay and loud,  
 Far in the downy cloud ;  
 Love gives it energy, love gave it birth.  
 Where, on thy dewy wing,  
 Where art thou journeying ?  
 Thy lay is in heaven, thy love is on earth.

O'er fell and fountain sheen,  
 O'er moor and mountain green,  
 O'er the red streamer that heralds the day,  
 Over the cloudlet dim,  
 Over the rainbow's rim,  
 Musical cherub, soar, singing away !  
 Then, when the gloaming comes,  
 Low in the heather blooms,  
 Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love be !  
 Emblem of happiness,  
 Blest is thy dwelling-place—  
 O to abide in the desert with thee !

\* Merry and free from care.



## SKETCHES IN THE NORTH-WEST.

MAJOR W. F. BUTLER.

[In April 1870, news reached Captain Butler of an expeditionary force preparing under Colonel Wolsley against Riel and the malcontents of Red River. Immediately taking steamer across the Atlantic, he proceeded to Toronto, and by the good offices of Colonel Wolsley he was given a special mission to Winnipeg by way of Lake Superior and St. Paul, while the expedition was making its way through the trackless wilderness that then lay between Fort William and Fort Garry.]

1. *On Lake Superior.*

Before turning our steps westward from this inland ocean, Lake Superior, it will be well to pause a moment on its shore and look out over its bosom. It is worth looking at, for the world possesses not its equal. Four hundred English miles in length, one hundred and fifty miles in breadth, six hundred feet above Atlantic level, nine hundred feet in depth; one vast spring of purest crystal water, so cold that during summer months its waters are like ice itself, and so clear that hundreds of feet below the surface the rocks stand out as distinctly as though seen through plate-glass. Follow in fancy the outpourings of this wonderful basin; seek its future course in Huron, Erie, and Ontario—in that wild leap from the rocky ledge which makes Niagara famous through the world. Seek it farther still—in the quiet loveliness of the Thousand Isles, in the whirl and sweep of the Cedar Rapids, in the silent rush of the great current under the rocks at the foot of Quebec. Ay, and even farther away still—down where the lone Laurentian Hills come forth to look again upon that water whose earliest beginnings they cradled along the shores of Lake Superior. There, close to the sounding billows of the Atlantic, two thousand miles from Superior, these hills—the only ones that ever last—guard the great gate by which the St. Lawrence seeks the sea.

There are rivers whose currents, running red with the silt and mud of their soft alluvial shores, carry far into the ocean the record of their muddy progress; but this glorious river system, through its many lakes and various names, is ever the same crystal current, flowing pure from the fountain-head of Lake Superior. Great cities stud its shores; but they are powerless to dim the transparency of its waters. Steam-ships cover the broad bosom of its lakes and estuaries; but they change not the beauty of the water, no more than the fleets of





ON LAKE SUPERIOR.

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the world mark the waves of the ocean. Any person looking at a map of the region bounding the great lakes of North America will be struck by the absence of rivers flowing into Lakes Superior, Michigan, or Huron, from the south—in fact, the drainage of the States bordering these lakes on the south is altogether carried off by the valley of the Mississippi. It follows that this valley of the Mississippi is at a much lower level than the surface of the lakes. These lakes, containing an area of some seventy-three thousand square miles, are therefore an immense reservoir held high over the level of the great Mississippi valley, from which they are separated by a barrier of slight elevation and extent.

## 2. *At the Fountain of the Red River.*

The Red River—let us trace it while we wait the coming captain who is to navigate us down its tortuous channel. Close to the Lake Itaska, in which the great River Mississippi takes its rise, there is a small sheet of water known as Elbow Lake. Here, at an elevation of one thousand six hundred and eighty-nine feet above the sea level, nine feet higher than the source of the Mississippi, the Red River has its birth. It is curious that the primary direction of both rivers should be in courses diametrically opposite to their after-lines—the Mississippi first running to the north, and the Red River first bending to the south. In fact, it is only when the latter gets down here, near the Breckenridge Prairies, that it finally determines to seek a northern outlet to the ocean. Meeting the current of the Bois-des-Sioux, which has its source in Lac Travers, in which the Minnesota River, a tributary of the Mississippi, also takes its rise, the Red River hurries on into the level prairie, and soon commences its immense windings. This Lac Travers discharges in wet seasons north and south, and is the only sheet of water on the continent which sheds its waters into the tropics of the Gulf of Mexico and into the Polar ocean of the Hudson Bay. In former times the whole system of rivers bore the name of the great Dakota nation,—and the title Red River was only borne by that portion of the stream which flows from Red Lake to the forks of the Assiniboine. Now, however, the whole stream, from its source in Elbow Lake to its estuary in Lake Winnipeg—fully nine hundred miles by water—is called the Red River. People say that the name is derived from a bloody Indian battle which once took place upon its

banks, tinging the waters with crimson dye. It certainly cannot be called red from the hue of its water, which is of a dirty white color. Flowing towards the north with innumerable twists and sudden turnings, the Red River divides the State of Minnesota, which it has upon its right, from the great Territory of Dakota, receiving from each side many tributary streams, which take their source in the Leaf Hills of Minnesota and in the Coteau of the Missouri. Its tributaries from the east flow through dense forests; those from the west wind through the vast sandy wastes of the Dakota Prairie, where trees are almost unknown. The plain through which Red River flows is fertile beyond description. At a little distance it seems one vast level plain, through which the windings of the river are marked by a dark line of woods fringing the whole length of the stream. Each tributary has also its line of forest,—a line visible many miles away over the great sea of grass. As one travels on, there first rise above the prairie the tops of the trees: these gradually grow larger, until finally, after many hours, the river is reached. Nothing else breaks the uniform level. Standing upon the ground, the eye ranges over many miles of grass; standing on a waggon, one doubles the area of vision; and to look over the plains from an elevation of twelve feet above the earth is to survey at a glance a space so vast that distance alone seems to bound its limits. The effect of sunset over these oceans of verdure is very beautiful. A thousand hues spread themselves upon the grassy plains, a thousand tints of gold are cast along the heavens, and the two oceans of the sky and of the earth intermingle in one great blaze of glory at the very gates of the setting sun. But to speak of sunsets now is only to anticipate. Here, at the Red River, we are only at the threshold of the sunset; its true home lies yet many days' journey to the west—there, where the long shadows of the vast herds of bison trail slowly over the immense plains, huge and dark against the golden west—there, where the red man still sees in the glory of the setting sun the realization of his dream of heaven.

### 3. *Lake Winnipeg.*

Through many marsh-lined channels, and amidst a vast sea of reeds and rushes, the Red River of the North seeks the waters of Lake Winnipeg. A mixture of land and water, of mud and of the varied vegetation which grows thereon, this

delta of the Red River is, like other spots of a similar description, inexplicably lonely. The wind sighs over it, bending the tall reeds with mournful rustle, and the wild bird passes and repasses with plaintive cry over the rushes which form his summer home.

Emerging from the sedges of the Red River, we shot out into the waters of an immense lake which stretched away into unseen spaces, and over whose waters the fervid July sun was playing strange freaks of mirage and inverted shore land. This was Lake Winnipeg, a great lake even on a continent where lakes are inland seas. But vast as it is now, it is only a tithe of what it must have been in the earlier ages of the Earth. The capes and headlands of what once was a vast inland sea now stand far away from the shores of Winnipeg. Hundreds of miles from its present limits these great landmarks still look down on an ocean; but it is an ocean of grass. The waters of Winnipeg have retired from their feet, and they are now mountain ridges rising over seas of verdure. At the bottom of this bygone lake lay the whole valley of the Red River, the present Lakes Winnipegosis and Manitoba, and the prairie lands of the Lower Assiniboine—one hundred thousand square miles of water. The water has long since been drained off by the lowering of the rocky channels leading to Hudson Bay, and the bed of the extinct lake now forms the richest prairie land in the world.

But although Lake Winnipeg has shrunken to a tenth of its original size, its rivers still remain worthy of the great basin into which they once flowed. The Saskatchewan is longer than the Danube, the Winnipeg has twice the volume of the Rhine: four hundred thousand square miles of continent shed their waters into Lake Winnipeg—a lake as changeful as the ocean, but, fortunately for us, in its very calmest mood to-day. Not a wave, not a ripple on its surface; not a breath of breeze to aid the untiring paddles. The little canoe, weighed down by men and provisions, had scarcely three inches of its gunwale over the water, and yet the steersman held his course far out into the glassy waste, leaving behind the marshy headlands which marked the river's mouth.

A long low point stretching from the south shore of the lake was faintly visible on the horizon. It was past midday when we reached it; so, putting in among the rocky boulders which lined the shore, we lighted our fire and cooked our dinner. Then, resuming our way, the Grande Traverse was entered upon. Far away over the lake rose the point of the Big Stone,

a lonely cape whose perpendicular front was raised high over the water. The sun began to sink towards the west ; but still not a breath rippled the surface of the lake, not a sail moved over the wide expanse—all was as lonely as though our tiny craft had been the sole speck of life on the waters of the world. The red sun sank into the lake, warning us that it was time to seek the shore and make our beds for the night. A deep sandy bay, with a high backing of woods and rocks, seemed to invite us to its solitudes. Steering in with great caution amid the rocks, we landed in this sheltered spot, and drew our boat upon the sandy beach. The shore yielded large store of drift-wood, the relics of many a northern gale. Behind us lay a trackless forest ; in front, the golden glory of the western sky. As the night shades deepened around us, and the red glare of our drift-wood fire cast its light upon the woods and the rocks, the scene became one of rare beauty.

#### 4. *Working up the Winnipeg River.*

The river in its course from the Lake of the Woods to Lake Winnipeg, one hundred and sixty miles, makes a descent of three hundred and sixty feet. This descent is effected, not by a continuous decline, but by a series of terraces at various distances from each other ; in other words, the river forms innumerable lakes and wide expanding reaches, bound together by rapids and perpendicular falls of varying altitude : thus when the voyageur has lifted his canoe from the foot of the Silver Falls, and launched it again above the head of that rapid, he will have surmounted two-and-twenty feet of the ascent ; again, the dreaded Seven Portages will give him a total rise of sixty feet in a distance of three miles. (How cold does the bare narration of these facts appear beside their actual realization in a small canoe manned by Indians !) Let us see if we can picture one of these many scenes:—There sounds ahead a roar of falling water, and we see, upon rounding some pine-clad island or ledge of rock, a tumbling mass of foam and spray studded with projecting rocks and flanked by dark wooded shores : above we can see nothing ; but below, the waters, maddened by their wild rush amidst the rocks, surge and leap in angry whirlpools. It is as wild a scene of crag and wood and water as the eye can gaze upon ; but we look upon it not for its beauty, because there is no time for that, but because it is an enemy that must be conquered. Now mark how these

Indians steal upon this enemy before he is aware of it. The immense volume of water, escaping from the eddies and whirlpools at the foot of the fall, rushes on in a majestic sweep into calmer water. This rush produces along the shores of the river a counter or back-current, which flows up sometimes close to the foot of the fall. Along this back-water the canoe is carefully steered, being often not six feet from the opposing rush in the central river; but the back-current in turn ends in a whirlpool, and the canoe, if it followed this back-current, would inevitably end in the same place. For a minute there is no paddling, the bow paddle and the steersman alone keeping the boat in her proper direction as she drifts rapidly up the current. Amongst the crew not a word is spoken, but every man knows what he has to do, and will be ready when the moment comes: and now the moment has come; for on one side there foams along a mad surge of water, and on the other the angry whirlpool twists and turns in smooth green hollowing curves round an axis of air, whirling round it with a strength that would snap our birch-bark into fragments, and suck us down into great depths below. All that can be gained by the back-current has been gained, and now it is time to quit it; but where? for there is often only the choice of the whirlpool or the central river. Just on the very edge of the eddy there is one loud shout given by the bow paddle, and the canoe shoots full into the centre of the boiling flood, driven by the united strength of the entire crew. The men work for their very lives, and the boat breasts across the river with her head turned full toward the falls; the waters foam and dash about her, the waves leap high over the gunwale,\* the Indians shout as they dip their paddles like lightning into the foam, and the stranger to such a scene holds his breath amidst this war of man against nature. Ha! the struggle is useless, they cannot force her against such a torrent—we are close to the rocks and the foam; but see, she is driven down by the current in spite of those wild fast strokes. The dead strength of such a rushing flood must prevail. Yes, it is true, the canoe has been driven back; but behold, almost in a second the whole thing is done—we float suddenly beneath a little rocky isle on the foot of the cataract. We have crossed the river in the face of the fall, and the portage-landing is over this rock, while three yards out on either side the torrent foams its headlong course. Of the skill necessary to perform such things

\* Gunwale, *pr. gun-wal.*

it is useless to speak. A single false stroke, and the whole thing would have failed; driven headlong down the torrent, another attempt would have to be made to gain this rock-protected spot: but now we lie secure here; spray all around us, for the rush of the river is on either side, and you can touch it with an outstretched paddle. The Indians rest on their paddles and laugh; their long hair has escaped from its fastening through their exertion, and they retie it while they rest. One is already standing upon the wet, slippery rock, holding the canoe in its place, then the others get out. The freight is carried up piece by piece, and deposited on the flat surface some ten feet above; that done, the canoe is lifted out very gently, for a single blow against this hard granite boulder would shiver and splinter the frail birch-bark covering; they raise her very carefully up the steep face of the cliff, and rest again on the top.

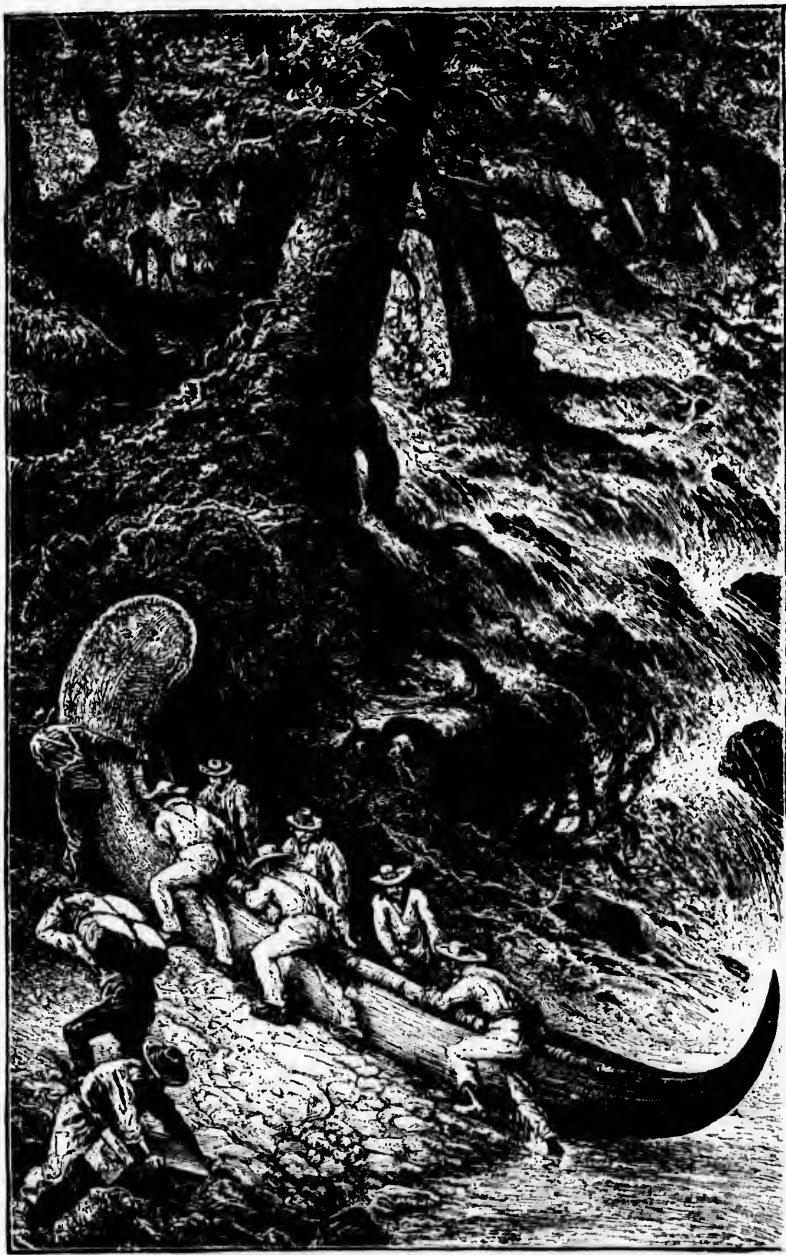
#### 5. *The Great North-West.*

And now let us turn our glance to this great North-West, whither my wandering steps are about to lead me. Fully nine hundred miles as bird would fly, and one thousand two hundred as horse can travel, west of Red River, an immense range of mountains, eternally capped with snow, rises in rugged masses from a vast stream-scarred plain. They who first beheld these grand guardians of the central prairies named them the *Montagnes des Rochers* [Rocky Mountains],—a fitting title for such vast accumulation of rugged magnificence. From the glaciers and ice-valleys of this great range of mountains innumerable streams descend into the plains. For a time they wander, as if heedless of direction, through groves and glades and green-spreading declivities; then, assuming greater fixity of purpose, they gather up many a wandering rill, and start eastward upon a long journey. At length the many detached streams resolve themselves into two great water systems. Through hundreds of miles these two rivers pursue their parallel courses, now approaching, now opening out from each other. Suddenly the southern river bends towards the north, and, at a point some six hundred miles from the mountains, pours its volume of water into the northern channel. Then the united river rolls, in vast, majestic curves, steadily towards the north-east, turns once more towards the south, opens out into a great reed-covered marsh, sweeps on into a large cedar-lined lake, and finally,



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WORKING UP THE WINNIPEG RIVER.



rolling over a rocky ledge, casts its waters into the northern end of the great Lake Winnipeg, fully one thousand three hundred miles from the glacier cradle where it took its birth. This river, which has along it every diversity of hill and vale, meadow-land and forest, treeless plain and fertile hillside, is called by the wild tribes who dwell along its glorious shores the Kissaskatchewan, or "rapid-flowing river." But this Kissaskatchewan is not the only river which drains the great central region between Red River and the Rocky Mountains. The Assiniboine, or "stony river," drains the rolling prairie-lands five hundred miles west from Red River; and many a smaller stream, and rushing, bubbling brook, carries into its devious channel the waters of that vast country which lies between the American boundary-line and the pine woods of the Lower Saskatchewan.

So much for the rivers; and now for the land through which they flow. How shall we picture it? how shall we tell the story of that great, boundless, solitary waste of verdure? The old, old maps, which the navigators of the sixteenth century formed from the discoveries of Cabot and Cartier, of Verrazanno and Hudson, played strange pranks with the geography of the New World. The coast line, with the estuaries of large rivers, was tolerably accurate; but the centre of America was represented as a vast inland sea, whose shores stretched far into the Polar North—a sea through which lay the much-coveted passage to the long-sought treasures of the old realms of Cathay. Well, the geographers of that period erred only in the description of ocean which they placed in the centre of the continent; for an ocean there is—an ocean through which men seek the treasures of Cathay even in our own times. But the ocean is one of grass, and the shores are the crests of mountain-ranges and the dark pine forests of sub-Arctic regions. The great ocean itself does not present such infinite variety as does this prairie-ocean of which we speak:—in winter, a dazzling surface of purest snow; in early summer, a vast expanse of grass and pale pink roses; in autumn, too often a wild sea of raging fire! No ocean of water in the world can vie with its gorgeous sunsets, no solitude can equal the loneliness of a night-shadowed prairie: one feels the stillness, and hears the silence: the wail of the prowling wolf makes the voice of solitude audible; the stars look down through infinite silence upon a silence almost as intense. This ocean has no past;—time has been nought to it,

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and men have come and gone, leaving behind them no track, no vestige of their presence. Some French writer, speaking of these prairies, has said that the sense of this utter negation of life, this complete absence of history, has struck him with a loneliness oppressive and sometimes terrible in its intensity. Perhaps so; but, for my part, the prairies had nothing terrible in their aspect, nothing oppressive in their loneliness. One saw here the world as it had taken shape and form from the hands of the Creator. Nor did the scene look less beautiful because nature alone tilled the earth, and the unaided sun brought forth the flowers.

October had reached its latest week, the wild geese and swans had taken their long flight to the south, and their wailing cry no more descended through the darkness; ice had settled upon the quiet pools, and was settling upon the quick-running streams; the horizon glowed at night with the red light of moving prairie fires. It was the close of the Indian Summer, and Winter was coming quickly down from his far northern home.

*Great Lone Land* (9th ed., 1879).

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### FROM "THE HUNTER OF THE PRAIRIES."

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Ay, this is freedom!—these pure skies  
 Were never stained with village smoke:  
 The fragrant wind, that through them flies,  
 Is breathed from wastes by plough unbroke.  
 Here, with my rifle and my steed,  
 And her who left the world for me,  
 I plant me, where the red deer feed  
 In the green desert—and am free.

Broad are the streams—my steed obeys,  
 Plunges, and bears me through the tide.  
 Wide are these woods—I thread the maze  
 Of giant stems, nor ask a guide.  
 I hunt till day's last glimmer dies  
 O'er woody vale and grassy height;  
 And kind the voice and glad the eyes  
 That welcome my return at night.

### THE BISON TRACK.

JAMES BAYARD TAYLOR (1825-1878).

Strike the tent! the sun has risen; not a vapor streaks the dawn,  
And the frosted prairie brightens to the westward, far and wan:  
Prime afresh the trusty rifle, sharpen well the hunting-spear,  
For the frozen sod is trembling and a noise of hoofs I hear!

Fiercely stamp the tethered horses, as they snuff the morning's fire,  
Their impatient heads are tossing as they neigh with keen desire.  
Strike the tent! the saddles wait us, let the bridle reins be slack,  
For the prairie's distant thunder has betrayed the bisons' track.

See! a dusky line approaches—hark! the onward surging roar,  
Like the din of wintry breakers on a sounding wall of shore!  
Dust and sand behind them whirling, snort the foremost of the van,  
And their stubborn horns are clashing through the crowded caravan.

Now the storm is down upon us! let the maddened horses go!  
We shall ride the living whirlwind, though a hundred leagues  
it blow—

Though the cloudy manes should thicken, and the red eyes'  
angry glare

Lighten round us as we gallop through the sand and rushing air.

Myriad hoofs will sear the prairie, in our wild, resistless race,  
And a sound, like mighty waters, thunder down the desert space;  
Yet the rein may not be tightened, nor the rider's eye look back—  
Death to him whose speed should slacken on the maddened  
bisons' track!

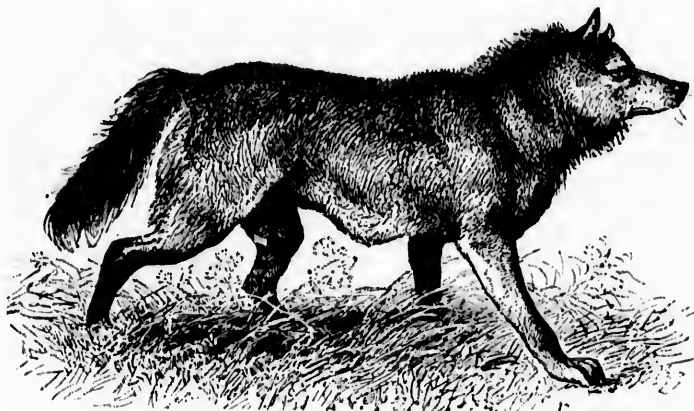
Now the trampling herds are threaded, and the chase is close  
and warm

For the giant bull that gallops in the edges of the storm:  
Swiftly hurl the whizzing lasso; swing your rifles as we run.  
See, the dust is red behind him! shout, my comrades, he is won!

Look not on him as he staggers—'tis the last shot he will need;  
More shall fall among his fellows ere we run the mad stampede,  
Ere we stem the brinded breakers,\* while the wolves, a  
hungry pack,

Howl around each grim-eyed carcass on the bloody bison track.

\* Another reading is "swarthy breakers." "Brinded," older form of *brindled*: cf. *Macbeth*, iv. 1, "brinded cat."



THE GRAY WOLF.

### THREE CAITIFFS—THE WOLF, THE LYNX, THE WILD CAT\*

The wolf is a true citizen of the world,—he is found everywhere; and, like most other “citizens of the world,” he is a worthless citizen everywhere. He exists in assorted sizes—from the three-foot prairie wolf to the great seven-foot Arctic wolf; and in assorted colors—white, gray, dusky, black, rufous. Among Canadian pioneers, the gray wolf and the small gregarious wolf of the prairies—often called coyote † after the Mexican name—are best known, though never favorably known. In qualities the whole wolf clan are alike: strong and sinewy, fleet-footed, gaunt, greedy, merciless, cowardly, very valorous when there are overwhelming odds against their poor victim—say, in either numbers or strength, a hundred to one—then, loud-mouthed, these jackals of the prairies will beset an aged and weary buffalo that has strayed from the line of march, and pull down the old monarch of the prairies; they have been even known to attack a *sick* bear! Their inroads upon herds and sheep-folds are sometimes horrifying. A single wolf has been known to kill as many as forty sheep in a single night, seemingly from mere bloodthirstiness.

\* Chiefly based upon “Camp Life in the Woods,” by W. Hamilton Gibson (1881).

† Coyote, pr. as dissyllable, *ki-ote'*. The true form is the Spanish coyote (trisyllable), derived from Mexican *coyotl*.

The two other marauders whose likenesses we have placed in the "rogues' gallery" belong to the Cat tribe.

The Canadian lynx—known also among us as the "peshoo," *le chat*, and *loup cervier*—ranges from the Arctic Circle down to the edges of our Great Lakes and to the Maine frontier; so that Canada enjoys an almost complete monopoly of this species of



CANADIAN LYNX.

lynx. The long bristle-pointed ears are characteristic. In winter it wears a heavy overcoat of clouded-gray fur; its fur boots are then of such portentous size that lynx-tracks in the snow may easily be mistaken for the foot-prints of the great black bear. Though not more than three feet long, the lynx is a dangerous foe at close quarters. It is a keen sportsman, strong, active, a good climber and swimmer. Its running is very effective, but by no means graceful—indeed, wholly ludicrous—a rapid succession of bounds with arched back, and all feet striking the ground together. The lynx makes its home in the depths of the unbroken forest, where it feeds sumptuously on grouse and rabbits, with an occasional course of venison. If game is scarce, the lynx condescends to the pioneer's humbler fare, and makes a very tolerable meal on courses of lamb, pork, and fowl.

By many naturalists the wild cat is believed to be the ancestor of the domestic animal that so faithfully reproduces the caterwaulings of the primeval forest. In appearance as

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well as voice the resemblance is striking—the chief distinction consisting in the greater size of the wild cat and in its short bushy tail. In the typical wild cat a row of dark streaks and spots extends along the spine, and the tail is thick, short, and bushy, tipped with black and encircled by a number of dark rings.



THE WILD CAT.

The amount of havoc which these creatures occasion is surprising, and their nocturnal inroads, in poultry-yards and sheep-folds, render them most hated pests to farmers. They seem to have a special appetite for the *heads* of fowls, and will often decapitate half a dozen in a single night, leaving the bodies in otherwise good condition to tell the story of their midnight murders. The home of the wild cat is made in some cleft of rock, or in the hollow of some old tree, from which the creature issues in the dark hours, and starts upon its marauding excursions with the stealthy step that is observed in its domestic relative.

Of these three marauders the wolf is much the most difficult to entrap; for he is almost as cunning and suspicious as his cousin Reynard. He can, however, be outwitted. A large double-spring trap is used, variously disguised, and so placed under water or on land that the wolf has to walk across the trap in order to reach the bait. The odor of the human hand or the flavor of tobacco is sufficient warning to the sagacious



wolf. Gloves should always be worn in handling the traps, and all tracks obliterated. Many sly old trappers overpower their personal characteristics by rubbing the trap with the fragrant leaves of the skunk-cabbage, and by anointing their boot-soles with oil of assafœtida! The lynx and the wild cat are entrapped with much less difficulty than the wolf.

There is a very common and erroneous idea current among amateur sportsmen, that the pan of the trap is intended for the bait. It was so used in bygone days; but no modern trap is



V-SHAPED PEN.

intended to be so *misused*. The object of the professional trapper is the acquisition of furs, and a prime fur skin should be without break or bruise from nose to tail. The pan is intended for the *foot* of the game, and the bait should be so placed as to draw away the attention of the animal from the trap. In the v-shaped pen, often used, the bait is suspended above the trap. A spring pole is often added, which, when released from its notch by the struggles of the captured animal, hoists trap and captive together into the air. This has the double effect of securing the captive from the attacks of other animals, and of saving it from self-mutilation; for many kinds of game,—notably the mink, marten, and musk-rat,—will deliberately amputate a leg in order to effect their escape.

### THE CAYOTE, OR PRAIRIE WOLF.

MARK TWAIN (SAMUEL LANGHORNE CLEMENS), b. 1835.

[Mr. Clemens' assumed name was evidently suggested by his pilot experiences of the Mississippi, and by his acquaintance with the divisions of the sounding-line, of which "mark twain" denotes two fathoms.]

The cayote is a long, slim, sick-and-sorry-looking skeleton with a gray wolf-skin stretched over it, a tolerably bushy tail that for ever sags down with a despairing expression of for-



sakeness and misery, a furtive and evil eye, and a long, sharp face, with slightly lifted lip and exposed teeth. He has a general slinking expression all over. The cayote is a living, breathing allegory of Want. He is *always* hungry. He is always poor, out of luck, and friendless. The meanest creatures despise him, and even the fleas would desert him for a velocipede. He is so spiritless and cowardly, that even while his exposed teeth are pretending a threat, the rest of his face is apologizing for it. And he is so homely; so scrawny, and ribby, and coarse-haired, and pitiful!

When he sees you, he lifts his lip and lets a flash of his teeth out, and then turns a little out of the course he was pursuing, depresses his head a bit, and strikes a long, soft-footed trot through the sage-brush, glancing over his shoulder at you from time to time, till he is about out of easy pistol-range, and then he stops, and takes a deliberate survey of you. He will trot fifty yards, and stop again; another fifty, and stop again; and finally, the gray of his gliding body blends with the gray of the sage-brush, and he disappears.

If you start a swift-footed dog after him, you will enjoy it ever so much—especially if the dog be one that has a good opinion of himself, and has been brought up to think that he knows something about speed. The cayote will go swinging gently off on that deceitful trot of his, and every little while he will smile a fraudulent smile over his shoulder that will fill that dog entirely full of encouragement and worldly ambition, and make him lay his head still lower to the ground, and stretch his neck further to the front, and pant more fiercely, and move his furious legs with a yet wilder frenzy, and leave a broader and broader and higher and denser cloud of desert sand smoking behind, and marking his long wake across the level plain!

All this time the dog is only a short twenty feet behind the cayote, and, to save the life of him, he cannot understand why it is that he cannot get perceptibly closer; and he begins to get aggravated, and it makes him madder and madder to see how gently the cayote glides along, and never pants or sweats, or ceases to smile; and he grows still more and more incensed to see how shamefully he has been taken in by an entire stranger, and what an ignoble swindle that long, calm, soft-footed trot is.

And next, the dog notices that he is getting fagged, and that the cayote actually has to slacken speed a little, to keep from

running away from him. And then that town-dog is mad in earnest, and he begins to strain, and weep, and swear, and paw the sand higher than ever, and reach for the cayote with concentrated and desperate energy. This spurt finds him six feet behind the gliding enemy, and two miles from his friends. And then, in the instant that a wild new hope is lighting up his face, the cayote turns and smiles blandly upon him once more, and with a something about it which seems to say: "Well, I shall have to tear myself away from you; for business is business, and it will not do for me to be fooling along this way all day." And forthwith there is a rushing sound, and the sudden splitting of a long crack through the atmosphere; and behold, that dog is solitary and alone in the midst of a vast solitude!

It makes his head swim. He stops, and looks all around; climbs the nearest sand-mound, and gazes into the distance; shakes his head reflectively, and then, without a word, he turns and jogs along back to his train, and takes up a humble position under the hindmost waggon, and feels unspeakably mean, and looks ashamed, and hangs his tail at half-mast for a week. And for as much as a year after that, whenever there is a great hue and cry after a cayote, that dog will merely glance in that direction without emotion, and apparently observe to himself, "I believe I do not wish any of the pie."

*Roughing It, chap. v.*

### THE COYOTE.

F. BRET HARTE (b. 1839).

Blown out of the prairie in twilight and dew,  
Half bold and half timid, yet lazy all through;  
Loath ever to leave, and yet fearful to stay,  
He limps in the clearing,—an outcast in gray.

A shade on the stubble, a ghost by the wall,  
Now leaping, now limping, now risking a fall,  
Lop-eared and large-jointed, but ever away  
A thoroughly vagabond outcast in gray.

Here, Carlo, old fellow,—he's one of your kind,—  
Go, seek him, and bring him in out of the wind.  
What! snarling, my Carlo! So—even dogs may  
Deny their own kin in the outcast in gray.

**TOMMY TRADDLES.**

CHARLES DICKENS (1812-1870).

[Tommy was a school-mate of David Copperfield at "Salem House," as Mr. Creakle named his school.]

Poor Traddles! In a tight sky-blue suit, that made his arms and legs like German sausages or roly-poly puddings, he was the merriest and most miserable of all the boys. He was always being caned—I think he was caned every day that half-year, except one holiday Monday, when he was only ruler'd on both hands—and was always going to write to his uncle about it, and never did. After laying his head on the desk for a little while, he would cheer up somehow, begin to laugh again, and draw skeletons all over his slate, before his eyes were dry. I used at first to wonder what comfort Traddles found in drawing skeletons, and for some time looked upon him as a sort of hermit, who reminded himself by those symbols of mortality that caning couldn't last for ever. But I believe he only did it because they were easy and didn't want any features.

He was very honorable, Traddles was, and held it as a solemn duty in the boys to stand by one another. He suffered for this on several occasions; and particularly once, when Steerforth laughed in church, and the beadle thought it was Traddles, and took him out. I see him now, going away in custody, despised by the congregation. He never said who was the real offender, though he smarted for it next day, and was imprisoned so many hours that he came forth with a whole churchyardful of skeletons swarming all over his Latin Dictionary. But he had his reward. Steerforth said there was nothing of the sneak in Traddles, and we all felt that to be the highest praise. For my part I could have gone through a good deal (though I was much less brave than Traddles, and nothing like so old) to have won such a recompense.

[Years afterwards, David meets Traddles in London, and finds him a shy, steady, but agreeable and good-natured young man, with a comic head of hair, and eyes rather wide open, which gave him a surprised look, not to say a hearth-broomy kind of expression. He is reading for the bar, and fighting his way on in the world against difficulties.]

"You were brought up by an uncle?" said I.

"Of course I was," said Traddles. "The one I was always going to write to. And always didn't, eh? Ha, ha, ha! Yes, I had an uncle then. He died soon after I left school."

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chap. v.

"Indeed!"

"Yes. He was a retired—what do you call it?—draper—cloth-merchant—and had made me his heir. But he didn't like me when I grew up."

"Do you really mean that?" said I. He was so composed that I fancied he must have some other meaning.

"Oh dear, yes, Copperfield! I mean it," replied Traddles. "It was an unfortunate thing, but he didn't like me at all. He said I wasn't at all what he expected; and so he married his housekeeper."

"And what did you do?" I asked.

"I didn't do anything in particular," said Traddles. "I lived with them, waiting to be put out in the world, until his gout unfortunately flew to his stomach; and so he died, and so she married a young man, and so I wasn't provided for."

"Did you get nothing, Traddles, after all?"

"Oh dear, yes!" said Traddles. "I got fifty pounds. I had never been brought up to any profession, and at first I was at a loss what to do for myself. However, I began, with the assistance of the son of a professional man, to copy law writings. That didn't answer very well; and then I began to state cases for them, and make abstracts, and do that sort of work, for I am a plodding kind of fellow..... Well, that put it in my head to enter myself as a law-student; and that ran away with all that was left of the fifty pounds. Yawler recommended me to one or two other offices, however—Mr. Waterbrook's for one—and I got a good many jobs. I was fortunate enough, too, to become acquainted with a person in the publishing way, who was getting up an Encyclopædia, and he set me to work; and, indeed" (glancing at his table), "I am at work for him at this minute. I am not a bad compiler, Copperfield," said Traddles, preserving the same air of cheerful confidence in all he said; "but I have no invention at all, not a particle. I suppose there never was a young man with less originality than I have."

As Traddles seemed to expect that I should assent to this as a matter of course, I nodded; and he went on with the same sprightly patience—I can find no better expression—as before.

*David Copperfield* (1849-50).

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**THE HEAD AND THE HEART.**

J. G. SAXE (b. 1816).

The head is stately, calm, and wise,  
 And bears a princely part ;  
 And down below in secret lies  
 The warm, impulsive heart.

The lordly head that sits above,  
 The heart that beats below.  
 Their several office plainly prove,  
 Their true relation show.

The head, erect, serene, and cool,  
 Endowed with reason's art,  
 Was set aloft to guide and rule  
 The throbbing, wayward heart.

And from the head, as from the higher,  
 Comes every glorious thought ;  
 And in the heart's transforming fire  
 All noble deeds are wrought.

Yet each is best when both unite  
 To make the man complete ;—  
 What were the heat without the light ?  
 The light, without the heat ?

*Poems* (1859).**FRIENDSHIP.**

SHAKSPEARE.

The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,  
 Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel ;  
 But do not dull thy palm with entertainment  
 Of each new-hatched, unfledged comrade.

Neither a borrower nor a lender be :  
 For loan oft loses both itself and friend,  
 And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.  
 This above all :—to thine own self be true,  
 And it must follow, as the night the day,  
 Thou canst not then be false to any man.

*Hamlet*, i. 3.

## OLD ST. PAUL'S SCHOOL.

DAVID MASSON (b. 1822).

London was at that time by no means ill provided with schools. Besides various schools of minor note, there were some distinguished as classical seminaries. Notable among these was St. Paul's School in St. Paul's Churchyard, a successor of the old Cathedral School of St. Paul's, which had existed in the same place from time immemorial. Not less celebrated was Westminster School, founded anew by Elizabeth in continuation of an older monastic school which had existed in Catholic times. Ben Jonson, George Herbert, and Giles Fletcher, all then alive, had been educated at this school; and the great Camden, after serving in it as under-master, had held the office of head-master since 1592. Then there was St. Anthony's Free School in Threadneedle Street, where Sir Thomas More and Archbishop Whitgift had been educated—once so flourishing that, at the public debates in logic and grammar between the different schools of the city, St. Anthony's scholars generally carried off the palm. In particular there was a feud on this score between the St. Paul's boys and the St. Anthony's boys: the St. Paul's boys nicknaming their rivals "Anthony's pigs," in allusion to the pig which was generally represented as following this saint in his pictures; and the St. Anthony's boys somewhat feebly retaliating by calling the St. Paul's boys "Paul's pigeons," in allusion to the pigeons that used to hover about the cathedral. Though the nicknames survived, the feud was now little more than a tradition—St. Anthony's school having come sorely down in the world, while the pigeons of St. Paul's fluttered higher than ever.

Partly on account of its nearness to Bread Street, St. Paul's School was that chosen by the scrivener for the education of his son.\* The records of the admissions to the school do not reach so far back as the beginning of the seventeenth century, but the date of Milton's admission cannot have been later than 1620, when he was in or just over his twelfth year. The school was founded in 1512, the fourth year of the reign of Henry VIII., by Dr. John Colet, Dean of St. Paul's, the son of Sir Henry Colet, mercer, who had been twice Mayor of London. The declared purpose of the foundation was the free education,

\* John Milton was the son of a scrivener, or law penman,

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in all sound Christian and grammatical learning, of poor men's children, without distinction of nation, to the exact number of one hundred and fifty-three at a time—this number having reference to the number of fishes which Simon Peter drew to land in the miraculous draught (John xxi. 11). For this purpose Colet, besides building and furnishing the school in a very handsome manner, endowed it with lands sufficient to provide salaries in perpetuity for a head-master, a sur-master or usher, and a chaplain.

No cock-fighting or other pageantry was to be allowed in the school; no extra holidays were to be granted, except when the king or some bishop in person begged one for the boys; and if any boy was taken away and sent to another school, he was not on any account to be readmitted.

The original school-house remained with little alteration either in the exterior or in the interior. The interior was divided into two parts—a *vestibulum*, or ante-room, in which the smaller boys were instructed, and the main school-room. Over the door of this school-room on the outside was a legend to the effect that no more than one hundred and fifty-three were to be instructed in it gratis; and painted on the glass of each window inside, were [in Latin] the formidable words: "Either teach, or learn, or leave the place." For the head-master there was a "decent *cathedra* or chair" at the upper end of the school, facing the door and a little advanced from the wall; and in the wall, immediately over this chair, so as to be full in the view of all the pupils, was an "effigies" \* or bust of Dean Colet, regarded as a masterpiece of art. The under-master or usher had no particular seat, but walked up and down among the classes, taking them all in turn with his superior. There were in all eight classes. In the first or lowest the younger pupils were taught their rudiments; and thence, according to their proficiency, they were at stated times advanced into the other forms till they reached the eighth; whence, "being commonly by this time made perfect grammarians, good orators and poets, and well instructed in Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, and sometimes in other Oriental tongues," they passed to the universities. The curriculum of the school extended over from four to six years; the age of entry being from eight to twelve, and that of departure from fourteen to eighteen.

From the moment that Milton became a "pigeon" of St.

\* Pronounce as four syllables, with final long.



Paul's, all this would be familiar to him. The school-room, its walls, and windows, and inscriptions ; the head-master's chair ; the bust of Colet over it, looking down on the busy young flock gathered together by his deed and scheming a hundred years after he was dead ; the busy young flock itself, ranged out in their eight forms, and filling the room with their ceaseless hum ; the head-master and the sur-master walking about in their gowns, and occasionally perhaps the two surveyors from the mercers dropping in to see,—what man of any memory is there who does not know that this would impress the boy unspeakably, and sink into him so as never to be forgotten ?

*From the Account in the "Life of Milton," chap. iii.*

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### BILL IS A BRIGHT BOY.

JOHN STUART BLACKIE (b. 1819).

Bill is a bright boy,  
 Do you know Bill ?  
 Marching cheerily,  
 Up and down hill ;  
 Bill is a bright boy  
 At books and at play,  
 A right and a tight boy.  
 All the boys say.

His face is like roses  
 In flush of the June ;  
 His eyes like the welkin  
 When cloudless the noon ;  
 His step is like fountains  
 That bicker with glee,  
 Beneath the green mountains  
 Down to the sea.

When Bill plays at cricket,  
 No ball on the green  
 Is shot from the wicket  
 So sharp and so clean ;

He stands at his station  
As strong as a king  
When he lifts up a nation  
On victory's wing.

When, bent upon study,  
He girds to his books,  
No frown ever ploughs  
The smooth pride of his looks ;  
I came, and I saw,  
And I conquered at will—  
This be the law  
For great Cæsar and Bill.

Like Thor with the hammer  
Of power in his hand,  
He riles through the grammar  
Triumphant and grand ;  
Over bastions of brambles,  
Which pedants up-pile,  
He leaps, and he ambles  
Along with a smile.

As mild as a maiden  
Where mildness belongs,  
He's hot as Achilles  
When goaded by wrongs ;  
He flirts with a danger,  
He spirits with an ill ;  
To fear such a stranger  
Is brave-hearted Bill.


For Bill is a bright boy,  
Who is like Bill ?  
Oft have I marched with him  
Up and down hill.  
When I hear his voice calling,  
I follow him still ;  
And, standing or falling,  
I conquer with Bill !



### A BEAVER COLONY.

The American Beaver (*Castor canadensis*) extends over that part of the American continent included between the Arctic Circle and the Tropic of Cancer. Owing, however, to the gradual spread of population over part of this area, and still more to the enormous number of skins that, towards the end of last century and the beginning of the present, were exported to Europe,—about two hundred thousand annually,—this species was in imminent danger of extirpation. More recently, the employment of silk and of the fur of the South American coypu in the manufacture of hats, so lessened the demand for beaver skins that the trapping of these animals became unprofitable; and having been little sought after for many years, they have again become abundant in such of their old haunts as have not yet been occupied by man. Solitary beavers, always males, and known as “old bachelors,” or idlers, are found inhabiting burrows similar to those seen in Europe. These are generally found in the neighborhood of new townships, and are supposed to be individuals that have remained after the colony had broken up, or that from some cause or another have been expelled from the society of their fellows. The American beaver, however, is essentially social, inhabiting lakes, ponds, and rivers, as well as those narrow creeks which connect the lakes together. They gener-

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ally, however, prefer flowing waters; probably on account of the advantages afforded by the current for transporting the materials of their dwellings. They also prefer deepish water, no doubt because it yields a better protection from the frost. When they build in small creeks or rivers, the waters of which are liable to dry up or to be drained off, instinct leads them to the formation of dams. These differ in shape, according to the nature of particular localities. Where the water has little motion the dam is almost straight; where the current is considerable it is curved, with its convexity towards the stream. The materials made use of are drift-wood, green willows, birch, and poplars; also mud and stones intermixed in such a manner as must evidently contribute to the strength of the dam; but there is no particular method observed, except that the work is carried on with a regular sweep, and that all the parts are made of equal strength. "In places," says Hearne, "which have been long frequented by beavers undisturbed, their dams, by frequent repairing, become a solid bank, capable of resisting a great force both of ice and water; and as the willow, poplar, and birch generally take root and shoot up, they by degrees form a kind of regular planted hedge, which I have seen in some places so tall that birds have built their nests among the branches." Their houses are formed of the same materials as the dams, with little order or regularity of structure, and seldom contain more than four old and six or eight young beavers. It not unfrequently happens that some of the larger houses have one or more partitions; but these are only posts of the main building, left by the sagacity of the builders to support the roof, for the apartments, as some call them, have usually no communication with each other except by water. The beavers carry the mud and stones with their fore-paws, and the timber between their teeth. They always work in the night, and with great expedition. They cover their houses late every autumn with fresh mud, which freezing as the frost sets in, becomes almost as hard as stone, and thus neither wolves nor wolverines can disturb their well-earned repose.

The favorite food of the American beaver is the plant called *Nūphar lūtēum* (yellow pond-lily) which bears a resemblance to a cabbage stalk, and grows at the bottom of lakes and rivers. They also gnaw the bark of birch, poplar, and willow trees. But during the bright summer days which clothe even the far northern regions with a luxuriant vegeta-

tion, a more varied herbage with the addition of berries is consumed. When the ice breaks up in spring, they always leave their embankments and rove about until a little before the fall of the leaf, when they return again to their old habitations, and lay in their winter stock of wood. They seldom begin to repair the houses till the frost sets in, and never finish the outer coating till the cold becomes pretty severe. When they erect a new habitation, they fell the wood early in summer, but seldom begin building till towards the end of August.

*Encyclopædia Britannica*, 9th ed. (1875).

### STANZAS.

P. B. SHELLEY (1792-1822).

And on the stream whose inconstant bosom  
Was pranked under boughs of embowering blossom,  
With golden and green light slanting through  
Their heaven of many a tangled hue,  
Broad water-lilies lay tremulously,  
And starry river-buds glimmered by ;  
And around them the soft stream did glide and dance  
With a motion of sweet sound and radiance.

And the sinuous paths of lawn and of moss  
Which led through the garden along and across,  
Some open at once to the sun and the breeze,  
Some lost among bowers of blossoming trees,  
Were all paved with daisies and asphodel bells  
As fair as the fabulous asphodels,  
And flowerets which, drooping as day drooped too,  
Fell into pavilions, white, purple, and blue,  
To roof the glow-worm from the evening dew.

And from this undefiled paradise  
The flowers (as an infant's awakening eyes  
Smile on its mother, whose singing sweet  
Can first lull and at last must awaken it),  
When heaven's blithe winds had unfolded them,  
As mine-lamps enkindle a hidden gem,  
Shone smiling to heaven, and every one  
Shared joy in the light of the gentle sun.

*Sensitive Plant*, xi.-xvi. (Written in 1820.)

## OLD FUR-TRADING NABOBS.

WASHINGTON IRVING (1783-1859).

To put an end to sordid and ruinous contentions, several of the principal merchants of Montreal entered into a partnership in the winter of 1783, which was augmented by amalgamation with a rival Company in 1787. Thus was created the famous "North-West Company," which for a time held a lordly sway over the wintry lakes and boundless forests of the Canadas, almost equal to that of the East India Company over the voluptuous climes and magnificent realms of the Orient.

The Company consisted of twenty-three shareholders, or partners, but held in its employ about two thousand persons as clerks, guides, interpreters, and *voyageurs* or boatmen. These were distributed at various trading-posts, established far and wide on the interior lakes and rivers, at immense distances from one another, and in the heart of trackless countries and savage tribes.

Several of the partners resided in Montreal and Quebec to manage the main concerns of the Company. These were called agents, and were personages of great weight and importance. The other partners took their stations at the interior posts, where they remained throughout the winter to superintend the intercourse with the various tribes of Indians. They were thence called wintering partners.

The goods destined for this wide and wandering traffic were put up at the warehouses of the Company in Montreal, and conveyed in *batteaux*, or boats and canoes, up the river ~~Attawa~~ **Attawa** Ottawa, which falls into the St. Lawrence near Montreal, and by other rivers and portages to Lake Nipissing, Lake Huron, Lake Superior, and thence, by several chains of great and small lakes, to Lake Winnipeg, Lake Athabasca, and the Great Slave Lake. This singular and beautiful system of internal seas, which renders an immense region of wilderness so accessible to the frail bark of the Indian or the trader, was studded by the remote posts of the Company, where they carried on their traffic with the surrounding tribes.

The Company, as we have shown, was at first a spontaneous association of merchants; but after it had been regularly organized, admission into it became extremely difficult. A candidate had to enter, as it were, "before the mast"—to

undergo a long probation, and to rise slowly by his merits and services. He began at an early age as clerk, and served an apprenticeship of seven years, for which he received one hundred pounds sterling, was maintained at the expense of the Company, and furnished with suitable clothing and equipments. His probation was generally passed at the interior trading-posts; removed for years from civilized society, leading a life almost as wild and precarious as the savages around him; exposed to the severities of a northern winter, often suffering from a scarcity of food, and sometimes destitute for a long time of both bread and salt. When his apprenticeship had expired, he received a salary according to his deserts, varying from eighty to one hundred and sixty pounds sterling, and was now eligible to the great object of his ambition—a partnership in the Company; though years might yet elapse before he attained to that enviable station.

Most of the clerks were young men of good families, from the Highlands of Scotland, characterized by the perseverance, thrift, and fidelity of their country, and fitted by their native hardihood to encounter the rigorous climate of the north, and to endure the trials and privations of their lot; though it must not be concealed that the constitutions of many of them became impaired by the hardships of the wilderness, and their stomachs injured by occasional famishing, and especially by the want of bread and salt. Now and then, at an interval of years, they were permitted to come down on a visit to the establishment at Montreal, to recruit their health, and to have a taste of civilized life; and these were brilliant spots in their existence.

As to the principal partners, or agents, who resided at Montreal and Quebec, they formed a kind of commercial aristocracy, living in lordly and hospitable style. Their early associations, when clerks at the remote trading-posts, and the pleasures, dangers, adventures, and mishaps which they had shared together in their wild-wood life, had linked them heartily to one another, so that they formed a convivial fraternity. Few travellers that visited Canada some thirty years since [Irving wrote in 1835], in the days of the M<sup>c</sup>Tavishes, the M<sup>c</sup>Gillivrays, the M<sup>c</sup>Kenzies, the Frobishers, and the other magnates of the North-West, when the Company was in all its glory, but must remember the round of feasting and revelry kept up among these hyperborean nabobs.

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posts, would make their appearance in New York, in the course of a tour of pleasure and curiosity. On these occasions there was always a degree of magnificence of the purse about them, and a peculiar propensity to expenditure at the goldsmith's and jeweller's, for rings, chains, brooches, necklaces, jewelled watches, and other rich trinkets, partly for their own wear, partly for presents to their female acquaintances; a gorgeous prodigality, such as was often to be noticed in former times in Southern planters and West India creoles, when flush with the profits of their plantations.

To behold the North-West Company in all its state and grandeur, however, it was necessary to witness an annual gathering at the great interior place of Conference, established at Fort William, near what is called the Grand Portage, on Lake Superior. Here two or three of the leading partners from Montreal proceeded once a year to meet the partners from the various trading-posts of the wilderness, to discuss the affairs of the Company during the preceding year, and to arrange plans for the future.

On these occasions might be seen the change since the unceremonious times of the old French traders: now the aristocratical character of the Briton shone forth magnificently, or rather the feudal spirit of the Highlander. Every partner who had charge of an interior post, and a score of retainers at his command, felt like the chieftain of a Highland clan, and was almost as important in the eyes of his dependants as of himself. To him a visit to the grand Conference at Fort William was a most important event, and he repaired there as to a meeting of Parliament.

The partners from Montreal, however, were the lords of the ascendant; coming from the midst of luxurious and ostentatious life, they quite eclipsed their compeers from the woods, whose forms and faces had been battered and hardened by hard living and hard service, and whose garments and equipments were all the worse for wear. Indeed, the partners from below considered the whole dignity of the Company as represented in their persons, and conducted themselves in suitable style. They ascended the rivers in great state, like sovereigns making a progress; or rather, like Highland chieftains navigating their subject lakes. They were wrapped in rich furs, their huge canoes freighted with every convenience and luxury, and manned by Canadian voyageurs, as obedient as Highland clansmen.

They carried up with them cooks and bakers, together with delicacies of every kind, and abundance of choice wines for the banquets which attended this great convocation. Happy were they, too, if they could meet with some distinguished stranger, above all, some titled member of the British nobility, to accompany them on this stately occasion and grace their high solemnities.

Fort William, the scene of this important annual meeting, was a considerable village on the banks of Lake Superior. Here, in an immense wooden building, was the great council-hall, as also the banqueting-chamber, decorated with Indian arms and accoutrements, and the trophies of the fur trade. The house swarmed at this time with traders and voyageurs; some from Montreal, bound to the interior posts; some from the interior posts, bound to Montreal. The councils were held in great state, for every member felt as if sitting in Parliament, and every retainer and dependant looked up to the assemblage with awe, as to the House of Lords. There was a vast deal of solemn deliberation and hard Scottish reasoning, with an occasional swell of pompous declamation. These grave and weighty councils were alternated by huge feasts and revels, like some of the old feasts described in Highland castles. The tables in the great banqueting-room groan'd under the weight of game of all kinds, of venison from the woods, and fish from the lakes, with hunters' delicacies, such as buffaloes' tongues and beavers' tails, and various luxuries from Montreal, all served up by experienced cooks brought up for the purpose. There was no stint of generous wine, for it was a hard-drinking period, a time of loyal toasts, and bacchanalian songs, and brimming bumpers.

While the chiefs thus revelled in the hall, and made the rafters resound with bursts of loyalty and old Scottish songs, chanted in voices cracked and sharpened by the northern blast, their merriment was echoed and prolonged by a mongrel legion of retainers, Canadian voyageurs, half-breeds, Indian hunters, and vagabond hangers-on, who feasted sumptuously without on the crumbs that fell from their table, and made the welkin ring with old French ditties, mingled with Indian yelps and yellings.

Such was the North-West Company in its powerful and prosperous days, when it held a kind of feudal sway over a vast domain of lake and forest. We are dwelling too long, perhaps,

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AN OLD TRAPPER.

upon these individual pictures, endeared to us by the associations of early life, when, as yet a stripling youth, we have sat at the hospitable boards of the "mighty North-Westerns," the lords of the ascendant at Montreal, and gazed with wondering and inexperienced eye at the baronial wassailing, and listened with astonished ear to their tales of hardships and adventures. It is one object of our task, however, to present scenes of the rough life of the wilderness, and we are tempted to fix these few memorials of a transient state of things fast passing into oblivion; for the feudal state of Fort William is at an end, its council-chamber is silent and deserted, its banquet-hall no longer echoes to the burst of loyalty or the "auld world" ditty, the lords of the lakes and forests have passed away, and the hospitable magnates of Montreal—where are they?

*Astoria* (1836), chap. i.

**"O STREAM DESCENDING."**

A. H. CLOUGH (1819-1861).

O stream descending to the sea  
Thy mossy banks between!  
The flow'rets blow, the grasses grow,  
Thy leafy trees are green.

In garden plots the children play,  
The fields the laborers till,  
And houses stand on either hand,  
And thou descendest still.

O life descending into death!  
Our waking eyes behold,  
Parent and friend thy lapse attend,  
Companions young and old.

Strong purposes our minds possess,  
Our hearts affections fill,  
We toil and earn, we seek and learn,  
And thou descendest still.

O end to which our currents tend!  
Inevitable sea,  
To which we flow, what do we know,  
What shall we guess of thee?

A roar we hear upon thy shore,  
As we our course fulfil;  
Scarce we divine a sun will shine  
And be above us still.

### AT THE CLEAR FOUNTAIN.

("A la Claire Fontaine.")

["From the little seven-year old child to the gray-haired old man everybody in Canada knows this song. There is no French-Canadian song that in this respect will compare with it, although the melody is very primitive, and it has little to interest the musician beyond its great popularity."—ERNST GAGNON: *Chansons Populaires du Canada* (1865).]

It is often sung to a dancing tune, and is even brought into the fantasies of a concert. It is known in France, and is said to be of Norman origin, although M. Mannier thinks that it came from La Franche Comté, and M. Rathery thinks it was brought from Bretagne, under the reign of Louis XIV. In France it has nearly the same words, but with this difference, that the French song expresses the sorrow of a young girl at the loss of her friend *Pierre*, while the Canadian lad wastes his regrets upon the rose that his mistress has rejected. The air as sung in France is altogether different. Some years since this song in its Canadian dress was brought out in all the principal theatres of Paris with immense success. This led to a distressing burlesque—*"La Claire Fontaine, as they sing it in Paris."*

On the occasion of the visit of the Prince of Wales to America in 1860, a little incident occurred on board the *Hero*, on the last evening before the landing at Quebec, that brought this song and its air into notice upon a much wider field than before. Several prominent Canadians had come on board, and as the evening wore away Mr. (afterwards Sir George) Cartier, a high official in the Colonial Government, stepped forward and began to sing this song in a clear and melodious voice.

The chorus was easily picked up by the listeners, and after once hearing it a few voices joined in; at first in subdued and gentle murmur, but at each return more clear and strong, until at the end the whole party were in full accord and singing with enthusiasm the oft-repeated declaration—

"Il y a longtemps que je t'aime,  
Jamais je ne l'oublierai."—

I loved thee from the hour we met,  
And never can that love forget.

From this time onward till the end of the Prince's journey in America, this simple melody became the favorite piece, or was brought in as an accompaniment to other music, at recep-

tions and parties, and, in short, upon all occasions wherever music was in order; and for this reason it is now better known outside of Canada than all the rest of French-Canadian songs put together.

As by the crystal fount I strayed,  
On which the dancing moonbeams played,  
The water seemed so clear and bright,  
I bathed myself in its delight :  
I loved thee from the hour we met,  
And never can that love forget.

The water seemed so clear and bright,  
I bathed myself in its delight :  
The nightingale above my head,  
As sweet a stream of music shed.

The nightingale above my head,  
As sweet a stream of music shed ;—  
Sing, nightingale, thy heart is glad,  
But I could weep, for mine is sad.

Sing, nightingale, thy heart is glad,  
But I could weep, for mine is sad ;  
For I have lost my lady fair,  
And she has left me in despair.

For I have lost my lady fair,  
And she has left me in despair ;  
For that I gave not when she spoke,  
The rose that from its tree I broke.

For that I gave not when she spoke,  
The rose that from its tree I broke :  
I wish the rose were on the tree,  
And my beloved again with me.

I wish the rose were on its tree,  
And my beloved again with me ;  
Or that the tree itself were cast  
Into the sea before this passed.  
I loved thee from the hour we met,  
And never can that love forget.

F. B. HOUGH: *The Thousand Islands* (1880).



## GALISSONNIÈRE AND BIGOT.

WILLIAM KIRBY.

[The following sketches are taken from Mr. Kirby's charming romance *The Chien d'Or (The Golden Dog): A Legend of Quebec* (1877). The scene is laid in the reign of Louis XV., A. D. 1748. The story takes its name from the dog, sculptured and gilded, and enigmatically inscribed, which surmounted the doorway to Philibert's great trading depôt in Quebec. Philibert was the determined opponent of the Intendant Bigot, whose profligate waste of colonial resources greatly contributed to the military disaster of 1759. Bigot's career has furnished also to M. Joseph Marmette of Quebec the groundwork of his historical novel *L'Intendant Bigot*. The Intendant was the highest executive officer, next to the Governor: he had the superintendence of justice, police, finance, and marine. Bigot was the fourteenth and last Intendant of Canada,—1748-1759.]

Rolland Michel Barrin, Count de la Galissonnière, was remarkable no less for his philosophical attainments, that ranked him high among the *savans* of the French Academy, than for his political abilities and foresight as a statesman. He felt strongly the vital interests involved in the present war, and saw clearly what was the sole policy necessary for France to adopt in order to preserve her magnificent dominion in North America. His counsels were neither liked nor followed by the Court of Versailles, then sinking fast into the slough of corruption that marked the closing years of the reign of Louis XV.

Among the people who admired deeds more than words the Count was honored as a brave and skilful admiral, who had borne the flag of France triumphantly over the seas, and in the face of her most powerful enemies, the English and the Dutch. His memorable repulse of Admiral Byng, eight years after the events here recorded, which led to the death of that brave but unfortunate officer, who was shot by a sentence of court martial to atone for that repulse, was a glory to France, but to the Count brought after it a manly sorrow for the fate of his opponent, whose death he regarded as a cruel and unjust act, unworthy of the English nation, usually as generous and merciful as it is brave and considerate.

The Governor was already advanced in years. He had entered upon the winter of life that sprinkles the head with snow that never melts; but he was still hale, ruddy, and active. Nature had, indeed, moulded him in an unpropitious hour for personal comeliness; but in compensation she had seated a great heart and a graceful mind in a body low of stature, and marked by a slight deformity. His piercing eyes, luminous with intelli-

gence and full of sympathy for everything noble and elevated, overpowered with their fascination the blemishes that a too curious scrutiny might discover upon his figure; while his mobile, handsome lips, poured out the natural eloquence of clear thoughts and noble sentiments. The Count grew great while speaking; his listeners were carried away by the magic of his voice and the clearness of his intellect.

*Chien d'Or*, chap. i.

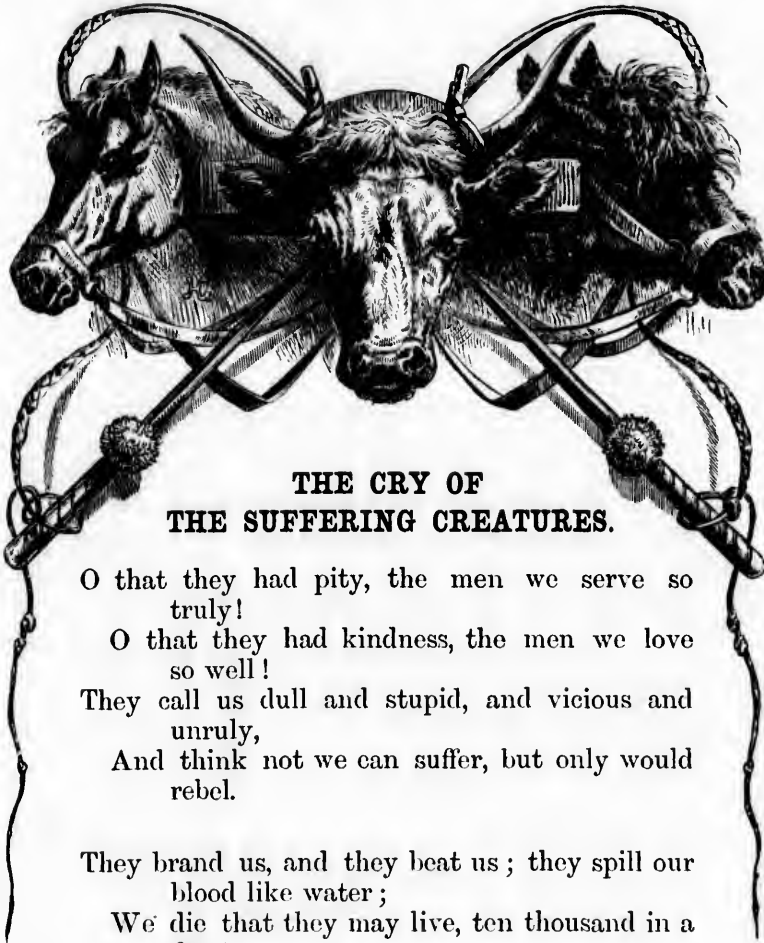
At the head of the table, first in place as in rank, sat François Bigot, Intendant of New France. His low, well-set figure, dark hair, small keen black eyes, and swarthy features, full of fire and animation, bespoke his Gascon blood. His countenance was far from comely—nay, when in repose, even ugly and repulsive,—but his eyes were magnets that drew men's looks towards him, for in them lay the force of a powerful will, and a depth and subtlety of intellect, that made men fear, if they could not love him. Yet when he chose—and it was his usual mood—to exercise his blandishments on men, he rarely failed to captivate them; while his pleasant wit, courtly ways, and natural gallantry towards women, exercised with the polished seductiveness he had learned in the Court of Louis XV., made François Bigot the most plausible and dangerous man in France.

He was fond of wine and music, passionately addicted to gambling, and devoted to the pleasant vices that were rampant in the Court of France. Finely educated, able in the conduct of affairs, and fertile in his expedients to accomplish his ends, François Bigot might have saved New France had he been honest as he was clever; but he was unprincipled and corrupt. No conscience checked his ambition or his love of pleasure. He ruined New France for the sake of himself and his patroness, and the crowd of courtiers and frail beauties who surrounded the King, and whose arts and influence kept him in high office despite all the efforts of the good and true men of the colony to remove him.

He had already ruined and lost the ancient colony of Acadia through his frauds and malversations as Chief Commissary of the Army; and, instead of being subjected to trial and punishment, he had lately been exalted to the higher and still more important office of the Royal Intendant of New France.

*Chien d'Or*, chap. vii.

## PART II.



**THE CRY OF  
THE SUFFERING CREATURES.**

O that they had pity, the men we serve so truly!

O that they had kindness, the men we love so well!

They call us dull and stupid, and vicious and unruly,

And think not we can suffer, but only would rebel.

They brand us, and they beat us; they spill our blood like water;

We die that they may live, ten thousand in a day!

O that they had mercy! for in their dens of slaughter

They afflict us and affright us, and do far worse than slay.

We are made to be their servants—we know it, and complain not;

We bow our necks with meekness the galling yoke to bear.

Their heaviest toil we lighten, the meanest we disdain not ;  
In all their sweat and labor we take a willing share.

We know that God intended for us but servile stations,—  
To toil to bear man's burdens, to watch beside his door ;  
They are of Earth the masters, we are their poor relations,  
Who grudge them not their greatness, but help to make it  
more.

And in return we ask but that they would kindly use us  
For the purposes of service, for that for which we're made ;  
That they would teach their children to love and not abuse us,  
So each might face the other, and neither be afraid.

We have a sense they know not, or else have dulled by  
learning,—  
They call it instinct only, a thing of rule and plan ;  
But oft, when reason fails them, our clear, direct discerning,  
And the love that is within us, have saved the life of man.

If they would but love us, would learn our strength and  
weakness,  
If only with our sufferings their hearts could sympathize,  
Then they would know what truth is, what patience is and  
meekness,  
And read our heart's devotion in the softness of our eyes !

If they would but teach their children to treat the subject  
creatures  
As humble friends, as servants who strive their love to win,  
Then would they see how joyous, how kindly are our natures,  
And a second day of Eden would on the Earth begin !

MARY HOWITT (b. 1804): *Songs of Animal Life*.

### CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

THOMAS CHALMERS, D.D. (1780-1847).

Man is the direct agent of a wide and continual distress to  
the lower animals ; and the question is, "Can any method be  
devised for its alleviation?" On this subject that scriptural

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image is strikingly realized: "the whole [inferior] creation groaning and travailing together in pain" because of him. It signifies naught to the substantive amount of the suffering whether it be prompted by the hardness of his heart, or only permitted through the heedlessness of his mind. In either way it holds true, not only that the arch-devourer Man stands pre-eminent over the fiercest children of the wilderness as an animal of prey, but that for his lordly and luxurious appetite, as well as for his service or merest curiosity and amusement, Nature must be ransacked throughout all her elements. Rather than forego the veriest gratifications of vanity, he will wring them from the anguish of wretched and ill-fated creatures; and whether for the indulgence of his barbaric sensuality or his barbaric splendor, he can stalk paramount\* over the sufferings of that prostrate creation which has been placed beneath his feet.

These sufferings are really felt. The beasts of the field are not so many automata, † without sensation, so constructed as to assume all the natural expressions of it. Nature hath not practised this universal deception upon our species. These poor animals just look, and tremble, and give forth the very indications of suffering that we do. Theirs is the distinct cry of pain. Theirs is the unequivocal physiognomy ‡ of pain. They put on the same aspect of terror on the demonstrations of a menaced blow. They exhibit the same distortions of agony after the infliction of it. The bruise, or the burn, or the fracture, or the deep incision, or the fierce encounter with one of equal or of superior strength, affects them similarly to ourselves. Their blood circulates as ours. They have pulsations in various parts of the body as we have. They sicken, and they grow feeble with age, and finally they die, just as we do.

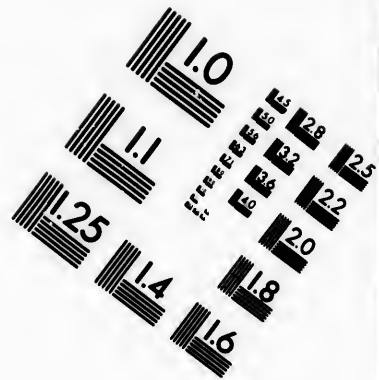
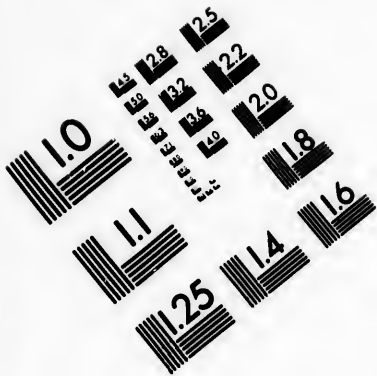
They possess the same feelings; and, what exposes them to like sufferings from another quarter, they possess the same instincts with our own species. The lioness robbed of her whelps causes the wilderness to ring aloud with the proclamation of her wrongs; or the bird whose little household has been stolen fills and saddens all the grove with melodies of deepest pathos. All this is palpable even to the general and unlearned

\* *Paramount*, originally an adverbial phrase derived from the old French *par amont*, at the top.—SKEAT'S *Etymological Dictionary* (1882).

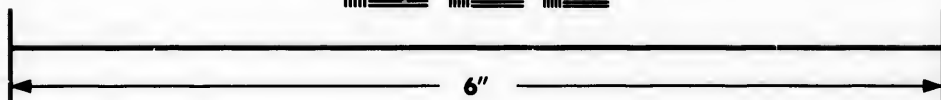
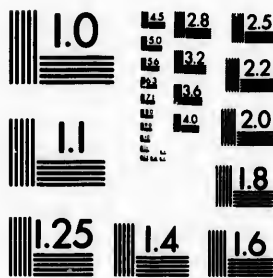
† *Automata* (pl. of *automaton*), self-acting machines.

‡ Unmistakable expression.





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eye ; and when the physiologist lays open the recesses of their system, by means of that scalpel under whose operation they just shrink and are convulsed as any living subject of our own species, there stands forth to view the same sentient apparatus,\* and furnished with the same conductors for the transmission of feeling from every minutest pore upon the surface.

Theirs is unmitigated and unmitigated pain, the agonies of martyrdom without the alleviation of the hopes and the sentiments whereof men are capable. When they lay them down to die, their only fellowship is with suffering ; for in the prison-house of their beset and bounded faculties no relief can be afforded by communion with other interests or other things. The attention does not lighten their distress, as it does that of man by carrying off his spirit from that existing pungency and pressure which might else be overwhelming. There is but room in their mysterious economy for one inmate, and that is the absorbing sense of their own single and concentrated anguish. And so on that bed of torment whereon the wounded animal lingers and expires there is an unexplored depth and intensity of suffering, which the poor dumb animal itself cannot tell, and against which it can offer no remonstrance—an untold and unknown amount of wretchedness, of which no articulate voice gives utterance.

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### “FARMED OUT.”

CHARLES DICKENS (1812-1870).

[In *Oliver Twist* Dickens exposed the abuses of the parish-relief and workhouse system. The greater part of this tale originally appeared in *Bentley's Magazine* (1837-38), of which Dickens was the editor.]

Oliver Twist was brought up by hand. The hungry and destitute situation of the infant orphan was duly reported by the workhouse authorities to the parish authorities. The parish authorities inquired with dignity of the workhouse authorities whether there was no female then domiciled “in the house” who was in a situation to impart to Oliver Twist the consolation and nourishment of which he stood in need. The workhouse authorities replied with humility that there was not. Upon this the parish authorities magnanimously and humanely resolved that Oliver should be “farmed,” or, in other words,

\* Nervous system.

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that he should be despatched to a branch workhouse some three miles off, where twenty or thirty other juvenile offenders against the poor-laws rolled about the floor all day, without the inconvenience of too much food or too much clothing, under the parental superintendence of an elderly female, who received the culprits at and for the consideration of sevenpence-halfpenny per small head per week.....

Boys have generally excellent appetites. Oliver Twist and his companions suffered the tortures of slow starvation for three months. At last they got so voracious and wild with hunger, that one boy, who was tall for his age, and hadn't been used to that sort of thing (for his father had kept a small cook-shop), hinted darkly to his companions that unless he had another basin of gruel *per diem*, he was afraid he might some night happen to eat the boy who slept next him, who happened to be a weakly youth of tender age. He had a wild, hungry eye, and they implicitly believed him. A council was held; lots were cast who should walk up to the master after supper that evening and ask for more, and it fell to Oliver Twist.

The evening arrived; the boys took their places. The master, in his cook's uniform, stationed himself at the copper; his pauper assistants ranged themselves behind him; the gruel was served out, and a long grace was said over the short commons. The gruel disappeared; the boys whispered to one another and winked at Oliver, while his next neighbors nudged him. Child as he was, he was desperate with hunger and reckless with misery. He rose from the table, and, advancing to the master, basin and spoon in hand, said, somewhat alarmed at his own temerity, "Please, sir, I want some more.".....

"What?" said the master, in a faint voice.

"Please, sir," replied Oliver, "I want some more."

The master aimed a blow at Oliver's head with the ladle, pinioned him in his arms, and shrieked aloud for the beadle.

The board were sitting in solemn conclave, when Mr. Bumble rushed into the room in great excitement, and addressing the gentleman in the high chair, said,—

"Mr. Limbkins, I beg your pardon, sir! Oliver Twist has asked for more!"

There was a general start. Horror was depicted on every countenance.

"For *more!*" said Mr. Limbkins. "Compose yourself, Bumble, and answer me distinctly. Do I understand that he

asked for more, after he had eaten the supper allotted by the dietary?"

"He did, sir," replied Bumble.

"That boy will be hung," said the gentleman in the white waistcoat. "I know that boy will be hung."

Nobody controverted the prophetic gentleman's opinion. An animated discussion took place. Oliver was ordered into instant confinement; and a bill was next morning pasted on the outside of the gate, offering a reward of five pounds to anybody who would take Oliver Twist off the hands of the parish.

*Oliver Twist*, chap. ii.

### ON CHARLES DICKENS.

DEAN STANLEY.

When the little workhouse boy wins his way, pure and undefiled, through the mass of wickedness in the midst of which he passes—when the little orphan girl brings thoughts of heaven into the hearts of all around her, and is as the very gift of God to the old man whose desolate life she cheers—when the little cripple not only blesses his father's needy home, but softens the rude stranger's hardened conscience\*—there is a lesson taught which touches every heart, which no human being can feel without being the better for it, which makes that grave seem to those who crowd around it as though it were the very grave of those little innocents whom he had thus created for our companionship, for our instruction, for our delight and solace. He labored to tell us all, in new, very new words, the old, old story, that there is, even in the worst, a capacity for goodness, a soul worth redeeming, worth reclaiming, worth regenerating. He labored to tell the rich, the educated, how this better side was to be found and respected even in the most neglected Lazarus. He labored to tell the poor no less to respect this better part in themselves,—to remember that they also have a call to be good and just, if they will but hear it. If by any such means he has brought rich and poor together, and made Englishmen feel more nearly as one family, he will not, assuredly, have lived in vain; nor will his bones in vain have been laid in this home and hearth of the English nation.

*Funeral Sermon, Westminster Abbey, June 19, 1870.*

\* The characters here alluded to are, *Oliver Twist*, in the novel to which he gives his name; *Little Nell Trent*, in the "Old Curiosity Shop;" *Tiny Tim Cratchit*, in the "Christmas Carol."

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## THE CRY OF THE CHILDREN.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING (1809-1861).

[The publication of this powerful appeal directed public attention to the employment of young children in factories and coal-mines, and promoted the passing of the recent Factory Acts, which place factory children under the direct supervision of the Government, and provide intervals for their rest and education.

Mrs. Browning's defects consist in the use of false rhymes, far-fetched words, and obscure constructions. "Yet in spite of all deductions that can be made—deductions, be it remembered, which are sometimes to be counted against the reader, and only sometimes against the poetess—she remains an attractive and delightful personage, and she has stamped enough of herself upon her poetry to give it an enduring charm. Her deep tenderness and genuineness of feeling, showing themselves in such poems as the *Cry of the Children* and *Cowper's Grave*, will never fail of their rightful power."—WILLIAM T. ARNOLD.]

Do ye hear the children weeping, O my brothers,  
 Ere the sorrow comes with years?  
 They are leaning their young heads against their mothers,  
 And *that* cannot stop their tears.  
 The young lambs are bleating in the meadows,  
 The young birds are chirping in the nest,  
 The young fawns are playing with the shadows,  
 The young flowers are blowing toward the west;  
 But the young, young children, O my brothers,  
 They are weeping bitterly!  
 They are weeping in the playtime of the others,  
 In the country of the free.

Do you question the young children in the sorrow,  
 Why their tears are falling so?  
 The old man may weep for his to-morrow  
 Which is lost in Long Ago.  
 The old tree is leafless in the forest,  
 The old year is ending in the frost,  
 The old wound, if stricken, is the sorest,  
 The old hope is hardest to be lost;  
 But the young, young children, O my brothers,  
 Do you ask them why they stand  
 Weeping sore before the bosoms of their mothers,  
 In our happy Fatherland?

They look up with their pale and sunken faces,  
 And their looks are sad to see,  
 For the man's hoary anguish draws and presses  
 Down the cheeks of infancy.  
 "Your old earth," they say, "is very dreary ;  
 Our young feet," they say, "are very weak !  
 Few paces have we taken, yet are weary—  
 Our grave-rest is very far to seek.  
 Ask the aged why they weep, and not the children ;  
 For the outside earth is cold ;  
 And we young ones stand without, in our bewildering,  
 And the graves are for the old."

"True," say the children, "it may happen  
 That we die before our time.  
 Little Alice died last year—her grave is shapen  
 Like a snowball in the rime.  
 We looked into the pit prepared to take her.  
 Was no room for any work in the close clay !  
 From the sleep wherein she lieth none will wake her,  
 Crying, 'Get up, little Alice, it is day.'  
 If you listen by that grave in sun and shower,  
 With your ear down, little Alice never cries.  
 Could we see her, be sure we should not know her,  
 For the smile has time for growing in her eyes.  
 And merry go her moments, lulled and stilled in  
 The shroud by the kirk-chime !  
 It is good when it happens," say the children,  
 "That we die before our time."

Alas ! alas the children ! they are seeking  
 Death in life, as best to have.  
 They are binding up their hearts away from breaking,  
 With a cerement from the grave.  
 Go out, children, from the mine and from the city ;  
 Sing out, children, as the little thrushes do.  
 Pluck your handfuls of the meadow-cowslips pretty ;  
 Laugh aloud, to feel your fingers let them through !  
 But they answer, "Are your cowslips of the meadows  
 Like our weeds anear the mine ?  
 Leave us quiet in the dark of the coal-shadows,  
 From your pleasures fair and fine !

“ For oh,” say the children, “ we are weary  
 And we cannot run or leap.  
 If we cared for any meadows, it were merely  
 To drop down in them and sleep.  
 Our knees tremble sorely in the stooping,  
 We fall upon our faces, trying to go ;  
 And underneath our heavy eyelids drooping,  
 The reddest flower would look as pale as snow.  
 For, all day, we drag our burdens tiring  
 Through the coal-dark underground—  
 Or, all day, we drive the wheels of iron  
 In the factories, round and round.

“ For, all day, the wheels are droning, turning—  
 Their wind comes in our faces—  
 Till our hearts turn—our head, with pulses burning,  
 And the walls turn in their places.  
 Turns the sky in the high window blank and reeling,  
 Turns the long light that drops adown the wall,  
 Turn the black flies that crawl along the ceiling,—  
 All are turning, all the day, and we with all.  
 And, all day, the iron wheels are droning,  
 And sometimes we could pray,  
 “ O ye wheels ” (breaking out in a mad moaning),  
 “ Stop ! be silent for to-day ! ”

Ay, be silent ! Let them hear each other breathing  
 For a moment, mouth to mouth !  
 Let them touch each other's hands in a fresh wreathing  
 Of their tender human youth !  
 Let them feel that this cold metallic motion  
 Is not all the life God fashions or reveals.  
 Let them prove their living souls against the notion  
 That they live in you, or under you, O wheels !—  
 Still, all day, the iron wheels go onward,  
 Grinding life down from its mark ;  
 And the children's souls, which God is calling sunward,  
 Spin on blindly in the dark.

Now tell the poor young children, O my brothers,  
 To look up to Him and pray ;  
 So the Blessèd One who blesseth all the others,  
 Will bless them another day.



They answer: "Who is God, that he should hear us,  
 While the rushing of the iron wheel is stirred?  
 When we sob aloud, the human creatures near us  
 Pass by, hearing not, or answer not a word.  
 And *we* hear not (for the wheels in their resounding,  
 Strangers speaking at the door.  
 Is it likely God, with angels singing round him,  
 Hears our weeping any more?"

"Two words, indeed, of praying we remember,  
 And at midnight's hour of harm,  
 'Our Father,' looking upward in the chamber.  
 We say softly for a charm.\*  
 We know no other words, except 'Our Father,'  
 And we think that, in some pause of angels' song,  
 God may pluck them with the silence sweet to gather,  
 And hold both within his right hand which is strong.  
 'Our Father!' if he heard us, he would surely  
 (For they call him good and mild)  
 Answer, smiling down the steep world very purely,  
 'Come and rest with me, my child.'

"But no!" say the children, weeping faster,  
 "He is speechless as a stone.  
 And they tell us, of His image is the Master  
 Who commands us to work on.  
 Go to!" say the children—"up, in heaven,  
 Dark, wheel-like, turning clouds are all we find.  
 Do not mock us; grief has made us unbelieving,—  
 We look up for God, but tears have made us blind."  
 Do you hear the children weeping and disproving,  
 O my brothers, what ye preach?  
 For God's possible is taught by his world's loving,  
 And the children doubt of each.

And well may the children weep before you!  
 They are weary ere they run;  
 They have never seen the sunshine, nor the glory  
 Which is brighter than the sun.  
 They know the grief of man, without his wisdom;  
 They sink in man's despair, without its calm;

\* A fact rendered pathetically historical by Mr. Horne's report of his commission.

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Are slaves, without the liberty, in Christdom ;  
 Are martyrs, by the pang, without the palm ;  
 Are worn, as if with age, yet unretrievingly  
 The harvest of its memories cannot reap ;  
 Are orphans of the earthly love and heavenly ;—  
 Let them weep ! let them weep !

They look up with their pale and sunken faces.  
 And their look is dread to see ;  
 For they mind you of their angels in high places,  
 With eyes turned on Deity !  
 “ How long,” they say, “ how long, O cruel nation !  
 Will you stand, to move the world, on a child’s heart ;  
 Stifle down with a mailed heel its palpitation,  
 And tread onward to your throne amid the mart ?  
 Our blood splashes upward, O gold-heaper,  
 And your purple shows your path ;  
 But the child’s sob in the silence curses deeper  
 Than the strong man in his wrath.”

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### LILLIPUTIAN TAILORS AND COOKS.

JONATHAN (DEAN) SWIFT (1667-1745).

It may perhaps divert the curious reader to give some account of my domestics, and my manner of living in this country during a residence of nine months and thirteen days.

Having a head mechanically turned, and being likewise forced by necessity, I had made for myself a table and chair convenient enough out of the largest trees in the royal park. Two hundred seamstresses were employed to make me shirts, and linen for my bed and table, all of the strongest and coarsest kind they could get, which, however, they were forced to quilt together in several folds, for the thickest was some degrees finer than lawn. Their linen is usually three inches wide, and three feet make a piece. The seamstresses took my measure as I lay on the ground, one standing at my neck and another at my knee, with a strong cord extended, that each held by the end, while a third measured the length of the cord with a rule an inch long. Then they measured my right thumb, and desired no more ; for, by a mathematical computation that twice round the thumb is once round the wrist, and so on to the neck and the waist, and by the

help of my old shirt, which I displayed on the ground before them for a pattern, they fitted me exactly.

Three hundred tailors were employed in the same manner to make me clothes ; but they had another contrivance for taking my measure. I kneeled down, and they raised a ladder from the ground to my neck. Upon this ladder one of them mounted, and let fall a plumb-line from my collar to the floor, which just answered the length of my coat ; but my waist and arms I measured myself. When my clothes were finished, which was done in my house (for the largest of theirs would not have been able to hold them), they looked like the patchwork made by the ladies in England, only that mine were all of a color.

I had three hundred cooks to dress my victuals, in little convenient huts built about my house, where they and their families lived, and prepared me two dishes apiece. I took up twenty waiters in my hand and placed them on the table ; a hundred more attended below on the ground, some with dishes of meat, and some with barrels of wine and other liquors slung on their shoulders, all which the waiters above drew up, as I wanted, in a very ingenious manner by certain cords, as we draw the bucket up a well in Europe. A dish of their meat was a good mouthful, and a barrel of their liquor a reasonable draught. Their mutton yields to ours, but their beef is excellent. I have had a sirloin so large that I have been forced to make three bites of it ; but this is rare. My servants were astonished to see me eat it bones and all, as in our country we do the leg of a lark. Their geese and turkeys I usually ate at a mouthful, and I confess they far exceed ours. Of their smaller fowl I could take up twenty or thirty at the end of my knife.

*Travels of Lemuel Gulliver (1726).*

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### THE CHARACTER OF SWIFT.

W. M. THACKERAY (1811-1863).

To have had so much love, he must have given *some*. Treasures of wit and wisdom, and tenderness too, must that man have had locked up in the caverns of his gloomy heart, and shown fitfully to one or two whom he took in there. But it was not good to visit that place. People did not remain there long, and suffered for having been there. He shrank away from all affections sooner or later. Stella and Vanessa both

died near him, and away from him. He had not heart enough to see them die. He broke from his fastest friend, Sheridan; he slunk away from his fondest admirer, Pope. His laugh jars on one's ear after sevenscore years. He was always alone—alone and gnashing in the darkness—except when Stella's sweet smile came and shone upon him. When that went, silence and utter night closed over him. An immense genius: an awful downfall and ruin! So great a man he seems to me, that thinking of him is like thinking of an empire falling. We have other great names to mention—none, I think, however, so great or so gloomy.

*English Humorists of Eighteenth Century.*

**"MY LIFE IS LIKE THE SUMMER ROSE."**

RICHARD HENRY WILDE (1789-1847).

My life is like the summer rose  
That opens to the morning sky,  
But ere the shades of evening close,  
Is scattered on the ground—to die.  
Yet on the rose's humble bed  
The sweetest dews of night are shed,  
As if she wept the waste to see—  
But none shall weep a tear for me!

My life is like the autumn leaf,  
That trembles in the moon's pale ray;  
Its hold is frail, its date is brief,  
Restless—and soon to pass away!  
Yet, ere that leaf shall fall and fade,  
The parent tree will mourn its shade,  
The winds bewail the leafless tree—  
But none shall breathe a sigh for me!

My life is like the prints which feet  
Have left on Tampa's desert strand;\*  
Soon as the rising tide shall beat,  
All trace will vanish from the sand.  
Yet, as if grieving to efface  
All vestige of the human race,  
On that lone shore loud moans the sea—  
But none, alas! shall mourn for me!

\* Tampa is on the Gulf coast of Florida.

## SHAKSPEARE'S "KING JOHN."

*The Framework of the Play.*

When John seized the English throne, Philip of France resolved to defend the cause of young Arthur, who was the rightful heir, for his father Geoffrey was John's elder brother. Before they had been at war very long, John and Philip were reconciled, in consequence of the marriage of the dauphin with John's niece, the Lady Blanch. When Constance, Arthur's mother, heard of this she was greatly disappointed, and in an agony of wounded pride she threw herself on the ground and wept bitterly.

Soon afterwards the Pope quarrelled with King John, and called on King Philip to be his champion. At first Philip was unwilling to take up the cause, but he afterwards yielded, and declared that he abandoned the friendship of the King of England. They then took to arms again, and in the first encounter, before Angiers in France, John seized the person of his young nephew Arthur, and conveyed him as a prisoner to his camp, placing him under the strict watch of one of his lords named Hubert.

Great was the grief of Philip of France when he found that the battle was lost to him, Angiers taken, and Arthur made prisoner; but it was as nothing compared with the grief of the Lady Constance, who seemed as one distracted. When Pandolph, the cardinal, and King Philip rebuked her for giving way to grief, she answered,—

"Grief fills the room up of my absent child,  
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me,  
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,  
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,  
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form;  
Then, have I reason to be fond of grief?  
Fare you well: had you such a loss as I,  
I could give better comfort than you do."

Act iii. scene 4.

We must now pass to a castle in England, whither the poor little prisoner had been conveyed by the command of his inhuman uncle. John had already declared to Hubert that he

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should have no rest until the boy's life had been taken ; but in the first place he commanded Hubert to put out his eyes with red-hot irons. In one of the rooms of the castle two attendants were making preparations for this terrible deed. Bidding them await a signal, whereupon they were to rush in and bind the boy, Hubert called his prisoner to him. His innocent face moved him to pity, and with a great effort he handed him a paper, on which his sentence was clearly written. Arthur could hardly believe that it would indeed be carried out, and he cried,—

“ Have you the heart? When your head did but ache,  
 I knit my handkerchief about your brows,  
 (The best I had,—a princess wrought it me,)  
 And I did never ask it you again ;  
 And with my hand at midnight held your head ;  
 And, like the watchful minutes to the hour,  
 Still and anon cheered up the heavy time,  
 Saying, ‘ What lack you?’ and, ‘ Where lies your grief?’  
 Or, ‘ What good love may I perform for you?’  
 Many a poor man's son would have lien still,  
 And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you ;  
 But you at your sick service had a prince.  
 Nay, you may think my love was crafty love,  
 And call it cunning : do, an if you will :  
 If Heaven be pleased that you must use me ill,  
 Why then you must.—Will you put out mine eyes?  
 These eyes that never did, nor never shall,  
 So much as frown on you.”

Act iv. scene 1.

Declaring that he had pledged himself by an oath, Hubert stamped on the floor, and the attendants rushed in with cords to bind the unhappy boy, and with the heated irons with which his eyes were to be put out ; but Arthur still expected protection from his keeper, and clinging to him, cried,—

“ Oh, save me, Hubert, save me ! my eyes are out  
 Even with the fierce looks of these bloody men.”

Act iv. scene 1.

So pathetic were his entreaties, so earnestly did the child plead for himself, that Hubert ordered the men away, and at

length promised that his eyes should not be put out: but he said,—“Your uncle must not know but you are dead.” For well did he understand the vindictive hatred his royal master felt towards his brother’s son.



Meanwhile, it had pleased King John to be crowned a second time, thinking thereby to make his seat upon the throne more secure, even though his lords told him it was superfluous; indeed the Earl of Salisbury declared that—

“To guard\* a title that was rich before,  
To gild refinéd gold, to paint the lily,  
To throw a perfume on the violet,  
To smooth the ice, or add another hue  
Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light  
To seek the beauteous eyes of heaven to garnish,  
Is wasteful and ridiculous excess.”

Act iv. scene 2.

The King was conversing with his courtiers, when Hubert arrived to say that the young Prince Arthur was dead. The Earls of Pembroke and Salisbury, suspecting that the King had not been guiltless, left his presence, resolved to inquire into the cause of the child’s death. Even as they departed, a messenger

\* *Guard*, ornament with a border.

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came hurrying in to tell the news of the arrival of a French force under the command of the dauphin. It was ill news to the ears of John, and as he pondered over it Hubert re-entered the apartment. The King, now greatly alarmed, blamed Hubert



for having put Arthur to death. Hubert reminded him of his commands; but the King said that Hubert himself had instigated the murder. Seeing him in this mood, Hubert now ventured to tell his sovereign that Arthur was alive. On hearing that, John bade him hasten and bring back the angry lords, that they might know the truth.

At that very time the poor captive boy was standing on the wall of the castle, thinking it would be a happy ending of his sorrows if he had courage to leap from the height. The idea was terrible to him, for he was young and timid. He thought, however, that though the wall was high, the leap might not kill him, and that if he reached the ground uninjured, it would be easy to get away to some safe place of hiding; so he sprang from the castle wall, but so terribly was he injured that he died there upon the hard stones. By this time the Earls of Pembroke and Salisbury had reached the castle, determined on discovering the true fate of the young prince; and when they saw the bruised and bleeding body lying beneath the castle wall, they believed he had been murdered.

Hubert found them there, and in his haste, knowing nothing of what had befallen the child, he cried, "Arthur doth live! The King hath sent for you." For answer the indignant lords pointed to the lifeless corpse, charging him with the murder; but Hubert declared that he was innocent, and that, but an hour before, he had left the young prince alive and well.

King John had by this time reconciled himself to Rome; whereon Cardinal Pandulph, the Pope's legate, undertook to dismiss the French troops already landed. But the dauphin would not lay down his arms; and a great battle ensued, in which the English fared so badly that John declared himself sick at heart, and he retreated before the fall of night had put an end to the combat. Hated by his nobles, forsaken by his friends, he was of all men the most unhappy, while his conscience was troubled by the remembrance of his many crimes: a fever attacked him, from which he died at Newark Castle; and he was buried at Worcester, as he had desired.

### THE FOUR GREATEST ENGLISH POETS.

WILLIAM HAZLITT (1778-1830).

The four greatest names in English poetry are almost the first four we come to,—Chaucer, Spenser, Shakspeare, and Milton. There are no others that can really be put in competition with these. The two last have had justice done them by the voice of common fame. In comparing these four writers together, it might be said that Chaucer excels as the poet of manners, or of real life; Spenser, as the poet of romance; Shakspeare, as the poet of nature (in the largest use of the term); and Milton, as the poet of morality. Chaucer most frequently describes things as they are; Spenser, as we wish them to be; Shakspeare, as they would be; and Milton, as they ought to be. As poets, and as great poets, imagination—that is, the power of feigning things according to nature—was common to them all; but the principle, or moving power, to which this faculty was most subservient, in Chaucer was habit, or inveterate prejudice; in Spenser, novelty, and the love of the marvellous; in Shakspeare, it was the force of passion, combined with every variety of possible circumstance; and in Milton, only with the highest. The characteristic of Chaucer is intensity; of Spenser, remoteness; of Milton, elevation; of Shakspeare, everything!

*Lectures on the English Poets.*

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## KING JOHN.

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE (1564-1616).

ACT IV. SCENE 1 : ENGLAND. A ROOM IN NORTHAMPTON  
CASTLE.\**Enter HUBERT and Executioners.*

*Hub.* Heat me these irons hot ; and look thou stand  
Within the arras : † when I strike my foot  
Upon the bosom of the ground, rush forth,  
And bind the boy which you shall find with me  
Fast to the chair : be heedful : hence, and watch.

*First Exec.* I hope your warrant will bear out the deed.

*Hub.* Uncleanly scruples ! fear not you : look to't.—

*[Exeunt Executioners.]*

Young lad, come forth ; I have to say with you.

*Enter ARTHUR.*

*Arth.* Good morrow, Hubert.

*Hub.* Good morrow, little prince.

*Arth.* As little prince (having so great a title  
To be more prince) as may be.—You are sad.

*Hub.* Indeed, I have been merrier.

*Arth.* Mercy on me !

Methinks nobody should be sad but I ;  
Yet, I remember, when I was in France,  
Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,  
Only for wantonness. By my Christendom,  
So I were out of prison and kept sheep,  
I should be as merry as the day is long ;  
And so I would be here, but that I doubt  
My uncle practises more harm to me :  
He is afraid of me, and I of him :  
Is it my fault that I was Geoffrey's son ?  
No, indeed, is't not ; and I would to Heaven  
I were your son, so you would love me, Hubert.

*Hub.* *[Aside]* If I talk to him, with his innocent prate  
He will awake my mercy, which lies dead :  
Therefore I will be sudden, and dispatch.

\* Shakspeare here departs from the historical narrative. Arthur was imprisoned at Falaise (Normandy), and was thence removed to Rouen.

† See glossary at end of lesson.

*Arth.* Are you sick, Hubert? you look pale to-day :  
 In sooth, I would you were a little sick,  
 That I might sit all night and watch with you :  
 I warrant I love you more than you do me.

*Hub.* [*Aside*] His words do take possession of my bosom.—  
 Read here, young Arthur. [*Showing a paper.*]

[*Aside*] How now, foolish rheum !  
 Turning dispiteous torture out of door !  
 I must be brief, lest resolution drop  
 Out at mine eyes in tender womanish tears.—  
 Can you not read it? is it not fair writ?

*Arth.* Too fairly, Hubert, for so foul effect :  
 Must you with hot irons burn out both mine eyes?

*Hub.* Young boy, I must.

*Arth.*

And will you?

*Hub.*

And I will.

*Arth.* Have you the heart? When your head did but ache,  
 I knit my handkerchief about your brows,  
 (The best I had,—a princess wrought it me,)  
 And I did never ask it you again ;  
 And with my hand at midnight held your head ;  
 And, like the watchful minutes to the hour,  
 Still and anon cheered up the heavy time ;  
 Saying, “What lack you?” and, “Where lies your grief?”  
 Or, “What good love may I perform for you?”  
 Many a poor man’s son would have lien still,  
 And ne’er have spoke a loving word to you ;  
 But you at your sick service had a prince.  
 Nay, you may think my love was crafty love,  
 And call it cunning : do, an if you will :  
 If Heaven be pleased that you must use me ill,  
 Why then you must.—Will you put out mine eyes?  
 These eyes that never did, nor never shall,  
 So much as frown on you.

*Hub.* I have sworn to do it ;  
 And with hot irons must I burn them out.

*Arth.* Ah, none but in this iron age would do it !  
 The iron of itself, though heat red-hot,  
 Approaching near these eyes, would drink my tears,  
 And quench his fiery indignation  
 Even in the matter of mine innocence ;  
 Nay, after that, consume away in rust,

But for containing fire to harm mine eye.  
 Are you more stubborn-hard than hammered iron?  
 An if an angel should have come to me,  
 And told me Hubert should put out mine eyes,  
 I would not have believed him,—no tongue but Hubert's.

*Hub.* Come forth! [Stamps.]

*Re-enter Executioners, with a cord, irons, &c.*

Do as I bid you do.

*Arth.* Oh, save me, Hubert, save me! my eyes are out  
 Even with the fierce looks of these bloody men.

*Hub.* Give me the iron, I say, and bind him here.

*Arth.* Alas, what need you be so boisterous-rough?  
 I will not struggle, I will stand stone-still.

For Heaven-sake, Hubert, let me not be bound!

Nay, hear me, Hubert: drive these men away,

And I will sit as quiet as a lamb;

I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,

Nor look upon the iron angerly:

Thrust but these men away, and I'll forgive you,

Whatever torment you do put me to.

*Hub.* Go, stand within; let me alone with him.

*First Exec.* I am best pleased to be from such a deed.

[Exeunt Executioners.]

*Arth.* Alas, I then have chid away my friend!

He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart:

Let him come back, that his compassion may

Give life to yours.

*Hub.* Come, boy, prepare yourself.

*Arth.* Is there no remedy?

*Hub.* None, but to lose your eyes.

*Arth.* O Heaven, that there were but a mote in yours,  
 A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wandering hair,

Any annoyance in that precious sense!

Then feeling what small things are boisterous there,

Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.

*Hub.* Is this your promise? go to, hold your tongue.

*Arth.* Hubert, the utterance of a brace of tongues  
 Must needs want pleading for a pair of eyes:

Let me not hold my tongue, let me not, Hubert;—

Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue,

So I may keep mine eyes: oh, spare mine eyes,

Though to no use but still to look on you!—  
Lo, by my troth, the instrument is cold,  
And would not harm me.

*Hub.* I can heat it, boy.

*Arth.* No, in good sooth: the fire is dead with grief  
(Being create for comfort) to be used  
In undeserved extremes: see else yourself;  
There is no malice in this burning coal;  
The breath of heaven has blown his spirit out,  
And strewed repentant ashes on his head.

*Hub.* But with my breath I can revive it, boy.

*Arth.* An if you do, you will but make it blush  
And glow with shame of your proceedings, Hubert:  
Nay, it perchance will sparkle in your eyes;  
And, like a dog that is compelled to fight,  
Snatch at his master that doth tarre him on.  
All things that you should use to do me wrong  
Deny their office: only you do lack  
That mercy which fierce fire and iron extends,  
Creatures of note for mercy-lacking uses.

*Hub.* Well, see to live, I will not touch thine eyes  
For all the treasure that thine uncle owes:  
Yet am I sworn, and I did purpose, boy,  
With this same very iron to burn them out.

*Arth.* Oh, now you look like Hubert! all this while  
You were disguisèd.

*Hub.* Peace; no more. Adieu.  
Your uncle must not know but you are dead:  
I'll fill these doggèd spies with false reports.  
And, pretty child, sleep doubtless and secure,  
That Hubert, for the wealth of all the world,  
Will not offend thee.

*Arth.* O Heaven!—I thank you, Hubert.

*Hub.* Silence; no more: go closely in with me:  
Much danger do I undergo for thee. [Exeunt.]

GLOSSARY.—*An if*, if indeed, even if (Abbot); *arras*, tapestry, wall-hangings; *boisterous-rough*, rude and rough; *Christendom*, Christian name (Halliwell); *dispiteous*, pitiless, cruel; *lien*, lain; *let*, leave; *needs*, of necessity; *offend*, hurt, injure; *owes*, owns; *rheum*, tears; *sooth*, truth; *tarre*, urge, excite,—from Middle English *tarien*, to irritate—cf. tarry, from M. E. *targen*, to delay (Skeat); *troth*, truth; *writ*, written.



**THE BLACK PRINCE AT CREÇY.**

ARTHUR PENRHYN (DEAN) STANLEY (1815-1881).

[Edward the Black Prince was the eldest son of Edward III., who succeeded his father, Edward II., in 1327. In 1339 Edward claimed the crown of France, in right of his mother Isabella, and in opposition to Philip VI. Philip III. of France had had two sons. Isabella was the daughter of the elder of these; while Philip VI. was the son of the younger. This was the ground of Edward's claim. But the claim was unwarrantable for two reasons: first, because at the time of her marriage Isabella had abandoned her claim to the French crown; secondly, because a descendant of Isabella's eldest brother was still living, and of course had a better right to the crown than either Edward III. or Philip VI. After the war had languished for six years, Edward, in 1346, prepared for a decisive blow. He set sail from Southampton with a large army, intending to invade France on the south-west; but a storm drove him to the coast of Normandy, and he landed at La Hogue, and then marched on Paris.]

The two great events of Edward the Black Prince's life, and those which made him famous in war, were the two great battles of Crécy and Poitiers. The war, of which these two battles formed the turning-points, was undertaken by Edward III. to gain the crown of France,—a claim, through his mother, which he had solemnly relinquished, but which he now resumed.

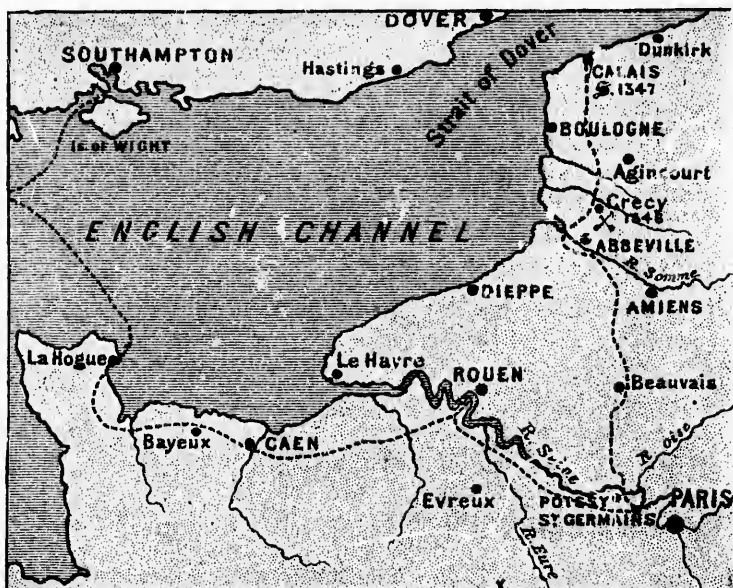
I shall not undertake to describe the whole fight of Crécy, but will call your attention briefly to the questions which every one ought to ask himself, if he wishes to understand anything about any battle whatever. First, Where was it fought? Secondly, Why was it fought? Thirdly, How was it won? And fourthly, What was the result of it? And to this I must add, in the present instance, What part was taken in it by the Prince, now following his father as a young knight, in his first great campaign?

The first of these questions involves the second also. If we make out where a battle was fought, this usually tells us why it was fought. And this is one of the many proofs of the use of learning geography together with history. Each helps us to understand the other. Edward had ravaged Normandy, and reached the very gates of Paris, and was retreating towards Flanders, when he was overtaken by the French King, Philip, who, with an immense army, had determined to cut him off entirely, and so put an end to the war.

With difficulty, and by the happy accident of a low tide, he crossed the mouth of the Somme, and found himself within his



own maternal inheritance; and for that special reason he encamped near the forest of Crecy, fifteen miles north-east of Abbeville. "I am," he said, "on the right heritage of madam, my mother, which was given her in dowry; I will defend it against my adversary, Philip of Valois."



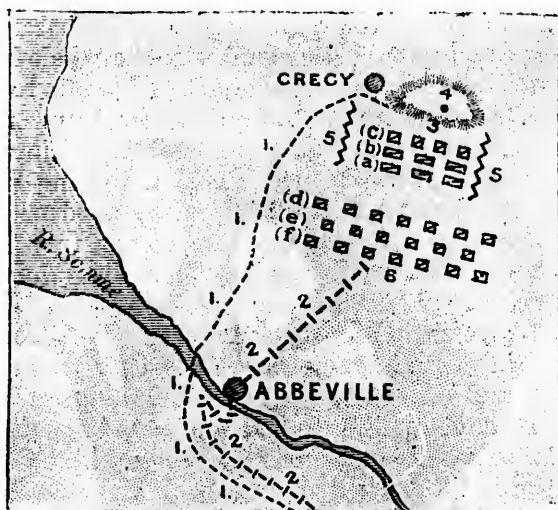
It was on Saturday the 28th of August 1346, and it was at four in the afternoon, that the battle commenced. It always helps us better to imagine any remarkable event, when we know at what time of the day or night it took place; and on this occasion it is of great importance, because it helps us at once to answer the question we asked, How was the battle won?

The French army had advanced from Abbeville, after a hard day's march to overtake the retiring enemy. All along the road, and flooding the hedgeless plains which bordered the road, the army, swelled by the surrounding peasantry, rolled along, crying, "Kill! kill!" drawing their swords, and thinking they were sure of their prey. What the French King chiefly relied on (besides his great numbers) was the troop of fifteen thousand crossbowmen from Genoa. These were made to stand in front; when, just as the engagement was about to take place, one of those extraordinary incidents occurred which often turn

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the fate of battles, as they do of human life in general. A tremendous storm gathered from the west, and broke in thunder and rain and hail on the field of battle; the sky was darkened, and the horror was increased by the hoarse cries of crows and ravens, which fluttered before the storm, and struck terror into



1. Edward's line of march.
2. Philip's line of march.
3. The English army.

4. The windmill.
5. The trenches.
6. The French army.

the hearts of the Italian bowmen, who were unaccustomed to these northern tempests. And when at last the sky had cleared, and they prepared their crossbows to shoot, the strings had been so wet by the rain that the men could not draw them. By this time, the evening sun streamed out in full splendor over the black clouds of the western sky—right in their faces; and at the same moment the English archers, who had kept their bows in cases during the storm, and so had their strings dry, let fly their arrows so fast and thick that those who were present could only compare it to snow or sleet. Through and through the heads, and necks, and hands of the Genoese bowmen the arrows pierced. Unable to stand it, they turned and fled; and from that moment the panic and confusion were so great that the day was lost.

But though the storm, and the sun, and the archers had their part, we must not forget the Prince. He was, we must

remember, only sixteen, and yet he commanded the whole English army! It is said that the reason of this was, that the King of France had been so bent on destroying the English forces, that he had hoisted the sacred banner of France—the great scarlet flag, embroidered with golden lilies, called the Oriflamme—as a sign that no quarter would be given; and that when King Edward saw this, and saw the hazard to which he should expose, not only the army, but the whole kingdom, if he were to fall in battle, he determined to leave it to his son.

On the top of a windmill, of which the solid tower is still to be seen on the ridge overhanging the field, the King, for whatever reason, remained bareheaded, whilst the young Prince, who had been knighted a month before, went forward with his companions in arms into the very thickest of the fray; and when his father saw that the victory was virtually gained, he forebore to interfere. "Let the child *win his spurs*," he said, in words which have since become a proverb, "*and let the day be his.*" The Prince was in very great danger at one moment: he was wounded and thrown to the ground, and was only saved by Richard de Beaumont, who carried the great banner of Wales, throwing the banner over the boy as he lay on the ground, and standing upon it till he had driven back the assailants. The assailants were driven back; and far through the long summer evening, and deep into the summer night, the battle raged. It was not till all was dark that the Prince and his companions halted from their pursuit; and then huge fires and torches were lit up, that the King might see where they were. And then took place that touching interview between the father and the son; the King embracing the boy in front of the whole army, by the red light of the blazing fires, and saying, "*Sweet son, God give you good perseverance: you are my true son; right royally have you acquitted yourself this day, and worthy are you of a crown.*" And the young Prince, after the reverential manner of those times, "bowed to the ground, and gave all the honor to the King his father." The next day the King walked over the field of carnage with the Prince, and said, "*What think you of a battle? is it an agreeable game?*"

The general result of the battle was the deliverance of the English army from a most imminent danger, and subsequently the conquest of Calais, which the King immediately besieged and won, and which remained in the possession of the English from that day to the reign of Queen Mary. From that time

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the Prince became the darling of the English, and the terror of the French ; and whether from this terror, or from the black armor which he wore on that day, and which contrasted with the fairness of his complexion, he was called by them, "*Le Prince Noir*"—"The Black Prince," and from them the name has passed to us ; so that all his other sounding titles, by which the old poems call him—"Prince of Wales, Duke of Aquitaine"—are lost in the one memorable name which he won for himself in his first fight at Crecy.

*Historical Memorials of Canterbury* (1855).

### THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

THOMAS CAMPBELL (1777-1844).

Our bugles sang truce, for the night-cloud had lowered,  
And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky ;  
And thousands had sunk on the ground overpowered—  
The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.

When reposing that night on my pallet of straw,  
By the wolf-scaring faggot that guarded the slain,  
At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw,  
And thrice ere the morning I dreamt it again.

Methought from the battle-field's dreadful array,  
Far, far I had roamed on a desolate track ;  
'Twas autumn, and sunshine arose on the way  
To the home of my fathers, that welcomed me back.

I flew to the pleasant fields traversed so oft  
In life's morning march, when my bosom was young ;  
I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,  
And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers sung.

Then pledged we the wine-cup, and fondly I swore  
From my home and my weeping friends never to part ;  
My little ones kissed me a thousand times o'er,  
And my wife sobbed aloud in her fulness of heart.

Stay, stay with us—rest, thou art weary and worn ;  
And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay ;  
But sorrow returned with the dawning of morn,  
And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.

**EASTER EVE IN MOSCOW.**

D. MACKENZIE WALLACE.

It was Easter eve, and I had gone with a friend to the Kremlin to witness the Easter ceremonies. Though the rain was falling heavily, an immense crowd of people had assembled in and around the cathedral. The crowd was of the most mixed kind. There stood the patient, bearded *muzhik* (peasant), in his well-worn sheep-skin; the big, burly, self-satisfied merchant, in his long, black, glossy coat; the noble with fashionable great-coat and umbrella; thinly clad, rheumatic old women, shivering in the cold, and bright-eyed young damsels with their warm cloaks drawn closely around them; white-haired old men with wallet and pilgrim's staff, and mischievous urchins with faces for the moment preternaturally demure;—all standing patiently and waiting for the announcement of the glad tidings, "He is risen!" As midnight approached, the hum of voices gradually ceased, till, as the clock struck twelve, the deep-toned bell on "Ivan the Great" began to toll; and in answer to this signal all the bells in Moscow suddenly sent forth a merry peal. Every one held in his hand a lighted taper, and these thousands of little lights produced a curious illumination, giving to the surrounding buildings a picturesqueness of which they cannot boast in broad daylight. Meanwhile every bell in Moscow—and their name is legion—seemed frantically desirous of drowning its neighbor's voice, the solemn boom of the great one overhead mingling curiously with the sharp, fussy "ting-a-ting-ting" of diminutive rivals. If demons dwell in Moscow, and dislike bell-ringing, as is generally supposed, then there must have been at that moment a general stampede of the powers of darkness, such as is described by Milton in his poem on the Annunciation; and as if this deafening din were not enough, big guns were fired in rapid succession from a battery of artillery close at hand.

I had intended to remain till the end of the service, in order to witness the ceremony of blessing the Easter cakes, which were ranged—each one with a lighted taper stuck in it—in long rows outside of the cathedral; but the rain damped my curiosity, and I went home about two o'clock.

Had I remained I should have witnessed another curious custom, which consists in giving and receiving kisses of fraternal love. This practice I have since had frequent op-

portunities of observing. Theoretically, one ought to embrace and be embraced by all present — indicating thereby that all are brethren in Christ — but the refinements of modern life have made innovations in the practice, and most people confine their salutations to their friends and acquaintances. When two friends meet during that night or on the following day, the one says, "Christos voskres!" ("Christ hath arisen!") and the other replies, "Vo istine voskres!" ("In truth he hath arisen!") They then kiss each other three times on the right and left cheek alternately. The custom is more or less observed in all classes of society, and the emperor himself conforms to it.

This reminds



GENERAL VIEW OF THE KREMLIN, MOSCOW.



me of an anecdote which is related of the Emperor Nicholas, tending to show that he had at least a little human nature under his imperial and imperious exterior. On coming out of his cabinet one Easter morning, he said to the soldier who was mounting guard at the door the ordinary words of salutation, "Christ has arisen!" and received, instead of the ordinary reply, a flat contradiction—"Not at all, your Imperial Majesty!" Astounded by such an unexpected answer—for no one ventured to dissent from Nicholas even in the most guarded and respectful terms—he instantly demanded an explanation. The soldier, trembling at his own audacity, explained that he was a Jew, and could not conscientiously admit the fact of the resurrection. This boldness for conscience' sake so pleased the Czar that he gave the man a handsome Easter present.

*Russia.*

### CZAR ALEXANDER THE SECOND.

(*March 13, 1881.*)

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI (1828-1882).

From him did forty million serfs, endowed  
 Each with six feet of death-due soil, receive  
 Rich, freeborn, lifelong land, whereon to sheave  
 Their country's harvest. These to-day aloud  
 Demand of Heaven a Father's blood,\*—sore bowed  
 With tears and thrilled with wrath; who, while they  
 grieve,  
 On every guilty head would fain achieve  
 All torment by his edicts disallowed.

He stayed the knout's red-ravenging fangs; and first  
 Of Russian traitors, his own murderers go  
 White to the tomb. While he—laid foully low,  
 With limbs red-rent, with festering brain which erst  
 Willed kingly freedom—'gainst the deed accurst  
 To God bears witness of his people's woe.

\* The Czar Alexander II. proclaimed by ukase the liberation of 23,000,000 serfs, March 3, 1861. On March 13, 1881, he was killed by the explosion of a bomb thrown under his carriage in St. Petersburg. The assassin was also killed.

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**WAITING FOR THEIR RELEASE.**

HENRY LANSDELL.

I do not remember any sight in Siberia that so touched me as this. To see scores of able-bodied men pent up in wards with nothing to do was bad ; to hear the clanking of their chains was worse, though many of them were burly fellows who could carry them well. More touching still were the convoys of exiles, with faithful and innocent women following their husbands. But to see these old men thus waiting for death, was a most melancholy picture. The doctor inspects the convicts once a month, and determines upon those who are past work, who, in the absence of any specific disease, are then brought into these wards for the remainder of their lives. To release them, the colonel pointed out, would be no charity, because, being too old to work, and being out of the near range of poor-houses or similar institutions, they would simply starve. And thus they were left in confinement for a Higher Power to set them free. They lounged in the prison and in the yard, and some sat near a fire, though it was a sunny day in July. One old man was pointed out who had attained to fourscore years, and another had reached the age of ninety, and so on. The difficult breathing of one, however, the wheezing lungs of a second, and the hacking cough of a third, proclaimed in prophetic tones that their time was short ; and one wished them a softer pillow for a dying head than a convict's shelf in a prison ward.

*Through Siberia.***LINES INSCRIBED ON A BOARD IN THE TOLBOOTH OF EDINBURGH.**

[The Tolbooth has been made famous by Sir Walter Scott under the name of *The Heart of Midlothian*. In his romance, it becomes the scene of Effie Deans' imprisonment. The following famous lines have been traced to an English poet of the seventeenth century :—]

A prison is a house of care,  
 A place where none can thrive,  
 A touchstone true to try a friend,  
 A grave for men alive :  
 Sometimes a place of right,  
 Sometimes a place of wrong,  
 Sometimes a place for jades and thieves,  
 And honest men among.

## DYING.

ROBERT BUCHANAN.

["Buchanan's songs of Lowland superstition are light with fancy, and sometimes musical as the chiming of glass bells."--E. C. STEDMAN.]

"O bairn, when I am dead,  
 How shall ye keep frae harm?  
 What hand will gie ye bread?  
 What fire will keep ye warm?  
 How shall ye dwell on earth awa' frae me?"—  
 "O mither, dinna dee!"

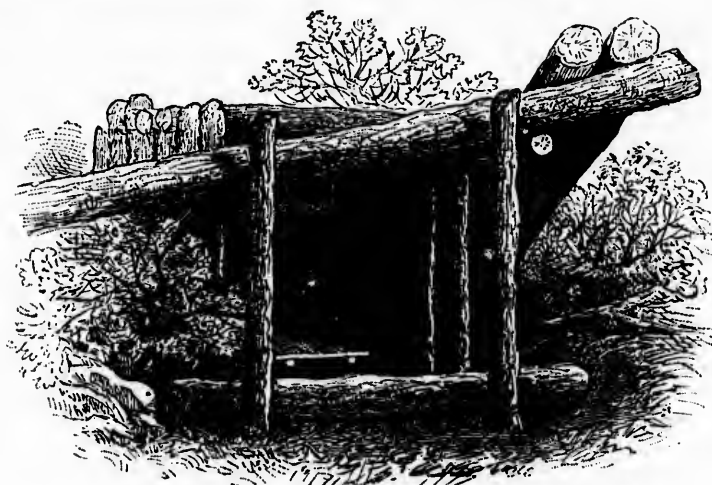
"O bairn, by night or day  
 I hear nae sounds ava',  
 But voices of winds that blaw,  
 And the voices of ghaists that say,  
 'Come awa'! come awa'!'—  
 The Lord that made the wind and made the sea,  
 Is hard on my bairn and me,  
 And I melt in his breath like snaw."—  
 "O mither, dinna dee!"

"O bairn, it is but closing up the een,  
 And lying down never to rise again.  
 Many a strong man's sleeping hae I seen,—  
 There is nae pain!  
 I'm weary, weary, and I scarce ken why;  
 My summer has gone by,  
 And sweet were sleep but for the sake o' thee."—  
 "O mither, dinna dee!"

GLOSSARY.—*Awa'*, away; *bairn*, child of mine; *blaw*, blow; *dee*, die; *dinna*, do not; *frae*, from; *ghaists*, ghosts; *gie*, give; *mither*, mother; *nae*, no.

## TRAPS AND TRAPPING.\*

In the unbroken forests and wilds of Canada a valuable part of the young pioneer's training consists in learning how to set, and, if need be, how to construct a trap. The settler's ingenuity may be often rewarded by securing for his generally frugal dinner a delicious course of wild-fowl. Then our pioneer's ancient enemies, the bear, the wolf, the lynx, and the wild cat, must be outgeneralled; and if they succeed in keeping beyond range of the rifle, they must be taken in ambuscade.



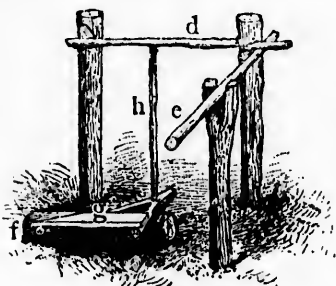
DEAD-FALL.

For large game the "Dead-fall" is the usual and the effective resort. It is the farmer's good friend all the world over, and disposes of an African lion, a Bengal tiger, and a Canadian bear with the same swift emphasis. The trap takes its name of "Dead-fall" from that long and heavy sloping log which appears in the front of our illustration, and which is weighted at one end by two other reclining logs. At present the dead-fall is supported by a three-inch sapling (*e*), but at the proper moment this "side-pole" lets the heavy log fall on the unwary visitor.

We must attack Bruin on his weak side—his love of honey. Before setting the dead-fall a piece of meat smeared with honey

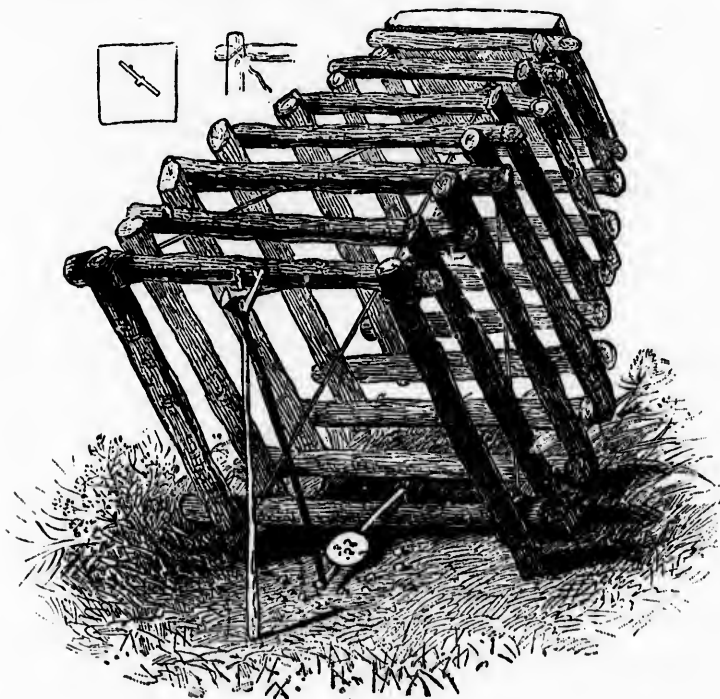
\* Based on *Camp-life in the Woods*, by W. Hamilton Gibson (1881).

is to be placed at the rear end of the pen ; or some honey may simply be smeared on the ground. The dead log is now to be set and weighted. A bear will never hesitate to risk his life where a feast of honey is in view, and the odd arrangement of



DEAD-FALL—BEAR'S.

timber has no fears for him after that tempting bait has once been discovered. Passing beneath the suspended log his heavy paw encounters the broad board (*g*) on the treadle-piece, which immediately sinks with his weight. The upright pole (*h*) at the back of the treadle is thus raised, forcing the latch-piece (*d*) from the notch ; this in turn sets free the side-pole (*e*) and the heavy log is released, falling with a crushing weight on the back of hapless Bruin.

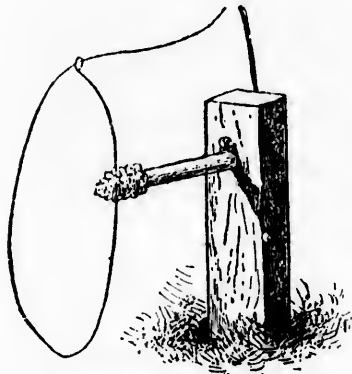


COOP TRAP.

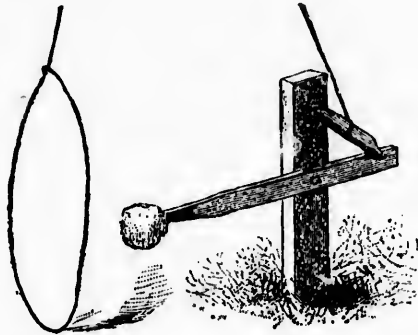
When it is desired to catch feathered game alive, there is the excellent device of the "Coop trap." If the young trapper takes with him into the bush a few shingles or bits of pasteboard, a dozen tacks, and a ball of twine, he can, with the help of his jack-knife, make and set up a dozen such traps in a forenoon.

If there is no motive for taking the game alive, the simplest resort is the *snare*. Here the trapper requires a small hatchet and a coil of fine brass "sucker" wire.

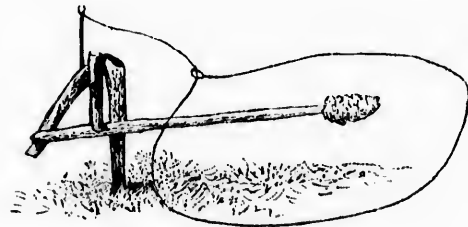
Some of the favorite forms of snare are here shown.



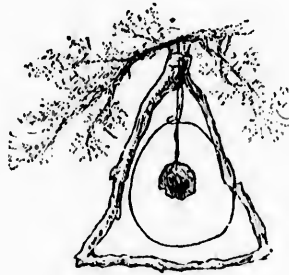
"SIMPLEST" SNARE.



"POACHER'S" SNARE.



"GROUND" SNARE.



"TRIANGLE" SNARE.



"Adown the dim valley so doleful and dreary."

### THE DARK HUNTSMAN.

CHARLES HEAVYSEGE (1816-1876).

[Our poet's dream was a premonition of death. *The Canadian Monthly* (August, 1876) that published this last contribution of Heavysege's, announced also that he had passed away.]

I dreamed it was eve, and athwart the gray gloom,  
Behold! a dark huntsman, dark coming like doom;  
Who, raising his hand, slow wound a weird horn—  
Far o'er the wide dimness its echoes were borne;  
Rang dirge-like and dismal  
Through skyey abysmal  
Wherein hung the moon to a crescent down shorn.  
The blasts of his bugle grew wilder, more ceric,  
As gayly he galloped, like one never weary,  
Adown the dim valley so doleful and dreary,  
And woke the tired twilight with echoes forlorn.

Forlorn were the sounds, and their burden was drear  
As the sighing of winds in the wane of the year—  
As the sighing of winds in a ghoul-haunted vale,  
Or howling of spirits in regions of bale:  
The goblin of ruin  
Black mischief seemed brewing;



And wringing her hands at her sudden undoing,  
The woo-stricken landscape uplifted her wail.

I still dreamed my dream, and beheld him career—  
Fly on like the wind after ghosts of the deer—  
Fly on like the wind, or the shaft from the bow,  
Or avalanche urging from regions of snow ;  
Or star that is shot by the gods from its sphere ;  
He bore a Winged Fate on the point of his spear ;  
His eyes were as coals that in frost fiercely glow,  
Or diamonds in darkness—"Dark Huntsman, what, ho!"

"What, ho!" I demanded, and heard the weird horn  
Replying with dolefullest breathings of scorn :  
The moon had gone down,  
No longer did crown  
With crescent the landscape, now lying light-lorn ;  
But rose amidst horror and forms half unseen  
A cry as of hounds coming hungry and lean ;  
That swelling sonorous as onward they bore,  
Filled all the vast air with the many-mouthed roar.

Roared, roared the wild hunt; the pack ravened, they flew;  
The weird horn went winding a dismal adieu;  
With hubbub appalling  
Hound unto hound calling,  
Each fleet-footed monster its shaggy length threw;  
Till faint grew the echoes, came feebler the bay,  
As thunder when tempests are passing away.  
As down the ravine in loud rage the flood goes,  
As through the looped ruin the hurricane blows,  
So down the dark valley the eager pack sped  
With howlings to Hades, the home of the dead :—  
Therein they descended like creatures breeze-borne,  
Or grovelling vapors by distance shape-shorn ;  
And lost in the depths of that shadowy shore,  
Hounds, horn, and dark huntsman alarmed me no more.  
For who that is mortal could meet without fear  
The Figure endowed with the fate-winged spear?  
Or temper his breath  
At thy presence, O Death,  
Who huntest for souls as one hunteth the deer!

*Canadian Monthly Magazine.*

**SONNET—TO CHARLES HEAVYSEGE.**

JOHN READE, Montreal (b. 1838).

A quiet drama was thine outer life,  
 Moving from primal scene to curtain-fall  
 With modest grace, obedient to the call  
 Of the clear prompter, Duty. Noisy strife  
 For place or power had no part in thee. Self,  
 Thrusting his mate aside for lust of pelf,  
 Awoke thy scorn. No vulgar pettiness  
 Of spirit made thy heaven-born genius less.  
 But on what stage thine inner life was passed!  
 O'er what a realm thy potent mind was king!  
 All worlds that are, were at thy marshalling,  
 And a creator of new worlds thou wast.  
 Now art thou one of that immortal throng  
 In which thy chosen chief\* is king of song.

*Canadian Monthly Magazine* (1876).**SONNET—UNFULFILLED AMBITION.**

JOHN KEATS (1795-1821).

[The following sonnet was first published in the *Life and Letters* of Keats,  
 edited by Lord Houghton (1848).]

When I have fears that I may cease to be  
 Before my pen has gleaned my teeming brain,—  
 Before high-pilèd books in charact'ry  
 Hold, like rich garners, the full-ripened grain;  
 When I behold, upon the night's starred face,  
 Huge cloudy symbols of a high romance,  
 And think that I may never live to trace  
 Their shadows, with the magic hand of chance;  
 And when I feel, fair creature of an hour!  
 That I shall never look upon thee more,  
 Never have relish in the faëry power  
 Of unreflecting love!—then on the shore  
 Of the wide world I stand alone, and think  
 Till Love and Fame to nothingness do sink.

\* Shakspeare.



### THE DUTCHMAN'S PARADISE.

NORMAN MACLEOD, D.D. (1812-1872).

The paradise of a Dutchman is *Broek*.\* This is a village of about seven hundred inhabitants, an hour's journey or so north of Amsterdam. Cross the ferry in a small steamer, proceed for half-an-hour along the great Helder Canal in a *trekschuit*,—a mode of conveyance, by the way, delightfully national in its order and pace,—then hire a carriage, for which you must pay what is asked or want it, and proceed leisurely along the banks of the canal for three or four miles, until you reach Broek. The peep one gets from the road across the country gives a perfect idea of Holland, which looks like the flat bottom of a boundless sea, drained or draining off; the cattle in the fields, the scattered villages with their steeples, and tall trees here and there, with storks studying in earnest meditation on the margin of long ditches—all assure you that, in the meantime, the land has got the best of it. Yet it is impossible not to have damp, uneasy feelings, lest by some unnoticed power of evil,—an unstopped leakage, dry rot in a sluice-gate, or some mistake or other to which all things mundane are subject,—a dike should burst, and the old Zuyder Zee pour itself like a deluge over the country, leaving you and your carriage out of sight of land.

Broek is well worth a peep. The only thing I had ever heard about it in history was the high state of its cleanliness, which had gone so far that the tails of the cows were suspended by cords lest they should be soiled by contact with the ground,

\* Pr. *Brook*.

and afterwards be used to switch the pure and dappled sides of their possessors at any moment when the said possessors were suddenly thrown off their guard by the bite of some unmannerly insect.

I can certify to the truth of this caudal arrangement. It seemed, however, to be more cleanly than comfortable. The most ordinary sympathy with suffering caused an irritation in one's skin, as he saw the tail suddenly checked by the string, just when about to descend upon and sweep away a huge fly busy breakfasting about the back-bone or shoulder-blade.



BROEK HOUSEWIVES AT WORK.

A model village preserved in a glass case could not be more free from dust, life, or human interest, than this Broek. A small lake and innumerable small canals so interlace the cottages and streets, that it looks as if built upon a series of islands connected by bridges. The streets are all paved to the water's edge with small bricks. Each tree is bricked round to the trunk. Bricks keep down earth, grass, and damp, and are so thoroughly scoured and spotless that it is impossible to walk without an uneasy feeling of leaving a stain from some adhering dust of mother Earth. The inhabitants (if there are any) seem to have resigned the town to sight-seekers. I am quite serious when I assure the reader that three travellers, at eleven o'clock in a fine summer forenoon, watched from a spot near the centre of the village, and did not for at least ten minutes see a living thing except a cat stealing slowly towards a bird, which seemed to share the general repose. You ask, very naturally, What were the in-

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habitants about? I put the same question at the time in a half-whisper, but there was no one to answer. All experienced, I think, a sort of superstitious awe from the unbroken quiet, so that the striking of the clock made us start. We visited the churchyard (naturally), and found everything arranged with the same regard to order. There are no grave-mounds; but rows of small black wooden pegs driven into the ground, rising six inches above the grass, with a number on each, a little larger than those used for marking flowers, indicate the place where the late burghers of this Sleepy Hollow finally repose. I have never seen so prosaic and statistical a graveyard. Contrast with this the unfenced spot in a Highland glen, its green grass mingling with the bracken and heather, and its well-marked mound, beside which the sheep and her lamb recline, except when roused by the weeping mourner! To live in Broek, and be known after death only as a number in its churchyard, would seem to be the perfection of order and the genius of contentment. To be mentioned by widow and children like an old account, a small sum, an item less from the total of the whole—as “Our poor 46,” or “Our dear departed 154!” What an “*in memoriam!*” The intensity of the prose becomes pleasing to the fancy.

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### THE SEDGE-BIRD'S NEST.

JOHN CLARE (1793-1864).

Fixed in a white-thorn bush, its summer quest,  
 So low, e'en grass o'ertopped its tallest twig,  
 A sedge-bird built its little benty\* nest,  
 Close by the meadow pool and wooden brig, †  
 Where school-boys every morn and eve did pass,  
 In seeking nests, and finding, deeply skilled,  
 Searching each bush and taller clump of grass,  
 Where'er was likelihood of bird to build.  
 Yet she did hide her habitation long,  
 And keep her little brood from danger's eye,  
 Hidden as secret as a cricket's song,  
 Till they, well-fledged, o'er widest pools could fly,  
 Proving that Providence is ever nigh,  
 To guard the simplest of her charge from wrong.

\* Covered with bent-grass.

† Bridge.

## NED SOFTLY, THE POET.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

[This playful essay, which formed the sixth number of the *Tatler*, was, according to Mr. Austin Dobson, suggested by Scene ix. of Molière's *Précieuses Ridicules* ("Pretentious Young Ladies").

The *Tatler* was projected by Steele, and became the pioneer of the essay-papers that form so important a feature in the English literature of the eighteenth century. The *Tatler* was published thrice a week, and was sold for a penny. The first number appeared on Tuesday, April 12, 1709. Its "general purpose," as declared in the preface to the first volume, was "to expose the false arts of life; to pull off the disguises of cunning, vanity, and affectation; and to recommend a general simplicity in our dress, our discourse, and our behavior."

I yesterday came hither about two hours before the company generally make\* their appearance, with a design to read over all the newspapers; but upon my sitting down, I was accosted by Ned Softly, who saw me from a corner in the other end of the room, where I found he had been writing something. "Mr. Bickerstaff," says he, "I observe by a late paper of yours that you and I are just of a humor; for you must know, of all impertinences, there is nothing which I so much hate as news. I never read a gazette in my life, and never trouble my head about our armies, whether they win or lose, † or in what part of the world they lie encamped." Without giving me time to reply, he drew a paper of verses out of his pocket, telling me that he had something which would entertain me more agreeably, and that he would desire my judgment upon every line, for that we had time enough before us until the company came in.

Ned Softly is a very pretty poet, and a great admirer of easy lines. Waller is his favorite; and as that admirable writer has the best and worst verses of any among our great English poets, Ned Softly has got all the bad ones without book, ‡ which he repeats upon occasion, to show his reading and garnish his conversation. Ned is indeed a true *English* reader, incapable of relishing the great and masterly strokes of this art, but wonderfully pleased with the little Gothic ornaments of epigrammatical conceits, turns, points, and quibbles, which are so frequent in the most admired of our English poets, and

\* So Addison.

† The war of the Spanish Succession was in progress when this was written, and Marlborough had lately won his four great battles.

‡ That is, by heart.



practised by those who want genius and strength to represent, after the manner of the ancients, simplicity in its natural beauty and perfection.

Finding myself unavoidably engaged in such a conversation, I was resolved to turn my pain into a pleasure, and to divert myself as well as I could with so very odd a fellow. "You must understand," says Ned, "that the sonnet I am going to read to you was written upon a lady who showed me some verses of her own making, and is, perhaps, the best poet of our age. But you shall hear it." Upon which he began to read as follows :—

## TO MIRA, ON HER INCOMPARABLE POEMS.

## I.

When dressed in laurel wreaths you shine,  
And tune your soft, melodious notes,  
You seem a sister of the Nine,\*  
Or Phœbus' † self in petticoats.

## II.

I fancy, when your song you sing  
(Your song you sing with so much art),  
Your pen was plucked from Cupid's wing ;  
For, ah ! it wounds me like his dart.

"Why," says I, "this is a little nosegay of conceits, a very lump of salt ; every verse hath something in it that piques, and then the dart in the last line is certainly as pretty a sting in the tail of an epigram (for so I think your critics call it) as ever entered the thought of a poet."—"Dear Mr. Bickerstaff," says he, shaking me by the hand, "everybody knows you to be a judge of these things ; and to tell you truly, I read over Roscommon's translation of Horace's Art of Poetry three several times before I sat down to write the sonnet which I have shown you. But you shall hear it again ; and pray observe every line of it, for not one of them shall pass without your approbation."

When dressed in laurel wreaths you shine.

"This is," says he, "when you have your garland on ; when

\* The nine Muses.

† Apollo, the god of poets.

you are writing verses." To which I replied, "I know your meaning: a metaphor."—"The same," said he, and went on.

And tune your soft, melodious notes.

"Pray observe the gliding of that verse; there is scarce a consonant in it. I took care to make it run upon liquids. Give me your opinion of it."—"Truly," said I, "I think it as good as the former."—"I am very glad to hear you say so," says he; "but mind the next."

You seem a sister of the Nine.

"That is," says he, "you seem a sister of the Muses; for if you look into ancient authors, you will find it was their opinion that there were nine of them."—"I remember it very well," said I; "but pray proceed."

Or Phœbus' self in petticoats.

"Phœbus," says he, "was the god of poetry. These little instances, Mr. Bickerstaff, show a gentleman's reading. Then, to take off from the air of learning which Phœbus and the Muses have given to this first stanza, you may observe how it falls, all of a sudden, into the familiar—'in petticoats!'"—

Or Phœbus' self in petticoats.

"Let us now," says I, "enter upon the second stanza; I find the first line is still a continuation of the metaphor."

I fancy, when your song you sing.

"It is very right," says he; "but pray observe the turn of words in these two lines. I was a whole hour in adjusting of them, and have still a doubt upon me whether, in the second line, it should be—'Your song you sing,' or 'You sing your song.' You shall hear them both."

I fancy, when your song you sing  
(Your song you sing with so much art).

"Or"—

I fancy, when your song you sing  
(You sing your song with so much art).

"Truly," said I, "the turn is so natural either way that you have made me almost giddy with it."—"Dear sir," said he,

grasping me by the hand, "you have a great deal of patience; but pray what do you think of the next verse?"

Your pen was plucked from Cupid's wing.

"Think!" says I; "I think you have made Cupid look like a little goose."—"That was my meaning," says he; "I think the ridicule is well enough hit off. But we come now to the last, which sums up the whole matter."

For, ah! it wounds me like his dart.

"Pray how do you like that 'ah!' doth it not make a pretty figure in that place? *Ah!* it looks as if I felt the dart, and cried out at being pricked with it."

For, ah! it wounds me like his dart.

"My friend Dick Easy," continued he, "assured me he would rather have written that *ah!* than to have been the author of the *Æneid*. He indeed objected that I made Mira's pen like a quill in one of the lines, and like a dart in the other. But as to that"—"Oh! as to that," says I, "it is but supposing Cupid to be like a porcupine, and his quills and darts will be the same thing." He was going to embrace me for the hint; but half-a-dozen critics coming into the room whose faces he did not like, he conveyed the sonnet into his pocket, and whispered me in the ear he would show it me again as soon as his man had written it over fair.

*The Tatler, No. 6, April 25, 1710.*

### GOLDSMITH.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY (1811-1863).

"The most beloved of English writers,"—what a title that is for a man! A wild youth, wayward, but full of tenderness and affection, quits the country village where his boyhood has been passed in happy musing, in fond longing to see the great world, and to achieve a name and fortune. After years of dire struggle, of neglect and poverty, his heart turning back as fondly to his native place as it had longed eagerly for change when sheltered there, he writes a book and a poem, full of the recollections and feelings of home,—he paints the friends and scenes of his youth, and peoples Auburn and Wakefield with remembrances of Lissoy. Wander he must; but he carries away a home-relic with him,

and dies with it on his breast. His nature is truant ; in repose it longs for change, as, on the journey, it looks back for friends and quiet. He passes to-day in building an air-castle for to-morrow, or in writing yesterday's elegy ; and he would fly away this hour, but that a cage and necessity keeps him. What is the charm of his verse, of his style, and humor,—his sweet regrets, his delicate compassion, his soft smile, his tremulous sympathy, the weakness which he owns ? Your love for him is half pity.

You come hot and tired from the day's battle, and this sweet minstrel sings to you. Who could harm the kind, vagrant harper ? Whom did he ever hurt ? He carries no weapon, save the harp on which he plays to you, and with which he delights great and humble, young and old, the captains in the tents, or the soldiers round the fire, or the women and children in the villages, at whose porches he stops and sings his simple songs of love and beauty. With that sweet story, "The Vicar of Wakefield," he has found entry into every castle and every hamlet in Europe. Not one of us, however busy or hard, but, once or twice in our lives, has passed an evening with him, and undergone the charm of his delightful music.

I have been many a time in the Chambers in the Temple which were his, and passed up the staircase which Johnson and Burke and Reynolds trod to see their friend, their poet, their kind Goldsmith—the stair on which the poor women sate weeping bitterly when they heard that that greatest and most generous of all men was dead within the black oak door. Ah, it was a different lot from that for which the poor fellow sighed when he wrote, with heart-yearning for home, those most charming of all fond verses, in which he fancies he revisits Auburn :—

" Here, as I take my solitary rounds,  
Amidst thy tangling walks and ruined grounds,  
And, many a year elapsed, return to view  
Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn grew,  
Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,  
Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.

" In all my wanderings round this world of care,  
In all my griefs—and God has given my share—  
I still had hopes my latest hours to crown,  
Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down ;  
To husband out life's taper at the close,  
And keep the flame from wasting by repose :

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I still had hopes, for pride attends us still,  
 Amidst the swains to show my book-learned skill,—  
 Around my fire an evening group to draw,  
 And tell of all I felt, and all I saw ;  
 And, as a hare, whom hounds and horns pursue,  
 Pants to the place from whence at first he flew,  
 I still had hopes, my long vexations past,  
 Here to return—and die at home at last.

“ O blest retirement, friend to life’s decline,  
 Retreats from care, that never must be mine,  
 How happy he who crowns in shades like these  
 A youth of labor with an age of ease :  
 Who quits a world where strong temptations try,  
 And, since ’tis hard to combat, learns to fly !  
 For him no wretches, born to work and weep,  
 Explore the mine or tempt the dangerous deep ;  
 Nor surly porter stands in guilty state,  
 To spurn imploring famine from the gate ;  
 But on he moves to meet his latter end.  
 Angels around befriending virtue’s friend ;  
 Bends to the grave with unperceived decay,  
 While resignation gently slopes the way ;  
 And, all his prospect brightening to the last,  
 His heaven commences ere the world be past ! ”

*The Deserted Village, 77-112.*

In these verses, I need not say with what melody, with what touching truth, with what exquisite beauty of comparison—as indeed in hundreds more pages of the writings of this honest soul,—the whole character of the man is told : his humble confession of faults and weakness, his pleasing little vanity and desire that his village should admire him, his simple scheme of good in which everybody was to be happy—no beggar was to be refused his dinner, nobody was, in fact, to work much, and he to be the harmless chief of the Utopia, and the monarch of the Irish Yvetôt.\*

Think of him, reckless, thriftless, vain—if you like—but merciful, gentle, generous, full of love and pity. He passes out of our life, and goes to render his account beyond it. Think of

\* Yvetôt (pr. *eye-toe*), a town in Normandy. The lords of the town bore the hereditary title of Kings of Yvetôt. But the reference is particularly to Béranger’s famous ballad, “The King of Yvetôt,” in which the first Napoleon is slyly satirized.

the poor pensioners weeping at his grave, think of the noble spirits that admired and deplored him, think of the righteous pen that wrote his epitaph,\* and of the wonderful and unanimous response of affection with which the world has paid back the love he gave it. His humor delighting us still; his song fresh and beautiful as when first he charmed with it; his words in all our mouths; his very weaknesses beloved and familiar;—his benevolent spirit seems still to smile upon us, to do gentle kindnesses, to succor with sweet charity, to soothe, caress, and forgive; to plead with the fortunate for the unhappy and the poor.

*The English Humorists of the Eighteenth Century, lecture vi.*

### ALAS, SO LONG!

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI (1828-1882).

Ah! dear one, we were young so long,  
It seemed that youth would never go;  
For skies and trees were ever in song,  
And water in singing flow,  
In the days we never again shall know,  
Alas, so long!

Ah! then, was it all spring weather?  
Nay; but we were young and together.

Ah! dear one, I've been old so long,  
It seems that age is loath to part,  
Though days and years have never a song;  
And, oh! have they still the art  
That warmed the pulses of heart to heart?  
Alas, so long!

Ah! then, was it all spring weather?  
Nay; but we were young and together.

Ah! dear one, you've been dead so long—  
How long until we meet again,  
Where hours may never lose their song,  
Nor flowers forget the rain,  
In glad moonlight that never shall wane?  
Alas, so long!

Ah! shall it be then spring weather?  
And, ah! shall we be young together?

\* Goldsmith's monument in Westminster Abbey bears a famous Latin inscription from the pen of Dr. Johnson,

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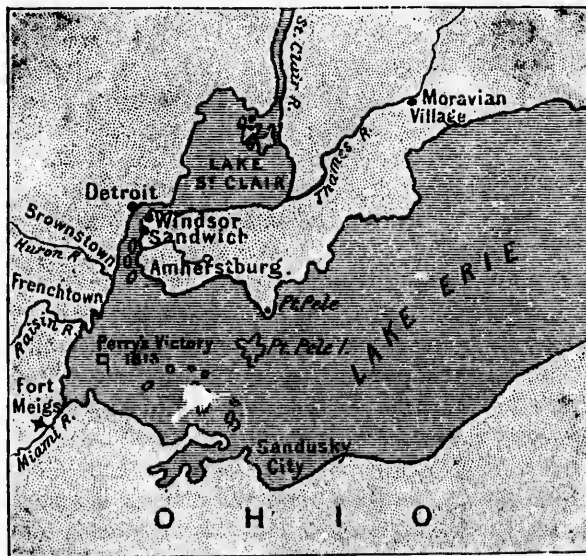
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### THE TAKING OF DETROIT.

In the year 1670 the French authorities in Canada built a fort upon the Detroit River, for the double purpose of trading with the Indians and of opposing a barrier to their progress eastward. At the Peace of Paris, in 1768, the fort and the little settlement that surrounded it passed, with all the adjacent territory, into the hands of the English; and twenty years later it became part of the new American Republic. Gradually the little settlement progressed, until in 1812—the year of our story—it boasted of 1,200 inhabitants; and now Detroit is a city with a population of 46,000.

In 1812 the young Republic of the United States declared war against the British Empire; cloaking their real design—which was that of conquering Canada and her sister Provinces—under the pretence of avenging an imaginary insult offered



to the American marine. General Hull, an old Revolutionary officer, left the fort at Detroit, and crossed over into Canada with 2,500 men, to take possession of the country; but after three successive attacks upon the little village of Amherstburg—garrisoned by only 300 regulars and a few Indians, under Colonel St. George—he was compelled to return, and shut himself up in the old French fort.

Sir Isaac Brock was at this time the Governor of Upper Canada. He was a brave and skilful general, and had served with great distinction in the European campaigns. Beloved alike by the soldiers who fought under him and the people whom he governed, no man could be better fitted for meeting the exigencies of the time. In the whole of the Upper Province, however, there were during the period of his government only 80,000 men, women, and children, scattered over a wide tract of country.

From his head-quarters in Toronto, the general sent Colonel Procter, with a small detachment, to reinforce the garrison at Amherstburg, leaving himself with only ninety men. This little force he sent off towards Long Point, Lake Erie, to raise a body of 200 militia, and to prepare means of transportation. Two hundred volunteers from York and the surrounding country responded to his call; and on the 6th of August Sir Isaac set out, amid the tears and applause of the little town's inhabitants, at the head of his newly raised army. While passing the Grand River, he held a council with the Indians, who were glad to have an opportunity of wiping out old scores with the "long-knives," as they called the Americans, and who promised to meet him at Amherstburg. On the 8th the little band of Canadian patriots arrived at Long Point, the end of their weary march, where the assembled reinforcements had provided a number of small boats for accomplishing the remainder of the journey. The distance from Long Point to Amherstburg is two hundred miles, over a rough sea, and along a coast presenting no means of shelter against the weather. This long journey was performed after four days and nights of incessant labor. At midnight, on the 13th, the motley fleet of transports arrived at its destination.

Great was the rejoicing when the general arrived in Amherstburg. The regulars cheered, the volunteers shouted, and the Indians could hardly be restrained from firing away all their ammunition at the prospect of a battle under such a leader. The whole of the Canadian force now amounted to 1,300 men; comprising 600 Indians under the celebrated Tecumseh, 300 regulars, and 400 volunteers "disguised in red coats." All the artillery consisted of five small guns, which were planted upon an elevated bank opposite Detroit. On the 15th the gunners stood to their pieces, awaiting the signal to fire on the enemy's position across the river. General Brock sent a summons to

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the Americans to surrender, which they indignantly rejected; and immediately the little battery began to play upon the fort and village. Next day the Canadian army crossed the river between three and four miles below Detroit, to meet the enemy on their own ground. When the disembarkation was completed, General Brock sent forward the Indians as skirmishers upon the right and left, and advanced with the remainder of his force to within a mile of the fort. From its high sodded parapets, surrounded by tall rows of wooden palisades and a wide and deep ditch, thirty pieces of cannon frowned down upon the besiegers. Its garrison consisted of 400 soldiers of the United States regular army. A larger body of Ohio volunteers occupied an intrenched position flanking the approach to the fort; while on the right a detachment of 600 militia from Ohio and Michigan was rapidly advancing. Another considerable force held the town; making the total strength of the enemy about 2,500 men.

In spite of the great disparity of the opposing armies, and of the formidable preparations made by the enemy, General Brock prepared to carry the fort by assault. The Indians advanced within a short distance of the American forces, uttering their shrill war-cries, and keeping up an incessant fire upon their more exposed positions. The regulars and the volunteers examined the priming of their muskets, and prepared to scale the palisades and walls of the fort. All was in readiness for an immediate attack; when a gate suddenly opened, and, to the astonishment of the gallant Canadian general, an American officer advanced towards him bearing a flag of truce. An hour afterwards General Hull surrendered the whole of his command, and the Canadian army marched into the quarters of the enemy.

By the terms of this capitulation, two thousand five hundred prisoners, as many stand of arms, thirty-three pieces of cannon, a large store of ammunition, three months' provisions, and a vessel of war, fell into the hands of the conquerors. So signal a victory, gained by a small and hastily collected force, is one of which every loyal British subject in America was justly proud.

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## TECUMSEH.

FRANCIS HALL (b. 1770).

[Lieutenant Hall of the 14th Light Dragoons travelled through Canada and the United States in 1816 and 1817. Among the early descriptions of Upper Canada, Hall's is valuable for accurate observation and artistic treatment. His "Travels" immediately passed through two editions; the second in 1819.]

Among the warriors of the West, the most distinguished was Tecumseh, a Shawnee chieftain, whose courage and commanding talents recommended him, early in the war, not only to the notice but to the personal esteem and admiration of Sir Isaac Brock. Tecumseh perceived the necessity of a general Indian confederacy as the only permanent barrier to the dominion of the States. What he had the genius to conceive, he had the talents to execute: eloquence and address, courage, penetration, and, what in an Indian is more remarkable than these, undeviating temperance. Under better auspices, this Amphictyonic\* league might have been effected, but after the death of his friend and patron he found no kindred spirit with whom to act. Stung with grief and indignation, after upbraiding in the bitterest sarcasms the retreat of our forces, he engaged an American detachment of mounted riflemen near the Moravian village, and having rushed forward singly to encounter their commanding officer, whom he mistook for General Harrison, he fell by a pistol ball. The exultation of the Americans on his death afford unerring, because unintended, evidence of the dread his talents had inspired.

## TO THE MEMORY OF TECUMSEH.

Tecumseh has no grave, but eagles dipt  
 Their rav'ning beaks, and drank his stout heart's tide,  
 Leaving his bones to whiten where he died:  
 His skin by Christian tomahawks was stript  
 From the bared fibres! † Impotence of pride!  
 Triumphant o'er the earthworm, but in vain  
 Deeming the impassive spirit to deride,  
 Which, nothing or immortal, knows no pain!

\* A confederation of the ancient Greek states for national purposes.

† The riflemen are said to have cut off strips of his skin to preserve as trophies.

Might ye torment him to this earth again,  
 That were an agony : his children's blood  
 Deluged his soul, and like a fiery flood,  
 Scorched up his core of being. Then the stain  
 Of flight was on him, and the wringing thought,  
 He should no more the crimson hatchet raise,  
 Nor drink from kindred lips his song of praise ;  
 So liberty, he deemed, with life was cheaply bought.  
*Travels in Canada and the United States.*

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### THE LAST WORD.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

Creep into thy narrow bed,  
 Creep, and let no more be said !  
 Vain thy onset ! All stands fast.  
 Thou thyself must break at last.

Let, let the long contention cease !  
 Geese are swans, and swans are geese.  
 Let them have it how they will !  
 Thou art tired ; best be still.

They out-talked thee, hissed thee, tore thee—  
 Better men fared thus before thee—  
 Fired their ringing shot and passed,  
 Hotly charged—and sank at last.

Charge once more, then, and be done !  
 Let the victors when they come,  
 When the forts of folly fall,  
 Find thy body at the wall.

*Poems (ed. 1880).*

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### HEROISM.

They never fail who die  
 In a great cause : the block may soak their gore ;  
 Their heads may sodden in the sun ; their limbs  
 Be strung to city gates and castle walls—  
 But still their spirit walks abroad. Though years  
 Elapse, and others share as dark a doom,  
 They but augment the deep and sweeping thoughts  
 Which overpower all others, and conduct  
 The world at last to freedom.      *BYRON: Marino Faliero.*





EARTHQUAKE AT LISBON.

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**THE GREAT EARTHQUAKE.**

SIR JOHN F. W. HERSCHEL (1792-1871).

Volcanic eruptions are almost always preceded by earthquakes, by which the beds of rock that overlie and keep down the struggling powers beneath are dislocated and cracked, till at last they give way, and the strain is immediately relieved. It is chiefly when this does not happen, when the force below is sufficient to heave up and shake the earth, but not to burst open the crust and give vent to the lava and gases, that the most destructive effects are produced. The great earthquake of November 1, 1755, which destroyed Lisbon, was an instance of this kind, and was one of the greatest, if not the very greatest on record; for the concussion extended over all Spain and Portugal—indeed over all Europe, and even into Scotland—over North Africa, where in one town in Morocco eight thousand or ten thousand people perished. Nay, its effects extended even across the Atlantic to Madeira, where it was very violent; and to the West Indies. The most striking feature about this earthquake was its extreme suddenness. All was going on quite as usual in Lisbon on the morning of that memorable day: the weather fine and clear; and nothing whatever to give the population of that great capital the least suspicion of mischief. All at once, at twenty minutes before ten A.M., a noise was heard like the rumbling of carriages underground; it increased rapidly, and became a succession of deafening explosions, like the loudest cannon. Then a shock, which, as described by one writing from the spot, seemed to last but the tenth part of a minute, and down came tumbling palaces, churches, theatres, and every large public edifice, and about a third or a fourth part of the dwelling-houses. More shocks followed in rapid succession, and in six minutes from the commencement sixty thousand persons were crushed in the ruins. Here are the simple but expressive words of one J. Latham, who writes to his uncle in London: "I was on the river with one of my customers going to a village three miles off. Presently the boat made a noise as if on the shore or landing, though then in the middle of the water. I asked my companion if he knew what was the matter. He stared at me, and looking at Lisbon—we saw the houses falling, which made him say, 'God bless us, it is an earthquake!' About four or



EARTHQUAKE AT LISBON.

five minutes after, the boat made a noise as before; and we saw the houses tumble down on both sides of the river."

They then landed and made for a hill; whence they beheld the sea (which had at first receded and laid a great tract dry) come rolling in, in a vast mountain wave fifty or sixty feet high, on the land, and sweeping all before it. Three thousand people had taken refuge on a new stone quay, or jetty, just completed at great expense. In an instant it was turned topsy-turvy; and the whole quay, and every person on it, with all the vessels moored to it, disappeared, and not a vestige of them ever appeared again. Where that quay had stood was afterwards found a depth of one hundred fathoms (six hundred feet) water. It happened to be a religious festival, and most of the population were assembled in the churches, which fell and crushed them. That no horror might be wanting, fires broke out in innumerable houses where the wood-work had fallen on the fires; and much that the earthquake had spared was destroyed by fire. And then, too, broke forth that worst of all scourges, a lawless, ruffian-like mob, which plundered, burned, and murdered in the midst of all that desolation and horror. The huge wave I have spoken of swept the whole coast of Spain and Portugal. Its swell and fall were ten or twelve feet at Madeira. It swept quite across the Atlantic, and broke on the shores of the West Indies. Every lake and firth in England and Scotland was dashed for a moment out of its bed, the water not partaking of the sudden shove given to the land; just as when you splash a flat saucerful of water, the water dashes over on the side from which the shock is given.

One of the most curious incidents in this earthquake was its effect on ships far out at sea, which would lead us to suppose that the immediate impulse was in the nature of a violent blow or thrust upwards, under the bed of the ocean. Thus it is recorded that this upward shock was so sudden and violent on a ship at that time forty leagues from Cape St. Vincent, that the sailors on deck were tossed up into the air to a height of eighteen inches. So also, on another occasion in 1796, a British ship eleven miles from land near the Philippine Islands was struck upwards from below with such force as to unship and split up the main-mast.

*Familiar Lectures on Scientific Subjects (1867).*

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## HERCULES AND NEREUS AT THE GARDEN OF THE HESPERIDES.

WILLIAM MORRIS (b. 1834).

[One of the twelve labors imposed upon Hercules by Eurys'theus (trissyllable), King of Mycēnæ, was the delivery to him of three golden apples from the Garden of the Hesperides. This myth, as told by various poets, varies much in the details. Mr. Morris here follows the version which represents Hercules as making his way to the garden under the guidance of Nereus (dissyllable). Hesiod describes the Hesperides ("Western Maidens") as dwelling on the African coast, over against modern Gibraltar. This beautiful poem revives the style and versification of Chaucer.]

They drew unto that wall and dulled their fear:  
Fair wrought it was, as though with bricks of brass;  
And images upon its face there were,  
Stories of things a long while come to pass;  
Nor that alone—as looking in a glass,  
Its maker knew the tales of what should be,  
And wrought them there for bird and beast to see.

So on they went: the many birds sang sweet  
Through all that blossomed thicket from above,  
And unknown flowers bent down before their feet;  
The very air, cleft by the gray-winged dove,  
Throbb'd with sweet scent and smote their souls with love:  
Slowly they went, till those twain stayed before  
A strangely-wrought and iron-covered door.

They stayed, too, till o'er noise of wind and bird  
And falling flower, there rang a mighty shout,  
As the strong man his steel-bound club upreared,  
And drove it 'gainst the hammered iron stout,  
Where 'neath his blows flew bolt and rivet out,  
Till shattered on the ground the great door lay,  
And into the guarded place bright poured the day.

The strong man entered, but his fellow stayed  
Leaning against a tree-trunk as they deemed.  
They faltered now, and yet, all things being weighed,  
Went on again; and thought they must have dreamed  
Of the old man, for now the sunlight streamed  
Full on the tree he had been leaning on,  
And him they saw not go, yet was he gone:

Only a slim lizard flitted there  
 Amidst the dry leaves ; him they noted naught,  
 But, trembling, through the doorway 'gan to peer,  
 And still of strange and dreadful saw not aught,  
 Only a garden fair beyond all thought.  
 And there 'twixt sun and shade, the strong man went  
 On some long-sought-for end belike intent.

They 'gan to follow down a narrow way  
 Of greensward that the lilies trembled o'er,  
 And whereon thick the scattered rose-leaves lay ;  
 But a great wonder weighed upon them sore,  
 And well they thought they should return no more :  
 Yet scarce a pain *that* seemed ; they looked to meet,  
 Before they died, things strange and fair and sweet.

So still to right and left the strong man thrust  
 The blossomed boughs, and passed on steadily,  
 As though his hardy heart he well did trust,  
 Till in a while he gave a joyous cry,  
 And hastened on, as though the end drew nigh ;  
 And women's voices then they deemed they heard,  
 Mixed with a noise that made desire afeard.

Yet, through sweet scents and sounds on did they bear  
 Their panting hearts, till the path ended now  
 In a wide space of green : a streamlet clear  
 From out a marble basin there did flow ;  
 And close by that a slim-trunked tree did grow,  
 And on a bough low o'er the water cold  
 There hung three apples of red gleaming gold.

\* \* \* \*

Now the strong man amid the green space stayed,  
 And, leaning on his club, with eager eyes  
 But brow yet smooth, in voice yet friendly said :  
 " O daughters of old Hesperus the Wise,  
 Well have you held your guard here ; but time tries  
 The very will of gods, and to my hand  
 Must give this day the gold fruit of your land."

*The Earthly Paradise*

**SITUATION AND TREATMENT OF THE LOYALISTS  
DURING THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR.**

REV. EGERTON RYERSON, D.D., LL.D. (1803-1882).

[On the 4th July 1776, the American Colonies declared themselves "free and independent States" (Declaration of Independence, Art. 33). A considerable minority, however, of the colonists strongly supported the "unity of the Empire," as it is styled in Imperial Orders in Council, and so became known in Canada as the United Empire (U.E.) Loyalists. In the United States they were simply "The Loyalists;" or they bore the nickname of "Tories," while the self-styled "Patriots" were by them in turn nicknamed "Whigs," both nicknames being of course borrowed from English politics. The designation U.E. Loyalists is properly applied to those only who "joined the royal standard in America before the Treaty of Separation in the year 1783;" and under an Imperial Order in Council of 1789, from which this definition is taken, a list of such persons was made out, "to the end that their posterity might be discriminated from the then future settlers." Dr. Ryerson, who wrote the following account, was the son of Lieutenant Ryerson, a U.E. Loyalist who settled first in New Brunswick and afterwards in Upper Canada.]

The condition of the United Empire Loyalists, for several months before as well as after the Declaration of Independence, was humiliating to freemen and perilous in the extreme; and that condition became still more pitiable after the alliance of the revolutionists with the French—the hereditary enemies of both England and the colonies. From the beginning the Loyalists were deprived of the freedom of the press and of freedom of assemblage, and were under an espionage universal, sleepless, malignant—subjecting the Loyalists to every species of insult, to arrest and imprisonment at any moment, and to the seizure and confiscation of their property.

Before the Declaration of Independence both parties were confessedly British subjects, professing allegiance to the same sovereign and constitution of government, both professing and avowing their adherence to the rights of British subjects; but differing from each other as to the extent of those rights, in contradistinction to the constitutional rights of the crown and those of the people, as in the case of party discussions of all constitutional questions, whether in the colonies or the mother country, for centuries past. Both parties had their advocates in the British Parliament; and while the prerogative advocates supported the corrupt Ministry of the day—or the King's Party, as it was called—the Opposition in Parliament supported the petitions and remonstrances of those colonists who claimed a

more popular colonial government. But all the advocates of the constitutional rights of the colonists in both Houses of Parliament disclaimed, on the part of those whom they represented, the least idea of independence or separation from England. The Declaration of Independence essentially changed the relations of parties, both in Great Britain and America. The party of independence—getting, after months of manipulation by its leaders, first a majority of one in the Congress, and afterwards increasing that majority by various means—repudiated their former professed principles of connection with England; broke faith with the great men and parties in England, both in and out of Parliament, who had vindicated their rights and professions for more than ten years; broke faith also with their numerous fellow-subjects in America who adhered to the old faith, to the old flag, and connection with England, and who were declared by resolutions of conventions, from Congress, provinces, counties, to townships and towns, enemies of their country, rebels and traitors, and treated as such. Even before the Declaration of Independence, some of these popular meetings, called conventions, assumed the highest functions of legislation and government, and dealt at pleasure with the rights, liberties, property, and even lives of their Tory fellow-citizens. There had been violent words, terms of mutual reproach, as in all cases of hot political contests; but it was for the advocates of independent liberty to deny to the adherents of the old faith all liberty of speech or of opinion, except under penalties of imprisonment or banishment, with confiscation of property. For a large portion of the community to be thus stripped of their civil rights by resolutions of a convention, and reduced to the position of proscribed aliens or slaves, must have been galling to Loyalists beyond expression, and well calculated to prompt them to outbreaks of passion and retaliations of resentment and revenge, each such act followed by a corresponding act from the opposite party.

It might be supposed that forbearance and respect would have been shown to those who remained "steadfast and immovable" in the traditional faith of British monarchy and British connection, notwithstanding a corrupt and arbitrary party was in power for the time being; but the very reverse of this was the case on the part of those who professed, as one cardinal article of their political creed, that "all men are born free and equal," and therefore that every man had an equal



right to his opinions, and an equal right to the expression of them. But all this was reversed in the treatment of the Loyalists.

*The Loyalists of America and their Times*, chap. xxxvi. (2nd ed., 1880).

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### THE OLD HOME.

L. E. LANDON (1802-1838).

I left my home ;—'twas in a little vale,  
Sheltered from snow-storms by the stately pines ;  
A small clear river wandered quietly,  
Its smooth waves only cut by the light barks  
Of fishers, and but darkened by the shade  
The willows flung, when to the southern wind  
They threw their long green tresses. On the slope  
Were five or six white cottages, whose roofs  
Reached not to the laburnum's height, whose boughs  
Shook over them bright showers of golden bloom.  
Sweet silence reigned around ; no other sound  
Came on the air than when the shepherd made  
The reed-pipe rudely musical, or notes  
From the wild birds, or children in their play  
Sending forth shouts of laughter. Strangers came  
Rarely or never near the lonely place.—  
I went into far countries ; years passed by,  
But still that vale in silent beauty dwelt  
Within my memory. Home I came at last.  
I stood upon a mountain height, and looked  
Into the vale below ; and smoke arose,  
And heavy sounds ; and through the thick dim air  
Shot blackened turrets, and brick walls, and roofs  
Of the red tile. I entered in the streets :  
There were ten thousand hurrying to and fro ;  
And masted vessels stood upon the river,  
And barges sullied the once dew-clear stream.  
Where were the willows ? where the cottages ?  
I sought my home ; I sought,—and found a city.  
Alas for the green valley !

## TOMMY'S DEAD.

SYDNEY DOBELL ("SYDNEY YENDYS")—1824-1874.

You may give over plough, boys,  
 You may take the gear to the stead ;  
 All the sweat o' ycur brow, boys,  
 Will never get beer and bread.  
 The seed's waste, I know, boys ;  
 There's not a blade will grow, boys ;  
 'Tis cropped out, I grow, boys,  
 And Tommy's dead.

Send the colt to the fair, boys,—  
 He's going blind, as I said,  
 My old eyes can't bear, boys,  
 To see him in the shed ;  
 The cow's dry and spare, boys,  
 She's neither here nor there, boys,  
 I doubt she's badly bred ;  
 Stop the mill to-morn, boys,  
 There'll be no more corn, boys,  
 Neither white nor red.  
 There's no sign of grass, boys,  
 You may sell the goat and the ass, boys,  
 The land's not what it was, boys,  
 And the beasts must be fed.  
 You may turn Peg away, boys,  
 You may pay off old Ned ;  
 We've had a dull day, boys,  
 And Tommy's dead.

Move my chair on the floor, boys,  
 Let me turn my head :  
 She's standing there in the door, boys,  
 Your sister Winifred !  
 Take her away from me, boys,  
 Your sister Winifred !  
 Move me round in my place, boys,  
 Let me turn my head ;  
 Take her away from me, boys,  
 As she lay on her death-bed—

The bones of her thin face, boys,  
As she lay on her death-bed !  
I don't know now it be, boys,  
When all's done and said,  
But I see her looking at me, boys,  
Wherever I turn my head ;  
Out of the big oak-tree, boys,  
Out of the garden-bed,  
And the lily as pale as she, boys,  
And the rose that used to be red.

There's something not right, boys,  
But I think it's not in my head ;  
I've kept my precious sight, boys—  
The Lord be hallowēd !  
Outside and in  
The ground is cold to my tread,  
The hills are wizen and thin,  
The sky is shrivelled and shred ;  
The hedges down by the loan  
I can count them bone by bone,  
The leaves are open and spread.  
But I see the teeth of the land,  
And hands like a dead man's hand,  
And the eyes of a dead man's head.  
There's nothing but cinders and sand,  
The rat and the mouse have fled,  
And the summer's empty and cold ;  
Over valley and wold,  
Wherever I turn my head ;  
There's a mildew and a mould ;  
The sun's going out overhead,  
And I'm very old,  
And Tommy's dead.

What am I staying for, boys ?  
You're all born and bred—  
'Tis fifty years and more, boys,  
Since wife and I were wed ;  
And she's gone before, boys,  
And Tommy's dead.

She was always sweet, boys,  
Upon his curly head,  
She knew she'd never see't, boys,  
And she stole off to bed.  
I've been sitting up alone, boys,  
For he'd come home, he said;  
But it's time I was gone, boys,  
For Tommy's dead.

Put the shutters up, boys,  
Bring out the beer and bread;  
Make haste and sup, boys,  
For my eyes are heavy as lead.  
There's something wrong i' the cup, boys,  
There's something ill wi' the bread;  
I don't care to sup, boys,  
And Tommy's dead.

I'm not right, I doubt, boys,  
I've such a sleepy head;  
I shall never more be stout, boys,  
You may carry me to bed.  
What are you about, boys?  
The prayers are all said,  
The fire's raked out, boys,  
And Tommy's dead.

The stairs are too steep, boys,  
You may carry me to the head;  
The night's dark and deep, boys,  
Your mother's long in bed.  
'Tis time to go to sleep, boys,  
And Tommy's dead.

I'm not used to kiss, boys;  
You may shake my hand instead.  
All things go amiss, boys;  
You may lay me where she is, boys,  
And I'll rest my old head.  
'Tis a poor world this, boys,  
And Tommy's dead.



THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS, VENICE.

**VENICE.**

LORD BYRON (1788-1824).

I stood in Venice, on the Bridge of Sighs ;  
A palace and a prison on each hand :  
I saw from out the wave her structures rise  
As from the stroke of the enchanter's wand :

A thousand years their cloudy wings expand  
 Around me, and a dying Glory smiles  
 O'er the far times, when many a subject land  
 Looked to the wing'd Lion's marble piles,  
 Where Venice sat in state, throned on her hundred isles !

She looks a sea Cybèle, fresh from ocean,  
 Rising with her tiara of proud towers  
 At airy distance, with majestic motion,  
 A ruler of the waters and their powers :  
 And such she was—her daughters had their dowers  
 From spoils of nations, and the exhaustless East  
 Poured in her lap all gems in sparkling showers.  
 In purple was she robed, and of her feast  
 Monarchs partook, and deemed their dignity increased.

In Venice Tasso's echoes are no more,  
 And silent rows the songless gondolier ;  
 Her palaces are crumbling to the shore,  
 And music meets not always now the ear :  
 Those days are gone—but Beauty still is here.  
 States fall, arts fade—but Nature doth not die,  
 Nor yet forget how Venice once was dear,  
 The pleasant place of all festivity,  
 The revel of the earth, the masque of Italy !

But unto us she hath a spell beyond  
 Her name in story, and her long array  
 Of mighty shadows, whose dim forms despond  
 Above the dogeless city's vanished sway ;  
 Ours is a trophy which will not decay  
 With the Rialto : Shylock and the Moor,  
 And Pierre, cannot be swept or worn away—  
 The keystones of the arch ! though all were o'er,  
 For us repeopled were the solitary shore.

*Childe Harold, canto iv., stanzas 1-4*

### THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

*Framework of Shakspeare's Play.*

In the beautiful Italian city of Venice there dwelt in former times a Jew, by name Shylock, who had grown rich by lending money at high interest to Christian merchants. No one liked Shylock, he was so hard and so cruel in his dealings ; but



perhaps none felt such an abhorrence of his character as a young Venetian named Antonio. This hatred was amply returned by Shylock; for Antonio was so kind to people in distress that he would lend them money without taking interest. Dearest of all Antonio's friends was Bassanio, a young man of high rank, though possessed of but small fortune. One day Bassanio came to tell Antonio that he was about to marry a wealthy lady; but that to meet the expense of wedding such an heiress, he needed the loan of three thousand ducats. Antonio had not the money to lend his friend, but he offered to borrow the required sum of Shylock, on the security of vessels which he expected home soon.

Together they repaired to the money-lender; and Antonio asked for three thousand ducats. Shylock remembered now all that Antonio had done to offend him; but he thought he would pretend to feel kindly, and said: "I would be friends with you. I will forget your treatment of me, and supply your wants without taking interest for my money."



Antonio was, of course, very much surprised at such words. But Shylock repeated them; only requiring that they should go to some lawyer, before whom—as a jest—Antonio should swear, that if by a certain day he did not repay the money, he would forfeit a pound of flesh, cut from any part of his body which the Jew might choose.

"I will sign to this bond," said Antonio; "and will say there is much kindness in it." Bassanio mistrusted Shylock; but he could not persuade his friend against the agreement, and Antonio signed the bond, thinking it was only a jest, as Shylock had said. Bassanio then went to the house of Portia, the rich lady whom he expected to marry. But no sooner had he been accepted as her lover than a messenger entered bringing tidings from Antonio; after reading which Bassanio turned so pale that his lady asked him what was amiss. He told her of all Antonio's kindness to him, and that as his ships were lost, his bond was forfeited. Portia said that such a friend should not lose so much as a hair of his head by the fault of Bassanio, and that gold must be found to pay the money. In order to make all her possessions his, she said that she would even marry her lover that day, so that he might start at once to the help of Antonio. So in all haste the young couple were wedded.

Bassanio immediately set out for Venice, where he found his friend in prison. The time of payment was past, and Shylock would not accept the money offered him: nothing would do now, he said, but the pound of flesh. So a day was appointed for the case to be tried before the Duke of Venice.

Portia had spoken cheeringly to her husband when he left her, but her own heart began to sink when she was alone. So strong was her desire to save one who had been so true a friend to her Bassanio that she determined to go to Venice and speak in defence of Antonio. Having obtained from a legal friend the robes of a counsellor, and also much advice as to how she should act, she started with her maid Nerissa, and arrived at Venice on the day of the trial. In spite of her youthful appearance, Portia (who called herself Doctor Balthasar) was allowed to plead for Antonio, and entered the court disguised in flowing robes and wearing a large wig. The importance of her work gave Portia courage; and she began her address to Shylock by telling him of mercy:—

"The quality of mercy is not strained;  
 It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven  
 Upon the place beneath: it is twice blest;  
 It blesseth him that gives and him that takes:  
 'Tis mightiest in the mightiest: it becomes  
 The thronèd monarch better than his crown;  
 His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,

The attribute to awe and majesty,  
 Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings ;  
 But mercy is above this sceptred sway :  
 It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,  
 It is an attribute to God himself ;  
 And earthly power doth then show likest God's  
 When mercy seasons justice.—Therefore, Jew,  
 Though justice be thy plea, consider this,—  
 That, in the course of justice, none of us  
 Should see salvation : we do pray for mercy ;  
 And that same prayer doth teach us all to render  
 The deeds of mercy.”

Act iv., scene 1.

But Shylock's only answer was that he would insist upon the penalty. Bassanio then publicly offered the payment of the three thousand ducats; but Shylock still refused it, and declared that he would take nothing but the promised pound of flesh. Bassanio was now terribly grieved, and asked the learned young counsellor to “wrest the law a little.”

“It must not be; there is no power in Venice can alter a decree established,” said Portia. Shylock, hearing her say this, believed she would now favor him, and exclaimed: “A Daniel come to judgment! O wise young judge, how do I honor thee!” It was in vain to talk to Shylock of mercy. He began to sharpen a knife, and cried out that time was being lost. So Portia asked if the scales were in readiness; and if a surgeon were near, lest Antonio should bleed to death.

“It is not so named in the bond,” said Shylock.

“It were good you did so much for charity,” returned Portia.

Charity and mercy, however, were nothing to the money-lender, who sharpened his knife, and called upon Antonio to prepare. But Portia bade him tarry; there was something more to hear. Though the law, indeed, gave him a pound of flesh, it did not give him one single drop of blood; and if, in cutting off the flesh, he shed one drop of Antonio's blood, his possessions were confiscated by the law to the State of Venice!

A murmur of applause ran through the court at the wise thought of the young counsellor; for it was clearly impossible for the flesh to be cut without the shedding of blood, and therefore Antonio was safe. Shylock then said that he would take



the money Bassanio had offered; and Bassanio cried out gladly, "Here it is!" on which Portia stopped him, saying that Shylock should have nothing but the penalty named in the bond.

"Give me my money and I will go!" cried Shylock once more; and once more Bassanio would have given it had not Portia again interfered. "Tarry," she said; "the law hath yet another hold on you." Then she stated that, for conspiring against the life of a citizen of Venice, the law compelled him to forfeit all his wealth, and that his own life was at the mercy of the duke. The duke said that he would grant him his life before he asked it; one-half of his riches only should go to the State, the other half should be Antonio's.

More merciful of heart than his enemy could have expected, Antonio declared that he did not desire Shylock's property, if he would make it over at his death to his own daughter, whom he had discarded for marrying a Christian. Shylock agreed, and begged leave to go away; and the court was dismissed, and the duke departed, bidding Bassanio reward the able young counsellor who had done so much for his friend.

The young counsellor would accept of nothing but the ring on Bassanio's finger, which the latter declared was a present from his wife, and with which he had vowed never to part. At last he consented, chiefly because Antonio urged him strongly to do so, saying,—

“ My Lord Bassanio, let him have the ring :  
 Let his deservings, and my love withal,  
 Be valued 'gainst your wife's commandement.”

Act iv., scene 1.

When Bassanio afterwards met Portia at her home, she charged him with having broken his word. All was then explained, and great was the happiness of Bassanio when he discovered that his friend's life had been saved by his wife's ingenuity.

### ANALYSIS OF SHYLOCK'S CHARACTER.

AUGUST WILHELM VON SCHLEGEL (1767-1845).

The *Merchant of Venice* is one of Shakspeare's most perfect works; and Shylock, the Jew, is one of the inimitable masterpieces of characterization which are to be found only in Shakspeare. It is easy for both poet and player to exhibit a caricature of national sentiments, modes of speaking, and gestures. Shylock, however, is everything but a common Jew: he possesses a strongly-marked and original individuality, and yet we perceive a light touch of Judaism in everything he says or does. We almost fancy we can hear a light whisper of the Jewish accent even in the written words, such as we sometimes still find in the higher classes, notwithstanding their social refinement. In tranquil moments all that is foreign to the European blood and Christian sentiments is less perceptible; but in passion the national stamp comes out more strongly marked. All these inimitable niceties the finished art of a great actor can alone properly express. Shylock is a man of information, in his own way, even a thinker, only he has not discovered the region where human feelings dwell; his morality is founded on the disbelief in goodness and magnanimity. The desire to avenge the wrongs and indignities heaped upon his nation is, after avarice, his strongest spring of action. His hate is naturally directed chiefly against those Christians who are actuated by truly Christian sentiments: a disinterested love of our neighbor seems to him the most unrelenting persecution of the Jews. The letter of the law is his idol; he refuses to lend an ear to the voice of mercy, which, from the mouth of Portia, speaks to him with heavenly eloquence: he insists on rigid and inflexible justice, and at last it recoils on his own head.

*Dramatic Art and Literature.*

## SCENES FROM THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

ACT I., SCENE 3 : VENICE. A PUBLIC PLACE.

*Enter BASSANIO and SHYLOCK.**Shy.* Three thousand ducats ; well.*Bass.* Ay, sir, for three months.*Shy.* For three months ; well.*Bass.* For the which, as I told you, Antonio shall be bound.*Shy.* Antonio shall become bound ; well.*Bass.* May you stead \* me ? will you pleasure me ? shall I know your answer ?*Shy.* Three thousand ducats for three months, and Antonio bound.*Bass.* Your answer to that ?*Shy.* Antonio is a good man.*Bass.* Have you heard any imputation to the contrary ?*Shy.* Oh, no, no, no : my meaning in saying he is a good man is to have you understand me that he is sufficient. Yet his means are in supposition : he hath an argosy bound to Tripolis, another to the Indies ; I understand, moreover, upon the Rialto, he hath a third at Mexico, a fourth for England ; and other ventures he hath, squandered abroad. But ships are but boards, sailors but men : there be land-rats and water-rats, land-thieves and water-thieves,—I mean pirates ; and then there is the peril of waters, winds, and rocks. The man is, notwithstanding, sufficient. Three thousand ducats ;—I think I may take his bond.*Bass.* Be assured you may.*Shy.* I will be assured I may ; and, that I may be assured, I will bethink me. May I speak with Antonio ?*Bass.* If it please you to dine with us.*Shy.* Yes, to smell pork ; to eat of the habitation which your prophet the Nazarite conjured the devil into. I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and so following ; but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you.—What news on the Rialto ?—Who is he comes here ?\* *Stead*, help ; stand in my place.



*Enter* ANTONIO.

*Bass.* This is Signior Antonio.

*Shy.* [*Aside*] How like a fawning publican he looks !  
I hate him for he is a Christian ;  
But more for that, in low simplicity,  
He lends out money gratis, but brings down  
The rate of usance here with us in Venice.  
If I can catch him once upon the hip,  
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.  
He hates our sacred nation ; and he rails,  
Even there where merchants most do congregate,  
On me, my bargains, and my well-won thrift,  
Which he calls interest. Cursèd be my tribe,  
If I forgive him !

*Bass.* Shylock, do you hear ?

*Shy.* I am debating of my present store ;  
And, by the near guess of my memory,  
I cannot instantly raise up the gross  
Of full three thousand ducats. What of that ?  
Tubal, a wealthy Hebrew of my tribe,  
Will furnish me. But soft ! how many months  
Do you desire ?—[*To Ant.*] Rest you fair, good signior ;  
Your worship was the last man in our mouths.

*Ant.* Shylock, although I neither lend nor borrow,  
By taking nor by giving of excess,  
Yet, to supply the ripe wants of my friend,  
I'll break a custom. Is he yet possessed  
How much he would ?

*Shy.* Ay, ay, three thousand ducats.

*Ant.* And for three months.

*Shy.* I had forgot ;—three months ; you told me so.

Well then,  
Go with me to a notary, seal me there  
Your single bond ; and, in a merry sport,  
If you repay me not on such a day,  
In such a place, such sum or sums as are  
Expressed in the condition, let the forfeit  
Be nominated for an equal pound  
Of your fair flesh, to be cut off and taken  
In what part of your body pleaseth me.

*Ant.* Content, i' faith : I'll seal to such a bond,  
And say there is much kindness in the Jew.

*Bass.* You shall not seal to such a bond for me :  
I'll rather dwell in my necessity.

*Ant.* Why, fear not, man ; I will not forfeit it :  
Within these two months, that's a month before  
This bond expires, I do expect return  
Of thrice three times the value of this bond.

*Shy.* O father Abram, what these Christians are,  
Whose own hard dealings teaches them suspect  
The thoughts of others !—Pray you, tell me this :  
If he should break his day, what should I gain  
By the exaction of the forfeiture ?  
A pound of man's flesh taken from a man  
Is not so estimable, profitable neither,  
As flesh of muttons, beefs, or goats. I say,  
To buy his favor, I extend this friendship :  
If he will take it, so ; if not, adieu ;  
And, for my love, I pray you wrong me not.

*Ant.* Yes, Shylock, I will seal unto this bond.

*Shy.* Then meet me forthwith at the notary's :  
Give him directions for this merry bond,  
And I will go and purse the ducats straight ;  
See to my house, left in the fearful guard  
Of an unthrifty knave ; and presently  
I will be with you.

*Ant.* Hie thee, gentle Jew. [Exit Shylock.]  
The Hebrew will turn Christian : he grows kind.

*Bass.* I like not fair terms and a villain's mind.

*Ant.* Come on : in this there can be no dismay ;  
My ships come home a month before the day. [Exeunt.]

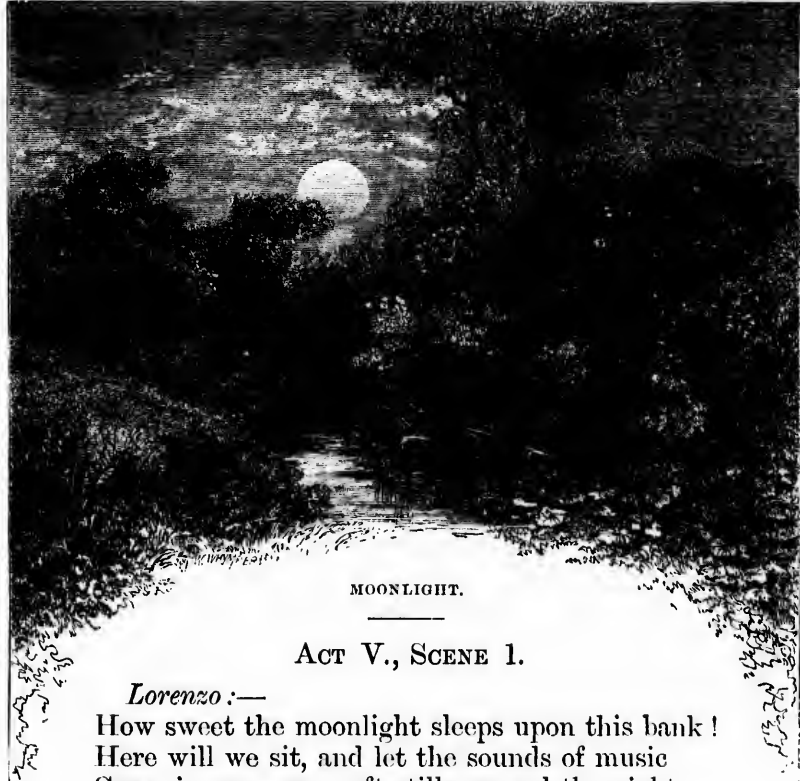
#### ACT IV., SCENE I.

*Antonio* :—

I pray you, think ; you question with the Jew :  
You may as well go stand upon the beach,  
And bid the main flood bate his usual height ;  
You may as well use question with the wolf,  
Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb ;  
You may as well forbid the mountain pines  
To wag their high tops, and to make no noise,  
When they are fretten \* with the gusts of heaven ;

\* *Fretten*, vexed.

You may as well do anything most hard,  
 As seek to soften that—than which what's harder?—  
 His Jewish heart : therefore, I do beseech you,  
 Make no more offers, use no further means,  
 But with all brief and plain conveniency  
 Let me have judgment, and the Jew his will.



MOONLIGHT.

## ACT V., SCENE 1.

*Lorenzo* :—

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank !  
 Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music  
 Creep in our ears: soft stillness and the night  
 Become the touches of sweet harmony.  
 Sit, Jessica. Look how the floor of heaven  
 Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold.  
 There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st  
 But in his motion like an angel sings,  
 Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubims :  
 Such harmony is in immortal souls ;  
 But whilst this muddy vesture of decay  
 Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.

## PART III.

**A BATTLE-FIELD.**

LORD BYRON (1788-1824).

Day glimmers on the dying and the dead,  
 The cloven cuirass, and the helmless head;  
 The war-horse masterless is on the earth,  
 And that last gasp hath burst his bloody girth;  
 And near, yet quivering with what life re-  
 mained,  
 The heel that urged him and the hand that  
 reined;  
 And some too near that rolling torrent lie,  
 Whose waters mock the lip of those that die;  
 That panting thirst which scorches in the breath  
 Of those that die the soldier's fiery death,  
 In vain impels the burning mouth to crave  
 One drop—the last—to cool it for the grave;

With feeble and convulsive effort swept  
 Their limbs along the crimsoned turf have crept ;  
 The faint remains of life such struggles waste,  
 But yet they reach the stream, and bend to taste :  
 They feel its freshness, and almost partake—  
 Why pause?—no further thirst have they to slake—  
 It is unquenched, and yet they feel it not ;  
 It was an agony—but now forgot !

*Lara, xvi.*

### THE CHARGE AT WATERLOO.

SIR WALTER SCOTT (1771-1832).

On came the whirlwind—like the last  
 But fiercest sweep of tempest-blast—  
 On came the whirlwind—steel-gleams broke  
 Like lightning through the rolling smoke ;  
 The war was waked anew,  
 Three hundred cannon-mouths roared loud,  
 And from their throats, with flash and cloud,  
 Their showers of iron threw.  
 Beneath their fire, in full career,  
 Rushed on the ponderous cuirassier,  
 The lancer couched his ruthless spear,  
 And hurrying as to havoc near,  
 The cohorts' eagles flew.  
 In one dark torrent, broad and strong,  
 The advancing onset rolled along,  
 Forth harbingered by fierce acclaim,  
 That, from the shroud of smoke and flame,  
 Pealed widely the imperial name.  
 But on the British heart were lost  
 The terrors of the charging host ;  
 For not an eye the storm that viewed  
 Changed its proud glance of fortitude,  
 Nor was one forward footstep staid,  
 As dropped the dying and the dead.  
 Fast as their ranks the thunders tear,  
 Fast they renewed each serried square ;  
 And on the wounded and the slain  
 Closed their diminished files again,

Till from their line scarce spears' lengths three,  
Emerging from the smoke they see  
Helmet, and plume, and panoply,—

Then waked their fire at once !  
Each musketeer's revolving knell,  
As fast, as regularly fell,  
As when they practise to display  
Their discipline on festal day.

Then down went helm and lance,  
Down were the eagle banners sent,  
Down reeling steeds and riders went,  
Corselets were pierced, and pennons rent ;

And, to augment the fray,  
Wheeled full against their staggering flanks,  
The English horsemen's foaming ranks  
Forced their resistless way.

Then to the musket-knell succeeds  
The clash of swords—the neigh of steeds---  
As plies the smith his clanging trade,  
Against the cuirass rang the blade ;  
And while amid their close array  
The well-served cannon rent their way,  
And while amid their scattered band  
Raged the fierce rider's bloody brand,  
Recoiled in common rout and fear,  
Lancer and guard and cuirassier,  
Horsemen and foot—a mingled host,  
Their leaders fallen, their standards lost.

*The Field of Waterloo (1815).*

### THE BATTLE OF QUEENSTON HEIGHTS.

The 13th of October, 1812, is a day ever to be remembered in Canada. All along the Niagara river the greatest excitement had prevailed: many of the inhabitants had removed with their portable property into the back country; small bodies of soldiers, regulars and volunteers, were posted in the towns and villages; Indians were roving in the adjacent woods; and sentinels, posted along the banks of the river, were looking eagerly for the enemy that was to come from the American shore and attempt the subjugation of a free, a happy, and a loyal people.



In the village of Queenston, that nestles at the foot of an eminence overlooking the mighty waters of Niagara, two companies of the 49th Regiment, or "Green Tigers," as the Americans afterwards termed them, with one hundred Canadian militia, were posted under the command of Captain Dennis.

When tattoo sounded on the night of the 12th, the little garrison retired to rest. All was silent but the elements, which raged furiously throughout the night. Nothing was to be heard but the howling of the wind and the sound of falling rain mingled with the distant roar of the great cataract. Dripping with rain and shivering with cold, the sentries paced their weary rounds, from time to time casting a glance over the swollen tide of the river towards the American shore. At length, when the gray dawn of morning appeared, a wary sentinel descried a number of boats, filled with armed men, pushing off from the opposite bank below the village of Lewiston. Immediately the alarm was given. The soldiers were roused from their peaceful slumbers, and marched down to the landing-place. Meanwhile a battery of one gun, posted on the heights, and another about a mile below, began to play on the enemy's boats, sinking some and disabling others.

Finding it impossible to effect a landing in the face of such opposition, the Americans, leaving a few of their number to occupy the attention of the troops on the bank, disembarked some distance up the river, and succeeded in gaining the summit of the height by a difficult and unprotected pathway. With loud cheers they captured the one-gun battery, and rushed down upon Captain Dennis and his command; who, finding themselves far outnumbered by the enemy, retired slowly towards the north end of the village. Here they were met by General Brock, who had set out in advance of reinforcements from the town of Niagara, accompanied only by two officers.



Placing himself at the head of the little band, the gallant general cried, "Follow me!" and amid the cheers of regulars and militia he led his men back to the height from which they had been forced to retire. At the foot of the hill the general dismounted, under the sharp fire of the enemy's riflemen, who were posted among the trees on its summit, climbed over a high stone wall, and waving his sword, charged up the hill at the head of his soldiers. This intrepid conduct at once attracted the notice of the enemy. One of their sharpshooters advanced a few paces, took deliberate aim, and shot the general in the breast. It was a mortal wound. Thus fell Sir Isaac Brock, the hero of Upper Canada, whose name will outlive the noble monument which a grateful country has erected to his memory.

The fall of their beloved commander infuriated his followers. With loud cheers of "Revenge the general!" they pressed forward up the hill, and drove the enemy from their position. But reinforcements were continually pouring in from the American shore; and after a deadly struggle, in which Colonel Macdonell, Captain Dennis, and most of the other officers fell, these brave men were again compelled to retire. They took refuge under the guns of the lower battery, there awaiting the arrival of reinforcements from Niagara. About mid-day the first of these arrived, consisting of a band of fifty Mohawks, under their chiefs Norton and Brant. These Indian allies boldly engaged the enemy, and maintained for a short time a sharp skirmish, but finally retired on the main reinforcement. This arrived in the course of the afternoon, under the command of Major-General Sheaffe. Instead of meeting the enemy on the old ground, the officer now in command moved his whole force of one thousand men to the right of the enemy's position, and sent forward his left flank to attack the American right. This left flank was of a very varied character, consisting of one company of the 41st Regiment of the line, a company of colored men, and a body of volunteer militia and Indians, united, in spite of their difference of color and race, by loyalty to the British crown and heart-hatred of foreign aggression. This division advanced in gallant style. After delivering a volley, the whole line of white, red, and black charged the enemy, and drove in his right wing at the point of the bayonet.

General Sheaffe now led on the main body, and forced the lately victorious Americans to retreat rapidly over the ridge.

The struggle on their part was of short duration. In front was a foe thirsting for revenge; behind, the steep banks and swiftly-flowing waters of Niagara. The "Green Tigers," the Indians, their most despised slaves, and last, but certainly not least, the gallant Canadian militia, were objects of terror to them. Some few in despair threw themselves over the precipices into the river; but the majority of the survivors surrendered themselves prisoners of war, to the number of nine hundred and fifty, among whom was their commander, General Wadsworth. The leader of the expedition, General Van Rensselaer, had retired to Lewiston—as he said, for reinforcements—in the early part of the day. The loss of the Americans in this memorable action was about five hundred killed and wounded; while that of the Canadian forces amounted to one hundred and fifty.

Throughout Canada the news of the victory of Queenston Heights awakened universal joy and enthusiasm, second only to that with which the taking of Detroit was hailed. But the joy and enthusiasm were damped by the sad tidings, that he who had first taught Canada's sons the way to victory had given his life for her defence, and slept in a soldier's grave with many of her best and bravest.

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### BROCK.

(October 13, 1859.)\*

CHARLES SANGSTER (b. 1822).

One voice, one people,—one in heart  
 And soul, and feeling, and desire!  
 Relight the smouldering martial fire,  
 Sound the mute trumpet, strike the lyre,  
 The hero-deed cannot expire;  
 The dead still play their part.

Raise high the monumental stone!  
 A nation's fealty is theirs,  
 And we are the rejoicing heirs,  
 The honored sons of sires whose cares  
 We take upon us unawares,  
 As freely as our own.

\* The day of the inauguration of the new monument on Queenston Heights.

We boast not of the victory,  
 But render homage, deep and just,  
 To his—to their immortal dust,  
 Who proved so worthy of their trust,  
 No lofty pile nor sculptured bust  
 Can herald their degree.

No tongue need blazon forth their fame—  
 The cheers that stir the sacred hill  
 Are but mere promptings of the will  
 That conquered then, that conquers still ;  
 And generations yet shall thrill  
 At Brock's remembered name.

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### WATER!

J. B. GOUGH (b. 1817).

Sweet, beautiful water!—clear, pure, refreshing—that never brings sorrow to those who use it! Pour but a drop of it on the drooping flower, and it will lift its head, as if to bless you ; apply but one drop of *man's* distilling, and the flower withers and dies. Bestow but a goblet of this on the famishing traveller in the sun-parched desert, and how gladly would he return it o'erflowing with gold ! for he is dying with thirst, and those poisonous draughts are but mockery now.

Mark yonder party bound on that fishing excursion. They are out on the briny deep. They have been becalmed and detained for several days beyond their intended absence. Now they are reaching the shore ; and hear their first shriek as they land—"Water ! bring us water !"—"Why, are you not provided with drink ?"—"Yes ; but we want water, water !"

Sweet, beautiful, life-giving water!—brewed in the bosom of nature—brewed in the green, sunny vale, where the red-deer runs, and the child loves to play. Sweet, beautiful water!—brewed in the running brook, the rippling fountain, and the laughing rill, in the limpid cascade as it joyfully leaps down the side of the mountain ; brewed in yonder mountain-top, whose granite peaks glitter like gold bathed in the morning sun ; brewed in the sparkling dew-drop.

Sweet, beautiful water, brewed in the crested wave of the



ocean-deeps, driven by the storm, breathing its terrible anthem to the God of the sea; brewed in the fleecy foam and the whitened spray, as it hangs like a speck over the distant cataract; brewed in the clouds of heaven! Sweet, beautiful water! As it sings in the rain-shower and dances in the hail-storm; as it comes down in feathery flakes, clothing the earth in a spotless mantle of white—always beautiful! Distilled in the golden tissues that paint the western sky at the setting of the sun, and the silvery tissues that veil the midnight moon!

Sweet, health-giving, beautiful water! Distilled in the rainbow of promise, whose warp is the rain-drop of earth, and whose woof is the sunbeam of heaven—sweet, beautiful water!

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### THE COLD-WATER MAN.

J. G. SAXE (b. 1816).

It was an honest fisherman,—  
 I knew him passing well;  
 And he lived by a little pond  
 Within a little dell.

A grave and quiet man was he,  
Who loved his hook and rod ;  
So even ran his line of life,  
His neighbors thought it odd.

For science and for books, he said  
He never had a wish ;  
No school to him was worth a fig,  
Except a school of fish.

He ne'er aspired to rank or wealth,  
Nor cared about a name ;  
For though much famed for fish was he,  
He never fished for fame !

Let others bend their necks at sight  
Of Fashion's gilded wheels ;  
He ne'er had learned the art to "bob"  
For anything but eels !

A cunning fisherman was he,  
His angles all were right ;  
The smallest nibble at his bait  
Was sure to prove "a bite !"

All day this fisherman would sit  
Upon an ancient log,  
And gaze into the water, like  
Some sedentary frog ;

With all the seeming innocence,  
And that unconscious look,  
That other people often wear  
When they intend to "hook !"

To charm the fish he never spoke ;  
Although his voice was fine,  
He found the most convenient way  
Was just to drop a line !

And many a gudgeon of the pond,  
If they could speak to-day,



Would own, with grief, this angler had  
A mighty taking way!

Alas! one day this fisherman  
Had taken too much grog;  
And being but a landsman, too,  
He couldn't keep the log!

'Twas all in vain with might and main  
He strove to reach the shore;  
Down, down he went to feed the fish  
He'd baited oft before!

The jury gave their verdict, that  
'Twas nothing else but *gin*  
Had caused the fisherman to be  
So sadly taken in:

Though one stood out upon a whim,  
And said, the angler's slaughter,  
To be exact about the fact,  
Was clearly *gin and water!*

The moral of this mournful tale,  
To all is plain and clear—  
That drinking habits bring a man  
Too often to his bier;

And he who scorns to "take the pledge,"  
And keep the promise fast,  
May be, in spite of fate, a *stiff*  
*Cold-water man at last!*

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### HAROLD SKIMPOLE.

(A caricature of the poet Leigh Hunt.)

CHARLES DICKENS (1812-1870).

His good friend Jarndyce and some other of his good friends helped him, in quicker or slower succession, to several openings in life; but to no purpose, for he must confess to two of the

oldest infirmities in the world: one was, that he had no idea of time; the other, that he had no idea of money. In consequence of which he never kept an appointment, never could transact any business, and never knew the value of anything! Well! So he had got on in life, and here he was! He was very fond of reading the papers, very fond of making fancy sketches with a pencil, very fond of nature, very fond of art. All he asked of society was, to let him live. *That* wasn't much. His wants were few. Give him the papers, conversation, music, mutton, coffee, landscape, fruit in the season, a few sheets of Bristol-board, and a little claret, and he asked no more. He was a mere child in the world, but he didn't cry for the moon. He said to the world, "Go your several ways in peace! Wear red coats, blue coats, lawn sleeves, put pens behind your ears, wear aprons; go after glory, holiness, commeree, trade, any object you prefer; only—let Harold Skimpole live!"

"I covet nothing," said Mr. Skimpole; "possession is nothing to me. Here is my friend Jarndyce's excellent house. I feel obliged to him for possessing it. I can sketch it, and alter it. I can set it to music. When I am here I have sufficient possession of it, and have neither trouble, cost, nor responsibility. My steward's name, in short, is Jarndyce, and he can't cheat me."

If Mr. Skimpole had had those bits of metal or of thin paper to which mankind attach so much importance, to put in his creditor's hand, he would have put them in his creditor's hand. Not having them, he substituted the will for the deed. Very well! If he really meant it—if his will were genuine and real, which it was—it appeared to him that it was the same as coin, and cancelled the obligation.

"It may be, partly, because I know nothing of the value of money," said Mr. Skimpole, "but I often feel this. It seems so reasonable! My butcher says to me, he wants that little bill. It's a part of the pleasant unconscious poetry of the man's nature, that he always calls it a 'little' bill—to make the payment appear easy to both of us. I reply to the butcher, My good friend, if you knew it, you are paid. You haven't had the trouble of coming to ask for the little bill. You are paid. I mean it."

"But, suppose," said my Guardian, laughing, "he had meant the meat in the bill, instead of providing it!"

"My dear Jarndyce," he returned, "you surprise me. You

take the butcher's position. A butcher I once dealt with occupied that very ground. Says he, 'Sir, why did you eat spring lamb at eighteenpence a pound?' 'Why did I eat spring lamb at eighteenpence a pound, my honest friend?' said I, naturally amazed by the question. 'I like spring lamb!' This was so far convincing. 'Well, sir,' says he, 'I wish I had meant the lamb as you mean the money!' 'My good fellow,' said I, 'pray let us reason like intellectual beings. How could that be? It was impossible. You *had* got the lamb, and I have *not* got the money. You couldn't really mean the lamb without sending it in; whereas I can, and do, really mean the money without paying it!' He had not a word. There was an end of the subject."

*Black House.*

### THE WATER-FAIRY.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE (b. 1837).

Each reed that grows in  
 Our stream is frozen ;  
 The fields it flows in  
 Are hard and black ;  
 The water-fairy  
 Waits wise and wary  
 Till time shall vary  
 And thaws come back.  
 "O sister, water,"  
 The wind besought her—  
 "O twin-born daughter  
 Of Spring with me,  
 Stay with me, play with me,  
 Take the warm way with me,  
 Straight for the summer and over sea."

But winds will vary :  
 And wise and wary  
 The patient fairy  
 Of water waits,  
 All shrunk and wizen,  
 In iron prison,  
 Till spring, re-risen,  
 Unbar the gates ;

Till, as with clamor  
 Of axe and hammer,  
 Chained streams that stammer  
     And struggle in straits,  
 Burst bonds that shiver,  
 And thaws deliver  
     The roaring river in stormy spates.\*

In fierce March weather  
 White waves break tether,  
 And whirled together  
     At either hand  
     Like foam or sand,  
 Past swamp or sallow  
 And reed-beds callow,  
 Through pool and shallow,  
     To wind and lee,  
 Till no more tongue-tied,  
 Full flood and young tide  
     Roar down the rapids and storm the sea.

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### THE FOUNDING OF HALIFAX.

BEAMISH MURDOCH, Q.C. (b. 1800).

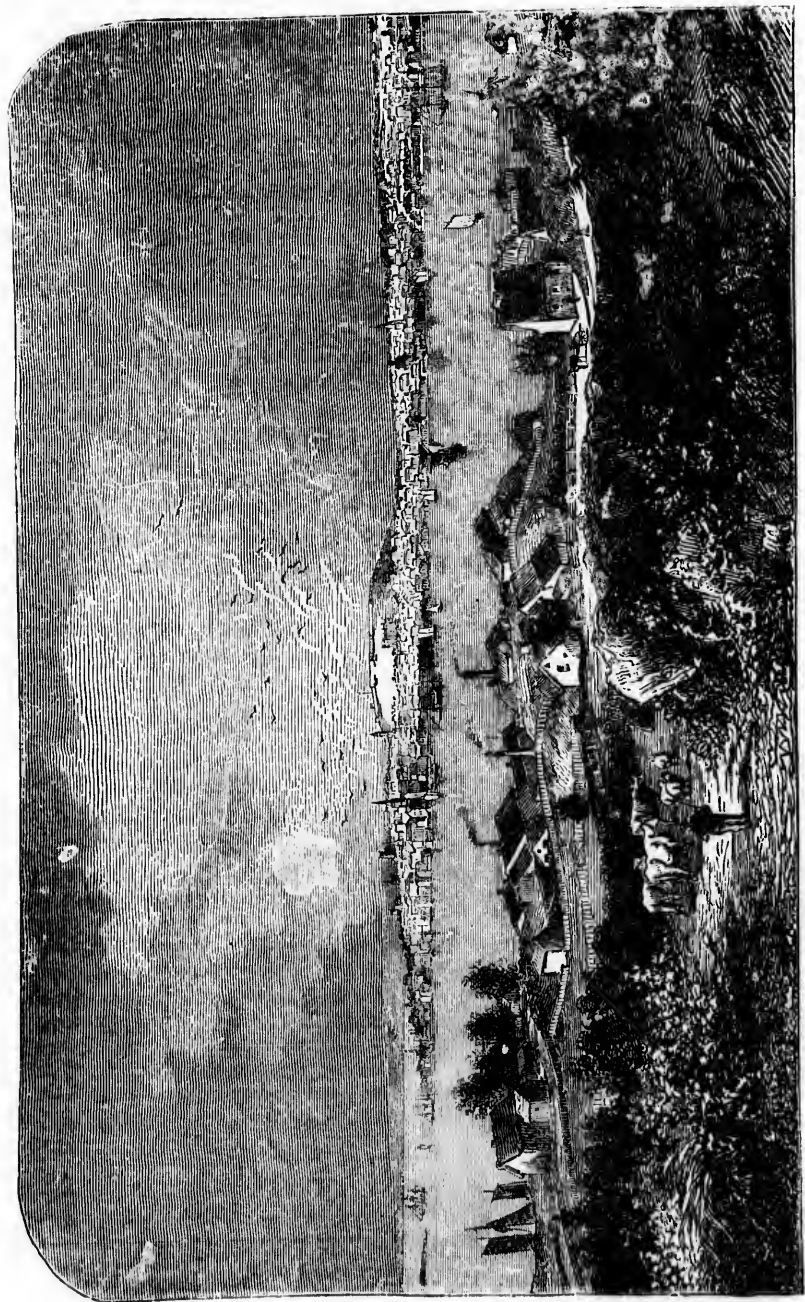
Whether the restoration of Cape Breton to France in the Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle was an act of prudence or of folly on the part of the rulers of England, is a question that can only be determined on a full and accurate investigation of the state of the two crowns at the time of the negotiation as respects their forces, both military and naval, and their prospective means of continuing the war to advantage. There can be no doubt, however, that if the surrender of Louisbourg to its former owners could have been avoided, the British influence in America would have been essentially benefited. The course adopted of founding a place of strength at Chibouctou (now Halifax), on the eastern coast of the province, and making a settlement there of settlers of British origin, was, in these circumstances, a measure of wisdom and forethought. Not only did it strengthen the power of government within the province itself, but it afforded a place suited in every way for fleets and armies to be

\* Floods. So Burns—"While crashing ice borne on the roaring spates."

afterwards employed in the reduction of Canada. Nova Scotia no longer was to depend for military support and relief upon New England, but, on the contrary, could at all times supply assistance to the older English colonies in case of attack. A plan for sending out a body of settlers was adopted, and the Lords of Trade, by the King's command, published a notification in March 1749 offering to all officers and private men discharged from the army and navy, and to artificers necessary in building and husbandry, free passages; provisions for the voyage, and subsistence for a year after landing; arms, ammunition, and utensils of industry; free grants of land in the province; and a civil government, with all the privileges enjoyed in the other English colonies. Parliament voted £40,000 sterling for the expense of this undertaking; and in a short time 1,176 settlers, with their families, volunteered to go. Colonel the Honorable Edward Cornwallis was gazetted as Governor of Nova Scotia, 9th May, 1749. Mr. Cornwallis sailed in the *Sphinx*, sloop of war, on the 14th May, and the settlers embarked in thirteen transports, and left England some time afterwards.

Early in July the settlers were, many of them, landed, some on George's Island, but more on the peninsula where the city of Halifax now stands. The ground was everywhere covered with wood; no dwellings or clearings appear to have been previously made.

Halifax in the summer and autumn of 1749 must have presented a busy and singular scene. The ship of war, and her strict discipline; the transports swarming with passengers, who had not yet got shelter on the land; the wide extent of wood in every direction, except a little spot hastily and partially cleared, on which men might be seen trying to make walls out of the spruce trees that grew on their house lots; the boats perpetually rowing to and from the shipping; and as the work advanced a little, the groups gathered around: the Englishman in the costume of the day—cocked hat, wig, knee-breeches, shoes with large glittering buckles—his lady with her hoop and brocades; the soldiers and sailors of the late war, now in civilian dress as settlers; the shrewd, keen, commercial Bostonian, tall, thin, wiry, supple in body, bold and persevering in mind, calculating on land grants, saw-mills, shipments of lumber, fishing profits; the unlucky *habitant* from Grand Pré or Piziquid, in homespun garb, looking with dismay at the numbers, discipline, and earnestness of the new settlers and



HALIFAX.



their large military force—large to him, who had only known the little garrison of Annapolis; the half-wild Indian, made wilder and more intractable by bad advisers, who professed to be his firmest friends; the man-of-war's men; the sailors of the transports, and perhaps some hardy fishermen seeking supplies, or led thither by curiosity. Of such various elements was the bustling crowd composed, not to mention the different nationalities of the British Isles themselves. How interesting to us of this province would now be a picture that could realize the appearance our city then must have presented.

*History of Nova Scotia.*

### CENTENARY OF THE SETTLEMENT OF HALIFAX.

HON. JOSEPH HOWE (Dec. 1804 to June 1, 1873).

[“On the 8th June, 1849, was celebrated the centenary or hundredth anniversary of the settlement of Halifax by Governor Cornwallis. The whole population turned out, and marched in procession with flags and banners. Mr. Beamish Murdoch delivered the address, and Mr. Howe furnished the following patriotic song.”—ANNAND'S *Speeches and Public Letters of Hon. Joseph Howe.*]

#### SONG FOR THE CENTENARY.

Hail to the day when the Britons came over,  
And planted their standard, with sea-foam still wet!  
Above and around us their spirits shall hover,  
Rejoicing to mark how we honor it yet.

Beneath it the emblems they cherished are waving—  
The Rose of Old England the roadside perfumes;  
The Shamrock and Thistle the north winds are braving;  
Securely the Mayflower\* blushes and blooms.

In the temples they founded their faith is maintained!  
Every foot of the soil they bequeathed is still ours!

\* *Epigaea repens*, ground laurel, or trailing arbutus. The Pilgrim Fathers were delighted, after the horrors of their first winter, to see spring breaking in the fragrant blossom of this humble wild-flower, which appears before the snow is all gone. The Pilgrims named the plant after their ship the *Mayflower*. When their descendants, the United Empire Loyalists, were driven into exile, and sought the shores of Nova Scotia, they were beyond measure cheered to find welcoming them, in the strange land, the friendly wild-flower that had cheered their forefathers and had been their own playfellow in childhood. It was adopted as the emblem of Nova Scotia, with the motto,

“We bloom amidst the snows.”

The graves where they moulder no foe has profaned,  
But we wreath them with verdure and strew them with  
flowers.

The blood of no brother in civil strife poured,  
In this hour of rejoicing, encumbers our souls !  
The frontier's the field for the patriot's sword,  
And cursed is the weapon that faction controls !

Then hail to the day ! 'tis with memories crowded,  
Delightful to trace through the mists of the past ;  
Like the features of beauty, bewitchingly shrouded,  
They shine through the shadows time o'er them has cast.

As travellers trace to its source in the mountains  
The stream which, far-swelling, expands o'er the plains,  
Our hearts, on this day, fondly turn to the fountains  
Whence flowed the warm currents that bound in our veins.

And proudly we trace them ! No warrior flying  
From city assaulted, and fanes overthrown,  
With the last of his race on its battlements dying,  
And weary with wandering, founded our own !\*

From the Queen of the Islands—then famous in story—  
A century since, our brave forefathers came ;  
And our kindred yet fill the wide world with her glory,  
Enlarging her empire and spreading her name.

Every flash of her genius our pathway enlightens—  
Every field she explores we are beckoned to tread :  
Each laurel she gathers our future day brightens—  
We joy with her living, and mourn with her dead.

Then hail to the day when the Britons came over,  
And planted their standard, with sea-foam still wet !  
Above and around us their spirits shall hover,  
Rejoicing to mark how we honor it yet.

\* An allusion to the downfall of Troy, the wanderings of Æneas, his mythical settlement in Italy, and the foundation of Rome by his reputed descendants.

## A REVERIE NEAR ST. THOMAS (ONT.).

MRS. ANNA JAMESON (1794\*-1860).

[Mrs. Jameson was the wife of a rather versatile English barrister who in Upper Canada held successively the positions of Speaker of the Assembly, Attorney-General, and Vice-Chancellor. Mrs. Jameson joined her husband in Toronto late in 1836, and remained in Canada some fifteen months, when, on a renewal of old domestic estrangements, she visited Miss Sedgwick, the New England authoress, and in February 1838 returned to England. Her Canadian experiences are gracefully told in *Winter Studies and Summer Rambles*; but her domestic infelicity painfully colors her impressions of Canada. Both before and after her residence here she achieved great success as the author of brilliant bits of biography. Her *Memoirs of the Early Italian Painters* is still of considerable value.]

July 5, 1837.

We were now near the summit of a hill, which he called Bear Hill: the people, he said, gave it that name because of the number of bears which used to be found here. Nothing could exceed the beauty and variety of the timber trees, intermingled with the most luxuriant underwood, and festooned with the wild grape and flowering creepers. It was some time, he said, since a bear had been shot in these woods; but only last spring one of his comrades had found a bear's cub, which he had fed and taken care of, and had sold within the last few weeks to a travelling menagerie of wild beasts for five dollars.

On reaching the summit of this hill I found myself on the highest land I had yet stood upon in Canada, with the exception of Queenston Heights. I stopped the horses and looked around, and on every side, far and near, east, west, north, and south, it was all forest—a boundless sea of forest, within whose leafy recesses lay hidden as infinite variety of life and movement as within the depths of the ocean; and it reposed in the noontide so still and so vast! Here the bright sunshine rested on it in floods of golden light, there cloud-shadows sped over its bosom, just like the effects I remember to have seen on the Atlantic; and here and there rose wreaths of white smoke from the new clearings, which collected into little silver clouds, and hung suspended in the quiet air.

I gazed and meditated till, by a process like that of the Arabian sorcerer of old, the present fell like a film from my eyes: the future was before me, with its towns and cities, fields of waving grain, green lawns, and villas, and churches, and

\* So Mr. J. C. Dent in the *Canadian Portrait Gallery*. The date commonly, but, as it appears, erroneously, assigned, is 1797.

temples, turret-crowned ; and meadows tracked by the frequent foot-path, and railroads with trains of rich merchandise steaming along ;—for all this *will* be ! Will be ? *It is* already in the sight of Him who hath ordained it, and for whom there is no past nor future : though I cannot behold it with my bodily vision, even *now* it is.

But is *that* now better than *this* present now ? When these forests, with all their solemn depth of shade and multitudinous life, have fallen beneath the axe ; when the wolf, and bear, and deer are driven from their native coverts, and all this infinitude of animal and vegetable being has made way for restless, erring, suffering humanity, will it then be better ? *Better*—I know not ; but surely it will be *well*, and right in His eyes who has ordained that thus the course of events shall run. Those who see nothing in civilized life but its complicated cares, mistakes, vanities, and miseries, may doubt this, or despair. For myself, and you too, my friend, we are of those who believe and hope ; who behold in progressive civilization progressive happiness, progressive approximation to nature and to nature's God : for are we not in his hands ?—and all that he does is good.

Contemplations such as these were in my mind as we descended the Hill of Bears, and proceeded through a beautiful plain, sometimes richly wooded, sometimes opening into clearings and cultivated farms, on which were usually compact farm-houses, each flanked by a barn three times as large as the house, till we came on to a place called Five Stakes, where I found two or three tidy cottages, and procured some bread and milk. The road here was no longer so good, and we travelled slowly and with difficulty for some miles. About five o'clock we reached St. Thomas, one of the prettiest places I had yet seen.

St. Thomas is situated on a high eminence, to which the ascent is rather abrupt. The view from it, over a fertile, well-settled country, is very beautiful and cheering. The place bears the Christian name of Colonel Talbot, who styles it his capital ; and, from a combination of advantages, it is rising fast into importance.

*Winter Studies and Summer Rambles in Canada.*

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### CAMPING OUT.\*

Camping out forms one of the most healthful and enjoyable ways of spending a Canadian summer holiday. The brilliant sunshine, the lofty over-arch of blue smiling through the fragrant foliage, the rustle of forest life, the glancing lake-waves, the murmuring rapids, all combine to form a scene of enchantment which year after year draws to the solitary shores of our northern lakes men who have elsewhere sought in vain for repose of mind.

The camp outfit need not be expensive, and, by such ingenuity



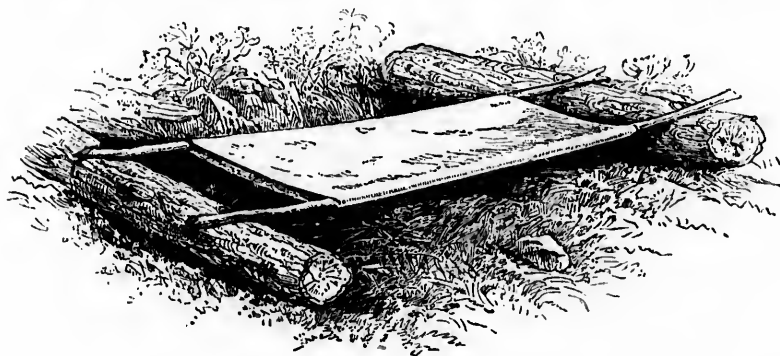
SHELTER TENT.

as every young Canadian inherits, may be reduced to a very few essentials. If we cannot afford to buy a tent, let us make one. A capital "half-tent," or "shelter tent," can be had by taking of stout cotton drilling or the heaviest sheeting a piece thirteen feet long and six feet wide, cutting away to an angle of forty-five degrees each end of what will form the lower edge of the tent, and then attaching loops at intervals along both edges. To render the cloth at once waterproof and fireproof, it should

\* Based chiefly on Mr. Gibson's *Camp Life in the Woods* and Captain Hardy's *Forest Life in Acadie*.

be dipped in a small tub containing mixed solutions of alum and sugar-of-lead, taking of each ingredient about a handful. To erect the tent, set firmly into the ground three or four poles, sloping them to windward at an angle of forty-five degrees, and have an additional pole for "returning" the sheet at one end, so as to provide against eddies of the wind. By means of the loops the sheet is now fastened to the poles above and drawn away to tent-pegs below. Thus arranged, the tent affords a safe shelter from the wind or any moderate storm, and with a bright fire in front during chilly nights, is warm and comfortable.

An excellent camp-bed is formed of a long and broad bottomless bag filled with moss or dried grass, or even sprays of silver



CAMP-BED.

fir. It is stretched on two poles, which securely lie on notched logs, or it may, in hammock fashion, be suspended between two trees.

While spending a few days on the edge of one of our northern forests, we should take a lesson in Indian woodcraft and try to make a snow-shoe, a toboggan,\* or why not even a canoe? These are masterpieces of ingenuity and mechanical skill, and for their best construction we ought if possible to take lessons of the inventors themselves.

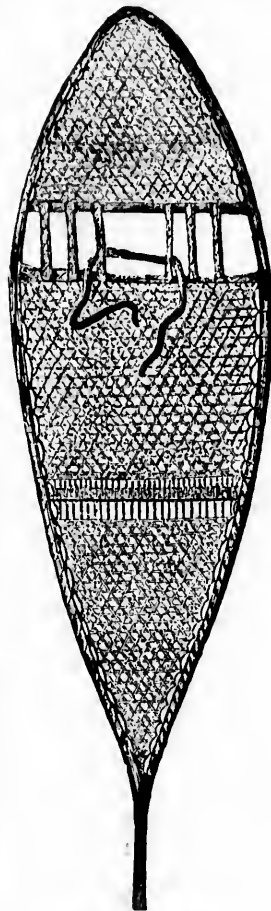
The oval frame of a snow-shoe consists of a single strip of ash, hickory, or some other elastic wood, bent into form with the aid of boiling water. The entire length of this strip should be six feet, or less, according to the height of the wearer. Across the front part of the oval frame are fastened two strips

\* Spelled also *toboggin* and *tarbogin*. The word is said to be a derivative of the native *odabagan*, a sled.



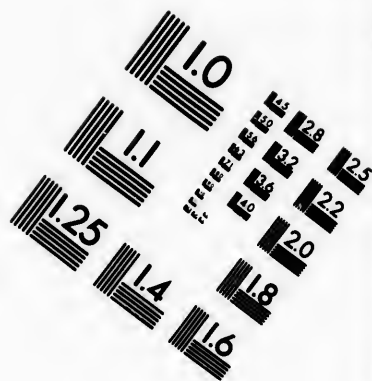
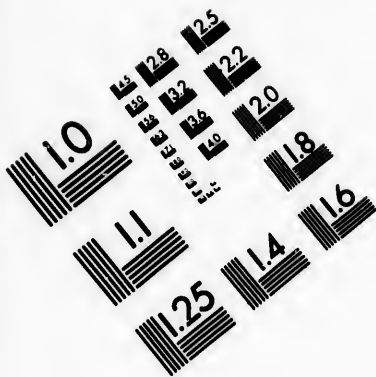
of stout leather secured to each other by six cross braces. The interlacing is effected by carrying "under and over" thongs of moose hide, and the web is generally secured to the frame by the same material. If you have succeeded in making your snow-shoes, you must reserve for the winter the pleasure of using them. In attaching the shoe the ball of the foot should be placed on the second cross-piece, and there secured by a strip of hide, which is first tied over the foot and then behind the ankle. Like riding on the velocipede, walking on snow-shoes looks easy enough; but a few somersaults usually convince the beginner that the art is not as simple as it appears. There is no telling where, in an unguarded moment, snow-shoes will land you. They seem to take an especial delight in stepping on each other, and turning their wearer upside down. The principal secret of success,—and one may as well know it at the start as learn it at the expense of a pint of snow down his back,—consists in taking steps sufficiently long to bring the widest part of the stepping-shoe beyond that of the other, keeping the feet rather far apart and stepping pretty high.

For coasting over a crust of snow there is no sled like the Indian toboggan. A bit of "clear" oak, such as may be had at one of our northern saw-mills, forms the proper basis for the toboggan. If possible, a single board eight feet long, sixteen inches wide, and one-third of an inch thick, must be had. Smooth, straight stuff of about an inch in thickness must be provided for the side pieces and cross pieces, all of which are to be lashed to the bottom and to each other by thongs of moose hide, or by leather shoe-strings, if nothing better can be had. Where the thongs pass through the bottom board they must be carefully imbedded, to prevent friction against the ground. The bending of the

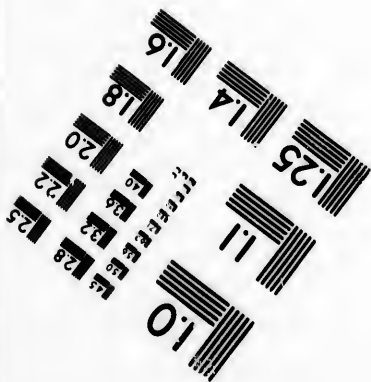
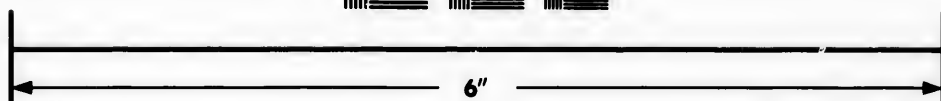
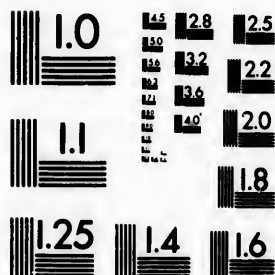


INDIAN SNOW-SHOE.





**IMAGE EVALUATION  
TEST TARGET (MT-3)**



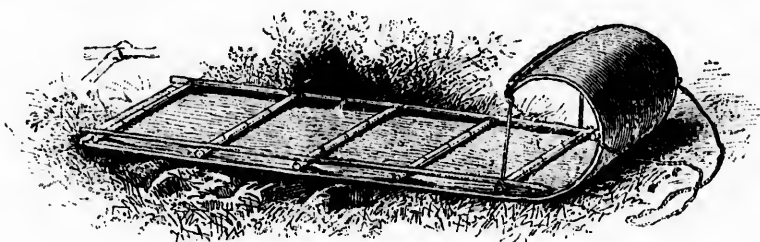
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graceful dash-board in front is easily accomplished by the aid of boiling water. Such a toboggan will easily accommodate three boys, the one at the stem being provided with a sharp steering stick, and the foreman holding firmly to the draw-



TOBOGGAN.

strings. This toboggan is "good" for three hundred pounds of freight, and for any amount of fun!

And now for the canoe. It is a fact worth remembering that for combined lightness, swiftness, strength, portability, and carrying power nothing has yet been invented that even approaches the birch-bark canoe of the poor Indian. Though the Indians excel in this particular kind of work the most ingenious pale-face, yet a reasonably good twelve-foot canoe can be made without much trouble. First, for the gunwales [*gun'nels*], we require four twelve-foot strips of cedar, ash, or other light strong wood, an inch wide and a quarter-inch thick. These strips must be tied together at the ends in pairs, and the two pairs then secured together at the ends. These strips receive between them the edge of the bark and give form to the canoe. The bottom of the canoe should, if possible, consist of a single smooth piece of bark. The piecing together of birch bark is accomplished with an awl or large needle and Indian twine (tamarack roots), an over-and-over stitch being sewed around the edge of each piece. When an area of bark four feet and a half by twelve feet has been secured, drive into a level plot of ground two pairs of stakes, ten feet apart, each two that form a pair being three inches apart. Now place the bark on the ground, white side uppermost, and fold it loosely and evenly in the direction of its length. The folded sheet of bark is placed between the stakes, a foot of bark projecting beyond each pair of stakes. The ends are closed by covering them with pieces of bark and stitching securely. The bark is sup-

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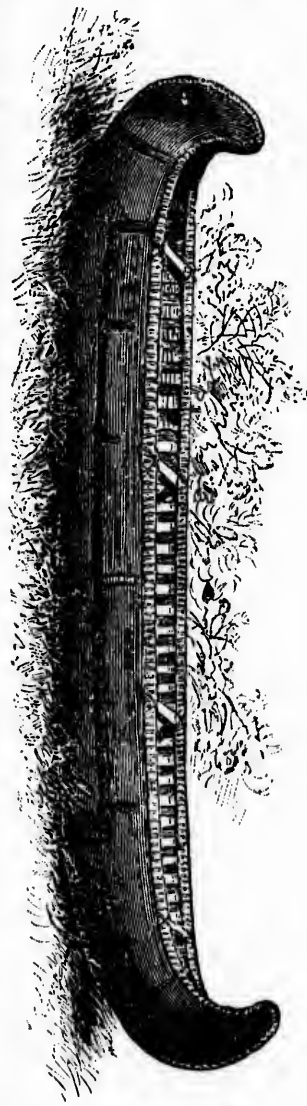
ported at each end by a log or a stone: this will cause the bottom line to form the proper curvature. The gunwale is now to receive the edge of the bark on each side, and is to be secured to it by a winding stitch, as is seen on the edge of a palm-leaf fan. The next steps are to line the canoe with thin cedar strips along its whole length, and to cross them with ribs of quarter-inch ash, the ribs being secured beneath the gunwales by a continuous loop-stitch through the bark. Four braces are now to be introduced and lashed firmly at their ends. The two middle braces should each be two feet long. Finally, the seams are to be made water-tight by smearing with pitch. The Indians, where necessary, used for pitch the melted gum of the spruce; but frequently they attained such perfection in workmanship that the mere sewing with tamarack roots left the canoe water-proof.

### HIAWATHA'S SAILING.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

(1807-1882).

“Give me of your bark, O Birch-Tree!  
Of your yellow bark, O Birch-Tree!  
Growing by the rushing river,  
Tall and stately in the valley!  
I a light canoe will build me,  
Build a swift Cheemaun for sailing,  
That shall float upon the river,  
Like a yellow leaf in Autumn,  
Like a yellow water-lily!  
“Lay aside your cloak, O Birch-Tree!  
Lay aside your white-skin wrapper,  
For the summer-time is coming,  
And the sun is warm in heaven,  
And you need no white-skin wrapper!”



BIRCH-BARK CANOE.



Thus aloud cried Hiawatha  
In the solitary forest,  
By the rushing Taquaménaw,  
When the birds were singing gaily,  
In the Moon of Leaves were singing,  
And the sun, from sleep awaking,  
Started up and said, "Behold me!  
Geezis, the great Sun, behold me!"

And the tree with all its branches  
Rustled in the breeze of morning,  
Saying, with a sigh of patience,  
"Take my cloak, O Hiawatha!"

With his knife the tree he girdled;  
Just beneath its lowest branches,  
Just above the roots, he cut it,  
Till the sap came oozing outward;  
Down the trunk, from top to bottom,  
Sheer he cleft the bark asunder,  
With a wooden wedge he raised it,  
Stripped it from the trunk unbroken.

"Give me of your boughs, O Cedar!  
Of your strong and pliant branches,  
My canoe to make more steady,  
Make more strong and firm beneath me!"

Through the summit of the Cedar  
Went a sound, a cry of horror,  
Went a murmur of resistance;  
But it whispered, bending downward,  
"Take my boughs, O Hiawatha!"

Down he hewed the boughs of Cedar,  
Shaped them straightway to a framework,  
Like two bows he formed and shaped them,  
Like two bended bows together.

"Give me of your roots, O Tamarack!  
Of your fibrous roots, O Larch-Tree!  
My canoe to bind together,  
So to bring the ends together  
That the water may not enter,  
That the river may not wet me!"

And the Larch, with all its fibres,  
Shivered in the air of morning,  
Touched his forehead with its tassels,

Said, with one long sigh of sorrow,  
"Take them all, O Hiawatha!"

From the earth he tore the fibres,  
Tore the tough roots of the Larch-Tree!  
Closely sewed the bark together,  
Bound it closely to the framework.

"Give me of your balm, O Fir-tree!  
Of your balsam and your resin,  
So to close the seams together  
That the water may not enter,  
That the river may not wet me!"

And the Fir-Tree, tall and sombre,  
Sobbed through all its robes of darkness,  
Rattled like a shore with pebbles,  
Answered wailing, answered weeping,  
"Take my balm, O Hiawatha!"

And he took the tears of balsam,  
Took the resin of the Fir-Tree,  
Smear'd therewith each seam and fissure,  
Made each crevice safe from water.

"Give me of your quills, O Hedgehog!  
All your quills, O Kagh, the Hedgehog!  
I will make a necklace of them,  
Make a girdle for my beauty,  
And two stars to deck her bosom!"

From a hollow tree the Hedgehog  
With his sleepy eyes looked at him,  
Shot his shining quills like arrows,  
Saying, with a drowsy murmur,  
Through the tangle of his whiskers,  
"Take my quills, O Hiawatha!"

From the ground the quills he gathered,  
All the little shining arrows,  
Stained them red and blue and yellow  
With the juice of roots and berries;  
Into his canoe he wrought them,  
Round its waist a shining girdle,  
Round its bows a gleaming necklace  
On its breast two stars resplendent.

Thus the Birch Canoe was builded,  
In the valley, by the river,  
In the bosom of the forest;

And the forest's life was in it,  
All its mystery and its magic,  
All the lightness of the birch-tree,  
All the toughness of the cedar,  
All the larch's supple sinews ;  
And it floated on the river  
Like a yellow leaf in Autumn,  
Like a yellow water-lily.

*Song of Hiawatha (1855).*



BIRCH-BARK CANOE.

**HEALTH OF HOUSES.—I.**

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE (b. 1820).

There are five essential points for securing the health of houses:—(1) *pure air*; (2) *pure water*; (3) *efficient drainage*; (4) *cleanliness*; (5) *light*. Without these no house can be healthy. And it will be unhealthy just in proportion as they do not exist.

**AIR.**

To have pure air, your house must be so built that the outer air may find its way with ease to every corner of its interior. House-builders do not always consider this. Their object in building a house is to obtain the largest interest for their money, not to save doctors' bills to the tenants. But if tenants ever become so wise as to refuse to occupy unhealthily-built houses, builders will speedily be brought to their senses. Bad houses do for the healthy what bad hospitals do for the sick. Once insure that the air in a house is stagnant, and sickness is certain to follow. No one thinks how much disease might be prevented, even in the country, by simply taking care to provide the cottages with fresh air. Sometimes an additional pane of glass, made to open and shut, and put into the wall where it is wanted, will make a cottage sweet which always has been musty. Sometimes a skylight, made to open, will make an attic wholesome which never was habitable before. Every careful woman will spread out the bedding daily to the light and the air.

No window is safe, as has often been said, which does not open at the top, or in which at least a pane in the upper row of the upper sash does not open. In small crowded rooms, the foul air is all above the chimney-breast, and is therefore quite ready to be breathed by the people in the room. This air requires to be let off; and the simplest way of doing so is one of these, namely—

- (1.) An Arnott's ventilator in the chimney, close to the ceiling.
- (2.) An air-brick in the wall at the ceiling.
- (3.) A pane of perforated glass in a passage or a stair window.

The large old fire-place, under which three or four people

could sit—still to be seen in cottages in the south of England, and in old manor-houses—was an immense benefit to the air of the room. Pity it has disappeared in all new buildings! But never stop up your chimney. Of whatever size it be, it is a good ventilator. And during almost every night of the year pull your window an inch down *at the top*. Remember, **AT THE TOP.**

#### WATER.

Pure water is more general in houses than it used to be, thanks to the exertions of a few. Within the last few years, a large part of London was in the daily habit of using water polluted by the drainage of its sewers and water-closets. This has happily been remedied. But, in many parts of the country, well-water of a very impure kind is used for domestic purposes. When epidemic disease shows itself, persons using such water are almost sure to suffer. Never use water that is not perfectly colorless and without taste or smell. Never keep water in an open tub or pail in a sitting-room or a bedroom. Water absorbs foul air, and becomes foul and unwholesome in consequence; and it damps the air in the room, making it also unwholesome.

#### DRAINAGE.

Many people have no idea of what good drainage consists in. They think that a sewer in the street, with a pipe leading to it from the house, is good drainage. All the while the sewer may be nothing but a place from which sickness and ill-health are being poured into the house. No house with an untrapped, unventilated drain-pipe, communicating immediately with an unventilated sewer, whether it be from water-closet, sink, or gully-grate, can ever be healthy. An untrapped sink may at any time spread fevers and other diseases among the inmates of a palace. Country cottages suffer from bad drainage quite as much as, if not more than, town houses. Their floors are sometimes on the level of the ground, instead of being a foot *or more* above it, as they ought to be, with the air playing freely below the boards. More frequently, however, the floors are not boarded, but are merely made of earth or of porous brick, which absorbs a large quantity of the moisture, and keeps damp cold air about the feet. Perhaps most frequently of all, the floor has been worn away several inches below the level of the ground, and of course after every wet day it is wet and sloppy.

But this is not the worst : sometimes a dung-hill or a pig-sty is kept so close to the door that the foul water from it, after rain, may be seen flowing into the house.

Have you ever observed that there are certain groups of houses over which the fog settles sooner than over others? The fog is nature's way of showing that the houses and their neighborhood are saturated with moisture from the neglects above specified. These fogs also point out where the fever or the cholera will come. To remedy this state of things, the ground requires to be drained or trenched, the earth cut away, the floors raised above the level of the ground, and dung-hills and pig-sties removed as far as possible from the houses. One of the most common causes of disease in towns is having cess-pools, ash-pits, or *midden-steeds* close to the houses. There are great and rich cities and towns which justly pride themselves on their drainage, their water-supply, their paving and surface cleansing, and which yet have more deaths in their dwellings than many towns where no such works have been carried out. There is no way of putting a stop to this terrible loss of life except by putting an end to these cess-pools and ash-pits, and by bringing in drainage, as has been done in many of the very worst districts of London.

Among the more common causes of ill-health in cottages is overcrowding. There is, perhaps, only a single room for a whole family, and not more than one hundred and fifty or two hundred cubic feet for every inmate. Nothing can make such a room healthy. Ventilation would improve it, but still it would be unhealthy. The only way to meet this overcrowded state of cottages is by adding rooms, or by building more cottages on a better model.

The ordinary oblong sink is an abomination. That great surface of stone, which is always left wet, is always exhaling hurtful vapors. I have known whole houses and hospitals smell of the sink. I have met just as strong a stream of sewer air coming up the back staircase of a grand London house from the sink as I have met at Scutari ; and I have seen the rooms in that house all ventilated by the open doors, and the passages all *unventilated* by the closed windows, in order, apparently, that as much of the sewer air as possible might be conducted into and retained in the bed-rooms. It is wonderful !



## TO FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

EDWIN ARNOLD (b. 1832).

If on this verse of mine  
 Those eyes shall ever shine,  
 Whereto sore-wounded men have looked for life,  
 Think not that for a rhyme,  
 Nor yet to fit the time,  
 I name thy name,—true victress in this strife!  
 But let it serve to say  
 That, when we kneel to pray,  
 Prayers rise for thee thine ear shall never know ;  
 And that thy gallant deed,  
 For God and for our need,  
 Is in all hearts, as deep as love can go.

'Tis good that thy name springs  
 From two of earth's fair things—  
 A stately city and a soft-voiced bird ;\*  
 'Tis well that in all homes,  
 When thy sweet story comes,  
 And brave eyes fill, that pleasant sounds be heard.  
 O voice ! in night of fear,  
 As night's bird, soft to hear ;  
 O great heart ! raised like city on a hill ;  
 O watcher ! worn and pale,  
 Good Florence Nightingale,  
 Thanks, ioving thanks, for thy large work and will !  
 England is glad of thee ;  
 Christ, for thy charity,  
 Take thee to joy when hand and heart are still !

1855.

\* Miss Nightingale was born at Florence in Italy, May 1820. She is the younger daughter of W. E. Shore, a Sheffield banker, who became heir to Peter Nightingale, and assumed his name. Miss Nightingale went with a corps of nurses to the Crimea in 1854. Her organization of hospitals at Scu'tari, and her care of the English sick and wounded, will always be remembered with deep gratitude.

**HEALTH OF HOUSES.—II.**

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE (b. 1820).

**CLEANLINESS.**

Without cleanliness within and without your house, ventilation is comparatively useless. In certain foul districts, poor people used to object to open their windows and doors because of the foul smells that came in. Rich people like to have their stables and dung-hill near their houses. But does it never occur to them that, with arrangements of this kind, it would be safer to keep the windows shut than open? You cannot have the air of the house pure with dung-heaps under the windows. These are common everywhere. And yet people are surprised that their children, brought up in "country air," suffer from children's diseases. If they studied nature's laws in the matter of children's health, they would not be so surprised.

There are other ways of having filth inside a house besides having dirt in heaps. Old-papered walls of years' standing, dirty carpets, dirty ceilings, uncleaned furniture,—these pollute the air just as much as if there were a dung-heap in the basement. People are so unaccustomed to consider how to make a home healthy, that they either never think of it at all, and take every disease as a matter of course; or, if they ever entertain the idea of preserving the health of their household as a duty, they are very apt to commit all kinds of "negligences and ignorances" in performing it. Even in the poorest houses, washing the walls and the ceilings with quick-lime wash twice a year would prevent more disease than you wot of.

**LIGHT.**

A dark house is always an unhealthy house, always an ill-aired house, always a dirty house. Want of light stops growth, and promotes scrofula, rickets, and other diseases among children. People lose their health in a dark house; and if they get ill, they cannot get well again in it. Three out of many "negligences and ignorances" in managing the health of houses generally, I shall here mention as specimens:—(1.) That the mistress of any house, large or small, does not think it necessary to visit every hole and corner of it every day. (2.) That it is not considered essential to air, to sun, and to clean every room, whether inhabited or not. (3.) That the window

is considered enough to air a room. Have you never observed that a room without a fire-place is always close? If you have a fire-place, do not stop up the throat of the chimney. If your chimney be foul, sweep it, but don't expect that you can ever air a room with only one opening—don't suppose that to shut up a room is the way to keep it clean.

I have known cases of sickness quite as severe in private houses as in any of the worst towns, and from the same cause—namely, foul air. What was the cause of sickness being in that nice private house? It was that the sewer air from an ill-placed sink was carefully conducted into all the rooms by sedulously opening all the doors and closing all the passage windows. It was that the chamber crockery was never properly rinsed, or was rinsed with dirty water. It was that the beds were never properly shaken, aired, picked to pieces, or changed. It was that the carpets and curtains were always musty, and that the furniture was always dusty. It was that the wall-paper was saturated with dirt, that the floors were never cleaned, and that the empty rooms were never sunned or aired. It was that the cupboards were always reservoirs of foul air. It was that the windows were always fast shut up at night. It was that no window was ever regularly opened, even in the day, or that the right window was never opened at all.

All this is not fancy, but fact. In the house referred to there have been in one summer six cases of serious illness, all the *immediate* products of foul air. When, in a temperate climate, a house is more unhealthy in summer than in winter, something must be wrong. Yet nobody learns the lesson.

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### THE DYING CHILD.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN (1805-1875).

[The following translation from the Danish of Andersen was executed by Mr. Ward for *Aunt Judy's Magazine*.]

Mother, I am tired ; I long to sleep so !  
 Let thy bosom be my sleeping-place :  
 Only promise me thou wilt not weep so,  
 For thy tears fall burning on my face.  
 Here 'tis cold, and there the clouds are fleeting ;  
 But in dreamland there are sunny skies,  
 And the angel-children give me greeting  
 Soon as I have closed my wearied eyes.

Dost thou see that angel coming, met' r?  
 Dost thou hear the music of his wings?  
 White they are; they shine on one another;  
 Beautiful from God the light he brings!  
 Rosy wings are coming too from heaven;  
 Angel-children wave them as they fly;—  
 Mother, shall I live till mine are given?  
 Or, before I get them, must I die?  
  
 Mother, wherefore dost thou look so earnest?  
 Wherefore dost thou press thy cheek to mine?  
 Wet it feels, and yet like fire thou burnest;—  
 Surely, mother, I shall still be thine!  
 Thou hast promised me thou wouldst not weep so;  
 If thou sobbest, I shall sob with thee.  
 Oh, I am so tired; I long to sleep so!  
 Mother, look! the angel kisses me.

#### THANATOPSIS ("Contemplation of Death").

All that breathe  
 Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh  
 When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care  
 Plod on, and each one as before will chase  
 His favorite phantom; yet all these shall leave  
 Their mirth and their employments, and shall come  
 And make their bed with thee. As the long train  
 Of ages glides away, the sons of men,—  
 The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes  
 In the full strength of years, matron and maid,  
 The speechless babe, and the gray-headed man,—  
 Shall one by one be gathered to thy side  
 By those who in their turn shall follow them.  
 So live, that when thy summons comes to join  
 The innumerable caravan which moves  
 To that mysterious realm, where each shall take  
 His chamber in the silent halls of death,  
 Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,  
 Scourged to his dungeon, but sustained and soothed  
 By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,  
 Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch  
 About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

W. C. BRYANT (written at 19 years of age), 1794.

**THE RETREAT FROM CABUL.**

(1842 A.D.)

JUSTIN M'CARTHY (b. 1830).

[The English interference in Afghanistan in 1838-42 led to the greatest disaster which ever befel the English arms. The Indian government and the government at home held it to be indispensable that English influence should predominate at Cabul, in order to check the intrigues of Persia and of Russia, who were said to be acting in concert. Dost Mahomed was the accepted and powerful ruler of the country; and he was anxious to be on friendly terms with England. But he was distrusted by Lord Auckland, the governor-general of India, who thought we should be more secure if a prince of our own selecting ruled Afghanistan. We adopted Shah Soojah, the representative of the exiled dynasty, as our *protégé*. We sent an army to Cabul, overthrew Dost Mahomed, sent him as a prisoner to India, and set up Shah Soojah in his place. The Afghans refused to accept Shah Soojah. They rose in riot at Cabul and slew the English envoy, Sir Alexander Burnes, and all his attendants. Akbar Khan, Dost Mahomed's son, put himself at the head of the insurgents. With his own hand he slew, at a conference, Sir William Macnaghten, one of the English generals. He required the English army to withdraw from Afghanistan.]

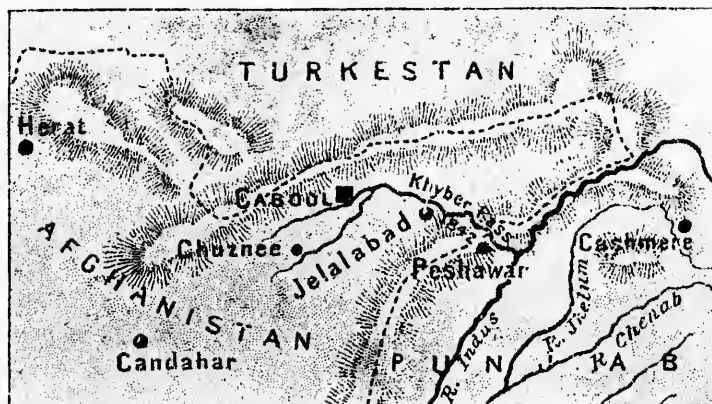
The withdrawal from Cabul began. It was the heart of a cruel winter. The English had to make their way through the awful pass of Koord Cabul. This stupendous gorge runs for some five miles between mountain ranges so narrow, lofty, and grim, that in the winter season the rays of the sun can hardly pierce its darkness even at the noontide. Down the centre dashed a precipitous mountain torrent so fiercely that the stern frost of that terrible time could not stay its course. The snow lay in masses on the ground; the rocks and stones that raised their heads above the snow in the way of the unfortunate travellers were slippery with frost. Soon the white snow began to be stained and splashed with blood. Fearful as this Koord Cabul Pass was, it was only a degree worse than the road which for two whole days the English had to traverse to reach it. The army which set out from Cabul numbered more than four thousand fighting men, of whom Europeans, it should be said, formed but a small proportion; and some twelve thousand camp followers of all kinds. There were also many women and children: Lady Macnaghten, widow of the murdered envoy; Lady Sale, whose gallant husband was holding Jelalabad\* at the near end of the Khyber Pass† towards the Indian frontier; Mrs. Sturt, her

\* Jelalabad', a fortified town at the western end of the Khy'ber Pass; 90 miles from Ca'bul and 80 from Peshaw'ur.

† Khyber Pass, the chief northern pass from India to Afghanistan. It is about 12 miles from Peshawur, and is 30 miles long. The rocks rise to 1,000 feet above the narrow pass.

daughter, soon to be widowed by the death of her young husband; Mrs. Trevor and her seven children, and many other pitiable fugitives.

The winter journey would have been cruel and dangerous enough in time of peace; but this journey had to be accomplished in the midst of something far worse than common war. At every step of the road, every opening of the rocks, the un-



happy crowd of confused and heterogeneous fugitives were beset by bands of savage fanatics, who with their long guns and long knives were murdering all they could reach. It was all the way a confused constant battle against a guerilla enemy of the most furious and merciless temper, who was perfectly familiar with the ground, and could rush forward and retire exactly as suited his tactics. The English soldiers, weary, weak, and crippled by frost, could make but a poor fight against the savage Afghans.

"It was no longer," says Sir J. W. Kaye, "a retreating army; it was a rabble in chaotic flight." Men, women, and children, horses, ponies, camels, the wounded, the dying, the dead, all crowded together in almost inextricable confusion among the snow and amid the relentless enemies. "The massacre," to quote again from Sir J. W. Kaye, "was fearful in this Koord Cabul Pass. Three thousand men are said to have fallen under the fire of the enemy, or to have dropped down paralyzed and exhausted to be slaughtered by the Afghan knives. And amidst these fearful scenes of carnage, through a shower of matchlock balls, rode English ladies on horseback or in camel-panniers, sometimes vainly endeavoring to keep their children





AFGHAN HILL-MEN FIGHTING.

beneath their eyes, and losing them in the confusion and bewilderment of the desolating march."

Was it for this, then, that our troops had been induced to



capitulate? Was this the safe-conduct which the Afghan chiefs had promised in return for accepting the ignominious conditions imposed on them? Some of the chiefs did exert themselves to their utmost to protect the unfortunate English. It is not certain what the real wish of Akbar Khan may have been. He protested that he had no power to restrain the hordes of fanatical Ghilzyes,\* whose own immediate chiefs had not authority enough to keep them from murdering the English whenever they got a chance. The force of some few hundred horsemen which Akbar Khan had with him was utterly incapable, he declared, of maintaining order among such a mass of infuriated and lawless savages. Akbar Khan constantly appeared on the scene during this journey of terror. At every opening or break of the long straggling flight he and his little band of followers showed themselves on the horizon: trying still to protect the English from utter ruin, as he declared; come to gloat over their misery and to see that it was surely accomplished, some of the unhappy English were ready to believe. Yet his presence was something that seemed to give a hope of protection.

Akbar Khan at length startled the English by a proposal that the women and children who were with the army should be handed over to his custody, to be conveyed by him in safety to Peshawur.† There was nothing better to be done. The only modification of his request, or command, that could be obtained was that the husbands of the married ladies should accompany their wives. With this agreement the women and children were handed over to the care of this dreaded enemy, and Lady Macnaghten had to undergo the agony of a personal interview with the man whose own hand had killed her husband. Few scenes in poetry or in romance can surely be more thrilling with emotion than such a meeting as this must have been. Akbar Khan was kindly in his language, and declared to the unhappy widow that he would give his right arm to undo, if it were possible, the deed that he had done.

The women and children, and the married men whose wives were among this party, were taken from the unfortunate army and placed under the care of Akbar Khan. As events turned

\* Ghilzyes, one of the hill tribes that infest the mountains between India and Afghanistan.

† Peshawur, the town in India nearest to the Khyber Pass; 40 miles west of Attock on the Indus.

out, this proved a fortunate thing for them. But in any case it was the best thing that could be done. Not one of these women and children could have lived through the horrors of the journey which lay before the remnant of what had once been a British force. The march was resumed; new horrors set in; new heaps of corpses stained the snow; and then Akbar Khan presented himself with a fresh proposition. In the treaty made at Cabul between the English authorities and the Afghan chiefs there was an article which stipulated that "the English force at Jelalabad shall march for Peshawur before the Cabul army arrives, and shall not delay on the road." Akbar Khan was especially anxious to get rid of the little army at Jelalabad at the near end of the Khyber Pass. He desired above all things that it should be on the march home to India; either that it might be out of his way, or that he might have a chance of destroying it on its way.

It was in great measure as a security for its moving that he desired to have the women and children under his care. It is not likely that he meant any harm to the women and children: it must be remembered that his father and many of the women of his family were under the control of the British Government as prisoners in Hindûstân. But he fancied that if he had the English women in his hands the army at Jelalabad could not refuse to obey the condition set down in the article of the treaty. Now that he had the women in his power, however, he demanded other guarantees with openly acknowledged purpose of keeping these latter until Jelalabad should have been evacuated. He demanded that General Elphinstone, the commander, with his second in command, and also one other officer, should hand themselves over to him as hostages. He promised if this were done to exert himself more than before to restrain the fanatical tribes, and to provide the army in the Koord Cabul Pass with provisions. There was nothing for it but to submit; and the English general himself became, with the women and children, a captive in the hands of the inexorable enemy.

Then the march of the army, without a general, went on again. Soon it became the story of a general without an army; before very long there was neither general nor army. It is idle to lengthen a tale of mere horrors. The straggling remnant of an army entered the Jugdulluk Pass\*—a dark, steep, narrow,

\* Jugdulluk' Pass; between the Koord Cabul Pass and Jelalabad. It is 5,300 feet above sea-level.

ascending path between crags. The miserable toilers found that the fanatical, implacable tribes had barricaded the pass. All was over. The army of Cabul was finally extinguished in that barricaded pass. It was a trap; the British were taken in it. A few mere fugitives escaped from the scene of actual slaughter, and were on the road to Jelalabad, where Sale and his little army were holding their own. When they were within sixteen miles of Jelalabad the number was reduced to six. Of these six, five were killed by straggling marauders on the way. One man alone reached Jelalabad to tell the tale. Literally one man, Dr. Bryden, came to Jelalabad out of a moving host which had numbered in all some sixteen thousand when it set out on its march. The curious eye will search through history or through fiction in vain for any picture more thrilling with the suggestions of an awful catastrophe than that of this solitary survivor, faint and reeling on his jaded horse, as he appeared under the walls of Jelalabad, to bear the tidings of our Thermopylæ of pain and shame.

[This is the crisis of the story. General Sale declined to quit Jelalabad, and was besieged there by Akbar Khan. As soon as Sale learned that General Pollock was forcing the Khyber Pass to relieve him, he attacked the Afghans and completely defeated them. Pollock then marched swiftly on Cabul and destroyed its fortifications, after having rescued Lady Sale and the other hostages.]

*A History of Our Own Times (1880).*

### THE RED THREAD OF HONOR.

*Told to the author by the late Sir Charles J. Napier.*

SIR FRANCIS HASTINGS DOYLE (b. 1810).

(Late Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford.)

Eleven men of England

A breastwork charged in vain;

Eleven men of England

Lie stripped, and gashed, and slain.

Slain,—but of foes that guarded

Their rock-built fortress well,

Some twenty had been mastered

When the last soldier fell.

Whilst Napier piloted his wondrous way

Across the sand-waves of the desert sea,

Then flashed at once, on each fierce clan, dismay,—  
 Lord of their wild Truckæe.\*  
 These missed the glen to which their steps were bent,  
 Mistook a mandate, from afar half-heard ;  
 And in that glaring error, calmly went  
 To death without a word.

The robber-chief mused deeply  
 Above those daring dead :  
 "Bring here," at length he shouted,  
 "Bring quick, the battle thread.  
 Let Eblis † blast for ever  
 Their souls, if Allah will ;  
 But *we* must keep unbroken  
 The old rules of the Hill.

"Before the Ghiznee tiger ‡  
 Leapt forth to burn and slay ;  
 Before the holy prophet  
 Taught our grim tribes to pray ;  
 Before Secunder's § lances  
 Pierced through each Indian glen,  
 The mountain laws of honor  
 Were framed for fearless men.

"Still, when a chief dies bravely,  
 We bind with green *one* wrist—  
 Green for the brave ; for heroes  
 ONE crimson thread we twist.  
 Say ye, O gallant Hillmen,  
 For these, whose life has fled,  
 Which is the fitting color—  
 The green one, or the red ?"

"Our brethren laid in honored graves may wear  
 Their green reward," each noble savage said ;  
 "To these, whom hawks and hungry wolves shall tear,  
 Who dares deny the red ?"

\* A stronghold in the desert, supposed to be inaccessible and impregnable.

† In the *Korân* Eblis is the monarch of the spirits of evil.

‡ Mahmûd (A.D. 998-1030), setting out from his capital Ghizni, made a series of destructive incursions into Hindûstân.

§ Alexander the Great. Secunder is Indian for Alexander.

Thus conquering hate, and steadfast  
to the right,  
Fresh from the heart that haughty  
verdict came ;  
Beneath a waning moon each spectral  
height  
Rolled back its loud acclaim.

Once more the chief gazed keenly  
Down on those daring dead ;  
From his good sword their heart's blood  
Crept to that crimson thread :  
"Once more," he cried, "the judgment,  
Good friends, is wise and true ;  
But though the red be given,  
Have we not more to do ?

"These were not stirred by anger,  
Nor yet by lust made bold ;  
Reason they thought above them,  
Nor did they look for gold.  
To whom their leader's signal  
Was as the voice of God ;  
Unmoved and uncomplaining,  
The path it showed they trod.

"As, without sound or struggle,  
The stars, unhurrying, march  
Where Allah's finger guides them,  
Through yonder purple arch,  
These Franks, sublimely silent,  
Without a quickened breath,  
Went, in the strength of duty,  
Straight to their goal of death.

"If I were now to ask you  
To name our bravest man,  
Ye all at once would answer,  
They called him Mehrab Khan.  
He sleeps among his fathers,  
Dear to our native land,  
With the bright mark he bled for  
Firm around his faithful hand.

“The songs they sing of Roostum  
Fill all the past with light ;  
If truth be in their music  
He was a noble knight.  
But were these heroes living,  
And strong for battle still,  
Would Mehrab Khan or Roostum  
Have climbed, like these, the Hill ?”

And they replied, “Though Mehrab Khan was  
brave—

As chief, he chose himself what risks to run ;  
Prince Roostum lied, his forfeit life to save,  
Which these have never done.”

“Enough !” he shouted fiercely :  
“Doomed though they be to hell,  
Bind fast the crimson trophy  
Round both wrists—bind it well !

“Who knows but that great Allah  
May grudge such matchless men,  
With none so decked in heaven,  
To the fiend’s flaming den ?”

Then all those gallant robbers  
Shouted a stern “Amen !”  
They raised the slaughtered sergeant—  
They raised his mangled ten.

And when we found their bodies  
Left bleaching in the wind,  
Around BOTH wrists in glory  
That crimson thread was twined.

Then Napier’s knightly heart, touched to the core,  
Rung, like an echo, to that knightly deed :  
He bade its memory live for evermore,  
That those who run may read.

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## ENGLISH SCHOOLS IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

WM. STUBBS, M.A., REGIUS PROFESSOR OF MODERN HISTORY, OXFORD.

[Spencer Walpole, the author of *The History of England from 1815*, thus contrasts Mr. Stubbs as an historian with Hallam: "Mr. Hallam's labors have perhaps done more than Mr. Stubbs's researches to give the general reader a clear idea of constitutional progress; but Mr. Stubbs's work has done more to assist the student than Mr. Hallam's history. Mr. Hallam excels in manner, Mr. Stubbs in matter; Mr. Hallam is superior to Mr. Stubbs in his generalizations, Mr. Stubbs to Mr. Hallam in the copiousness of his details."]

Absolutely unlettered ignorance ought not to be alleged against the middle and lower classes of these ages; that in every village reading and writing must have been not unknown accomplishments, even if books and paper were so scarce as to confine these accomplishments practically to the mere uses of business. Schools were by no means uncommon things: there were schools in all cathedrals; monasteries and colleges were everywhere, and wherever there was a monastery or a college there was a school. Towards the close of the Middle Ages, notwithstanding many causes for depression, there was much vitality in the schools. William of Wykeham at Winchester and Henry VI. at Eton set conspicuous examples of reform and improvement; the Lollards taught their doctrines in schools; the schools of the cathedrals continued to flourish. The depression of education was recognized but not acquiesced in. In 1447 four parish priests of London, in a petition to Parliament, begged the Commons to consider the great number of grammar schools "that sometime were in diverse parts of the realm beside those that were in London, and how few there be in these days;" there were many learners, they continued, but few teachers; masters rich in money, scholars poor in learning: they asked leave to appoint schoolmasters in their parishes, to be removed at their discretion; and Henry VI. granted the petition, subjecting that discretion to the advice of the ordinary.\* Learning had languished, as may be inferred from the fact that the decline of the universities had only been arrested by the rapid endowment of the new colleges, and that the restriction of the Church patronage of the Crown to university men had been offered as an inducement to draw men to Oxford and Cambridge. But the great men of the land, ministers and

\* *Ordinary*, as here used, means the established judge of ecclesiastical causes.

prelates, were devoting themselves and their goods liberally to prevent further decline; and their efforts were not unappreciated in the class they strove to benefit. In this, as in some other matters, it is probable that the invention of printing acted at first somewhat abruptly, and by the very suddenness of change stayed rather than stimulated exertion. Just as men ceased for the moment to write books because the press could multiply the old ones to a bewildering extent, the flood of printing threatened to carry away all the profits of teaching and most of the advantages which superior clerkship included. It is true the paralysis of literary energy in both cases was short, but it had in both cases the result of giving to the revival that followed it the look of a new beginning. The new learning differed from the old in many important points; but its novelty was mainly apparent in the fact that it sprang to life after the blow under which the old learning had succumbed. So it was with education generally: the new schools for which Colet and Ascham\* and their successors labored, and the new schools that Edward VI., Mary, and Elizabeth founded out of the estates of the chantries, were chiefly new in the fact that they replaced a machinery which for the time had lost all energy and power. It is not improbable that the fifteenth century, although its records contain more distinct references to educational activity than those of the fourteenth, had experienced some decline in this point—a decline sufficiently marked to call for an effort to remedy it. But however this may have been, whether the foundation of Winchester and Eton, and the country schools that followed in their wake, was the last spark of an expiring flame, or the first flicker of the newly-lighted lamp, the Middle Ages did not pass away in total darkness in the matter of education; and it was not in mockery that the Parliament of Henry IV. allowed every man, free or villein, to send his sons and daughters to school wherever he could find one.

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\* John Colet, Dean of St. Paul's, b. 1466; founded St. Paul's School, London, and appointed William Lilly first master, 1512. Roger Ascham (*As'kam*), Latin Secretary to Edward VI., Mary, and Elizabeth. Wrote his "Schole-master" 1550 (published 1570); d. Dec. 30, 1568.

**THE EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION.**

HON. GEORGE BROWN (1818-1880).

[On New-Year's Day, 1863, President Lincoln issued a proclamation setting free the slaves everywhere throughout the United States. This decisive stroke, while powerfully influencing the issue of the Civil War, received the hearty approval of the friends of human freedom throughout the world. At the Twelfth Anniversary Meeting of the *Anti-Slavery Society*, held (Wednesday evening, 4th February 1863) in the Music Hall, Toronto, Mr. Brown delivered the speech from which the following extracts are made. Of this speech the *London Atheneum* (May 15th, 1880) said: "It had an effect quite as striking as any orator could desire. It was reprinted in this country, and it received from Mr. John Stuart Mill the high praise of being the best speech on the subject which he had read."]

Sir, I care not to pry narrowly into the motives of all those who have contributed to bring about this great change in the Republic. I care not to examine critically the precise mode by which it has been brought about. I care not to discuss the arguments by which it has been promoted or defended in the Republic. What to us signifies all this? We see before us the great fact that the chains have already fallen from the hands of tens of thousands of human chattels; we see that, if the policy of the present Government at Washington prevails, the curse of human slavery will be swept from our continent for ever; and our hearts now go up with earnest petitions to the God of Battles that he will strengthen the hands of Abraham Lincoln and give wisdom to his councils.

[After an historical review of the Anti-Slavery movement and its vicissitudes, Mr. Brown proceeded:—]

But, Mr. Chairman, there is another question constantly heard, and it is this:—"Why did not Mr. Lincoln openly, frankly, and from the first declare the overthrow of slavery to be his object in the Civil War? Now, sir, I could understand such a question as this coming from a pro-slavery man, for we have become used to the twistings and windings of that class of disputants; but, I confess, I do not comprehend such a question coming from the lips of a true emancipationist. Mr. Lincoln was not elected by the whole North, but only by a portion of the Northern electors; Mr. Lincoln's views on the slave question were not held by the whole North, but, on the contrary, a large portion of the North approved of slavery and denounced Mr. Lincoln's policy upon it. Mr. Lincoln had a divided North to fight with against a united South; and yet

those professing Abolitionists would have had him come out with an unnecessary declaration which would have split up his supporters, and given the South the uncontrolled mastery of the Union. No, sir; Mr. Lincoln knew better what he was about. He simply declared for the maintenance of the Union. And why? Because he knew that men would come in to fight with him for the maintenance of the Union whose political antecedents forbade them from fighting for the overthrow of slavery. He desired to get a united North as against a united South, and he could only get them united on the ground of the maintenance of the Union. But well he knew that, if the Union were maintained, and he himself remained President of the Union, his end would be accomplished.

Time did its work. Many of the Democratic party, in the heat of strife, forgot their political antecedents, and gradually saw and admitted the necessity of waging war against slavery; and Mr. Lincoln was enabled to venture on measures that dared not have been breathed at the beginning of the struggle.

I am well assured that those of us who may be spared some years hence to look back upon this Civil War in America, will never have cause to repent that they took part in the proceedings of this night, but will remember with pride and pleasure that we did what we could to uphold the right. For myself, sir, whatever may be the result of the present strife, I shall always feel the highest satisfaction in recollecting that with the sin of sympathizing with slavery or secession my hands are not defiled; but that from the commencement of the struggle my earnest aspirations have gone with the friends of freedom.

*The American War and Slavery: a Speech delivered at Toronto. (Manchester, 1863.)*

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### THE REVELLE.\*

FRANCIS BRET HARTE (b. 1839).

Hark! I hear the tramp of thousands,  
 And of arméd men the hum;  
 Lo! a nation's hosts have gathered  
 Round the quick alarming drum,

\* Pr. ray-vay-yea, "drum-call."

Saying, "Come,  
Freemen, come!  
Ere your heritage be wasted," said the quick alarming drum.

"Let me of my heart take counsel:  
War is not of life the sum;  
Who shall stay and reap the harvest  
When the autumn days shall come?"  
But the drum  
Echoed, "Come!  
Death shall reap the braver harvest," said the solemn-sounding  
drum.

"But, when won the coming battle,  
What of profit springs therefrom?  
What if conquest, subjugation,  
Even greater ills become?"  
But the drum  
Answered, "Come!  
You must do the sum to prove it," said the Yankee-answering  
drum.

"What if, 'mid the cannons' thunder,  
Whistling shot and bursting bomb,  
When my brothers fall around me,  
Should my heart grow cold and numb?"  
But the drum  
Answered, "Come!  
Better there in death united than in life a recreant,—come!"

Thus they answered—hoping, fearing,  
Some in faith, and doubting some,  
Till a trumpet-voice, proclaiming,  
Said, "My chosen people, come!"  
Then the drum,  
Lo! was dumb,  
For the great heart of the nation, throbbing, answered, "Lord,  
we come!"

## AUGUST.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE (b. 1843).

There were four apples on the bough,  
 Half gold, half red, that one might know  
 The blood was ripe inside the core ;  
 The color of the leaves was more  
 Like stems of yellow corn that grow  
 Through all the gold June meadow's floor.

The warm smell of the fruit was good  
 To feed on, and the split green wood,  
 With all its bearded lips and stains  
 Of mosses in the cloven veins,  
 Most pleasant, if one lay or stood  
 In sunshine or in happy rains.

There were four apples on the tree,  
 Red stained through gold, that all might see  
 The sun went warm from core to rind ;  
 The green leaves made the summer blind  
 In that soft place they kept for me  
 With golden apples shut behind.

That August time it was delight  
 To watch the red moon's wane to white  
 'Twixt gray-seamed stems of apple-trees ;  
 A sense of heavy harmonies  
 Grew on the growth of patient night,  
 More sweet than shapen music is.\*

But some three hours before the moon,  
 The air, still eager from the noon,  
 Flagged after heat, not wholly dead :  
 Against the stem I leant my head ;  
 The color soothed me like a tune,  
 Green leaves all round the gold and red.

I lay there till the warm smell grew  
 More sharp, when flecks of yellow dew  
 Between the round ripe leaves had blurred  
 The rind with stain and wet ; I heard  
 A wind that blew, and breathed, and blew,  
 Too weak to alter its one word. *Poems and Ballads.*

\* That is, grew more distinct as the night grew on ; and these vague harmonies were sweeter than formal music.





### THE INDIAN SUMMER.

SAMUEL LOVER (1797-1868).

[The poet's explanatory note is:—"The brief period which succeeds the autumnal close, called the 'Indian summer,'—a reflex, as it were, of the early portion of the year,—strikes a stranger in America as peculiarly beautiful, and quite charmed me." Lover arrived in New York on the 6th September 1846, and spent eighteen months in travelling through the United States and Canada, making pen-and-pencil sketches of scenery and manners.]

When summer's verdant beauty flies,  
And autumn glows with richer dyes,  
A softer charm beyond them lies—

It is the Indian summer.

Ere winter's snows and winter's breeze  
Bereave of beauty all the trees,  
The balmy spring renewal sees  
In the sweet Indian summer.

And thus, dear love, if early years  
Have drowned the germ of joy in tears,  
A later gleam of hope appears—

Just like the Indian summer:

And ere the snows of age descend,  
Oh, trust me, dear one, changeless friend,  
Our falling years may brightly end—

Just like the Indian summer.

## THE LOTOS-EATERS.

ALFRED TENNYSON (b. 1809).

[In the *Odyssey* (ix. 94) Homer tells how Ulysses in his wanderings came to the land of the Lotos-eaters. Whoever ate of that delicious fruit lost all desire to return to his native land, and would fain dwell for ever among the Lotophagi. Later writers, who desired to find a local habitation for every poetic creation of Homer's, placed the scene on the North African coast between the Syrtes.]

“Courage!” he said, and pointed toward the land;  
 “This mounting wave will roll us shoreward soon.”  
 In the afternoon they came unto a land  
 In which it seem'd always afternoon:  
 All round the coast the languid air did swoon,  
 Breathing like one that hath a weary dream;  
 Full-faced above the valley stood the moon;  
 And like a downward smoke the slender stream  
 Along the cliff to fall and pause and fall did seem.

A land of streams! some like a downward smoke,  
 Slow-dropping veils of thinnest lawn, did go;  
 And some through wavering lights and shadows broke,  
 Rolling a slumb'rous sheet of foam below.  
 They saw the gleaming river seaward flow  
 From the inner land; far off, three mountain-tops,  
 Three silent pinnacles of aged snow,  
 Stood sunset-flashed; and, dewed with showery drops,  
 Up clomb\* the shadowy pine above the woven copse.

The charm'd sunset lingered low adown  
 In the red west: through mountain clefts the dale  
 Was seen far inland, and the yellow down  
 Bordered with palm, and many a winding vale  
 And meadow set with slender galingale,—  
 A land where all things always seem'd the same!  
 And round about the keel with faces pale,  
 Dark faces pale against that rosy flame,  
 The mild-eyed melancholy Lotos-eaters came.

\* This form of the past tense of *climb* occurs in Milton, Spenser, and earlier writers. It occurs half-a-dozen times in Tennyson.

Branches they bore of that enchanted stem,  
 Laden with flower and fruit, whereof they gave  
 To each : but whoso did receive of them,  
 And taste, to him the gushing of the wave  
 Far, far away did seem to mourn and rave  
 On alien shores ; and if his fellow spake,  
 His voice was thin, as voices from the grave ;  
 And deep asleep he seemed, yet all awake ;  
 And music in his ears his beating heart did make.

They sat them down upon the yellow sand,  
 Between the sun and moon upon the shore ;  
 And sweet it was to dream of fatherland,  
 Of child, and wife, and slave : but evermore  
 Most weary seemed the sea, weary the oar,  
 Weary the wandering fields of barren foam.  
 Then some one said, " We will return no more !"  
 And all at once they sang, " Our island home  
 Is far beyond the wave ; we will no longer roam."

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#### STANZAS FROM THE CASTLE OF INDOLENCE.

JAMES THOMSON (1699-1748).

Full in the passage of the vale above  
 A sable, silent, solemn forest stood,  
 Where nought but shadowy forms were seen to move,  
 As Idless fancied in her dreaming mood ;  
 And up the hills, on either side, a wood  
 Of blackening pines, aye waving to and fro,  
 Sent forth a sleepy horror through the blood ;  
 And where this valley winded out, below,  
 The murmuring main was heard, and scarcely heard, to flow.

A pleasing land of drowsy-head it was,  
 Of dreams that wave before the half-shut eye,  
 And of gay castles in the clouds that pass,  
 For ever flushing round a summer sky ;  
 There eke the soft delights that witchingly  
 Instil a wanton sweetness through the breast,  
 And the calm pleasures always hovered nigh ;  
 But whate'er smacked of noyance or unrest  
 Was far, far off expelled from this delicious nest.

**SCANDINAVIA.**

PAUL B. DU CHAILLU (b. 1835).

[The discoverer of the gorilla transferred his researches from the equatorial belt of Africa to Scandinavia, and especially to that region which lies within the Arctic Circle. His valuable narrative, "The Land of the Midnight Sun," is based on a series of journeys made at different times from 1871 to 1878, embracing a sojourn of nearly five years in those far north lands. He acquired the languages, and thoroughly identified himself with the manners and customs of the people.]

There is a beautiful country far away towards the icy North. It is a glorious land, with snowy, bold, and magnificent mountains; deep, narrow, and well-wooded valleys; bleak plateaux and slopes; wild ravines; clear and picturesque lakes; immense forests of birch, pine, and fir-trees, the solitude of which seems to soothe the restless spirit of man; large and superb glaciers, unrivalled elsewhere in Europe for size; arms of the sea, called fjords, of extreme beauty, reaching far inland in the midst of grand scenery; numberless rivulets, whose crystal waters vary in shade and color as the rays of the sun strike upon them on their journey towards the ocean, tumbling in countless cascades and rapids, filling the air with the music of their fall; rivers and streams, which, in their hurried course from the heights above to the chasm below, plunge in grand waterfalls, so beautiful, white, and chaste, that the beholder never tires of looking at them; they appear like an enchanted vision before him, in the reality of which he can hardly believe. Contrasted with these are immense areas of desolate and barren land and rocks, often covered with boulders which in many places are piled here and there in thick masses, and swamps and moorlands, all so dreary that they impress the stranger with a feeling of loneliness from which he tries in vain to escape. There are also many exquisite sylvan landscapes, so quiet, so picturesque, by the sea and lakes, by the hills and mountain-sides, by the rivers and in the glades, that one delights to linger among them. Large and small tracts of cultivated land, or fruitful glens and valleys bounded by woods or rocks, with farm-houses and cottages, around which fair-haired children play, present a striking picture of contentment. Such are the characteristic features of the peninsula of Scandinavia, surrounded almost everywhere by a wild and austere coast. Nature in Norway is far bolder and more majestic than in Sweden; but certain

parts of the coast along the Baltic present charming views of rural landscape.

From the last days of May to the end of July, in the northern part of this land, the sun shines day and night upon its mountains, fjords, rivers, lakes, forests, valleys, towns, villages, hamlets, fields, and farms; and thus Sweden and Norway may be called "The Land of the Midnight Sun." During this period of continuous daylight the stars are never seen, the moon appears pale, and sheds no light upon the earth. Summer is short, giving just time enough for the wild flowers to grow, to bloom, and to fade away, and barely time for the husbandman to collect his harvest, which, however, is sometimes nipped by a summer frost. A few weeks after the midnight sun has passed, the hours of sunshine shorten rapidly, and by the middle of August the air becomes chilly and the nights colder, although during the day the sun is warm. Then the grass turns yellow, the leaves change their color, and wither, and fall; the swallows and other migrating birds fly towards the south; twilight comes once more; the stars, one by one, make their appearance, shining brightly in the pale-blue sky; the moon shows itself again as the queen of night, and lights and cheers the long and dark days of the Scandinavian winter. The time comes at last when the sun disappears entirely from sight; the heavens appear in a blaze of light and glory, and the stars and the moon pale before the aurora borealis.

Scandinavia! often have I wandered over thy snow-clad mountains, hills, and valleys, over thy frozen lakes and rivers, seeming to hear, as the reindeer, swift carriers of the North, flew onward, a voice whispering to me, "Thou hast been in many countries where there is no winter, and where flowers bloom all the year; but hast thou ever seen such glorious nights as these?" And I silently answered, "Never! never!"

This country, embracing nearly sixteen degrees in latitude, is inhabited chiefly by a flaxen-haired and blue-eyed race of men—brave, simple, honest, and good. They are the descendants of the Norsemen and of the Vikings, who in the days of old, when Europe was degraded by the chains of slavery, were the only people that were free, and were governed by the laws they themselves made; and, when emerging from their rock-bound and stormy coast for distant lands, for war or conquest, were the embodiment of courage and daring by land and sea. They have left to this day an indelible impression of their char-

acter on the countries they overran, and in which they settled; and England is indebted for the freedom she possesses, and the manly qualities of her people—their roving disposition, the love of the sea, and of conquest in distant lands—to this admixture of Scandinavian blood, which, through hereditary transmission, makes her prominent as descended chiefly from Anglo-Scandinavians and not Anglo-Saxons.

*The Land of the Midnight Sun* (1882), chap. i.

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### WINTER: A DIRGE.

(1784.)

ROBERT BURNS (1759-1796).

The wintry west extends his blast,  
 And hail and rain does blaw;  
 Or the stormy north sends driving forth  
 The blinding sleet and snaw:  
 While tumbling brown, the burn comes down,  
 And roars frae bank to brae;  
 And bird and beast in covert rest  
 And pass the heartless day.

“The sweeping blast, the sky o’ercast,”  
 The joyless winter day,  
 Let others fear,—to me more dear  
 Than all the pride of May:  
 The tempest’s howl, it soothes my soul,  
 My griefs it seems to join;  
 The leafless trees my fancy please,  
 Their fate resembles mine!

Thou Power Supreme, whose mighty scheme  
 These woes of mine fulfil,  
 Here firm I rest, they *must* be best,  
 Because they are *thy* will!  
 Then all I want (oh! do thou grant  
 This one request of mine!)  
 Since to *enjoy* thou dost deny,  
 Assist me to resign.





### A WALRUS HUNT.

ELISHA KENT KANE, M.D. (1822-1857).

The party which Morton attended on a walrus hunt had three sledges. One was to be taken to a cache in the neighborhood; the other two were dragged, at a quick run, toward the open water, about ten miles to the south-west. They had but nine dogs to these two sledges, one man only riding, the others running, by turns. As they neared the new ice, where the black wastes of mingled cloud and water betokened the open sea, they from time to time removed their hoods, and listened intently for the animal's voice.

After a while, Myouk became convinced, from signs or sounds, or both,—for they were inappreciable by Morton,—that the walrus were waiting for him in a small space of recently open water that was glazed over with a few days' growth of ice; and, moving gently on, they soon heard the characteristic bellow of a bull awuk. The walrus, like some of the higher order of beings to which he has been compared, is fond of his own music, and will lie for hours listening to himself. His vocalization is something between the mooing of a cow and the deepest baying of a mastiff, very round and full, with its barks

or detached notes repeated rather quickly, from seven to nine times in succession.

The party now formed in single file, following in each other's steps, and wound behind hummocks and ridges in a serpentine approach toward a group of pond-like discolorations—recently frozen ice-spots—but surrounded by firmer and older ice. When within half a mile of these, the line broke, and each man crawled toward a separate pool,—Morton, on his hands and knees, following Myouk. In a few minutes the walrus were in sight. They were five in number, rising at intervals through the ice in a body, and breaking it up with an explosive puff that might have been heard for miles. Two large, grim-looking males were conspicuous as the leaders of the group.

Now for the marvel of the craft. When the walrus is above water, the hunter is flat and motionless; when he begins to sink, alert and ready for a spring. The animal's head is hardly below the water-line before every man is in a rapid run; and again, as if by instinct, before the beast returns, all are motionless behind protecting knolls of ice. They seem to know beforehand not only the time he will be absent, but the very spot at which he will reappear. In this way, hiding and advancing by turns, Myouk, with Morton at his heels, has reached a plate of thin ice, hardly strong enough to bear them, at the very brink of the water-pool in which the walrus are curvetting. Myouk, till now phlegmatic, seems to waken with excitement. His coil of walrus-hide, a well-trimmed line of many fathoms' length, is lying at his side. He fixes one end of it in an iron barb, and fastens this loosely, by a socket, upon a shaft of unicorn's horn; the other end is already looped, or, as sailors would say, "doubled in a bight." It is the work of a moment. He has grasped the harpoon: the water is in motion. Puffing with pent-up respiration, the walrus is close before him. Myouk rises slowly—his right arm thrown back, the left flat at his side. The walrus looks about him, shaking the water from his crest; Myouk throws up his left arm, and the animal, rising breast high, fixes one look before he plunges. It has cost him all that curiosity can cost,—the harpoon is buried under his left flipper. Though the awuk is down in a moment, Myouk is running at desperate speed from the scene of his victory, paying off his coil freely, but clutching the end by its loop. As he runs, he seizes a small piece of bone, rudely pointed with iron, and, by a sudden movement, drives it into the ice; to this he

securer his line, pressing it down close to the ice-surface with his feet.

Now comes the struggle. The water is dashed in mad commotion by the struggles of the wounded animal; the line is drawn tight at one moment, relaxed the next. The hunter has not left his station. There is a crash of the ice; and rearing up through it are two walrus, not many yards from where he stands. One of them, the male, is excited and, seemingly, terrified; the other, the female, is collected and vengeful. Down they go again, after one grim survey of the field; and, at that instant, Myouk changes his position, carrying his coil with him, and fixing it anew. He has hardly fixed it before the pair have again risen, breaking up an area of ten feet in diameter about the very spot he left. As they sink once more, he again changes his place. Thus the conflict goes on between address and force, till the victim, half-exhausted, receives a second wound, and is played like a trout by the angler's reel.

Even when not excited, the walrus manages his tusks bravely. They are so strong that he uses them to grapple the rocks with, and climbs steep slopes of ice and land which would be inaccessible to him without their aid. He ascends in this way rocky islands that are sixty and a hundred feet above the level of the sea; and I have myself seen him in these elevated positions basking with his young in the cool sunshine of August and September. He can strike a fearful blow; but prefers charging with his tusks in a soldierly manner. I do not doubt the old stories of the Spitzbergen fisheries and Cherie Island, where the walrus puts to flight the crowds of European boats. Awuk (the walrus) is the lion of the Danish Esquimaux, and they always speak of him with the highest respect.

Some idea may be formed of the ferocity of the walrus from the fact that the battle which Morton witnessed—not without sharing in its dangers—lasted for four hours; during which the animal rushed continually at the Esquimaux as they approached, tearing off great tables of ice with his tusks, and showing no indication of fear whatever. He received upwards of seventy lance wounds,—Morton counted over sixty; and even then the walrus remained hooked by his tusks to the margin of the ice, either unable or unwilling to retire. His female fought in the same manner, but fled on receiving a lance wound.

*Arctic Explorations in Search of Sir John Franklin.*

## DISCOVERY OF THE MOUTH OF THE MACKENZIE RIVER.

SIR ALEXANDER MACKENZIE (1760-1820).

[Mackenzie emigrated from Scotland when a young man, and entering the service of the North-West Fur Company, was stationed for seven years at Fort Chipewyan, on Lake Athabasca. In 1789 he undertook to explore the mighty river that now bears his name, but which he himself treated as the northern extension of the Unjigah or Peace River (*Journal of Peace River Voyage, June 11, 1793*). His iron physique carried him safely through the terrible hardships that he experienced in penetrating to the Arctic Ocean in 1789, and to the Pacific Ocean in 1793. He was the first white man that penetrated the solitudes here described.]

*Monday, July 13, 1789.*

We had no sooner retired to rest last night, if I may use that expression in a country where the sun never sinks beneath the horizon, than some of the people were obliged to rise and remove the baggage, on account of the rising of the water.

[Two days later this mysterious rising of the water was found to be caused by the tide of the Arctic Ocean.]

*Friday, 17th, 1789.*

We embarked at four in the morning, and passed four encampments, which appeared to have been very lately inhabited. We then landed upon a small round island, close to the eastern shore, which possessed somewhat of a sacred character, as the top of it seemed to be a place of sepulture, from the numerous graves which we observed there. We found the frame of a small canoe, with various dishes, troughs, and other utensils, which had been the living property of those who could now use them no more, and form the ordinary accompaniments of their last abodes. As no part of the skin that must have covered the canoe was remaining, we concluded that it had been eaten by wild animals that inhabit or occasionally frequent the island. The frame of the canoe, which was entire, was put together with whalebone; it was sewed in some parts, and tied in others. The sledges were from four to eight feet long; the length of the bars was upwards of two feet; the runners were two inches thick and nine inches deep; the prow was two feet and a half high, and formed of two pieces, sewed with whalebone; to three other thin spars of wood, which were of the same height, and fixed in the runners by means of mortises, were sewed two thin broad bars lengthways, at a small distance from each other;

these frames were fixed together with three or four cross-bars, tied fast upon the runners; and on the lower edge of the latter small pieces of horn were fastened by wooden pegs, that they might slide with greater facility. They are drawn by shafts, which I imagine are applied to any particular sledge as they are wanted, as I saw no more than one pair of them.

About half-past one we came opposite to the first spruce-tree that we had seen for some time: there are but very few of them on the mainland, and they are very small; those are larger which are found on the islands, where they grow in patches and close together. It is, indeed, very extraordinary that there should be any wood whatever in a country where the ground never thaws above five inches from the surface. We landed at seven in the evening. The weather was now very pleasant, and in the course of the day we saw great numbers of wild fowl with their young ones; but they were so shy that we could not approach them. The Indians were not very successful in their foraging party, as they killed only two gray cranes and a gray goose. Two of them were employed on the high land to the eastward, through the greater part of the day, in search of reindeer; but they could discover nothing more than a few tracks of that animal. I also ascended the high land, from whence I had a delightful view of the river, divided into innumerable streams, meandering through islands, some of which were covered with wood and others with grass. The mountains that formed the opposite horizon were at the distance of forty miles. The inland view was neither so extensive nor agreeable, being terminated by a near range of bleak, barren hills, between which are small lakes or ponds, while the surrounding country is covered with tufts of moss, without the shade of a single tree. Along the hills is a kind of fence made with branches, where the natives had set snares to catch white partridges.

The nets did not produce a single fish, and at three o'clock in the morning we took our departure. The weather was fine and clear, and we passed several encampments. As the prints of human feet were very fresh in the sand, it could not have been long since the natives had visited the spot. We now proceeded in the hope of meeting with some of them at the river, whither our guide was conducting us with that expectation. We observed a great number of trees in different places whose branches had been lopped off to the tops. They denote the

immediate abode of the natives, and probably serve for signals to direct each other to their respective winter quarters. Our hunters, in the course of the day, killed two reindeer, which were the only large animals that we had seen since we had been in this river, and proved a very seasonable supply, as our pemmican had become mouldy for some time past, though in that situation we were under the necessity of eating it.

In the valleys and low lands near the river, cranberries are found in great abundance, particularly in favorable aspects. It is a singular circumstance that the fruit of two succeeding years may be gathered at the same time from the same shrub. Here was also another berry, of a very pale yellow color, that resembles a raspberry, and is of a very agreeable flavor. There is a great variety of other plants and herbs whose names and properties are unknown to me.

*At Bear River, on the return journey, Sunday, August 2, 1789.*

We set off at three this morning with the towing-line. I walked with my Indians, as they went faster than the canoe, and particularly as I suspected that they wanted to arrive at the huts of the natives before me. In our way I observed several small springs of mineral water running from the foot of the mountain, and along the beach I saw several lumps of iron ore. When we came to the river of the [Great] Bear Lake, I ordered one of the young Indians to wait for my canoe, and I took my place in their small canoe. This river is about two hundred and fifty yards broad at this place, the water clear, and of a greenish color. When I landed on the opposite shore, I discovered that the natives had been there very lately from the print of their feet in the sand. We continued walking till five in the afternoon, when we saw columns of smoke at several points along the shore. As we naturally concluded that these were certain indications where we should meet the natives who were the objects of our search, we quickened our pace; but in our progress experienced a very sulphurous smell, and at length discovered that the whole bank was on fire for a very considerable distance. It proved to be a coal-mine, to which the fire had communicated from an old Indian encampment. The beach was covered with coals, and the "English chief" gathered some of the softest he could find as a black dye; it being the mineral, as he informed me, with which the natives render their quills black.

*Voyages from Montreal to the Frozen and Pacific Oceans (1801).*



## ON THE SHORE OF THE FROZEN OCEAN.

(1821.)

CAPTAIN (SIR) JOHN FRANKLIN (1786-1847).

[The following extracts from Sir John Franklin's Journal of his first Arctic exploration have a deep and painful interest. The object of the expedition was to trace the coast-line of the Frozen Ocean eastward from the mouth of the Coppermine River. He made his way northwards from Fort Chipewyan, and with but two frail canoes he mapped the shore for over five hundred miles, when he was forced to return at a point which he named Cape Turnagain. The exploration of a North-West Passage was even at the writing of these words gaining a fatal fascination over him; observe his sanguine expectations of Parry's success. Yet his own dreadful privations on those savage shores might well have suggested caution. He here sufficiently indicates to what straits he was reduced. Observe, too, what occasions this gallant sailor's anxiety,—a fear, not that his life may be sacrificed, but that the knowledge gained by his explorations may be lost to the world if none of his party should survive.]

*August 14, 1821.*

We encamped, at the end of twenty-four miles' march, on the north-west side of a bay, to which I have given the name of my friend Captain Parry, now employed in the interesting search for a North-West Passage. Drift-wood had become very scarce, and we found none near the encampment; a fire, however, was not required, as we served out pemmican for supper, and the evening was unusually warm.....

Though it will appear from the chart that the position of Point Turnagain is only six degrees and a half to the east of the mouth of the Coppermine River, we sailed, in tracing the deeply indented coast, five hundred and fifty-five geographic miles, which is little less than the direct distance between the Coppermine River and Repulse Bay, supposing the latter to be in the longitude assigned to it by Middleton.

When the many perplexing incidents which occurred during the survey of the coast are considered, in connection with the shortness of the period during which operations of the kind can be carried on, and the distance we had to travel before we could gain a place of shelter for the winter, I trust it will be judged that we prosecuted the enterprise as far as was prudent, and abandoned it only under a well-founded conviction that a further advance would endanger the lives of the whole party and prevent the knowledge of what had been done from reaching England. The active assistance I received from the officers in contending with the fears of the men demands my warmest gratitude.

Our researches, as far as they have gone, favor the opinion

of those who contend for the practicability of a North-West Passage. The general line of coast probably runs east and west, nearly in the latitude assigned to Mackenzie River, the sound into which Kotzebue entered, and Repulse Bay, and I think there is little doubt of a continued sea in or about that line of direction. The existence of whales, too, on this part of the coast, evidenced by the whalebone we found in Esquimaux Cove, may be considered as an argument for an open sea; and a connection with Hudson Bay is rendered more probable from the same kind of fish abounding on the coasts we visited and on those to the north of Churchill River. I allude more particularly to the capelin, or *Salmo arcticus*, which we found in large shoals in Bathurst Inlet, and which not only abounds, as Augustus told us, in the bays of his country, but swarms in the Greenland firths. The portion of the sea over which we passed is navigable for vessels of any size; the ice we met, particularly after quitting Detention Harbor, would not have arrested a strong boat. The chain of islands affords shelter from all heavy seas, and there are good harbors at convenient distances. I entertain, indeed, sanguine hopes that the skill and exertions of my friend Captain Parry will soon render this question no longer problematical. His task is doubtless an arduous one, and, if ultimately successful, may occupy two and perhaps three seasons; but confiding as I do, from personal knowledge, in his perseverance and talent for surmounting difficulties, the strength of his ships, and the abundance of provisions with which they are stowed, I have very little apprehension of his safety. As I understand his object was to keep the coast of America close on board, he will find, in the spring of the year, before the breaking up of the ice can permit him to pursue his voyage, herds of deer flocking in abundance to all parts of the coast, which may be procured without difficulty; and, even later in the season, additions to his stock of provisions may be obtained on many parts of the coast, should circumstances give him leisure to send out hunting parties. With the trawl or the seine net, also, he may almost everywhere get abundance of fish, even without retarding his progress. Under these circumstances I do not conceive that he runs any hazard of wanting provisions should his voyage be prolonged even beyond the latest period of time which is calculated upon. Drift timber may be gathered at many places in considerable quantities; and there is a fair prospect of his opening a communication with the Esquimaux, who

come down to the coast to kill seals in the spring, previous to the ice breaking up, and from whom, if he succeeds in conciliating their good-will, he may obtain provisions and assistance.

*September 7, 1821.*

Just as we were about to commence our march, I was seized with a fainting fit, in consequence of exhaustion and sudden exposure to the wind; but after eating a morsel of portable soup, I recovered so far as to be able to move on. I was unwilling at first to take this morsel of soup, which was diminishing the small and only remaining meal for the party; but several of the men urged me to it with much kindness. The ground was covered a foot deep with snow, the margins of the lakes were incrustated with ice, and the swamps over which we had to pass were entirely frozen; but the ice not being sufficiently strong to bear us, we frequently plunged knee-deep in water. Those who carried the canoes were repeatedly blown down by the violence of the wind, and they often fell from making an insecure step on a slippery stone. On one of these occasions the larger canoe was so much broken as to be rendered utterly unserviceable. This, we felt, was a serious disaster, as the remaining canoe having through mistake been made too small, it was doubtful whether it would be sufficient to carry us across a river.....

As the accident could not be remedied, we turned it to the best account by making a fire of the bark and timbers of the broken vessel, and cooked the remainder of our portable soup and arrowroot. This was a scanty meal after three days' fasting, but it served to allay the pangs of hunger, and enabled us to proceed at a quicker pace than before.

The first operation each evening after encamping was to thaw our frozen shoes, if a sufficient fire could be made, and dry ones were put on. Each person then wrote his notes of the daily occurrences, and evening prayers were read. As soon as supper was prepared it was eaten, generally in the dark, and we went to bed, and kept up a cheerful conversation until our blankets were thawed by the heat of our bodies, and we had gathered sufficient warmth to enable us to fall asleep. On many nights we had not even the luxury of going to bed in dry clothes; for when the fire was insufficient to dry our shoes, we durst not venture to pull them off, lest they should freeze so hard as to be unfit to put on in the morning.

*Narrative of a Journey to the Shores of the Polar Sea.*

**SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.**

ON THE CENOTAPH IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

Not here! the white North has thy bones; and thou,  
Heroic sailor-soul,  
Art passing on thine happier voyage now  
Toward no earthly pole.

TENNYSON.

## SCHWATKA'S SEARCH.

WILLIAM H. GILDER (*second in command*).

[In May 1845 Sir John Franklin, then fifty-nine years of age, but still in excellent health, undertook with her Majesty's ships *Erebus* and *Terror* to discover the North-West Passage. In July of the same year the vessels were for the last time seen. Alarm began to be felt at the absence of all intelligence, and in 1848, through the exertions of Lady Franklin, a general public interest was aroused. Within eleven years upwards of twenty separate search expeditions were organized at a cost of more than \$5,000,000. The Lady Franklin expedition of 1857, conducted by Sir Leopold M'Clintock in the *Fox*, terminated the dreadful suspense: a record was found of Sir John Franklin's death (June 11, 1847). Later expeditions left no doubt that the whole of the crews had perished.

A report reached New York of Franklin's records still surviving among the Esquimaux, and the Schwatka expedition of 1879-80 was organized for the recovery of the documents. Lieutenant Schwatka, (United States cavalry) is a Pole by descent, but an American by birth. This expedition is remarkable for having made the most extended sledge-journey on record—3,251 statute miles—the explorers being absent from their supplies eleven months and twenty days. The destruction of the Franklin records was ascertained beyond reasonable doubt. The remains of Lieutenant Irving, third officer of the *Terror*, were found, and were brought away for interment.]

### *Concert among the Kinnepatoos.*

Every night they met in one large igloo, twenty-five feet in diameter at the base, and twelve feet high, where the men would play upon the ki-lowty while the women sang in unison. The ki-lowty is a drum, made by stretching a thin deer-skin over a huge wooden hoop, with a short handle on one side. In playing, the man grasps the handle with his left hand and constantly turns it, while he strikes on the wooden side alternately with a wooden drumstick shaped like a potato-masher. With each blow he bends his knees, and though there are various degrees of skill in playing, I have never yet learned to be critical. I can see only a difference in style—some are dramatic, some classical, some furious, and others buffo. The song is a monotonous, drawling wail, with which the drumming has no sort of connection, for it increases or diminishes in rapidity according to the pleasure or the strength of the player. I am sure a concert such as I witnessed nightly would cause a sensation in New York, though I do not believe it would prove a lasting attraction to cultivated audiences. I frequently got very weary of it, and often slept during the performance, without giving offence to my hosts by my lack of appreciation.

l thou,

TENNYSON.

*Arctic Flowers.*

The dweller in that desolate region, after passing a long, weary winter, with nothing for the eye to rest upon but the vast expanse of snow and ice, is in a condition to appreciate, beyond the ability of an inhabitant of warmer climes, the little flowerets that peep up almost through the snow when the spring sunlight begins to exercise its power upon the white mantle of the earth. In little patches here and there, where the dark-colored moss absorbs the warm rays of the sun, and the snow is melted from its surface, the most delicate flowers spring up at once to gladden the eye of the weary traveller. It needs not the technical skill of the botanist to admire these lovely tokens of approaching summer. Thoughts of home in a warm and more hospitable climate fill his heart with joy and longing as meadows filled with daisies and buttercups spread out before him, while he stands upon the crest of a granite hill that knows no footstep other than the tread of the stately musk ox or the antlered reindeer as they pass in single file upon their frequent journeys, and whose caverns echo to no sound save the howling of the wolves or the discordant cawing of the raven. He is a boy again, and involuntarily plucks the feathery dandelion and seeks the time of day by blowing the puffy fringe from its stem, or tests the faith of the fair one, who is dearer to him than ever in this hour of separation, by picking the leaves from the yellow-hearted daisy. Tiny little violets, set in a background of black or dark green moss, adorn the hill-sides, and many flowers unknown to warmer zones come bravely forth to flourish for a few weeks only, and wither in the August winds. Very few of the flowers, so refreshing and charming to the eye, have any perfume. Nearly all smell of the dank moss that forms their bed.

*Irving's Grave.*

The next day we stayed at Cape Jane Franklin to make a preliminary search of the vicinity. Lieutenant Schwatka and I went up Collinson Inlet, but saw no traces of white men. Henry and Frank, who had been sent up the coast, were more fortunate. About a mile and a half above camp they came upon the camp made by Captain Crozier, with his entire command from the two ships, after abandoning the vessels. There were several cooking-stoves, with their accompanying copper kettles, besides clothing, blankets, canvas, iron and brass imple-



ments, and an open grave, wherein was found a quantity of blue cloth, part of which seemed to have been a heavy overcoat, and a part probably wrapped around the body. There was also a large quantity of canvas in and around the grave, with coarse stitching through it and the cloth, as though the body had been encased for burial at sea. Several gilt buttons were found among the rotten cloth and mould in the bottom of the grave, and a lens, apparently the object-glass of a marine telescope. Upon one of the stones at the foot of the grave Henry found a medal, which was thickly covered with grime, and was so much the color of the claystone on which it rested as to nearly escape detection. It proved to be a silver medal, two and a half inches in diameter, with a bas-relief portrait of George IV., surrounded by the words—

GEORGIUS III., D.G. BRITANNIARUM  
REX,\* 1820.

on the obverse ; and on the reverse a laurel wreath surrounded by—

SECOND MATHEMATICAL PRIZE, ROYAL  
NAVAL COLLEGE.

and enclosing—

AWARDED TO JOHN IRVING, MID-  
SUMMER, 1830.

This at once identified the grave as that of Lieutenant John Irving, third officer of the *Terror*. Under the head was found a figured silk pocket-handkerchief, neatly folded, the colors and pattern in a remarkable state of preservation. The skull and a few other bones only were found in and near the grave. They were carefully gathered together, with a few pieces of the

\* George IV., by the grace of God (*Dei gratia*), King of the British Islands.

cloth and the other articles, to be brought away for interment where they may hereafter rest undisturbed. A reburial on King William's Land would be only until the grave was again found by the natives, when it would certainly be again torn open and despoiled.

*Schwatka's Search* (1881).

### THE LONG AGO.

LORD HOUGHTON (RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES)—b. 1809.

On that deep retiring shore  
 Frequent pearls of beauty lie,  
 Where the passion-waves of yore  
 Fiercely beat and mounted high :  
 Sorrows that are sorrows still  
 Lose the bitter taste of woe ;  
 Nothing's altogether ill  
 In the griefs of Long Ago.

Tombs where lonely love repines,  
 Ghastly tenements of tears,  
 Wear the look of happy shrines  
 Through the golden mist of years :  
 Death to those who trust in good,  
 Vindicates his hardest blow ;—  
 Oh ! we would not, if we could,  
 Wake the sleep of Long Ago !

Though the doom of swift decay  
 Shocks the soul where life is strong,  
 Though for frailer hearts the day  
 Lingers sad and over-long—  
 Still the weight will find a leaven,  
 Still the spoiler's hand is slow,  
 While the future has its heaven,  
 And the past its Long Ago.

### THE SLEEP.

ELIZABETH (BARRETT) BROWNING (1809-61).

"He giveth his beloved sleep."—PSALM cxxvii. 2.

Of all the thoughts of God that are  
 Borne inward into souls afar,  
 Along the Psalmist's music deep,

Now tell me if there any is,  
 For gift or grace surpassing this—  
 "He giveth His beloved sleep"?

What would *we* give to our beloved?  
 The hero's heart to be unmoved,  
 The poet's star-tuned harp to sweep,  
 The patriot's voice to teach and rouse,  
 The monarch's crown to light the brows?  
 "He giveth His beloved sleep."

What do *we* give to our beloved?  
 A little faith all undisproved,  
 A little dust to overweep,  
 And bitter memories, to make  
 The whole earth blasted for our sake:  
 "He giveth His beloved sleep."

"Sleep soft, beloved," we sometimes say,  
 But have no tunc to charm away  
 Sad dreams that through the eyelids creep:  
 But never doleful dream again  
 Shall break the heavy slumber when  
 "He giveth His beloved sleep."

O earth, so full of dreary noises!  
 O men, with wailing in your voices!  
 O delv'd gold, the wailer's heap!  
 O strife, O curse, that o'er it fall!  
 God strikes a silence through you all,  
 "And giveth His beloved sleep."

His dews drop mutely on the hill,  
 His cloud above it saileth still,  
 Though on its slope men sow and reap:  
 More softly than the dew is shed,  
 A cloud is floating overhead,  
 "He giveth His beloved sleep."

Ay, men may wonder while they scan  
 A living, thinking, feeling man  
 Confirmed in such a rest to keep;

But angels say—and through the world,  
I think their happy smile is *heard*—  
“He giveth His beloved sleep.”

For me, my heart that erst did go  
Most like a tired child at a show,  
That sees through tears the nummers leap,  
Would now its wearied vision close,  
Would childlike on His love repose  
“Who giveth His beloved sleep.”

And, friends, dear friends, when it shall be  
That this low breath is gone from me,  
And round my bier ye come to weep,  
Let one, most loving of you all,  
Say, “Not a tear o’er her must fall!  
‘He giveth His beloved sleep.’”

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### NIGHT AND DEATH.

JOSEPH BLANCO WHITE (1775-1841).

[“The finest and most grandly conceived sonnet in our language,—at least it is only in Milton’s and in Wordsworth’s sonnets that I recollect any rival.”—S. T. Coleridge. This was also the judgment of J. H. Frere. Leigh Hunt adds: “It stands supreme, perhaps above all in any language; nor can we ponder it too deeply, or with too hopeful a reverence.”]

Mysterious night! when our first parent knew  
Thee from report divine, and heard thy name,  
Did he not tremble for this lovely frame,  
This glorious canopy of light and blue?  
Yet ’neath a curtain of translucent dew,  
Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame,  
Hesperus\* with the host of heaven came,  
And lo! creation widened in man’s view.  
Who could have thought such darkness lay concealed  
Within thy beams, O sun? or who could find,  
Whilst fly and leaf and insect stood revealed,  
That to such countless orbs thou mad’st us blind?  
Why do we, then, shun death with anxious strife?  
If light can thus deceive, wherefore not life?

\* The evening star.

## BRITISH COLUMBIA.

REV. PRINCIPAL G. M. GRANT, D.D. (b. 1835).

The waggon-road on which we travelled is the principal public work of British Columbia, constructed as a government work with great energy soon after the discovery of the Cariboo gold-mines. It was a very creditable undertaking, for most formidable engineering difficulties had to be overcome at the canyons of the Fraser and the Thompson, and the expense to an infant colony was necessarily heavy. The waggon-road is an enduring monument to Sir James Douglas, the first Governor of the Province, a man worthy to rank with those Roman generals and governors who were the great road-makers of the Old World.

Before its construction there was only a trail to Cariboo, along which the gold-hunters toiled night and day, driving pack-horses that carried their blankets and provisions, or, if too poor to afford horse or mule, packing everything on their own backs. Men have been known to start from Yale on foot for the gold-fields with one hundred and fifty pounds weight on their backs; and when they got to their destination their difficulties only commenced. Gold was and is found in every sand-bar of the river and in every creek; but it had to be found in large quantities to enable a man to live. A pound of flour cost a dollar and a half, and everything else sold at proportional prices. The gold was in largest quantities near the bed-rock, and this was generally covered with a deposit of silt from five to forty feet thick, containing but little of the precious metal near the surface. The country presented every obstacle to prospecting—range upon range of stern hills wooded from base to summit, over which a way could be forced only with incredible toil, and at the daily risk of starvation. It is little wonder that the way to Cariboo, and the country itself, proved to be the grave of many an adventurous gold-seeker. A few made fortunes in a week or a month, which, as a rule, they dissipated in less than a year; hundreds gathered moderately large sums, which they took away to spend elsewhere; thousands made wages, and tens of thousands nothing. It had been the same in California, when gold was discovered there; but then the masses who were unsuccessful could not get out of the country, and they had—fortunately for themselves—to hire out as farm-servants and herdmen. In British Columbia they could get

back to Oregon and California; and back they went, poorer than they had come, but leaving the Province little the better for their visit.

At various points on the river, all down the road, miners are still to be found. These are chiefly Siwashes and Chinese, who take up abandoned claims, and wash the sand over again, being satisfied with smaller wages than what contents a white man. Their tastes are simple and their expenses moderate. None of them dream of going to the wayside hotels and paying a dollar for every meal, a dollar for a bed, a dollar for a bottle of ale, or twenty cents for a drink. The Chinaman cultivates vegetables beside his claim; these and his bag of rice suffice for him, greatly to the indignation of the orthodox miner. The Siwash catches salmon in his scoop-net from every eddy of the river, and his wife carries them up to the house and makes his winter's food. These two classes of the population—the one representing an ancient civilization, the other scattered nomads with almost no tribal relationships—resemble each other in appearance so much that it would be difficult to distinguish them, were it not for the long tail or queue into which the Chinaman braids his hair, and which he often folds at the back of his head, instead of letting it hang down his back. The Pacific Indian is Mongolian in size and complexion, in the shape of the face, and in the eyes. He has neither the strength of limb, the manly bearing, nor the dignity so characteristic of the Indians on the east side of the Rocky Mountains; but he is quite as intelligent, and takes more readily to civilized ways.

Salmon is the staple of the Siwash's food, and it is so abundant that the fish are generally sold for ten to twenty-five cents apiece; and ten cents in British Columbia is equivalent to a penny elsewhere, for there is no smaller coin than the ten-cent piece in the Province.

The discovery of gold in 1858, on the Fraser, brought the first rush of people to the mainland, and resulted in the formation of the colony. All California was delirious. Thirty thousand men left the States for the Fraser, or, as it was more popularly called, "the Crazy River." The rush to Pike's Peak was nothing to the rush for Victoria. But in the course of the next two or three years the thousands died or drifted back again, and only the tens remained. Then, in 1862, the Cariboo mines were discovered, and the second rush was greater



than the first; but again, not an emigration of sober, steady householders, whose aim was to establish homes and live by their own industry, but of fever-heated adventurers from all parts of the world—men without a country and without a home. San Francisco was deserted for a time. Thousands sold their lots there, and bought others in Victoria or claims in Cariboo. Cariboo was four hundred miles from the sea, and there was no road but an old Indian trail, winding up and down mountains and precipices, across deep gorges and rivers, through thick woods without game; but the obstacles that would have stopped an army were laughed at by miners. Of course the wave soon spent itself.

From that day until recently the colony has been going back, or, as some gloomily say, getting into its normal condition. Within the last ten years, millions of dollars in solid gold have been taken out of the colony. No one thought of remaining in it except to make a fortune; no one was interested in its political life; no one of the thousands of foreign immigrants became a subject of the crown. It was a mere finger-joint separated from its own body. But all this is now changing. With confederation came the dawn of a brighter future; and although British Columbia may never have the population of California or of Oregon, an orderly development is commencing that will soon make it rank as a valuable Province of the Dominion. It has the prospect of being no longer a dis-severed limb, but of being connected by iron as well as sympathetic bands with its trunk; and it is already receiving the pulses of the larger life. Had the Columbia River, instead of the 49th parallel, been made its southern boundary line—that is, had it received its natural and rightful boundary, instead of a purely artificial one—it could have competed with California in cereals as well as in gold-mining. But in this, as in every case of disputed lines in America, the United States diplomatists knew the value of what they claimed, and British diplomatists did not. Every one in the Province believes that they lost the Columbia because the salmon in it would not take a fly. At the time of the dispute, when the Secretary for War was using brave words in the House of Commons, the brother of the Prime Minister happened to be stationed on the Pacific coast, and fished in the Columbia without success, because the salmon were too uneducated to rise to a fly.

*From Ocean to Ocean.*

**THE BUSH-RANGERS (COUREURS DES BOIS).**

FRANCIS PARKMAN (b. 1823).

It was a curious scene when a party of coureurs des bois returned from their roving. Montreal was their harboring-place, and they conducted themselves much like the crew of a man-of-war paid off after a long voyage. As long as their beaver-skins lasted, they set no bounds to their riot. Every house in the place, we are told, was turned into a drinking-shop. The new-comers were bedizened with a strange mixture of French and Indian finery; while some of them, with instincts more thoroughly savage, stalked about the streets as naked as a Pollawaltamie or a Sioux. The clamor of tongues was prodigious, and gambling and drinking filled the day and the night.

Under such leaders as Du Lhut, the coureurs des bois built forts of palisades at various points throughout the West and North-west. They had a post of this sort at Detroit some time before its permanent settlement, as well as others on Lake Superior and in the valley of the Mississippi. They occupied them as long as it suited their purposes, and then abandoned them to the next comer. Michillimackinac was, however, their chief resort; and thence they would set out, two or three together, to roam for hundreds of miles through the endless meshwork of interlocking lakes and rivers which seams the northern wilderness.

No wonder that a year or two of bush-ranging spoiled them for civilization. Though not a very valuable member of society, and though a thorn in the side of princes and rulers, the coureur des bois had his uses, at least from an artistic point of view; and his strange figure, sometimes brutally savage, but oftener marked with the lines of a dare-devil courage, and a reckless, thoughtless gaiety, will always be joined to the memories of that grand world of woods which the nineteenth century is fast civilizing out of existence. At least he is picturesque, and with his Red-skin companions serves to animate forest scenery. Perhaps he could sometimes feel, without knowing that he felt them, the charms of the savage nature that had adopted him. Rude as he was, her voice may not always have been meaningless for one who knew her haunts so well—deep recesses where, veiled in foliage, some wild, shy rivulet steals with timid music through breathless caves of verdure; gulfs where feathered

BOIS).

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crag rise like castle walls, where the noonday sun pierces with keen rays athwart the torrent, and the mossed arms of fallen pines cast wavering shadows on the illumined foam ; pools of liquid crystal turned emerald in the reflected green of impending woods ; rocks on whose rugged front the gleam of sunlit waters dances in quivering light ; ancient trees hurled headlong by the storm to dam the raging stream with their forlorn and savage ruin : or the stern depths of immemorial forests, dim and silent as a cavern columned with innumerable trunks, each, like an Atlas, upholding its world of leaves, and sweating perpetual moisture down its dark and channelled rind—some strong in youth, some grisly with decrepit age, nightmares of strange distortion, gnarled and knotted with wens and goitres ; roots intertwined beneath like serpents petrified in an agony of contorted strife ; green and glistening mosses carpeting the rough ground, mantling the rocks, turning pulpy stumps to mounds of verdure, and swathing fallen trunks as, bent in the impotence of rottenness, they lie outstretched over knoll and hollow, like mouldering reptiles of the primeval world, while around, and on, and through them springs the young growth that fattens on their decay—the forest devouring its own dead : or, to turn from its funereal shade to the light and life of the open woodland, the sheen of sparkling lakes, and mountains basking in the glory of the summer noon, flecked by the shadows of passing clouds that sail on snowy wings across the transparent azure.

Yet it would be false coloring to paint the half-savage coureur des bois as a romantic lover of nature. He liked the woods because they emancipated him from restraint. He liked the lounging ease of the camp-fire and the license of Indian villages. His life has a dark and ugly side, which is nowhere drawn more strongly than in a letter written by the Jesuit Carheil to the intendant Champigny.\* It was at a time when some of the outlying forest-posts, originally either missions or transient stations of coureurs des bois, had received regular garrisons. Carheil writes from Michillimackinac, and describes the state of things around him like one whom long familiarity with them had stripped of every illusion.

*The Old Regime in Canada*, chap. xvii.

\* The letter referred to is dated " Michillimackinac, 30th August, 1702."

### THE MOUND-BUILDERS.

It is probable that the Mound-builders did not occupy this continent till long after the last mammoth was slain. They never saw the mammoth, we may be sure, or else they would have carved or painted its likeness, as they did those of the birds and beasts they knew. They did not make, unfortunately, distinct pictures of themselves, so that we do not know what they looked like. And as they wrote no books, we do not know what language they spoke. The most we know of them is what we learn from certain great mounds of earth they built. From these great works they derive their name. One of the most remarkable of these mounds is to be seen in Adams County, Ohio. It represents a snake, one thousand feet long and five feet thick, lying along a bluff that rises above a stream. You can trace all the curves and outlines of the snake, ending in a tail with a triple coil. In the open mouth something in the shape of an egg seems to be held; and this egg-shaped mound is one hundred and sixty feet long. Other mounds have other shapes. Some are like animals and some like men. Some are earth-works or fortifications, enclosing in some cases one or two acres, and in others four hundred acres. In some places there are many small mounds, arranged in a straight line, at distances nearly equal, and extending many miles. In others there are single mounds sixty or ninety feet high, with steps cut in the earth upon one side leading to the top, which is flat, and includes from one to five acres of ground. These mounds are scattered all down the valley of the Mississippi, and along many of its tributary streams. There are thousands of them in the single State of Ohio. They are not built of earth alone, for some show brick-work and stone-work here and there; yet earth is always the chief material. Some have chambers within and the remains of wooden walls. Sometimes charred wood is found on the top, as if fires had been kindled there. This is an important fact, since it seems to show that the higher mounds were built for purposes of worship.

These Mound-builders must have been in some ways well advanced in civilization. Their earth-works show more or less of engineering skill. In figure they show the square, the circle, the octagon, the ellipse; and sometimes all these are combined in one series of works. The circle is always a true circle, the

square a true square ; and there are many squares that measure exactly one thousand and eighty feet on a side, and this shows that the builders had some definite standard of measurement. Besides, there have been found in these mounds many tools and ornaments, made of copper, silver, and valuable stones. There are axes, chisels, knives, bracelets, and beads ; there are pieces of thread and of cloth, and gracefully ornamented vases of pottery. The Mound-builders also knew how to model in clay a variety of objects, such as birds, quadrupeds, and human faces. They practised farming, though they had no domestic animals to help them. As they had no horses, nor oxen, nor carts, all the vast amount of earth required for the mounds must have been carried in baskets or in skins. This shows that they must have been very numerous, or they never could have attempted so much. They mined for copper near Lake Superior. In one of their mines, long since deserted, there was found, a few years ago, a mass of copper weighing nearly six tons, partly raised from the bottom, and supported on wooden logs, now nearly decayed. It was evidently to be raised to the surface, nearly thirty feet above. The stone and copper tools of the miners were found lying about, as if the men had just gone away.

When did these Mound-builders live? There is one sure proof that they lived very long ago. At the mouth of the mine mentioned above there are trees about four hundred years old growing on earth that was thrown out in digging the mine. Of course, the mine is older than the trees. On a mound in Ohio there are trees eight hundred years old. Nobody knows how much older the mounds are. This mysterious race may therefore have built these great works more than a thousand years ago.

Who were the Mound-builders? It does not seem at all likely that they were the ancestors of our present American Indians. They differed greatly in habits, and most of our Indian tribes show nothing of the skill and industry required for constructing great works. Perhaps they came from Asia, or were descendants of Asiatics accidentally cast on the American shore. Japanese vessels are sometimes driven across the Pacific and wrecked upon our western coast. This might have happened a thousand years ago. But we know neither whence the Mound-builders came nor whither they went. We only know that they came, and built wonderful works, and made way for another race, of whose origin we know almost as little.

T. W. HIGGINSON.

**THE FINDING OF LIVINGSTONE.**

HENRY M. STANLEY (b. 1840).

[For more than two years, no news had been received of Dr. Livingstone, the great African explorer. Mr. Gordon Bennett of the *New York Herald* instructed Mr. Stanley (who had been the *Herald's* correspondent with the British army in Abyssinia) to find Livingstone, no matter what the cost. On March 21, 1871, Stanley, with one hundred and ninety-two men, left Zanzibar for the interior of Africa. He found Dr. Livingstone at Ujiji on Lake Tanganyika, November 10, explored with him the northern portion of the lake, and returning reached England in the following July. He related his adventures at the meeting of the British Association, Brighton, August 16th. Livingstone remained in Africa, pursuing his explorations, until May 4, 1873, when he fell a prey to miasma and debility, May 11, 1873.]

We are about three hundred yards from the village of Ujiji, and the crowds are dense about me. Suddenly I hear a voice on my right say, "Good morning, sir!" Startled at hearing this greeting in the midst of such a crowd of black people, I turn sharply round in search of the man, and see him at my side, with the blackest of faces, but animated and joyous—a man dressed in a long white shirt, with a turban of American sheeting around his woolly head, and I ask, "Who the mischief are you?" "I am Susi, the servant of Dr. Livingstone," said he, smiling and showing a gleaming row of teeth. "What! is Dr. Livingstone here?" "Yes, sir." "In this village?" "Yes, sir." "Are you sure?" "Sure, sure, sir; why, I leave him just now." "Good morning, sir," said another voice. "Hallo," said I, "is this another one?" "Yes, sir." "Well, what is your name?" "My name is Chumah, sir." "And is the doctor well?" "Not very well, sir." "Where has he been so long?" "In Manyema." "Now, you Susi, run and tell the doctor I am coming." "Yes, sir," and off he darted like a madman. Soon Susi came running back, and asked me my name: he had told Dr. Livingstone I was coming, but the doctor was too surprised to believe him; and when asked my name, Susi was rather staggered.

But during Susi's absence, the news had been conveyed to the doctor that it was surely a white man that was coming, whose guns were firing and whose flag could be seen; and the great Arab magnates of Ujiji had gathered together before the doctor's house, and he had come out from his veranda to discuss the matter and await my arrival.

In the meantime, the head of the expedition had halted, and



the Kirangoyi was out of the ranks, holding his flag aloft, and Selim (the interpreter) said to me, "I see the doctor, sir. Oh, what an old man! He has got a white beard." And I—what would I not have given for a bit of friendly wilderness, where, unseen, I might have vented my joy in some mad freak, such as idiotically biting my hand, turning a somersault, or slashing at trees, in order to allay those exciting feelings that were well-nigh uncontrollable. My heart beats fast, but I must not let my face betray my emotions, lest it should detract from the dignity of a white man appearing under such extraordinary circumstances. So I did that which I thought was most dignified: I pushed back the crowds, and, passing from the rear, walked down a living avenue of people, until I came in front of a semicircle of Arabs, in front of which stood the white man with the gray beard. As I advanced slowly towards him I noticed he was pale, looked wearied, wore a bluish cap with a faded gold band round it, had on a red-sleeved waist-coat, and a pair of gray tweed trowsers. I would have run to him, only I was a coward in the presence of such a mob; would have embraced him, only, he being an Englishman, I did not know how he would receive me; so I did what cowardice and false pride suggested was the best thing—walked deliberately to him, took off my hat, and said, "Dr. Livingstone, I presume?" "Yes," said he, with a kind smile, lifting his hat slightly. I replace my hat on my head, and he puts on his cap, and we both grasp hands, and then I say aloud, "I thank God, doctor, I have been permitted to see you." He answered, "I feel thankful that I am here to welcome you." I turn to the Arabs, take off my hat to them in response to the saluting chorus of "Yambos" I receive, and the doctor introduces them to me by name. Then, oblivious of the men who shared with me my dangers, we (Livingstone and I) turn our faces towards his tembe (or hut). He points to the veranda, or rather mud platform under the broad overhanging eaves; he points to his own particular seat, which I see his age and experience in Africa have suggested—namely, a straw mat, with a goatskin over it, and another skin nailed against the wall to protect his back from contact with the cold mud. I protest against taking this seat, which so much more befits him than me, but the doctor will not yield—I must take it.

We are seated, the doctor and I, with our backs to the wall. The Arabs take seats on our left. More than a thousand

natives are in our front, filling the whole square densely, indulging their curiosity and discussing the fact of two white men meeting at Ujiji—one just come from Manyema in the west, the other from Unyanyembe in the east.

*How I Found Livingstone* (1872).

### LIVINGSTONE'S DEATH AND CHARACTER.

J. S. KELTIE (in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*).

[Livingstone's object was to trace the Lualaba, a vast river which drains the great lake-fountains Tanganyika (discovered by Speke and Burton, 1858) and Bangwe'lo (discovered by Livingstone, 1868). Livingstone believed the Lualaba to be the upper course of the Nile; but Stanley afterwards (1874-7) traced it across the continent to its mouth in the Atlantic, and proved it to be the Congo, a far mightier river than even the Mississippi. Livingstone, in his efforts to explore the Lualaba, was cruelly thwarted by the perversity of the savages, the intrigues of slave-traders, and by repeated and exhausting attacks of illness.]

In sickened disgust the weary traveller made his way back to Ujiji, which he reached on October 13. Five days after his arrival in Ujiji he was cheered and inspired with new life, and completely set up again, as he said, by the timely arrival of Mr. H. M. Stanley, the richly-laden almoner of Mr. Gordon Bennett, of the *New York Herald*. Mr. Stanley's residence with Livingstone was almost the only bright episode of these last sad years. With Stanley Livingstone explored the north end of Tanganyika, and proved conclusively that the Lusize runs into and not out of it. In the end of the year the two started eastward for Unyanyembe, where Stanley provided Livingstone with an ample supply of goods, and bade him farewell. Stanley left on March 15, 1872; and after Livingstone had waited wearily at Unyanyembe for five months, a troop of fifty-seven men and boys arrived—good and faithful fellows on the whole—selected by Stanley himself. Thus attended, he started on August 15 for Lake Bangweolo, proceeding along the east side of Tanganyika. His old enemy dysentery soon found him out. In January 1873 the party got among the endless spongy jungle on the east of Lake Bangweolo, Livingstone's object being to go round by the south and away west to find the "fountains." Vexatious delays took place, and the journey became one constant wade below, under an almost endless pour of rain from above. The doctor got worse and worse, but no idea of danger seems to have occurred to him. At last, in the middle of

April, he had unwillingly to submit to be carried in a rude litter. On April 29 Chitambo's village was reached. The last entry in the journal is April 27: "Knocked up quite, and



remain—recover—sert to buy milch goats. We are on the banks of the Molilano." On April 30 he with difficulty wound up his watch, and early on the morning of May 1 the boys found "the great master," as they called him, kneeling by the

side of his bed dead. His faithful men preserved the body in the sun as well as they could, and wrapping it carefully up, carried it, and all his papers, instruments, and other things, across Africa to Zanzibar. It was borne to England with all honor, and on April 18, 1874, was deposited in Westminster Abbey, amid tokens of mourning and admiration such as England accords only to her greatest sons. Government bore all the funeral expenses. His faithfully-kept journals during these seven years' wanderings were published under the title of the *Last Journals of David Livingstone in Central Africa*, in 1874, edited by his old friend the Rev. Horace Waller.

In spite of his sufferings and the many compulsory delays, Livingstone's discoveries during these last years were both extensive and of prime importance as leading to a solution of African hydrography. No single African explorer has ever done so much for African geography as Livingstone during his thirty years' work. His travels covered one-third of the continent, extending from the Cape to near the equator, and from the Atlantic to the Indian Ocean. Livingstone was no hurried traveller; he did his journeying leisurely; carefully observing and recording all that was worthy of note, with rare geographical instinct and the eye of a trained scientific observer, studying the ways of the people, eating their food, living in their huts, and sympathizing with their joys and sorrows. It will be long t'ill the tradition of his sojourn dies out among the native tribes, who almost, without exception, treated Livingstone as a superior being; his treatment of them was always tender, gentle, and gentlemanly. But the direct gains to geography and science are perhaps not the greatest results of Livingstone's journeys. He conceived, developed, and carried out to success a noble and many-sided purpose, with an unflinching and self-sacrificing energy and courage that entitle him to take rank among the great and strong who single-handed have been able materially to influence human progress and the advancement of knowledge. His example and his death have acted like an inspiration, filling Africa with an army of explorers and missionaries, and raising in Europe so powerful a feeling against the slave-trade that it may be considered as having received its death-blow. Personally Livingstone was a pure and tender-hearted man, full of humanity and sympathy, simple-minded as a child. The motto of his life was the advice he gave to some school children in Scotland—"Fear God, and work hard."

## PART IV.



TEMPLE OF FORTUNE AT POMPEII.

**THE BLIND FLOWER-GIRL OF POMPEII.**

EDWARD, LORD LYTTON (BULWER)—1803-1873.

Thus conversing, their steps were arrested by a crowd gathered round an open space where three streets met; and, just where the porticos of a light and graceful temple threw their shade, there stood a young girl, with a flower-basket on



her right arm, and a small three-stringed instrument of music in the left hand, to whose low and soft tones she was modulating a wild and half-barbaric air. At every pause in the music she gracefully waved her flower-basket round, inviting the loiterers to buy; and many a sesterce\* was showered into the basket, either in compliment to the music or in compassion to the songstress—for she was blind.

“It is my poor Thessalian,” said Glaucus, stopping; “I have not seen her since my return to Pompeii. Hush! her voice is sweet; let us listen.”

#### THE BLIND FLOWER-GIRL'S SONG.

##### I.

“Buy my flowers—oh buy, I pray!  
 The blind girl comes from afar;  
 If the earth be as fair as I hear them say,  
 These flowers her children are!  
 Do they her beauty keep?  
 They are fresh from her lap, I know;  
 For I caught them fast asleep  
 In her arms an hour ago.  
 With the air which is her breath—  
 Her soft and delicate breath—  
 Over them murmuring low!

“On their lips her sweet kiss lingers yet,  
 And their cheeks with her tender tears are wet.  
 For she weeps—that gentle mother weeps—  
 (As morn and night her watch she keeps,  
 With a yearning heart and a passionate care)  
 To see the young things grow so fair;  
 She weeps—for love she weeps,  
 And the dews are the tears she weeps,  
 From the well of a mother's love!

##### II.

“Ye have a world of light,  
 Where love in the loved rejoices;  
 But the blind girl's home is the House of Night,  
 And its beings are empty voices.

\* Ses'terce (dissyllable), a small silver coin among the Romans, worth between four and five cents.



“As one in the realm below,  
 I stand by the streams of woe!  
 I hear the vain shadows glide,  
 I feel their soft breath at my side.  
 And I thirst the loved forms to see,  
 And I stretch my fond arms around,  
 And I catch but a shapeless sound,  
 For the living are ghosts to me.

“Come, buy!—come, buy!—  
 Hark! how the sweet things sigh  
 (For they have a voice like ours),  
 ‘The breath of the blind girl closes  
 The leaves of the saddening roses.  
 We are tender, we sons of light;  
 We shrink from this child of night;—  
 From the grasp of the blind girl free us.  
 We yearn for the eyes that see us;  
 We are for night too gay,  
 In your eyes we behold the day—  
 Oh buy—oh buy the flowers!’”

“I must have yon bunch of violets, sweet Nydia,” said Glaucus, pressing through the crowd, and dropping a handful of small coins into the basket; “your voice is more charming than ever.”

The blind girl started forward as she heard the Athenian’s voice; then as suddenly paused, while the blood rushed violently over neck, cheek, and temples.

“So you are returned,” said she in a low voice; and then repeated half to herself, “Glaucus is returned!”

“Yes, child; I have not been at Pompeii above a few days. My garden wants your care, as before; you will visit it, I trust, to-morrow. And mind, no garlands at my house shall be woven by any hands but those of the pretty Nydia.”

Nydia smiled joyously, but did not answer; and Glaucus, placing in his breast the violets he had selected, turned gaily and carelessly from the crowd.

*Last Days of Pompeii (1834).*

TS.

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Romans, worth

## THE INFLUENCE OF BEAUTY.

JOHN KEATS (1795-1820).

A thing of beauty is a joy for ever:  
Its loveliness increases ; it will never  
Pass into nothingness ; but still will keep  
A bower quiet for us, and a sleep  
Full of sweet dreams and health and quiet breathing  
Therefore, on every morrow, are we wreathing  
A flowery band to bind us to the earth,  
Spite of despondence, of the inhuman dearth  
Of noble natures, of the gloomy days,  
Of all the unhealthy and o'er-darkened ways  
Made for our searching : yes, in spite of all,  
Some shape of beauty moves away the pall  
From our dark spirits. Such the sun, the moon,  
Trees old and young, sprouting a shady boon  
For simple sheep ; and such are daffodils,  
With the green world they live in ; and clear rills  
That for themselves a cooling covert make  
'Gainst the hot season ; the mid-forest brake,  
Rich with a sprinkling of fair musk-rose blooms:  
And such too is the grandeur of the dooms  
We have imagined for the mighty dead ;  
All lovely tales that we have heard or read :  
An endless fountain of immortal drink,  
Pouring unto us from the heaven's brink.

Nor do we merely feel these essences  
For one short hour ; no, even as the trees  
That whisper round a temple become soon  
Dear as the temple's self, so does the moon,  
The passion poesy, glories infinite,  
Haunt us till they become a cheering light  
Unto our souls, and bound to us so fast,  
That, whether there be shine, or gloom o'ercast,  
They always must be with us, or we die.

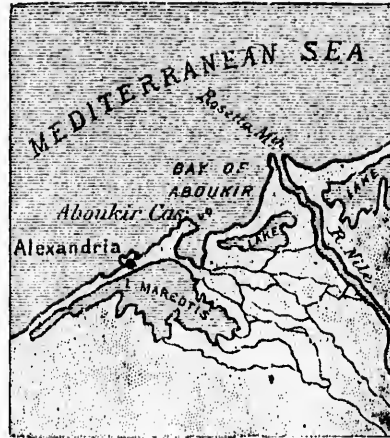
*Endymion* (1818), book i., 1-33.

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## BATTLE OF THE NILE.

(1798.)

Once more Nelson sailed for Alexandria; and, on arriving in sight of that town on the morning of the 1st August, to the inexpressible joy of the gallant admiral and every British seaman, the French tricolor was plainly discerned waving on the walls of the city. The fleet stood along the shore, and at one P.M. the *Zealous* made the signal for seventeen ships, and that thirteen were of the line. Since he had left the *Morea*, Nelson's anxiety had been so great that he had scarcely quitted the deck of the *Vanguard*; but he now hoisted the signal to prepare for battle, and ordered his dinner. Aboukir Bay, in which Admiral Brueys



had taken up his station, is about twenty miles beyond Alexandria, with its eastern extremity touching the western mouth of the Nile, where it falls into the sea at Rosetta. The roadstead, which extends in a deep curve, is traversed about three miles from the shore by a long sand-bank, on which there is only twenty-four feet of water, which therefore is insufficient to float large ships of war. About two miles from Aboukir Castle, on the mainland, is a small island (then called Aboukir Island, but since named after Nelson), also surrounded by shoals, which extend from it nearly a mile seawards. A battery was erected on this island, and some bomb-vessels and gun-boats were also placed to annoy an enemy entering the bay.

The headmost of the French ships, which were moored in single line, was distant about two miles from Aboukir Island, with a distance of rather more than two ships' lengths, or about one hundred and sixty yards, between each. The edge of the shoal in-shore was concave, while the French line was convex, the centre, which was occupied by the admiral's flag-ship, being consequently farther distant from the shore than the extremities.

Each ship was moored and provided with a stream cable to enable her to "spring" her broadside, or bring it to bear on the enemy.

With the intuition of genius, the thought struck Nelson that as the French men-of-war were moored at two ships' length from each other, where there was room for a French ship to swing there was room for one of ours to anchor; he therefore determined to adopt a suggestion, attributed to Captain Foley of the *Goliath*, to pass, if practicable, between the French and the shore, and engage the enemy on their landward broadsides.

The battle lasted about two hours, and Nelson was on his quarter-deck scanning a rough sketch of the Bay of Aboukir, which had been found in a prize recently taken by the *Swiftsure*, when a piece of langridge shot struck him on the forehead, inflicting a deep wound, and injuring the bone. As the torn flesh fell over his remaining eye, the sudden darkness and intense pain of the wound induced the belief that the injury was mortal; and as he fell into the arms of Captain Berry, who happened to be standing by, he exclaimed, "I am killed! Remember me to my wife!" He was carried down into the cockpit, and the surgeon at once left the wounded man whom he had under his hand at the time of the arrival of the illustrious patient. But even in this moment of mortal peril (as he thought), the admiral, with that unselfish nobleness which endeared him to his men, signed the surgeon away, exclaiming, "No; I will take my turn with my brave fellows." When his turn came, a brief examination of the wound satisfied the surgeon that, however painful, it was not dangerous. Thereupon Nelson had his head bound up, and proceeded at once on deck.

The scene must have been superlatively grand, as each flash of the two thousand guns, so incessantly worked, illumined the darkness of the night; but the tongues of flame darting out of the muzzles of so many cannon offered a feeble and uncertain light in comparison with the brilliant glare that was soon to make all clear as noonday.

We have detailed more than one instance of a ship blowing up in battle; it must be a sufficiently awful spectacle in the sunlight, but how grand during the dark hours of night! This catastrophe now befell the *Orient*, a name arousing painful associations such as are linked with many noble ships in

our service which have sustained a like calamity in battle. Within the first hour of the action Admiral Brueys received two wounds, and at eight o'clock, as he was descending from the poop to the quarter-deck, a round-shot nearly cut him in two. Though suffering from the agony of this mortal wound, the gallant admiral refused to be carried below, and with his last breath desired to be suffered to die on deck. Here he lingered a quarter of an hour, and his heroic spirit passed away not long before death in another form would have seized him had he lived. Commodore Casa Bianca was badly wounded just as the admiral breathed his last, and met the fate that awaited the greater part of the crew. At nine o'clock the three-decker was perceived to be on fire in the mizzen-chains, and the flames were soon observed to spread with great rapidity.

The fire is said to have been caused by the wadding of the guns of the British ships setting fire to some empty oil-cans and paint-buckets which had been left on the poop by the men who had been painting the ship's sides on the morning of the action. The general supposition in the British fleet was that the catastrophe owed its origin to the ignition of some of the unextinguishable combustible materials employed by the French, some of which were thrown on board several ships, and were also found in the prizes. Whatever the cause, the flames spread with great rapidity, and ascending the rigging, quickly enveloped the ship. The fiery mass illumined the sky, presenting a spectacle of indescribable grandeur, and lighting up every object as in broad daylight.

On the intelligence reaching Nelson, who was still under the surgeon's hands, he at once hastened on deck, and ordered the boats to be despatched to succor the crew from the horrible fate impending over them. Little, however, could be done to rescue the unfortunate seamen; the flames burst with too fierce a glow to allow our boats to approach the huge floating castle. About seventy of her men and officers, including Rear-Admiral Ganteaume, were all that were saved, most of them being picked up by our boats, the rear-admiral escaping in a boat belonging to the *Salamine* brig. The ship continued to burn until about ten o'clock, when, the fire having caught the magazine, the *Orient* blew up, producing an effect to which nothing similar is recorded in the history of naval war. So tremendous was the explosion that the seams of the surrounding ships were opened, and they sustained other considerable injuries; the sea heaved violently,

the waves rose high upon the shores, and the batteries and castles around shook with the mighty concussion.

For several minutes after this catastrophe there was a dead silence; both victor and vanquished, awe-stricken, stayed their hands in the dread work of destruction. The boldest heart in the fleet manned by England's bravest sons paid this involuntary homage to the gallant spirits who in that instant had been sent to their last account. But presently the death-like stillness was broken by the sound of falling spars and burning debris, which showered on all the surrounding ships, carrying danger and death with them in their fall.

LIEUT. C. R. LOW: *Great Battles of the British Navy.*

### THE VICTORY.

(1798.)

ROBERT SOUTHEY (1774-1843).

Hark how the church bells, with redoubling peals,  
Stun the glad ear! Tidings of joy have come,  
Good tidings of great joy! two gallant ships  
Met on the element—they met, they fought  
A desperate fight—good tidings of great joy!  
Old England triumphed! yet another day  
Of glory for the ruler of the waves!  
For those who fell—'twas in their country's cause—  
They have their passing paragraphs of praise  
And are forgotten.

There was one who died  
In that day's glory whose obscurer name  
No proud historian's page will chronicle.  
Peace to his honest soul! I read his name,—  
'Twas in the list of slaughter,—and thanked God  
The sound was not familiar to mine ear.  
But it was told me after that this man  
Was one whom lawful violence had forced  
From his own home, and wife, and little ones,  
Who by his labor lived; that he was one  
Whose uncorrupted heart could keenly feel  
A husband's love, a father's anxiousness;  
That from the wages of his toil he fed  
The distant dear ones, and would talk of them  
At midnight when he trod the silent deck



With him he valued—talk of them, of joys  
 Which he had known—O God! and of the hour  
 When they should meet again, till his full heart,  
 His manly heart, at times would overflow,  
 Even like a child's, with very tenderness.  
 Peace to his honest spirit! suddenly  
 It came, and merciful the ball of death,  
 That it came suddenly and shattered him,  
 Nor left a moment's agonizing thought  
 On those he loved so well.

The ocean-deep

Now lies at rest. Be Thou her comforter  
 Who art the widow's friend! Man does not know  
 What a cold sickness made her blood run back  
 When first she heard the tidings of the fight;  
 Man does not know with what a dreadful hope  
 She listened to the names of those who died;  
 Man does not know, or knowing will not heed,  
 With what an agony of tenderness  
 She gazed upon her children, and beheld  
 His image who was gone. O God! be thou,  
 Who art the widow's friend, her comforter!

*Westbury, 1798.*

### LINES FROM "THE ORPHAN BOY."

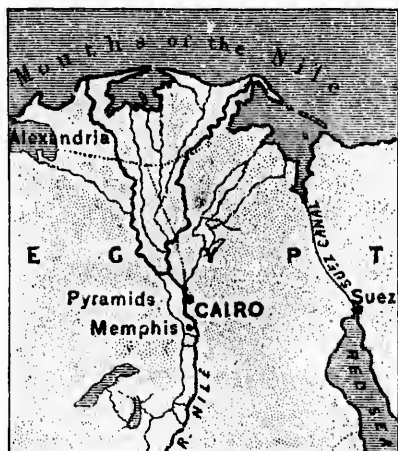
Stay, lady! stay, for mercy's sake,  
 And hear a helpless orphan's tale;  
 Ah! sure my looks must pity wake—  
 'Tis want that makes my cheek so pale.  
 Yet I was once a mother's pride,  
 And my brave father's hope and joy;  
 But in the Nile's proud fight he died,  
 And I am now an orphan boy.

Poor foolish child! how pleased was I,  
 When news of Nelson's victory came,  
 Along the crowded streets to fly,  
 And see the lighted windows flame!  
 To force me home my mother sought—  
 She could not bear to see my joy;  
 For with my father's life 'twas bought,  
 And made me a poor orphan boy.

MRS. OPIE.

### THE SUEZ CANAL.

The Suez Canal is certainly one of the greatest triumphs of modern engineering. Yet it is only an improvement on a much earlier plan ; for it is well known that, in the fifth century before



the Christian era, an indirect line of canal connected the two seas, the Mediterranean and the Red Sea. It began at about a mile and a half north of Suez, and struck in a north-westerly direction, availing itself of a series of natural hollows, to a point on the eastern branch of the Nile. By-and-by it became silted up ; and after having been several times restored, it was finally filled with the never-resting sands in 767 A.D.

Upwards of ten centuries passed before any attempt was made to renew communication between the two seas. Then the idea occurred to the ingenious mind of Buonaparte ; but as his engineers erroneously reported that there was a difference of level between the Mediterranean and the Red Sea to the extent of thirty feet, he suffered it to drop. In 1847 a scientific commission, appointed by England, France, and Austria, ascertained that the two seas had exactly the same mean level ; and in 1854 Ferdinand de Lesseps, an ingenious and enterprising Frenchman, obtained permission from the Viceroy of Egypt to make a canal across the isthmus. It was not, however, until 1858 that De Lesseps found himself in a position to appeal to the public for support. A company was then formed, and the canal was proceeded with ; a variety of ingenious machinery being invented by the French engineers to meet the exigencies of their novel and magnificent enterprise. On the 17th of November 1869 it was formally opened for navigation, in the presence of a host of illustrious personages, representing every European State.

“As we went along the Canal,” says Dr. Carpenter, “we passed between mounds or banks, higher than the ordinary level. These banks were composed of material which had been excavated from the Canal, and thrown up on either side.

"As we steamed along very slowly, I mounted the 'bridge' of the steamer, so as to be able to look over these banks; and then I saw the interminable barren waste on the Egyptian side covered with water, and on the eastern side a sandy desert extending to Palestine.

"One of the first features of interest was a 'floating bridge,' thrown across the Canal by steam, at a point which, I was told, was in the track of the caravans. Now here was a most curious conjuncture of modern and ancient civilization. This caravan track is one of the most ancient of all roads, leading from Egypt into Palestine and Syria, on the very line along which Jacob's sons may have gone down into Egypt to buy corn; and there we found one of the appliances of modern civilization, in the shape of this 'floating bridge,' consisting of a large flat-bottomed boat which crosses and recrosses the Canal by means of chains wound and unwound upon large drums by a steam engine. This contact of ancient and modern civilization is one of the most remarkable features in Egypt.

"But there was another noticeable feature. There are stations all along the Canal, at which the officers reside, as well as the men who keep watch over the Canal, and who are ready to give help if any vessel should run aground. At most of these stations I noticed that there was a garden, generally with a gay show of flowers, and great cultivation of edible vegetables. Now what was the meaning of this? How could these gardens be made out of this sand and mud? The secret is, that every one of these places is supplied with fresh water.

"That fresh water is brought all the way from the Nile; for there is no fresh water to be got between Port Said and Suez—nothing but brackish water, obtained by digging. A *fresh-water canal* was therefore cut from the Nile at Cairo to Ismailia, a sort of half-way house between Suez and Port Said. Pipes convey this water to the railway which runs from Cairo to Suez by way of Ismailia. By this means a supply of wholesome water is conveyed regularly to all parts of the Canal, and flowers of every kind can be grown, nothing being wanted for the soil in that sunny clime but water. At Ismailia the head engineer has a villa with the most beautiful plants of all kinds, those of temperate as well as of tropical climes growing luxuriantly in his garden."

Before the establishment of the Overland Route, Suez, though a place of considerable transit trade between Egypt and the



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE SUEZ CANAL.

East, was a small, ill-built, wretched-looking town. Since that time it has been much improved, and has become the residence of many merchants and agents. The country around it is desert, and provisions and water have to be brought from great distances.

Reëmbarking at Suez, we pass down the gulf of the same name, which is the western of the two arms at the head of the Red Sea. The Gulf of Suez is 190 miles in length; and near the head of it is believed by many to be the place at which the Israelites crossed the Red Sea in their exodus from Egypt. As, however, the gulf is known to have receded many miles from its ancient head, even since the Christian era, it is more probable that the scene of the passage is now in the sandy waste of the isthmus.

The eastern arm of the Red Sea is the Gulf of Akaba, which is 100 miles in length. On the triangular tongue of land between the two gulfs are the mountains of Horeb-Sinai, in whose midst there appeared to Moses "an angel of the Lord in a flame of fire in a bush;" and on whose "secret top" he received from God the "lively oracles" to give to the people.

Half way down the Red Sea, the navigation of which is rendered difficult by sudden changes of wind and heavy gales, we reach Jeddah, one of the most active sea-ports in Arabia. Here thousands of pilgrims land every year on their way to Mecca, the birth-place of Mohammed and the cradle of the Mussulman faith. Near the southern extremity of the sea, on the margin of a sandy plain on the Arabian coast, is Mocha, a fortified sea-port, from which thousands of tons of the finest coffee are annually exported. Passing through the Strait of Babel-mandeb, we reach Aden, where the sign-board of "The Prince of Wales Hotel" reminds us that we are once more in a British possession. Like Gibraltar and Valetta, Aden is considered an impregnable fortress. Like Gibraltar, too, it stands on a rocky peninsula, connected with the mainland by a narrow isthmus. Its harbor is the best in Arabia; and the town abounds in mosques and Mohammedan remains, which testify to its former magnificence. From Aden we steer through the Gulf of Aden and across the Arabian Sea; and before many days pass we are at anchor in the spacious harbor of Bombay.

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**LORD SYDENHAM.**

(1799-1841.)

JOHN CHARLES DENT.

[Charles E. P. Thompson, Baron Sydenham ("of Sydenham in Kent, and Toronto in Canada") became Governor-General of Canada in 1839; and to him fell the delicate tasks of uniting the two Provinces in one Parliament, and of introducing the system of responsible government.

On the 4th of September 1841 his horse fell, crushing Lord Sydenham's leg, and death ensued on the 19th. In accordance with a request he had made, the Governor-General was buried in St. George's Church, Kingston.]

His earthly race was nearly run. He had overworked himself ever since his arrival in Canada. His labors throughout the session had been simply tremendous for a man in such an uncertain state of health. The obstructions in his path had been many, and he had been compelled to encounter them almost single-handed, for his ministers were able to serve him to only a limited extent. The most capable of them did not, as we have seen, enjoy the confidence of the popular side, and could not be expected to lend themselves with much enthusiasm to the carrying out of the most liberal of the Governor's measures. Mr. Baldwin's secession had doubtless tended to add to his many embarrassments; for Mr. Baldwin, more than any other man in Canada, had the ear of the public, and would have been invaluable to His Excellency as an exponent of the popular will. A man of less tact and parliamentary experience than the Governor would have been unable, in a single session, to carry through such a mass of important legislation, beset as it was with multitudinous details, and in the face of a keen and watchful opposition ever on the alert. Too much praise cannot be awarded for the indefatigable manner in which he literally spent himself in the public service. The Government's policy was sustained on every material point. The only measure in which they sustained defeat was one which contemplated the starting of a bank of issue. To Lord Sydenham, more than to any one else, this almost uniform success was due. But it was not obtained without the payment of a high price, so far as His Excellency was personally concerned. He worked at high pressure, and at tremendous expenditure of vital force; much of the most important legislation was actually drafted by his own hand. He was ever at his post, and worked early and late. He was accessible to any member, no matter to what party he might belong, who could frame a plausible excuse for



intruding upon him in public interests. His nervous system was kept in a state of perpetual tension. His appetite was capricious, and he was frequently unable to sleep. "The worst of it is," he wrote to his brother on the 28th of August, "I am afraid I shall never be good for quiet purposes hereafter; for I actually breathe, eat, drink, and sleep on nothing but Government and politics, and my day is a lost one when I do not find that I have advanced some of these objects materially. That, in fact, is the secret of my success. The people know that I am ready at all hours and times to do business, and that what I have once undertaken I will carry through; so they follow my star." He had been discounting his physical constitution ever since he had accepted the Governor-Generalship, and had taxed his energies ruinously. For more than a year before the opening of the session he had been subject to frequent attacks of his hereditary malady, the gout, and had sometimes been unable to write or dictate. To gout, fever and utter prostration of mind and body were sometimes added. His removal from Montreal to Kingston, in May, caused some improvement in his health, but he complained that his strength did not come back to him, and that his work oppressed him as it had never done before. "I am ready to hang myself half a dozen times a day," he wrote on the 5th of June..... "I long for September, beyond which I will not stay if they were to make me Duke of Canada and Prince of Regiopolis, as this place is called."

*The Last Forty Years* (1881).

### UNTRODDEN WAY.

BY "FIDELIS" (MISS MACHAR), KINGSTON.

Where close the curving mountains drew  
 To clasp the stream in their embrace,  
 With every outline, curve, and hue,  
 Reflected in its placid face,

The ploughman stopped his team, to watch  
 The train, as swift it thundered by;  
 Some distant glimpse of life to catch,  
 He strains his eager, wistful eye.

His glossy horses mildly stand  
 With wonder in their patient eyes,  
 As through the tranquil mountain land  
 The snorting monster onward flies.

The morning freshness is on him,  
 Just wakened from his balmy dreams ;  
 The wayfarers, all soiled and dim,  
 Think longingly of mountain streams :—

O for the joyous mountain air !  
 The long delightful autumn day  
 Among the hills !—the ploughman there  
 Must have perpetual holiday !

And he, as all day long he guides  
 His steady plough with patient hand,  
 Thinks of the flying train that glides  
 Into some fair, enchanted land ;

Where day by day no plodding round  
 Wears the frame and dulls the mind ;  
 Where life thrills keen to sight and sound,  
 With plough and furrows left behind !

Even so to each the untrod ways  
 Of life are touched by fancy's glow,  
 That ever sheds its brightest rays  
 Upon the *page we do not know!*

*Canadian Monthly, Feb. 1832.*

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### CANADA ON THE SEA.

J. G. BOURINOT (b. 1834).

No country in the world possesses more admirable facilities for the prosecution of all the branches of maritime enterprise than the Dominion of Canada. Looking eastward, we see the Provinces of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, with an extensive line of sea-coast, indented, especially in the case of the latter, with bays and harbors, offering every inducement to

commerce. Still further to the east lies the island of Newfoundland, the Prima or Buena Vista of early navigators, in the midst of the finest fishery of either continent, destined ere long to form a part of the Confederation, and to become the headquarters of an immense trade. As one great island forms the eastern barrier, so another, smaller in extent, but equally important from a maritime point of view, defends the approaches to the Pacific coast of the Dominion. While the eastern and western extremities of Canada are washed by two oceans—the one the road to Asia, the other to Europe—Nature has given her a system of internal communication unrivalled even by the Republic on her borders. The St. Lawrence runs through a large portion of her most valuable and at present most populous territory, and carries to the ocean the tribute of the great lakes and noble rivers that water the Provinces of Quebec and Ontario. Nova Scotia and New Brunswick both possess numerous rivers, some of them of very considerable length and magnitude, and connecting the most inland counties of those provinces with the sea-board. By energetically availing themselves of these natural advantages, the people of British North America have been able, in the course of a very few years, to attain a commercial position which is most creditable to their industry and enterprise.

The people who own this immense stretch of country, extending from ocean to ocean, are of the same races that, from time immemorial, have been famous for their achievements on the seas. They take as much pride as the men of Devon themselves in the record of Grenville, Gilbert, Frobisher, Raleigh, Drake, and all those gallant men whose names are so intimately associated with the maritime triumphs of the parent state, and with the history of discovery on the continent of America. If there is an era in English history especially interesting to Canadians, it is that Elizabethan age when England laid deep and firm the foundation of her maritime superiority, and when her adventurous sons,—above all, “the sons of Devon,”—went forth to plant her flag in Prima Vista, in the ice-bound regions of the north, and on the islands and coasts of the tropics.

But whilst the energy and enterprise of the British races have to so large an extent made Canada what she is now, we must not forget that it is to England's great rival across the Channel that we owe the first settlements on our shores. The Basques, the Bretons, and the Normans, themselves a maritime

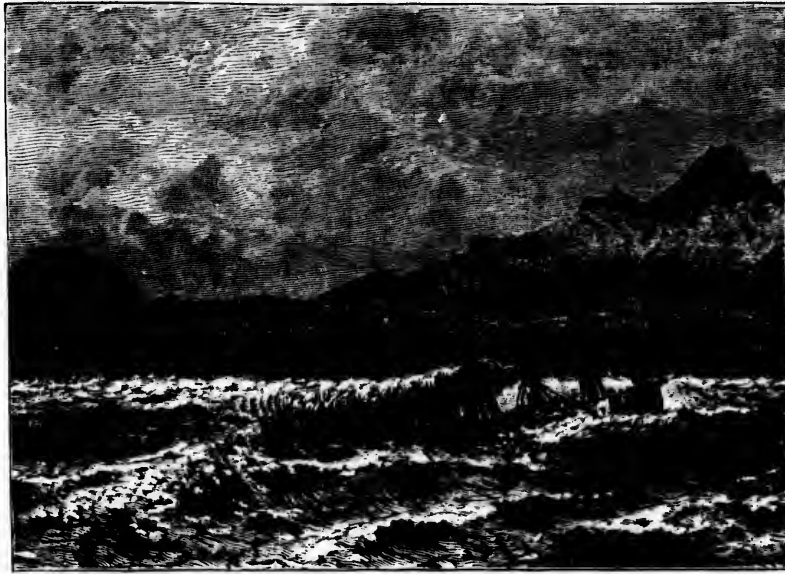
people by virtue of descent and occupation, were the first to till "the deep sea-pasture" of American waters. From Dieppe, St. Malo, Rochelle, and other ports of France, came those maritime adventurers who, in frail craft hardly larger than the smallest fishing schooners on our sea-coast, dared all the dangers of unknown seas, and planted the first colonies on the banks of the St. Lawrence and on the shores of Acadie. With wonderful discrimination they selected those harbors and bays which are best adapted for trade, and modern enterprise has not denied in a single instance the wisdom of their choice. Quebec, Montreal, and New Orleans still remain to attest the prescience and sagacity of the French pioneers. *Canadian Monthly Magazine.*

### FROM "THE OCEAN STAG."

CHARLES SANGSTER (b. 1822).

Far away on the wide, wide ocean tide,  
 Far away on the tameless sea,  
 On its broad, broad breast, where the waves never rest  
 From their mad joyous revelry,  
 Rides the stately bark o'er the billows dark,  
 Like the spirit of Liberty ;  
 Rideth all night, with a strange delight,  
 Like a creature of the foam,  
 Or a wild thing born of some sprite forlorn  
 In the cave of some monster gnome,  
 That had leaped into life from the ocean strife,  
 With the boundless sea for its home.  
 So with plunge and dip speeds the gallant ship,  
 With her mariner hearts so strong,  
 Who defy the tide with disdainful pride,  
 With laughter, and tale, and song.  
 How she strains ! how she bounds ! like a stag which  
 Have followed in vain too long. [the hounds  
 Higher, higher each swell ! merry gale, it is well ;  
 Still wilder the swift wind blows :  
 Let it rave, let it rave, with a ship so brave,  
 And a crew that no danger knows,  
 Though the storm-fiends' wrack make the welkin crack,  
 Though the gale to a tempest grows.

*Canadian Monthly Magazine* (1872).



**“BREAK, BREAK, BREAK.”**

ALFRED TENNYSON (b. 1809).

Break, break, break  
 On thy cold, gray stones, O Sea!  
 And I would that my tongue could utter  
 The thoughts that arise in me.

Oh, well for the fisherman's boy  
 That he shouts with his sister at play!  
 Oh, well for the sailor-lad  
 That he sings in his boat on the bay!

And the stately ships go on,  
 To the haven under the hill;  
 But oh, for the touch of a vanished hand,  
 And the sound of a voice that is still!

Break, break, break,  
 At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!  
 But the tender grace of a day that is dead  
 Will never come back to me.

## HOW MANY FINS HAS A COD? OR, FORTY YEARS AGO.

THOMAS CHANDLER HALIBURTON (1796-1865).

[The late Judge Haliburton, a native of Windsor, N.S., and the grandson of a U.E. Loyalist, is everywhere known for the witty and characteristic sketches which in 1835 began to appear in a weekly paper in Nova Scotia, and in 1837 were collected under the title, "The Clockmaker; or, The Sayings and Doings of Sam Slick of Slickville." This new vein of humor continued for twenty years to be worked with great success; and in 1855, from among the "tailings" of the ore, it yielded "Nature and Human Nature." Our selection is drawn from "The Old Judge; or, Life in a Colony," which originally appeared in 1843. It was reprinted in 1849, 1860, and 1881.

The scene of the trial is laid at Plymouth, N.S., at the beginning of this century.]

"Lawyer, this is Captain John Barkins!—Captain Barkins, this is Lawyer Sandford!—He is our client, lawyer, and I must say one thing for him: he has but two faults, but they are enough to ruin any man in this province—he is an honest man, and speaks the truth. I will leave you together now, and go and order your dinner for you."

John Barkins was a tall, corpulent, amphibious-looking man, that seemed as if he would be equally at home in either element, land or water. He held in his hand what he called a norwester, a large, broad-brimmed, glazed hat, with a peak projecting behind to shed the water from off his club queue, which was nearly as thick as a hawser. He wore a long, narrow-tailed, short-waisted blue coat, with large white-plated buttons, that resembled Spanish dollars, a red waistcoat, a spotted bandana silk handkerchief tied loosely about his throat, and a pair of voluminous corduroy trowsers, of the color of brown soap, over which were drawn a pair of fishermen's boots, that reached nearly to his knees. His waistcoat and his trowsers were apparently not upon very intimate terms; for, though they travelled together, the latter were taught to feel their subjection, but when they lagged too far behind, they were brought to their place by a jerk of impatience that threatened their very existence. He had a thick, matted head of black hair, and a pair of whiskers that disdained the effeminacy of either scissors or razor, and revelled in all the exuberant and wild profusion of nature. His countenance was much weather-beaten from constant exposure to the vicissitudes of heat and cold, but was



open, good-natured, and manly. Such was my client. He advanced and shook me cordially by the hand.

"Glad to see you, sir," he said; "you are welcome to Plymouth. My name is John Barkins; I dare say you have often heard of me, for everybody knows me about these parts. Any one will tell you what sort of a man John Barkins is. That's me—that's my name, do you see? I am a persecuted man, lawyer; but I ain't altogether quite run down yet neither. I have a case in court; I dare say Mr. Robins has told you of it. He is a very clever man is old Billy, and as smart a chap of his age as you will see anywhere a'most. I suppose you have often heard of him before, for everybody knows William Robins in these parts. It's the most important case, sir, ever tried in this county. If I lose it, Plymouth is done. There's an end to the fisheries, and a great many of us are a-going to sell off and quit the country."

I will not detail his cause to you in his own words, because it would fatigue you as it wearied me in hearing it. It possessed no public interest whatever, though it was of some importance to himself as regarded the result. It appeared that he had fitted out a large vessel for the Labrador fishery, and taken with him a very full crew, who were to share in the profits or loss of the adventure. The agreement, which was a verbal one, was that on the completion of the voyage the cargo should be sold, and the net proceeds be distributed in equal portions, one half to appertain to the captain and vessel, and the other half to the crew, and to be equally divided among them. The undertaking was a disastrous one, and on their return the seamen repudiated the bargain, and sued him for wages. It was, therefore, a very simple affair, being a mere question of fact as to the partnership, and that depending wholly on the evidence. Having ascertained these particulars, and inquired into the nature of the proof by which his defence was to be supported, and given him his instructions, I requested him to call upon me again in the morning before court, and bowed to him in a manner too significant to be misunderstood. He, however, still lingered in the room, and, turning his hat round and round several times, examining the rim very carefully, as if at a loss to distinguish the front from the back part of it, he looked up at last, and said—

"Lawyer, I have a favor to ask of you."

"What is it?" I inquired.

"There is a man," he replied, "coming agin me to-morrow as a witness, of the name of Lillum. He thinks himself a great judge of the fisheries, and he does know a considerable some, I must say; but I caught fish afore he was born, and know more about fishing than all the Lillums of Plymouth put together. Will you just ask him one question?"

"Yes; fifty, if you like."

"Well, I only want you to try him with one, and that will choke him. Ask him if he knows 'how many fins a cod has, at a word.'"

"What has that got to do with the cause?" I said, with unfeigned astonishment.

"Everything, sir," he answered; "everything in the world. If he is to come to give his opinion on other men's business, the best way is to see if he knows his own. Why, man! he don't know a cod-fish when he sees it; if he does, he can't tell you 'how many fins it has, at a word.' It is a great catch, that. I never knew a feller that could answer that question yet, right off the reel."

He then explained to me that in the enumeration one small fin was always omitted by those who had not previously made a minute examination.

"Now, sir," said he, "if he can't cipher out that question (and I'll go a hogshead of rum on it he can't), turn him right out of the box, and tell him to go a voyage with old John Barkins—that's me; my name is John Barkins—and he will learn him his trade. Will you ask him that question, lawyer?"

"Certainly," I said, "if you wish it."

"You will gain the day, then, sir," he continued, much elated; "you will gain the day, then, as sure as fate. Good-bye, lawyer."

When he had nearly reached the foot of the staircase, I heard him returning, and, opening the door, he looked in and said—

"You won't forget, will you?—my name is John Barkins; ask anybody about here, and they will tell you who I am, for everybody knows John Barkins in these parts. The other man's name is Lillum—a very decent, 'sponsible-looking man, too; but he don't know everything. Take him up all short. 'How many fins has a cod, at a word?' says you. If you can lay him on the broad of his back with that question, I don't care a farthing if I lose the case. It's a great satisfaction to nonplush a knowin' one that way. You know the question?"

"Yes, yes," I replied impatiently. "I know all about it."

"You do, do you, sir?" said he, shutting the door behind him, and advancing towards me, and looking me steadily in the face; "you do, do you? Then, 'how many fins has a cod, at a word?'"

I answered as he had instructed me.

"Sir," he said, "it's a pity your father hadn't made a fisherman of you, for you know more about a cod now than any man in Plymouth but one, old John Barkins—that's me; my name is John Barkins. Everybody knows me in these parts. Bait your hook with that question, and you'll catch old Lillum, I know. As soon as he has it in his gills, drag him right out of the water. Give him no time to play—out with him, and whap him on the deck; hit him hard over the head—it will make him open his mouth, and your hook is ready for another catch."

"Good-night, Mr. Barkins," I replied; "call on me in the morning. I am fatigued now."

"Good-night, sir," he answered; "you won't forget?"

Dinner was now announced, and my friend Mr. Robins and myself sat down to it with an excellent appetite.

Mrs. Brown, the landlady, was the widow of a seafaring man, who had, no doubt, fitted up the chamber with a view to economize room, and thus accommodate as many passengers (as he would designate his guests) as possible in this sailors' home. A lamp hung suspended from the ceiling, and appeared to be supplied and trimmed for the night, so as to afford easy access and egress at all hours. It was almost impossible not to imagine one's self at sea, on board of a crowded coasting packet. Retreat was impossible, and therefore I made up my mind at once to submit to this whimsical arrangement for the night, and, having undressed myself, was about to climb into a vacant berth near the door, when some one opposite called out—

"Lawyer, is that you?"

It was my old tormentor, the skipper. Upon ascertaining who it was, he immediately got out of bed, and crossed over to where I was standing. He had nothing on but a red nightcap, and a short, loose check shirt, wide open at the throat and breast. He looked like a huge bear walking upon his hind legs, he was so hairy and shaggy. Seizing me by the shoulders, he clasped me tightly round the neck, and whispered—

"How many fins has a cod, at a word? That's the question. You won't forget, will you?"

"No," I said; "I not only will not forget it to-morrow, but I shall recollect you and your advice as long as I live. Now let me get some rest, or I shall be unable to plead your cause for you, as I am excessively fatigued and very drowsy."

"Certainly, certainly," he said—"turn in; but don't forget the catch."

It was some time before the hard bed, the fatigue of the journey, and the novelty of the scene, permitted me to compose myself for sleep; and just as I was dropping off into slumber, I heard the same unwelcome sounds—

"Lawyer, lawyer, are you asleep?"

I affected not to hear him, and, after another ineffectual attempt on his part to rouse me, he desisted; but I heard him mutter to himself—

"Plague take the sarpent! he'll forget it and lose all: a feller that falls asleep at the helm ain't fit to be trusted nohow."

In the morning when I awoke, the first objects that met my eye were the bandana handkerchief, the red waistcoat, and blue coat, while a good-natured face watched over me with all the solicitude of a parent for the first moment of wakefulness.

"Lawyer, are you awake?" said Barkins. "This is the great day—the greatest day Plymouth ever saw! We shall know now whether we are to carry on the fisheries or give them up to the Yankees. Everything depends upon that question; don't forget it!—'How many fins has a cod, at a word?' It's very late now. It is eight o'clock, and the court meets at ten, and the town is full."

"Do go away and let me dress myself!" I said petulantly. "I won't forget you."

"Well, I'll go below," he replied, "if you wish it, but call for me when you want me. My name is John Barkins; ask any one for me, for every man knows John Barkins in these parts."

I shook my head in silence and despair, for I saw he was a man there was no escaping from.

After breakfast, Mr. Robins conducted me to the courthouse, which was filled almost to suffocation. The panel was immediately called, and the jury placed in the box. Previous to their being sworn, I inquired of Barkins whether any of them were related to the plaintiffs, or had been known to

express an opinion adverse to his interests; for if such was the case, it was the time to challenge them. To my astonishment, he immediately rose and told the judges he challenged the whole jury, the bench of magistrates, and every man in the house—a defiance that was accompanied by a menacing outstretched arm and clenched fist. A shout of laughter that nearly shook the walls of the building followed this violent outbreak. Nothing daunted by their ridicule, however, he returned to the charge, and said:

“I repeat it; I challenge the whole of you, if you dare!”

Here the court interposed, and asked him what he meant by such indecent behavior.

“Meant!” he said; “I mean what I say. The strange lawyer here tells me now is my time to challenge, and I claim my right; I do challenge any or all of you! Pick out any man present you please, take the smartest chap you’ve got, put us both on board the same vessel, and I challenge him to catch, spit, clean, salt, and stow away as many fish in a day as I can—cod, polluck, shad, or mackerel; I don’t care which, for it’s all the same to me; and I’ll go a hogshead of rum on it I beat him! Will any man take up the challenge?” and he turned slowly round and examined the whole crowd. “You won’t, won’t you? I guess not; you know a trick worth two of that, I reckon!—There, lawyer, there is my challenge; now go on with the cause!”

As soon as order was restored the jury were sworn, and the plaintiffs’ counsel opened his case and called his witnesses, the last of whom was Mr. Lillum.

“That’s him!” said Barkins, putting both arms round my neck and nearly choking me, as he whispered, “Ask him ‘how many fins a cod has, at a word?’” I now stood up to cross-examine him, when I was again in the skipper’s clutches. “Don’t forget! the question is—”

“If you do not sit down immediately, sir,” I said in a loud and authoritative voice (for the scene had become ludicrous), “and leave me to conduct the cause my own way, I shall retire from the court!”

He sat down, and groaning audibly, put both hands before his face and muttered—

“There is no dependence on a man that sleeps at the helm!”

I commenced, however, in the way my poor client desired; for I saw plainly that he was more anxious of what he called

“stumping” old Lillum and “non-plushing” him, than about the result of his trial, although he was finally convinced that the one depended on the other.

“How many years have you been engaged in the Labrador fishery, sir?”

“Twenty-five.”

“You are, of course, perfectly conversant with the cod-fishery?”

“Perfectly. I know as much, if not more, about it than any man in Plymouth.”

Here Barkins pulled my coat, and most beseechingly said, “Ask him—”

“Be quiet, sir, and do not interrupt me!” was the consolatory reply he received.

“Of course, then, after such long experience, sir, you know a cod-fish when you see it?”

“I should think so.”

“That will not do, sir. Will you swear that you do?”

“I do not come here to be made a fool of!”

“Nor I either, sir; I require you to answer yes or no. Will you undertake to swear that you know a cod-fish when you see it?”

“I will, sir.”

Here Barkins rose and struck the table with his fist a blow that nearly split it, and, turning to me, said—

“Ask him—”

“Silence, sir!” I again vociferated.—“Let there be no mistake,” I continued. “I will repeat the question. Do you undertake to swear that you know a cod-fish when you see it?”

“I do, sir, as well as I know my own name when I see it!”

“Then, sir, how many fins has a cod, at a word?”

Here the blow was given, not on the deal slab of the table, but on my back, with such force as to throw me forward on my two hands.

“Ay, floor him!” said Barkins; “let him answer that question?—The lawyer has you there! How many fins has a cod, at a word, you old sculpin?”

“I can answer you that without hesitation.”

“How many, then?”

“Let me see—three on the back, and two on the shoulder—that’s five; two on the nape—that’s seven; and two on the shoulder—that’s nine. Nine, sir!”



"Missed it!" said Barkins. "Didn't I tell you so? I knew he couldn't answer it. And yet the fellow has the impudence to call himself a fisherman!"

Here I requested the court to interfere, and compel my unfortunate and excited client to be silent.

"Is there not a small fin besides," I said, "between the under jaw and the throat?"

"I believe there is."

"You believe! Then, sir, it seems you are in doubt, and that you do not know a cod-fish when you see it. You may go; I will not ask you another question. Go, sir! but let me advise you to be more careful in your answers for the future."

There was a universal shout of laughter in the court, and Barkins availed himself of the momentary noise to slip his hand under the table and grip me by the thigh, so as nearly to sever the flesh from the bone.

"My stout fresh-water fish," he said, "you have gained the case, after all! Didn't I tell you he couldn't answer that question? It's a great catch, isn't it?"

The next day I left Plymouth very early in the morning. When I descended to the door, I found both Robins and Barkins there, and received a hearty and cordial farewell from both of them.

I had hardly left the door before I heard my name shouted after me.

"Mr. Sandford! Lawyer! lawyer!"

It was old Barkins. I anticipated his object; I knew it was his old theme.

"Lawyer, don't forget the catch—'How many fins has a cod, at a word?'"

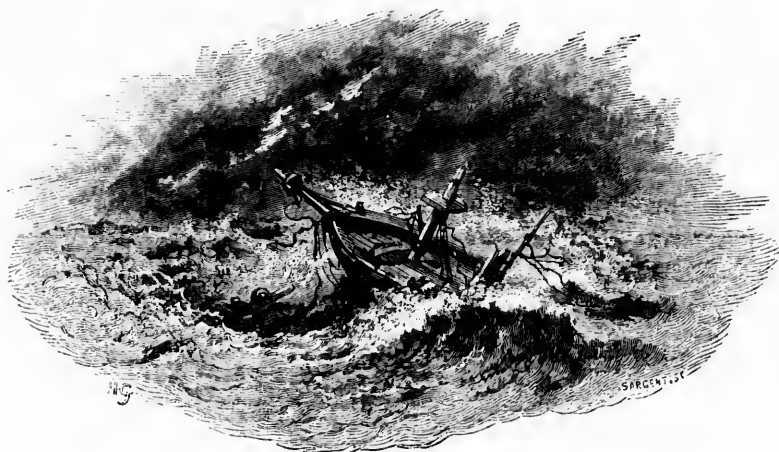
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### STORM SONG.

JAMES BAYARD TAYLOR (1825-1878).

The clouds are scudding across the moon;  
A misty light is on the sea;  
The wind in the shrouds has a wintry tune;  
And the foam is flying free.

Brothers, a night of terror and gloom  
Speaks in the cloud and gathering roar;



*"Ah, daylight will look upon many a wreck!"*

Thank God, he has given us broad sea-room,—  
A thousand miles from shore!

Down with the hatches on those who sleep!  
The wild and whistling deck have we;  
Good watch, my brothers, to-night we'll keep,  
While the tempest is on the sea!

Though the rigging shriek in his terrible grip,  
And the naked spars be snapped away,  
Lashed to the helm, we'll drive our ship  
Straight through the whelming spray!

Hark, how the surges o'erleap the deck!  
Hark, how the pitiless tempest raves!  
Ah! daylight will look upon many a wreck,  
Drifting o'er the desert waves!

Yet courage, brothers! we trust the wave,  
With God above us, our star and chart;  
So, whether to harbor or ocean-grave,  
Be it still with a cheery heart!

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## THE LIGHT-HOUSE.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW (1807-1882).

The rocky ledge runs far into the sea,  
And on its outer point, some miles away,  
The light-house lifts its massive masonry,—  
A pillar of fire by night, of cloud by day.  
Even at this distance I can see the tides,  
Upheaving, break unheard along its base ;—  
A speechless wrath, that rises and subsides  
In the white lip and tremor of the face.  
And as the evening darkens, lo ! how bright,  
Through the deep purple of the twilight air,  
Beams forth the sudden radiance of its light,  
With strange, unearthly splendor in its glare.  
Not one alone ;—from each projecting cape  
And perilous reef along the ocean's verge,  
Starts into life a dim, gigantic shape,  
Holding its lantern o'er the restless surge.  
And the great ships sail outward and return,  
Bending and bowing, o'er the billowy swells ;  
And ever joyful, as they see it burn,  
They wave their silent welcomes and farewells.  
They come forth from the darkness, and their sails  
Gleam for a moment only in the blaze ;  
And eager faces, as the light unveils,  
Gaze at the tower, and vanish while they gaze.  
The mariner remembers, when a child,  
On his first voyage, he saw it fade and sink ;  
And, when returning from adventures wild,  
He saw it rise again o'er ocean's brink.  
Steadfast, serene, immovable, the same  
Year after year, through all the silent night,  
Burns on for evermore that quenchless flame,  
Shines on that inextinguishable light !  
It sees the ocean to its bosom clasp  
The rocks and sea-sand with the kiss of peace ;—  
It sees the wild winds lift it in their grasp,  
And hold it up, and shake it like a fleece.



The startled waves leap over it ; the storm  
Smites it with all the scourges of the rain ;  
And steadily against its solid form  
Press the great shoulders of the hurricane.

The sea-bird wheeling round it, with the din  
Of wings and winds and solitary cries,  
Blinded and maddened by the light within,  
Dashes himself against the glare, and dies.

A new Prome'theus, chained upon the rock,  
Still grasping in his hand the fire of Jove,  
It does not hear the cry, nor heed the shock,  
But hails the mariner with words of love.

“Sail on !” it says, “sail on, ye stately ships ;  
And with your floating bridge the ocean span ;  
Be mine to guard this light from all eclipse,—  
Be yours to bring man nearer unto man !”

**ZEAL-FOR-TRUTH THORESBY.**

CHARLES KINGSLEY (1819-1875).

[“Under James, who hated it, Puritanism spread fast; and his son, Charles the First, found in it the great obstacle to his attempts to govern England in defiance of the Parliament. The Puritans were stern and sober-minded men; but they were of noble temper, and did much to raise the standard of English life. Mr. Kingsley has given a fine picture of a young Puritan in his sketch of Zeal-for-Truth Thoresby.”—J. R. GREEN.]

Was there no poetry in these Puritans, because they wrote no poetry? We do not mean now the unwritten tragedy of the battle-psalm and the charge, but simply idyllic poetry and quiet home-drama, love-poetry of the heart and the hearth, and the beauties of every-day human life. Take the most commonplace of them: was Zeal-for-Truth Thoresby, of Thoresby Rise in Deeping Fen, because his father had thought fit to give him an ugly and silly name, the less of a noble lad? Did his name prevent his being six feet high? Were his shoulders the less broad for it, his cheeks the less ruddy for it? He wore his flaxen hair of the same length that every one now wears theirs, instead of letting it hang half-way to his waist in essenced curls; but was he therefore the less of a true Viking's son, bold-hearted as his sea-roving ancestors who won the Danelagh by Canute's side, and settled there on Thoresby Rise, to grow wheat and breed horses, generation succeeding generation, in the old moated grange? He carried a Bible in his jack-boot; but did that prevent him, as Oliver\* rode past him with an approving smile on Naseby-field, thinking himself a very handsome fellow, with his mustache and imperial, and bright red coat, and cuirass well polished in spite of many a dint, as he sate his father's great black horse as gracefully and firmly as any long-locked and essenced Cavalier in front of him? Or did it prevent him thinking, too, for a moment, with a throb of the heart, that sweet Cousin Patience far away at home, could she but see him, might have the same opinion of him as he had of himself? Was he the worse for the thought? He was certainly not the worse for checking it the next instant, with manly shame for letting such “carnal vanities” rise in his heart, while he was “doing the Lord's work” in the teeth of death and hell; but was there no poetry in him then? No poetry in him five minutes after, as the long rapier swung round his head, redder and redder at

\* Oliver Cromwell.

every sweep? We are befooled by names. Call him Crusader instead of Roundhead, and he seems at once (granting him only sincerity, which he had, and that of a right awful kind) as complete a knight-errant as ever watched and prayed, ere putting on his spurs, in fantastic Gothic chapel, beneath "storied windows richly dight." \* Was there no poetry in him, either, half an hour afterwards, as he lay bleeding across the corpse of the gallant horse, waiting for his turn with the surgeon, and fumbled for the Bible in his boot, and tried to hum a psalm, and thought of Cousin Patience, and his father, and his mother, and how they would hear at least that he had played the man in Israel that day, and resisted unto blood, striving against sin and the Man of Sin?

And was there no poetry in him, too, as he came wearied along Thoresby dike, in the quiet autumn eve, home to the house of his forefathers, and saw afar off the knot of tall poplars rising over the broad misty flat, and the one great abele tossing its sheets of silver in the dying gusts, and knew that they stood before his father's door? Who can tell all the pretty child-memories which flitted across his brain at that sight, and made him forget that he was a wounded cripple? There is the dike where he and his brothers snared the great pike which stole the ducklings—how many years ago? while pretty little Patience stood by trembling, and shrieked at each snap of the brute's wide jaws; and there, down that long dark lode, ruffling with crimson in the sunset breeze, he and his brothers skated home in triumph with Patience when his uncle died. What a day that was! when, on the clear, bright winter noon, they laid the gate upon the ice, and tied the beef-bones under the four corners, and packed little Patience on it. How pretty she looked, though her eyes were red with weeping, as she peeped out from among the heap of blankets and horse-hides; and how merrily their long fen-runners whistled along the ice-lane, between the high banks of sighing reed, as they towed home their new treasure in triumph, at a pace like the race-horse's, to their dear old home among the poplar trees. And now he was going home to meet her, after a mighty victory, a deliverance from Heaven, second only in his eyes to that Red Sea one. Was there no poetry in his heart at that thought? Did not the glowing sunset, and the reed-beds which it transfigured before him into sheets of golden flame, seem tokens that the

\* Quoted from Milton's *Il Penseroso*, 159.



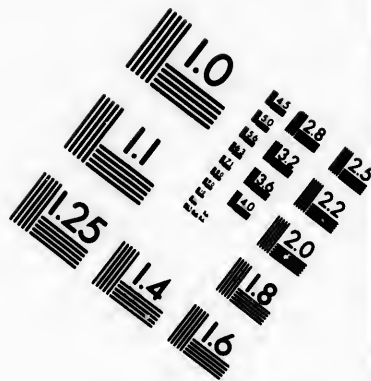
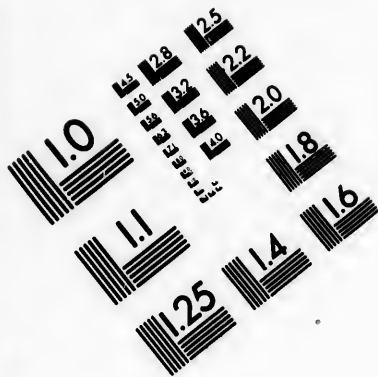
glory of God was going before him in his path? Did not the sweet clamor of the wild-fowl, gathering for one rich pean ere they sank into rest, seem to him as God's bells chiming him home in triumph, with peals sweeter and bolder than those of Lincoln or Peterborough steeple-house? Did not the very lapwing, as she tumbled softly wailing before his path, as she did years ago, seem to welcome the wanderer home in the name of Heaven?

Fair Patience, too, though she was a Puritan, yet did not her cheek flush, her eye grow dim, like any other girl's, as she saw far off the red-coat, like a sliding spark of fire, coming slowly along the straight fen-bank, and fled upstairs into her chamber to pray, half that it might be, half that it might not be he? Was there no happy storm of human tears and human laughter when he entered the court-yard gate? Did not the old dog lick his Puritan hand as lovingly as if it had been a Cavalier's? Did not lads and lasses run out shouting? Did not the old yeoman father hug him, weep over him, hold him at arm's length, and hug him again, as heartily as any other John Bull, even though the next moment he called all to kneel down and thank Him who had sent his boy home again, after bestowing on him the grace to bind kings in chains and nobles with links of iron, and contend to death for the faith delivered to the saints? And did not Zeal-for-Truth look about as wistfully for Patience as any other man would have done, longing to see her, yet not daring even to ask for her? And when she came down at last, was she the less lovely in his eyes because she came, not flaunting with bare bosom, in tawdry finery and paint, but shrouded close in coif and pinner, hiding from all the world beauty which was there still, but was meant for one alone, and that only if God willed, in God's good time? And was there no faltering of their voices, no light in their eyes, no trembling pressure of their hands, which said more, and was more, ay, and more beautiful in the sight of Him who made them, than all Herrick's Dianemes,\* Waller's Saccharissas, flames, darts, posies, love-knots, anagrams, and the rest of the insincere cant of the court? What if Zeal-for-Truth had never strung together two rhymes in his life? Did not his heart go for inspiration to a loftier Helicon, when it whispered to itself, "My love, my dove, my undefiled, is but one,"† than if he had filled pages with sonnets

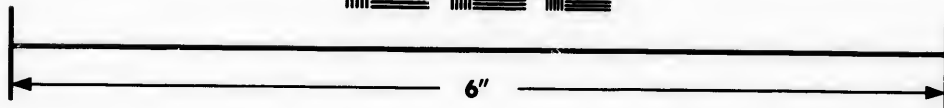
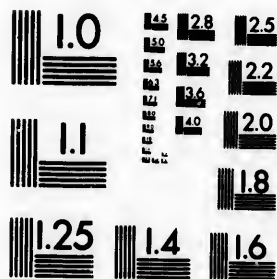
\* Robert Herrick addresses a number of amatory odes to "Dianeme" (-*ncem*).

† Quoted from *Solomon's Song* vi. 9.





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about Venuses and Cupids, love-sick shepherds and cruel nymphs?

And was there no poetry, true idyllic poetry, as of Longfellow's "Evangeline" itself, in that trip round the old farm next morning; when Zeal-for-Truth, after looking over every heifer, and peeping into every sty, would needs canter down by his father's side to the horse-fen, with his arm in a sling; while the partridges whirred up before them, and the lurchers flashed like gray snakes after the hare, and the colts came whinnying round, with staring eyes and streaming manes, and the two chatted on in the same sober business-like English tone, alternately of "the Lord's great dealings" by General Cromwell, the pride of all honest fen-men, and the price of troop-horses at the next Horncastle fair?

Poetry in those old Puritans? Why not? They were men of like passions with ourselves. They loved, they married, they brought up children; they feared, they sinned, they sorrowed, they fought—they conquered. There was poetry enough in them, be sure, though they acted it like men, instead of singing it like birds.

### THE SOWER.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL (b. 1819).

I saw a sower walking slow  
 Across the earth, from east to west;  
 His hair was white as mountain snow,  
 His head drooped forward on his breast.

With shrivelled hands he flung his seed,  
 Nor ever turned to look behind;  
 Of sight or sound he took no heed—  
 It seemed he was both deaf and blind.

His dim face showed no soul beneath;  
 Yet in my heart I felt a stir,  
 As if I looked upon the sheath  
 That once had clasped Excalibur.\*

I heard, as still the seed he cast,  
 How, crooning to himself, he sung—  
 "I sow again the holy past,  
 The happy days when I was young.

\* King Arthur's famous sword, given to him by the Lady of the Lake.

"Then all was wheat without a tare,  
Then all was righteous, fair, and true;  
And I am he whose thoughtful care  
Shall plant the Old World in the New.

"The fruitful germs I scatter free,  
With busy hand, while all men sleep;  
In Europe now, from sea to sea,  
The nations bless me as they reap."

Then I looked back along his path,  
And heard the clash of steel on steel,  
Where man faced man in deadly wrath,  
While clanged the tocsin's hurrying peal.

The sky with burning towns flared red,  
Nearer the noise of fighting rolled,  
And brothers' blood, by brothers shed,  
Crept, curdling, over pavements cold.

Then marked I how each germ of truth  
Which through the dotard's fingers ran  
Was mated with a dragon's tooth  
Whence there sprang up an armed man.

I shouted, but he could not hear;  
Made signs, but these he could not see;  
And still, without a doubt or fear,  
Broadcast he scattered anarchy.

Long to my straining ears the blast  
Brought faintly back the words he sung:—  
"I sow again the holy past,  
The happy days when I was young."

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### RUDELPH.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES (b. 1809).

Rudolph, professor of the headsman's trade,  
Alike was famous for his arm and blade.  
One day a prisoner justice had to kill,  
Knelt at the block to test the artist's skill.



Bare-armed, swart-visaged, gaunt, and shaggy-browed,  
 Rudolph the headsman rose above the crowd,  
 His falchion lightened with a sudden gleam,  
 As the pike's armor, flashes in the stream.  
 He sheathed his blade ; he turned as if to go ;  
 The victim knelt, *still waiting for the blow.*  
 "Why strikest not ? Perform thy murderous act,"  
 The prisoner said. (*His voice was slightly cracked.*)  
 "Friend, I *have* struck," the artist straight replied :  
 "Wait but one moment, and yourself decide."  
 He held his snuff-box—"Now then, if you please !"  
 The prisoner sniffed, and with a crashing sneeze  
 Off his head tumbled—bowed along the floor—  
 Bounced down the steps ; *the prisoner said no more.*

"THIS IS IT," in *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table.*

## DEATH OF HAMPDEN.

LORD MACAULAY (1800-1859).

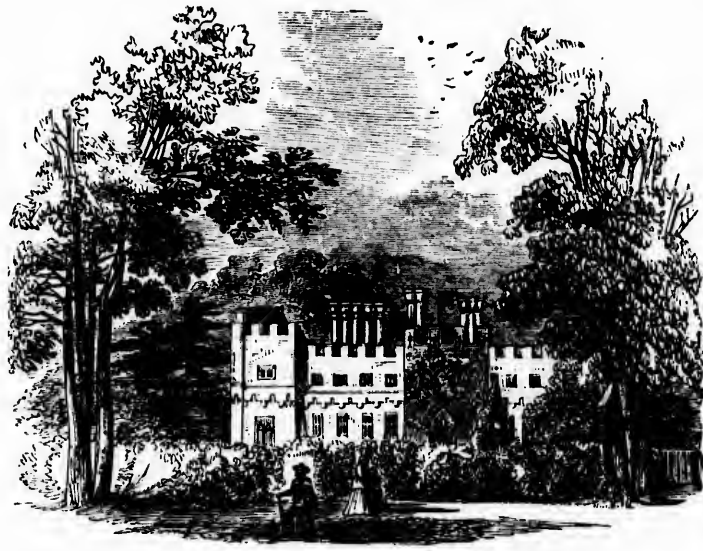
["For a long time the King seemed to consent to the reforms of the Long Parliament ; but he at last broke from it, collected an army, and made war against it. The Parliament gathered another army, and after a drawn battle at Edgehill, the two forces encamped in the valley of the Thames, Charles occupying Oxford, the Parliamentary army covering London by taking post in the Vale of Aylesbury. The most active and able of its officers was John Hampden, a Buckinghamshire squire, who had refused to pay an illegal tax called ship-money, and had become one of the leading members of the Long Parliament. Hampden was as wise and temperate as he was earnest in his patriotism ; and his fall was the severest loss English freedom ever sustained."—J. R. GREEN.]

In the early part of 1643 the shires lying in the neighborhood of London, which were devoted to the cause of the Parliament, were incessantly annoyed by Rupert\* and his cavalry. Essex † had extended his lines so far that almost every point was vulnerable. The young prince, who, though not a great general, was an active and enterprising partisan, frequently surprised posts, burned villages, swept away cattle, and was again at Oxford before a force sufficient to encounter him could be assembled.

The languid proceedings of Essex were loudly condemned by the troops. All the ardent and daring spirits in the Par-

\* Prince Rupert was a German nephew of Charles.

† The Earl of Essex was general of the Parliamentary army.



JOHN HAMPDEN'S HOUSE.

liamentary party were eager to have Hampden at their head. Had his life been prolonged, there is every reason to believe that the supreme command would have been intrusted to him. But it was decreed that, at this juncture, England should lose the only man who united perfect disinterestedness to eminent talents, the only man who, being capable of gaining the victory for her, was incapable of abusing that victory when gained.

In the evening of the 17th of June [1643] Rupert darted out of Oxford with his cavalry on a predatory expedition. At three in the morning of the following day he attacked and dispersed a few Parliamentary soldiers who lay at Postcombe. He then flew to Chinnor, burned the village, killed or took all the troops who were quartered there, and prepared to hurry back with his booty and his prisoners to Oxford.

Hampden had, on the preceding day, strongly represented to Essex the danger to which this part of the line was exposed. As soon as he received intelligence of Rupert's incursion, he sent off a horseman with a message to the general. The Cavaliers, he said, could return only by Chiselhampton Bridge. A force ought to be instantly despatched in that direction for the purpose of intercepting them. In the meantime he re-

solved to set out with all the cavalry that he could muster, for the purpose of impeding the march of the enemy till Essex could take measures for cutting off their retreat. A considerable body of horse and dragoons volunteered to follow him. He was not their commander. He did not even belong to their branch of the service. But "he was," says Lord Clarendon, "second to none but the general himself in the observance and application of all men." On the field of Chalgrove he came up with Rupert. A fierce skirmish ensued. In the first charge Hampden was struck in the shoulder by two bullets, which broke the bone, and lodged in his body. The troops of the Parliament lost heart and gave way. Rupert, after pursuing them for a short time, hastened to cross the bridge, and made his retreat unmolested to Oxford.

Hampden, with his head drooping and his hands leaning on his horse's neck, moved feebly out of the battle. The mansion which had been inhabited by his father-in-law, and from which in his youth he had carried home his bride Elizabeth, was in sight. There still remains an affecting tradition that he looked for a moment towards that beloved house, and made an effort to go thither and die. But the enemy lay in that direction. He turned his horse towards Thame [Tame], where he arrived almost fainting with agony. The surgeon dressed his wounds. But there was no hope. The pain which he suffered was most excruciating. But he endured it with admirable firmness and resignation. His first care was for his country. He wrote from his bed several letters to London concerning public affairs, and sent a last pressing message to the head-quarters, recommending that the dispersed forces should be concentrated. When his public duties were performed, he calmly prepared himself to die. He was attended by a clergyman of the Church of England, with whom he had lived in habits of intimacy, and by the chaplain of the Buckinghamshire Green-coats, Dr. Spurton, whom Baxter describes as an able and excellent divine.

A short time before Hampden's death the sacrament was administered to him. He declared that though he disliked the government of the Church of England, he yet agreed with that Church as to all essential matters of doctrine. His intellect remained unclouded. When all was nearly over, he lay murmuring faint prayers for himself, and for the cause in which he died. "Lord Jesus," he exclaimed in the moment of

the last agony, "receive my soul. O Lord, save my country. O Lord, be merciful to—" In that broken ejaculation passed away his noble and fearless spirit.

He was buried in the parish church of Hampden.\* His soldiers, bareheaded, with reversed arms and muffled drums and colors, escorted his body to the grave, singing, as they marched, that lofty and melancholy psalm in which the fragility of human life is contrasted with the immutability of Him to whom a thousand years are as yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in the night.

Essay on "HAMPDEN," in *Edinburgh Review*, 1831.

### ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.

THOMAS GRAY (1716-1771).

[*"The Elegy* may almost be looked upon as the typical piece of English verse, our poem of poems; not that it is the most brilliant or original or profound lyric in our language, but because it combines in more balanced perfection than any other all the qualities that go to the production of a fine poetical effect."—E. W. GOSSE: "GRAY," in *English Men of Letters* (1882).]

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,  
 Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;  
 Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile  
 The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,  
 And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,  
 Await alike the inevitable hour:  
 The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud! impute to these the fault,  
 If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,  
 Where, through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault,  
 The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn or animated bust  
 Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?  
 Can Honor's voice provoke the silent dust,  
 Or Flattery soothe the dull, cold ear of death?

\* The village of Hampden on the Cotswolds, by Hampden House.

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid  
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;  
Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed,  
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,  
Rich with the spoils of Time, did ne'er unroll;  
Chill Penury repressed their noble rage,  
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem, of purest ray serene,  
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear;  
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,  
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast  
The little tyrant of his fields withstood;  
Some mute inglorious Milton, here may rest,—  
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.

The applause of listening senates to command,  
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,  
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,  
And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade: nor circumscribed alone  
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined;—  
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,  
And shut the gates of Mercy on mankind;

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,  
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,  
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride  
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,  
Their sober wishes never learned to stray;  
Along the cool sequestered vale of life  
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

*Elegy in a Country Churchyard (stanzas viii. to xxi.)*

## THE PASSING OF SENTENCE ON CHARLES I.

JOHN FORSTER (1812-1876).

The duty of "preparing the draft of a final sentence, with a blank for the manner of death," was now intrusted to Henry Marten (who had attended every day of the trial), to Thomas Scot, to Henry Ireton, to Harrison, Say, Lisle, and Love. The next day (the 26th of January) this sentence was engrossed at a private meeting, and the 27th appointed for the last sitting of the court.

On that memorable and most melancholy day, the King was brought for the last time to Westminster Hall. As he proceeded along the passages to the court, some of the soldiers and of the rabble set up a cry of "Justice!" "Justice, and execution!" These men distrusted the good faith of their leaders; and, seeing that six days had now passed without any conclusion, suspected, as the manner of rude and ignorant men is, that there was some foul play and treachery. One of the soldiers upon guard said, "God bless you, sir." The King thanked him; but his officer struck him with his cane. "The punishment," said Charles, "methinks, exceeds the offence." The King, when he had retired, asked Herbert, who attended him, whether he had heard the cry for justice; who answered he did, and wondered at it. "So did not I," said Charles: "the cry was no doubt given by their officers, for whom the soldiers would do the like were there occasion."

Placed for the last time at the bar, Charles, without waiting for the address of Bradshaw, whose appearance betokened judgment, desired of the court that, before an "ugly sentence" was pronounced upon him, he might be heard *before the two Houses of Parliament*, he having something to suggest which nearly concerned the peace and liberty of the kingdom. The court would at once have rejected this proposal (which was in effect tantamount to a demand for the reversal of all that had been done, and a revocation of the vote that had been passed, declaring the people, under God, the original of all just power, and that the Commons House in Parliament, as representing the people, was the supreme power) but for the expressed dissatisfaction of Commissioner Downes, a timid and insincere man; in consequence of which the sitting was broken up, and the court



retired to deliberate in private. They returned in half an hour with an unanimous refusal of the request.

Bradshaw now rose to pronounce the sentence. "What sentence," he said, "the law affirms to a tyrant, traitor, and public enemy, that sentence you are now to hear read unto you, and that is the sentence of the court." The clerk then read it at large from a scroll of vellum. After reciting the appointment and purpose of the high court, the refusal of the King to acknowledge it, and the charges proved upon him, it concluded thus: "For all which treasons and crimes this court doth adjudge that he the said Charles Stuart, as a tyrant, traitor, murderer, and public enemy, shall be put to death by severing his head from his body." Then Bradshaw again rose and said, "The sentence now read and published is the act, sentence, judgment, and resolution of the whole court;" upon which all the Commissioners stood up by way of declaring their assent. The unhappy King now solicited permission to speak, but was refused. The words which passed between him and Bradshaw are worthy of record, as a most pathetic consummation of the melancholy scene. The fortitude and dignity which had sustained Charles throughout appears at last to have somewhat given way; but in its place we recognize a human suffering and agony of heart to the last degree affecting. "Will you hear me a word, sir?" he asked. "Sir," replied Bradshaw, "you are not to be heard after the sentence." "No, sir?" exclaimed the King. "No, sir, by your favor," retorted the president. "Guards, withdraw your prisoner." Charles then exclaimed, with a touching struggle of deep emotion, "I may speak after the sentence! By your favor, sir!—I may speak after the sentence!—EVER!—By your favor—" A stern monosyllable from Bradshaw interrupted him—"Hold!" and signs were given to the guards. With passionate entreaty the King again interfered. "The sentence, sir! I say, sir, I do—" Again Bradshaw said, "Hold!" and the King was taken out of court as these words broke from him—"I am not suffered to speak. Expect what justice other people will have!"

*Statesmen of the Commonwealth of England.*

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## THE PURITANS.

LORD MACAULAY (1800-1859).

The Puritans were men whose minds had derived a peculiar character from the daily contemplation of superior beings and eternal interests. Not content with acknowledging, in general terms, an overruling Providence, they habitually ascribed every event to the will of the Great Being for whose power nothing was too vast, for whose inspection nothing was too minute. To know him, to serve him, to enjoy him, was with them the great end of existence. They rejected with contempt the ceremonious homage which other sects substituted for the pure worship of the soul. Instead of catching occasional glimpses of the Deity through an obscuring veil, they aspired to gaze full on his intolerable brightness, and to commune with him face to face. Hence originated their contempt for terrestrial distinctions. The difference between the greatest and the meanest of mankind seemed to vanish when compared with the boundless interval which separated the whole race from him on whom their own eyes were constantly fixed. They recognized no title to superiority but his favor; and, confident of that favor, they despised all the accomplishments and all the dignities of the world. If they were unacquainted with the works of philosophers and poets, they were deeply read in the oracles of God. If their names were not found in the registers of heralds, they were recorded in the book of life. If their steps were not accompanied by a splendid train of menials, legions of ministering angels had charge over them. Their palaces were houses not made with hands; their diadems crowns of glory which should never fade away. On the rich and the eloquent, on nobles and priests, they looked down with contempt; for they esteemed themselves rich in a more precious treasure, and eloquent in a more sublime language, nobles by the right of an earlier creation, and priests by the imposition of a mightier hand. The very meanest of them was a being to whose fate a mysterious and terrible importance belonged; on whose slightest action the spirits of light and darkness looked with anxious interest; who had been destined, before heaven and earth were created, to enjoy a felicity which should continue when heaven and earth should have passed away.

Essay on "MILTON" in *Edinburgh Review*, 1825.

## SCOTT'S "LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL."

R. H. HUTTON.

Scott's genius flowered late. *Cadzow Castle*, the first of his poems, I think, that has indisputable genius plainly stamped on its terse and fiery lines, was composed in 1802, when he was already thirty-one years of age. It was in the same year that he wrote the first canto of his first great romance in verse, *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, a poem which did not appear till 1805, when he was thirty-four. The first canto (not including the framework, of which the aged harper is the principal figure) was written in the lodgings to which he was confined for a fortnight in 1802, by a kick received from a horse on Portobello sands during a charge of the Volunteer Cavalry, in which Scott was cornet. The poem was originally intended to be included in the *Border Minstrelsy*, as one of the studies in the antique style, but soon outgrew the limits of such a study both in length and in the freedom of its manner. Both the poorest and the best part of *The Lay* were in a special manner due to Lady Dalkeith (afterward Duchess of Buccleuch), who suggested it, and in whose honor the poem was written. It was she who requested Scott to write a poem on the legend of the goblin page, Gilpin Horner; and this Scott attempted, and, so far as the goblin himself was concerned, conspicuously failed. He himself clearly saw that the story of this unmanageable imp was both confused and uninteresting, and that in fact he had to extricate himself from the original literary scrape in the best way he could. In a letter to Miss Sew'ard Scott says: "At length the story appeared so uncouth that I was fain to put it into the mouth of my old minstrel, lest the nature of it should be misunderstood, and I should be suspected of setting up a new school of poetry, instead of a feeble attempt to imitate the old. In the process of the romance, the page, intended to be a principal person in the work, contrived (from the baseness of his natural propensities, I suppose) to slink downstairs into the kitchen, and now he must e'en abide there."

If we ask ourselves to what the vast popularity of Scott's poems, and especially of the earlier of them (for, as often happens, he was better remunerated for his later and much inferior poems than for his earlier and more brilliant productions), is due, I think the answer must be, for the most part,

the high romantic glow and extraordinary romantic simplicity of the poetical elements they contained. Take the old harper of *The Lay*, a figure which arrested the attention of Pitt during even that last most anxious year of his anxious life, the year of Ulm and Austerlitz [1805]. The lines in which Scott describes the old man's embarrassment when first urged to play, produced on Pitt, according to his own account, "an effect which I might have expected in painting, but could never have fancied capable of being given in poetry."

Every one knows the lines to which Pitt refers:—

"The humble boon was soon obtained ;  
The aged minstrel audience gained.  
But, when he reached the room of state,  
Where she with all her ladies sate,  
Perchance he wished his boon denied :  
For, when to tune the harp he tried,  
His trembling hand had lost the ease  
Which marks security to please ;  
And scenes long past, of joy and pain,  
Came wildering o'er his aged brain—  
He tried to tune his harp in vain !  
The pitying Duchess praised its chime,  
And gave him heart, and gave him time,  
Till every string's according glee  
Was blended into harmony.  
And then, he said, he would full fain  
He could recall an ancient strain,  
He never thought to sing again.  
It was not framed for village churls,  
But for high dames and mighty earls ;  
He'd played it to King Charles the Good,  
When he kept court at Holyrood ;  
And much he wished, yet feared to try  
The long-forgotten melody.  
Amid the strings his fingers played,  
And an uncertain warbling made,  
And oft he shook his hoary head.  
But when he caught the measure wild,  
The old man raised his face, and smiled ;  
And lightened up his faded eye,  
With all a poet's ecstasy !

In varying cadence, soft or strong,  
 He swept the sounding chords along :  
 The present scene, the future lot,  
 His toils, his wants, were all forgot :  
 Cold diffidence and age's frost  
 In the full tide of song were lost ;  
 Each blank, in faithless memory void,  
 The poet's glowing thought supplied ;  
 And, while his harp responsive rung,  
 'Twas thus the latest minstrel sung.

\* \* \* \* \*  
 Here paused the harp ; and with its swell  
 The master's fire and courage fell ;  
 Dejectedly and low he bowed,  
 And, gazing timid on the crowd,  
 He seemed to seek in every eye  
 If they approved his minstrelsy ;  
 And, diffident of present praise,  
 Somewhat he spoke of former days,  
 And how old age, and wandering long,  
 Had done his hand and harp some wrong."

These lines hardly illustrate, I think, the particular form of Mr. Pitt's criticism ; for a quick succession of fine shades of feeling of this kind could never have been delineated in a painting, or indeed in a series of paintings, at all, while they *are* so given in the poem. But the praise itself, if not its exact form, is amply deserved. The singular depth of the romantic glow in this passage, and its equally singular simplicity—a simplicity which makes it intelligible to every one—are conspicuous to every reader. It is not what is called classical poetry, for there is no severe outline, no sculptured completeness and repose, no satisfying wholeness of effect to the eye of the mind, no embodiment of a great action. The poet gives us a breath, a ripple of alternating fear and hope in the heart of an old man, and that is all. He catches an emotion that had its roots deep in the past, and that is striving onward toward something in the future ; he traces the wistfulness and self-distrust with which age seeks to recover the feelings of youth, the delight with which it greets them when they come, the hesitation and diffidence with which it recalls them as they pass away, and questions the triumph it has just won—and he paints all this with-

out subtlety, without complexity, but with a swiftness such as few poets ever surpassed. Generally, however, Scott prefers action itself for his subject, to any feeling, however active in its bent. The cases in which he makes a study of any mood of feeling, as he does of this harper's feeling, are comparatively rare. Deloraine's night-ride to Melrose is a good deal more in Scott's ordinary way than this study of the old harper's wistful mood.

"Scott" in *English Men of Letters*.

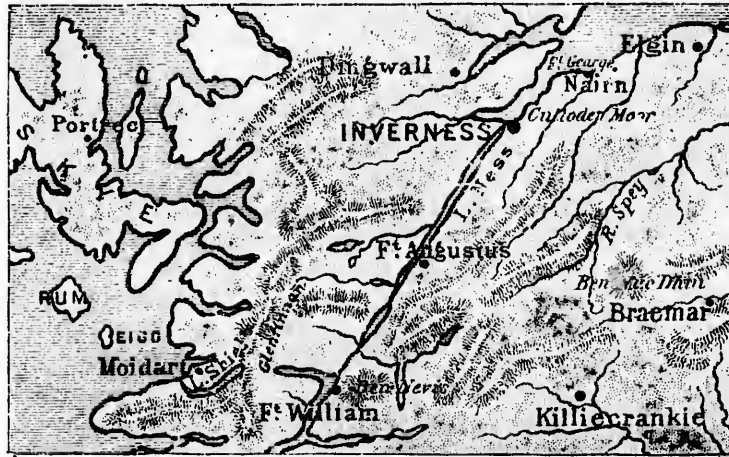


### MELROSE ABBEY.

If thou wouldst view fair Melrose aright,  
Go visit it by the pale moonlight ;  
For the gay beams of lightsome day  
Gild, but to flout, the ruins gray.  
When the broken arches are black in night,  
And each shafted oriel glimmers white ;  
When the cold light's uncertain shower  
Streams on the ruined central tower ;  
When buttress and buttress, alternately,  
Seem framed of ebon and ivory ;  
When silver edges the imagery,  
And the scrolls that teach thee to live and die ;  
When distant Tweed is heard to rave,  
And the owlet to hoot o'er the dead man's grave ;  
Then go—but go alone the while—  
Then view St. David's ruined pile ;  
And, home returning, soothly swear,  
Was never scene so sad and fair !

*Lay of Last Minstrel, canto ii. st. 1.*





### THE BATTLE OF KILLIECRANKIE.

JOHN HILL BURTON (1809-1881).

The most picturesque of Scottish battle-fields is stamped by the hand of Nature with marks which seem destined to remain while the crust of the Earth holds together; and, long as the memory of the battle may be preserved, it is likely to be lost in oblivion behind the multitudinous thickening of greater events, ere those peculiar features, which are adjusted to every stage of the tragedy with so expressive an exactness, are obliterated. The spot at once indicates the general character of the conflict, and its minuter features fit with singular accuracy into the mournful narrative of the defeated general. Though not the field of battle, the nature of the pass itself had an important influence on the whole calamity; for it deprived Mackay, after having entered it, of all chance of a selection of ground. The Highland rivers, generally sweeping along winding valleys between chains of mountains, sometimes seem to break, as it were, through such a barrier, where it is cleft in two, like the traverses of the Jura; and such a cleft, as a formidably defensible gate to the country beyond it, is generally called a Pass. In Killiecrankie, the cleft is not straight down from the general upper level of the mountain range, but appears as if cut into a declivity or hollow between widely-separated summits; so that at the top of the rocks which form the walls of the narrow ravine, there is a sort of terrace



stretching backward on either side, with a slightly inclined plane, the upper extremity of which starts abruptly upwards to the summits of the mountain range on either side of the declivity. And this peculiarity in the ground had considerable influence on the fate of the day. A broad terraced turnpike road, with many plantations, somewhat alter the character of the spot from its condition in Mackay's day, when the clefts and patches fit for vegetable growth were sprouted with the stumpy oak scrub indigenous to Scotland, relieved by the softer features of its neighbor, the weeping birch, hanging with all its luxuriant tendrils from the rocks. The path of the army must have lain, not by the present road, but along by the base of the rocks, where roars the furious river, tumbling through all its course over great stones into successive holes, where, in uneasy rest, the waters have that inky blackness peculiar to the pools of the moss-stained rivers of the Highlands.

On reaching the top of the pass, an alluvial plain was found, of small extent, but level as a Dutch polder [reclaimed marsh], where the troops formed as they came in a string through the pass, and rested while the general set himself to the vain task of seeking a good position. He sent onwards an advance to announce traces of the enemy, who were but a little way on when they gave the announcement; and Mackay, riding to the spot, saw them appear on the sky-line of a bend in the hill above him to the north, from six to eight hundred feet higher than his position, and not a mile distant from it. Rising close over the small plain where his troops were forming, was an abrupt knoll, on which stand now a few old oaks, the remnant, probably, of the scrubby coppice which made the general notice it as "full of trees and shrubs." Observing that the high ground on which the enemy appeared carried them directly, by an almost unvaried descent, to the top of this immediate elevation, Mackay saw that the enemy, reaching it while his troops remained on the flat close under it, would undoubtedly force them "with confusion over the river." And no one who looks at the narrow strip of meadow, with the abrupt ascent rising over it, can have the least doubt that his apprehensions were well founded.

An immediate movement was necessary; and, by what he calls a "quart de conversion," he turned his battalions each facing to the right, and marched them straight up the ascent. A

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terrace

little further on they reached a stretch of ground comparatively level, but with a general ascent, leading by a sweep towards the higher craggy summit, along the slopes of which Dundee's men, all accustomed to that kind of ground, were ranging themselves. They had behind them the craggy top of the mountain range, as a place of retreat in case they were defeated; while below was a continued though gradual descent to the place where Mackay was doomed to draw up his men.

He must have now seen that his only chance lay in a steadiness which it was almost vain to expect from his raw levies. The mountaineers had the whole range of the heights, from which, like a bird of prey, they could pounce on him wherever he disposed himself. He thought of wheeling to the left and crossing the river. While incurring the risk of being attacked in flank in so delicate a movement, if he had accomplished it he would not have improved his position; for his nimbler enemies would have crossed farther up, and gained the heights above him. They had, in fact, the power of choosing the higher ground in the amphitheatre of hills, while Mackay had only the choice of that basin or elevated valley, which being cut through by the cleft or pass, forms the terrace-ground on either side of it already mentioned. To retreat from this upper basin and the presence of his enemy on the surmounting heights, he had no other recourse than by plunging through the gorge of the pass—an operation which would have brought on immediate slaughter. This mistake had already been committed in passing into unknown ground, from which the very nature of his approach to it cut off a retreat. But when his difficulty, in finding that his adversary had the best and himself the worst possible position, was inevitable, he seems to have conducted himself with coolness and intrepidity.

Moving onwards, over comparatively level ground, to the line where the descent becomes more decided, he resolved to take up his final position. Haunted by the ordinary military superstition of the day—that a commander's great means of safety consists in protecting himself from being outwinged—he formed in a long line three men deep. Leven's regiment was on the right, and the Scottish Fusileers on the left. In the middle he had a considerable opening, where he placed, in the rear, two troops of horse. He placed them thus, he says, not that they might directly meet the charge of Dundee's cavalry, who, chiefly from their commander's old brigade, were

picked men in the highest state of training, but to operate in flank, if the charge of the Highlanders should be steadily met. He had three small leathern cannon, of a kind which had even then become antiquated ; and while they played away almost inoffensively, the Highlanders, from their superior ground, took aim at the general and his staff as he passed along accurately forming his line, and wounded some officers before the battle began.

Let us now look to the other camp. When it was known at Blair Castle that Mackay was entering the pass, the Highland chiefs were clamorous for a battle. They said it was not the nature of their followers to keep together unless they came quickly to some decided result ; and Dundee, from his previous experience of their rapid dispersal when he could not give them fighting or plunder, agreed to the proposal. They swept round, keeping the upper ground to the elevated bend on that ridge looking down on Killiecrankie, where we have seen that their approach was first noticed from below.

The usually overpowering effect of a superior force of disciplined and equipped troops, would be lost in the vast arena on which the mountaineers looked down, confident in the strength of their position, their command of an impetuous descent on an enemy with a pit behind, and their ability to regain their rocks if their charge proved ineffective. It is easy to believe Lochiel's assertion, that their own shout sounded loud and full, and that of the enemy below them faint and feeble.....

The armies faced each other, after they had formed, for more than two hours. The midsummer sun shone full on the Highlanders, and Dundee would not charge until it had touched the western heights. The object of his adjustment was to cut through Mackay's thin line with his impetuous bodies of Highlanders—to cut it effectually through in several places, and yet with so broad a blow at each as not merely to pass through, but to throw the whole into confusion. To make the blows effectual, it was necessary that his line should not be too thin ; to make them tell fully along Mackay's line, he must not make his own too short, or the intervals between the battalions too wide. If he erred, it was, as we shall see, in the latter cautious direction.

The ground had an admirable slope for the necessary impulse. When the charge was given, the Highlanders came on at a slow trot, received the fire of their opponents, and, while they were screwing on their bayonets, discharged their own, threw down their guns, and rushed on with their slashing

broadwords, as sailors board with their cutlasses. Nothing but strong columns, or squares with the fixed bayonet, could stand the rush. The result was instantaneous; and those who were not cut down were swept into the gulf of the pass. An accident created some hesitation in the charge of Dundee's troop of cavalry. It had been commanded by Lord Dunfermline; but a commission from James to a gentleman with the illustrious name of Sir William Wallace, to supersede him, had just arrived. The men, not quite sure whom to obey, or unaccustomed to the method of the new commander, did not charge right forward at once. Dundee had ridden on, supposing that he was in their front, and, looking back, was surprised not to see them at hand. Lord Dunfermline told Lochiel that above the smoke he saw the general wave his hat over his head, as he rose in the stirrup to signal them onwards. It is then that he is supposed to have received his death-wound; for it was by a bullet that entered his side, some inches within the breast-plate. As he dropped from his horse, a soldier named Johnson caught him. The dying man, with the instinct of the enthusiastic commander, asked anxiously how the day went. The supporter said it went well for the king, but he was sorry for *him*. Dundee answered it mattered not for himself, if the day went well for the king. He appears to have died almost immediately; and when some of his friends, finding him before life was extinct, endeavored to remove him, they were obliged to abandon the attempt by the fire from Leven's battalion remaining on the field. Those who were present said his body was wrapped in two plaids, and conveyed to Blair Castle. Within a short time afterwards he was buried beneath the secluded church of Blair; and never vaulted roof or marble monument covered the last abode of a more restless and ambitious heart than that which has slept in this quiet spot amidst peasant dust.

*History of Scotland, 1689-1748: ch. iii.*

### THE BERMUDAS.

ANDREW MARVELL (1620-1678).

["The *Bermudas* was no doubt suggested by the history of the Oxenbridges. It is the 'holy and cheerful note' of a little band of exiles for conscience' sake, wafted by Providence in their 'small boat' to a home in a land of beauty."—GOLDWIN SMITH, in the "*English Poets*," edited by T. H. Ward.]

Where the remote Bermudas ride,  
In the ocean's bosom unespied,

From a small boat that rowed along  
The listening winds received this song :—

“ What should we do but sing his praise  
That led us through the watery maze  
Unto an isle so long unknown,  
And yet far kinder than our own ?  
Where he the huge sea-monsters wracks  
That lift the deep upon their backs,  
He lands us on a grassy stage,  
Safe from the storms, and prelates' rage.  
He gave us this eternal spring,  
Which here enamels every thing;  
And sends the fowls to us in care,  
On daily visits through the air :  
He hangs in shades the orange bright,  
Like golden lamps in a green night;  
And does in the pomegranates close  
Jewels more rich than Ormus shows :  
He makes the figs our mouths to meet,  
And throws the melons at our feet;  
But apples plants of such a price,  
No tree could ever bear them twice :  
With cedars, chosen by his hand  
From Lebanon, he stores the land;  
And makes the hollow seas that roar  
Proclaim the ambergris on shore :  
He cast (of which we rather boast)  
The gospel's pearl upon our coast;  
And in these rocks for us did frame  
A temple where to sound his name.  
Oh ! let our voice his praise exalt,  
Till it arrive at heaven's vault;  
Which then (perhaps) rebounding, may  
Echo beyond the Mexique Bay.”

Thus sung they, in the English boat,  
A holy and a cheerful note;  
And all the way, to guide their chime,  
With falling oars they kept the time.

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/8: ch. iii.

Oxenbridges,  
of conscience'  
in a land of  
H. Ward.]



## DISMISSAL OF THE RUMP.

1653 A.D.

THOMAS CARLYLE (1795-1881).

[What remained of the Long Parliament after Pride's Purge in 1648 was called "the Rump, or Fag-end of it." This was not finally dissolved till 1660; but Cromwell, under pressure from the Army, dismissed its members on April 20, 1653. A meeting had been held at Whitehall on the previous day to consider the point, but no decision had been come to, "except the engagement to meet here again to-morrow morning." The Bill below referred to provided for the continuance of the existing Parliament with new powers.]

WEDNESDAY, *April 20.*

My Lord General accordingly is in his reception-room this morning, "in plain black clothes and gray worsted stockings;" he, with many Officers: but few Members have yet come, though punctual Bulstrode and certain others are there. Some waiting there is; some impatience that the Members would come. The Members do not come: instead of Members, comes a notice that they are busy getting on with their Bill in the House, hurrying it double-quick through all the stages. Possible? New message, that it will be Law in a little while, if no interposition take place! Bulstrode hastens off to the House: my Lord General, at first incredulous, does now also hasten off,—nay, orders that a Company of Musketeers of his own regiment attend him. Hastens off, with a very high expression of countenance, I think;—saying or feeling: Who would have believed it of them? "It is not honest; yea, it is contrary to common honesty!"—My Lord General, the big hour is come!

Young Colonel Sidney, the celebrated Algernon, sat in the House this morning; a House of some Fifty-three. Algernon has left distinct note of the affair; less distinct we have from Bulstrode, who was also there, who seems in some points to be even wilfully wrong. Solid Ludlow was far off in Ireland, but gathered many details in after-years, and faithfully wrote them down, in the unappeasable indignation of his heart. Combining these three originals, we have, after various perusals and collations and considerations, obtained the following authentic, moderately conceivable account:—

The Parliament sitting as usual, and being in debate upon the Bill with the amendments, which it was thought would have been passed that day, the Lord General Cromwell came into the House, clad in plain black clothes and gray worsted

stockings, and sat down, as he used to do, in an ordinary place. For some time he listens to this interesting debate on the Bill; beckoning once to Harrison, who came over to him, and answered dubitantly. Whereupon the Lord General sat still for about a quarter of an hour longer. But now the question being to be put, That this Bill do now pass, he beckons again to Harrison, says, "This is the time; I must do it!"—and so rose up, put off his hat and spake. At the first, and for a good while, he spake to the commendation of the Parliament for their pains and care of the public good; but afterwards he changed his style, told them of their injustice, delays of justice, self-interest, and other faults, rising higher and higher, into a very aggravated style indeed. An honorable Member, Sir Peter Wentworth by name, not known to my readers, and by me better known than trusted, rises to order, as we phrase it; says, "It is a strange language this; unusual within the walls of Parliament this! And from a trusted servant too; and one whom we have so highly honored; and one—"

"Come, come!" exclaims my Lord General in a very high key, "we have had enough of this,"—and in fact my Lord General now blazing all up into clear conflagration, exclaims, "I will put an end to your prating," and steps forth into the floor of the House, and "clapping on his hat," and occasionally "stamping the floor with his feet," begins a discourse which no man can report! He says—Heavens! he is heard saying: "It is not fit that you should sit here any longer!" You have sat too long here for any good you have been doing lately. "You shall now give place to better men!—Call them in!" adds he briefly, to Harrison, in word of command; and "some twenty or thirty" grim musketeers enter, with bullets in their snaph'ances; grimly prompt for orders; and stand in some attitude of Carry-arms there. Veteran men; men of might and men of war, their faces are as the faces of lions, and their feet are swift as the roes upon the mountains;—not beautiful to honorable gentlemen at this moment!

"You call yourselves a Parliament," continues my Lord General in clear blaze of conflagration: "You are no Parliament; I say you are no Parliament! Some of you are drunkards," and his eye flashes on poor Mr. Chaloner, an official man of some value, addicted to the bottle; "some of you are—," and he glares into Harry Marten, and the poor Sir Peter who



CROMWELL EXPELLING THE LONG PARLIAMENT.

rose to order, lewd livers both; "living in open contempt of God's Commandments. Following your own greedy appetites, and the Devil's Commandments. Corrupt, unjust persons;" and here I think he glanced "at Sir Bulstrode Whitlocke, one of the Commissioners of the Great Seal, giving him and others very sharp language, though he named them not:" "Corrupt, unjust persons; scandalous to the profession of the Gospel: how can you be a Parliament for God's People? Depart, I say; and let us have done with you. In the name of God,—go!"

The House is of course all on its feet,—uncertain almost whether not on its head: such a scene as was never seen before in any House of Commons. History reports with a shudder that my Lord General, lifting the sacred Mace itself, said, "What shall we do with this bauble? Take it away!" and gave it to a musketeer. And now,—"Fetch him down!" says

he to Harrison, flashing on the Speaker. Speaker Lenthall, more an ancient Roman than anything else, declares, He will not come till forced. "Sir," said Harrison, "I will lend you a hand;" on which Speaker Lenthall came down, and gloomily vanished. They all vanished; flooding gloomily, clamorously out, to their ulterior businesses and respective places of abode: the Long Parliament is dissolved!

"It's you that have forced me to this," exclaims my Lord General: "I have sought the Lord night and day, that he would rather slay me than put me upon the doing of this work." At their going out, some say the Lord General said to young Sir Harry Vane, calling him by his name, "That *he* might have prevented this; but that he was a juggler, and had not common honesty." "Oh, Sir Harry Vane, thou with thy subtle casuistries and abstruse hair-splittings, thou art other than a good one, I think! The Lord deliver me from thee, Sir Harry Vane!" All being gone out, the door of the House was locked, and the Key with the Mace, as I heard, was carried away by Colonel Otley—and it is all over, and the unspeakable Catastrophe has come, and remains.

Such was the destructive wrath of my Lord General Cromwell against the Nominal Rump Parliament of England. Wrath which innumerable mortals since have accounted extremely diabolic; which some now begin to account partly divine. Divine or diabolic, it is an indisputable fact; left for the commentaries of men. The Rump Parliament has gone its ways;—and truly, except it be in their own, I know not in what eyes are tears at their departure. They went very softly, softly as a Dream, say all witnesses. "We did not hear a dog bark at their going!" asserts my Lord General elsewhere.

It is said, my Lord General did not, on his entrance into the House, contemplate quite as a certainty this strong measure; but it came upon him like an irresistible impulse, or inspiration, as he heard their Parliamentary eloquence proceed. "Perceiving the spirit of God so strong upon me, I would no longer consult flesh and blood." He has done it, at all events; and is responsible for the results it may have. A responsibility which he, as well as most of us, knows to be awful: but he fancies it was in answer to the English Nation and to the Maker of the English Nation and of him; and he will do the best he may with it.

*Oliver Cromwell's Letters and Speeches* (1845).

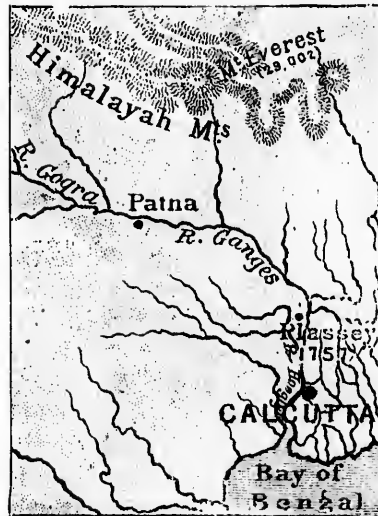
## THE BLACK HOLE OF CALCUTTA.

1756 A.D.

LORD MACAULAY (1800-1859).

[The terrible disaster described in the following passage led to the conquest of Bengal by England. For trading purposes, the English had established a settlement at Fort William, near Calcutta, in 1698. Surajah Dowlah (properly Sujah-ud-Dowlah) the Nabob of Bengal, attacked and captured Fort William with an army of 70,000 men in June 1756. It was then that he thrust his prisoners into the Black Hole. To avenge this cruelty and insult, Robert Clive sailed from Madras with a small but determined army. He landed at one of the mouths of the Ganges in December, and on January 2nd he gained over Surajah Dowlah the great victory of Plassey, which shattered the power of the Nabob and laid the foundation of the English Empire in India.]

From a child Surajah Dowlah had hated the English. It was his whim to do so; and his whims were never opposed. He had also formed a very exaggerated notion of the wealth which might be obtained by plundering them; and his feeble and uncultivated mind was incapable of perceiving that the riches of Calcutta, had they been even greater than he imagined, would not compensate him for what he must lose, if the European trade, of which Bengal was a chief seat, should be



driven by his violence to some other quarter. Pretexts for a quarrel were readily found. The English, in expectation of a war with France, had begun to fortify their settlement without special permission from the Nabob. A rich native, whom he longed to plunder, had taken refuge at Calcutta, and had not been delivered up. On such grounds as these Surajah Dowlah marched with a great army against Fort William.

The servants of the Company at Madras had been forced by Dupleix\* to become statesmen

\* Joseph Dupleix', the chief of the French adventurers in India, and the most formidable rival of the English there. He was originally a merchant, and in 1731 he went to Chandernagore as director of the colony. He forced the servants of the East India Company "to become statesmen and soldiers"

and soldiers. Those in Bengal were still mere traders, and were terrified and bewildered by the approaching danger. The governor, who had heard much of Surajah Dowlah's cruelty, was frightened out of his wits, jumped into a boat, and took refuge in the nearest ship. The military commandant thought that he could not do better than follow so good an example. The fort was taken after a feeble resistance; and great numbers of the English fell into the hands of the conquerors. The Nabob seated himself with regal pomp in the principal hall of the factory, and ordered Mr. Holwell, the first in rank among the prisoners, to be brought before him. His Highness talked about the insolence of the English, and grumbled at the smallness of the treasure which he had found; but promised to spare their lives, and retired to rest.

Then was committed that great crime, memorable for its singular atrocity, memorable for the tremendous retribution by which it was followed. The English captives were left at the mercy of the guards, and the guards determined to secure them for the night in the prison of the garrison, a chamber known by the fearful name of the Black Hole. Even for a single European malefactor, that dungeon would, in such a climate, have been too close and narrow. The space was only twenty feet square. The air-holes were small and obstructed. It was the summer solstice, the season when the fierce heat of Bengal can scarcely be rendered tolerable to natives of England by lofty halls and by the constant waving of fans.

The number of the prisoners was one hundred and forty-six. When they were ordered to enter the cell, they imagined that the soldiers were joking; and, being in high spirits on account of the promise of the Nabob to spare their lives, they laughed and jested at the absurdity of the notion. They soon discovered their mistake. They expostulated; they entreated; but in vain. The guards threatened to cut down all who hesitated. The captives were driven into the cell at the point of the sword, and the door was instantly shut and locked upon them.

Nothing in history or in fiction, not even the story which Ugolino\* told in the sea of everlasting ice, after he had wiped

by his aggressive policy and by his intrigues with the native princes. Thus Lord Clive, who went out to India as a clerk in the Company's service, quitted his desk in 1747, and became a great general and administrator.

\* Ugolino. This story is in the *Inferno* of the Italian poet Dante.



his bloody lips on the scalp of his murderer, approaches the horrors which were recounted by the few survivors of that night. They cried for mercy. They strove to burst the door. Holwell, who, even in that extremity, retained some presence of mind, offered large bribes to the jailers. But the answer was, that nothing could be done without the Nabob's orders, that the Nabob was asleep, and that he would be angry if anybody woke him. Then the prisoners went mad with despair. They trampled each other down, fought for the places at the windows, fought for the pittance of water with which the cruel mercy of the murderers mocked their agonies, raved, prayed, blasphemed, implored the guards to fire among them. The jailers in the meantime held lights to the bars, and shouted with laughter at the frantic struggles of their victims. At length the tumult died away in low gaspings and moanings.

The day broke. The Nabob had slept off his debauch, and permitted the door to be opened. But it was some time before the soldiers could make a lane for the survivors, by piling up on each side the heaps of corpses on which the burning climate had already begun to do its loathsome work. When at length a passage was made, twenty-three ghastly figures, such as their own mothers would not have known, staggered one by one out of the charnel-house. A pit was instantly dug. The dead bodies, a hundred and twenty-three in number, were flung into it promiscuously, and covered up.

But these things, which, after the lapse of more than eighty years, cannot be told or read without horror, awakened neither remorse nor pity in the bosom of the savage Nabob. He inflicted no punishment on the murderers. He showed no tenderness to the survivors. Some of them, indeed, from whom nothing was to be got, were suffered to depart; but those from whom it was thought that anything could be extorted were treated with execrable cruelty.

Holwell, unable to walk, was carried before the tyrant, who reproached him, threatened him, and sent him up the country in irons, together with some other gentlemen who were suspected of knowing more than they chose to tell about the treasures of the Company. These persons, still bowed down by the sufferings of that great agony, were lodged in miserable sheds, and fed only with grain and water, till at length the intercession of the female relations of the Nabob procured their release.

Essay on "LORD CLIVE" in *Edinburgh Review*, 1840.

## THE TIGER.

WILLIAM BLAKE (1759-1827).

["That most famous of Blake's lyrics, 'The Tiger,' a poem beyond praise for its fervent beauty and vigor of music. It appears by the manuscript that this was written with some pains; the cancels and various readings bear marks of frequent rehandling. One of the latter is worth transcription for its own excellence and also in proof of the artist's real care for details, which his rapid, instinctive way of work, has induced some to disbelieve in:—

' Burnt in distant deeps or skies  
The cruel fire of thine eyes?  
Could heart descend or wings aspire?  
What the hand dare seize the fire? "

A. C. SWINBURNE: *William Blake, a Critical Essay.*]

Tiger! tiger! burning bright,  
In the forests of the night,  
What immortal hand or eye  
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies  
Burned the fire of thine eyes?  
On what wings dare he aspire?  
What the hand dare seize the fire?

And what shoulder, and what art,  
Could twist the sinews of thine heart?  
And when thy heart began to beat,  
What dread hand? and what dread feet?

What the hammer? what the chain?  
In what furnace was thy brain?  
What the anvil? what dread grasp  
Dare its deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their spears,  
And watered heaven with their tears,  
Did He smile his work to see?  
Did He who made the lamb make thee?

Tiger! tiger! burning bright,  
In the forests of the night,  
What immortal hand or eye  
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

*Songs of Experience.*

**NEW BRUNSWICK.**

ROBERT MACKENZIE.

On the outer margin of the great bay into which the waters of the St. Lawrence discharge themselves there lie certain British provinces which had till now maintained their colonial existence apart from the sister States of the interior. The oldest and most famous of these was Nova Scotia—the Acadie of the French period—within whose limits the Province of New Brunswick had been included. Northward, across the entrance to the bay, was the island of Newfoundland.

For many years after the conquest, the fertile soil of New Brunswick lay almost uncultivated, and her population was nothing more than a few hundred fishermen. It was at the close of the American War of Independence that the era of progress in New Brunswick began. Across the frontier, in the New England States, were many persons who had fought in the British ranks to perpetuate a system of government which their neighbors had agreed to reject as tyrannical and injurious. These men were now regarded with aversion, as traitors to the great cause. Finding life intolerable amid surroundings so uncongenial, they shook from their feet the dust of the revolted provinces, and moved northward with their families in quest of lands which were still ruled by monarchy. Five thousand came in one year. They came so hastily, and with so little provision for their own wants, that they must have perished but for the timely aid of the Government. But their presence added largely to the importance of New Brunswick, which was now dissociated from Nova Scotia, and erected into a separate province. At this time, when she attained the dignity of an administration specially her own, her population was only six thousand, scattered over an area nearly equal to that of Scotland. But her soil was fertile; she abounded in coal and in timber; her fisheries were inexhaustibly productive. Her progress was not unworthy of the advantages with which Nature had endowed her. In twenty years her inhabitants had doubled. In half a century the struggling six thousand had increased to one hundred and fifty thousand. To-day the population of New Brunswick exceeds three hundred thousand. This rate of increase, although the numbers dealt with are not large, is greatly higher than that of the United States themselves.

In the treaty by which England recognized the independence of her thirteen colonies, the boundary of New Brunswick and of Maine was fixed carelessly and unskillfully. It was defined to be, on the extreme east, a certain river St. Croix. Westward from the source of that river it was a line drawn thence to the highlands dividing the waters which flow to the Atlantic from those which flow to the St. Lawrence. The records even of diplomacy would be searched in vain for an agreement more fertile in misunderstanding. The negotiators were absolutely ignorant of the country whose limits they were appointed to fix. Especially were they unaware that the devout Frenchmen who first settled there were accustomed to set up numerous crosses along the coast, and that the name La Croix was in consequence given to many rivers. In a few years it was found that the contracting powers differed as to the identity of the river St. Croix. The Americans applied the name to one stream, the British to another. That portion of the controversy was settled in favor of Britain. But a more serious difficulty now rose to view. The powers differed as to the locality of the "highlands" designated by the treaty, and a "disputed territory" of twelve thousand square miles lay between the competing boundary-lines. For sixty years angry debate raged over this territory, and the strife at one period came to the perilous verge of actual war. The people of New Brunswick exercised the privilege of felling timber on the disputed territory. The governor of Maine sent an armed force to expel the intruders, and called out ten thousand militiamen to assert the rights of America. The governor of New Brunswick replied by sending two regiments, with a competent artillery. Nova Scotia voted money and troops. But the time had passed when it was possible for England and America to fight in so light a quarrel as this. Lord Ashburton was sent out by England; Daniel Webster, on the part of America, was appointed to meet him. The dispute was easily\* settled by assigning seven thousand square miles to America and five thousand to New Brunswick.

*America*, chap. xiv.

\* "Easily." The Maritime Provinces felt that the question was settled more *easily* than *equitably*. Lord Ashburton's ignorance of the topography made him an easy victim to Webster's mythical maps.



## TWO WINTER PICTURES.

### 1. *The Snow-Storm.*

R. W. EMERSON (1803-1882).

Announced by all the trumpets of the sky,  
 Arrives the snow, and, driving o'er the fields,  
 Seems nowhere to alight ; the whited air  
 Hides hills and woods, the river, and the heaven,  
 And veils the farm-house at the garden's end.  
 The sled and traveller stopped, the courier's feet  
 Delayed, all friends shut out, the housemates sit  
 Around the radiant fireplace, enclosed  
 In a tumultuous privacy of storm.

Come see the north wind's masonry.  
 Out of an unseen quarry evermore  
 Furnished with tile, the fierce artificer  
 Curves his white bastions with projected roof

Round every windward stake, or tree, or door.  
 Speeding, the myriad-handed, his wild work  
 So fanciful, so savage, naught cares he  
 For number or proportion. Mockingly,  
 On coop or kennel he hangs Parian wreaths ;\*  
 A swan-like form invests the hidden thorn ;  
 Fills up the farmer's lane from wall to wall,  
 Maugre the farmer's sighs ; and, at the gate,  
 A tapering turret overtops the work.  
 And when his hours are numbered, and the world  
 Is all his own, retiring, as he were not,  
 Leaves, when the sun appears, astonished Art  
 To mimic in slow structures, stone by stone,  
 Built in an age, the mad wind's night-work,  
 The frolic architecture of the snow.

2. *The Old-fashioned Fire-side.*

J. G. WHITTIER (b. 1808).

[The following fire-light picture is from "Snow-Bound: a Winter Idyl," which was written to beguile the weariness of a sick-chamber.]

As night drew on, and, from the crest  
 Of wooded knolls that ridged the west,  
 The sun, a snow-blown traveller, sank  
 From sight beneath the smothering bank,  
 We piled with care our nightly stack  
 Of wood against the chimney-back,—  
 The oaken log, green, huge, and thick,  
 And on its top the stout back-stick ;  
 The knotty fore-stick laid apart,  
 And filled between with curious art  
 The ragged brush : then, hovering near,  
 We watched the first red blaze appear,  
 Heard the sharp crackle, caught the gleam  
 On whitewashed wall and sagging beam,  
 Until the old, rude-furnished room  
 Burst, flower-like, into rosy bloom ;  
 While radiant with a mimic flame  
 Outside the sparkling drift became,  
 And through the bare-boughed lilac-tree  
 Our own warm hearth seemed blazing free.

\* Wreaths of Parian marble. Paros, an island in the Archipelago, famous for white marble.



The crane and pendent trammels showed,  
The Turk's heads on the andirons glowed;  
While childish fancy, prompt to tell  
The meaning of the miracle,  
Whispered the old rhyme: "*Under the tree,  
When fire outdoors burns merrily,  
There the witches are making tea.*"

The moon above the eastern wood  
Shone at its full; the hill-range stood  
Transfigured in the silver flood,  
Its blown snows flashing cold and keen,  
Dead white, save where some sharp ravine  
Took shadow, or the sombre green  
Of hemlocks turned to pitchy black  
Against the whiteness at their back.  
For such a world and such a night  
Most fitting that unwarming light,  
Which only seemed where'er it fell  
To make the coldness visible.

Shut in from all the world without,  
We sat the clean-winged hearth about,  
Content to let the north wind roar  
In battle rage at pane and door,  
While the red logs before us beat  
The frost-line back with tropic heat;  
And ever, when a louder blast  
Shook beam and rafter as it passed,  
The merrier up its roaring draught  
The great throat of the chimney laughed:  
The house-dog on his paws outspread  
Laid to the fire his drowsy head;  
The cat's dark silhouette on the wall  
A couchant tiger's seemed to fall;  
And, for the winter fire-side meet,  
Between the andirons' straddling feet  
The mug of cider simmered slow,  
The apples sputtered in a row,  
And close at hand the basket stood  
With nuts from brown October's wood.

*Snow-Bound.*

**THE FIRCH BACK-LOG.**

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER (b. 1829).

*1. Making the Fire.*

Few people know how to make a wood fire, but everybody thinks he or she does. You want first a large back-log, which does not rest on the andirons. This will keep your fire forward, radiate heat all day, and late in the evening fall into a ruin of glowing coals, like the last days of a good man, whose life is the richest and most beneficent at the close, when the flames of passion and the sap of youth are burned out, and there only remain the solid, bright elements of character. Then you want a fore-stick on the andirons; and upon these build the fire of lighter stuff. In this way you have at once a cheerful blaze, and the fire gradually eats into the solid mass, sinking down with increasing fervor; coals drop below, and delicate tongues of flame sport along the beautiful grain of the fore-stick. There are people who kindle a fire underneath. But these are conceited people, who are wedded to their own way. I suppose an accomplished incendiary always starts a fire in the attic, if he can. I am not an incendiary, but I hate bigotry. I don't call those incendiaries very good Christians who, when they set fire to the martyrs, touched off the faggots at the bottom, so as to make them go slow. Besides, knowledge works down easier than it does up. Education must proceed from the more enlightened down to the more ignorant strata. If you want better common schools, raise the standard of the colleges, and so on. Build your fire on top. Let your light shine. I have seen people build a fire under a balky horse. But he wouldn't go; he'd be a horse-martyr first. A fire kindled under one never did him any good. Of course you can make a fire on the hearth by kindling it underneath, but that does not make it right. I want my hearth-fire to be an emblem of the best things.

*2. The Back-Log.*

The log was white birch. The beautiful satin bark at once kindled into a soft, pure, but brilliant flame, something like that of naphtha. There is no other wood flame so rich, and it leaps up in a joyous, spiritual way, as if glad to burn for the sake of burning. Burning like a clear oil, it has none of the heaviness

and fatness of the pine and the balsam. Woodsmen are at a loss to account for its intense and yet chaste flame, since the bark has no oily appearance. The heat from it is fierce, and the light dazzling. It flares up eagerly like young *love*, and then dies away; the wood does not keep up the promise of the bark. The woodsmen, it is proper to say, have not considered it in its relation to young love. In the remote settlements the pine-knot is still the torch of courtship; it endures to sit up by. The birch-bark has alliances with the world of sentiment and of letters. The most poetical reputation of the North-American Indian floats in a canoe made of it; his picture-writing was inscribed on it. It is the paper that Nature furnishes for lovers in the wilderness, who are enabled to convey a delicate sentiment by its use, which is expressed neither in their ideas nor in their chirography. It is inadequate for legal parchment, but does very well for deeds of love, which are not meant usually to give a perfect title. With care, it may be split up into sheets as thin as the Chinese paper. It is so beautiful to handle, that it is a pity civilization cannot make more use of it. But fancy articles manufactured from it are very much like all ornamental work made of nature's perishable seeds, leaves, cones, and dry twigs—exquisite while the pretty fingers are fashioning it, but soon growing shabby and cheap to the eye. And yet there is a pathos in "dried things," whether they are displayed as ornaments in some secluded home or hidden religiously in bureau-drawers, where profane eyes cannot see how white ties are growing yellow and ink is fading from treasured letters, amid a faint and discouraging perfume of ancient rose-leaves.

The birch-log holds out very well while it is green, but has not substance enough for a back-log when dry. Seasoning green timber or men is always an experiment. A man may do very well in a simple, let us say, country or back-woods line of life, who would come to nothing in a more complicated civilization. City life is a severe trial. One man is struck with a dry-rot; another develops season-cracks; another shrinks and swells with every change of circumstance. Prosperity is said to be more trying than adversity, a theory which most people are willing to accept without trial; but few men stand the drying out of the natural sap of their greenness in the artificial heat of city life. This, be it noticed, is nothing against the drying and seasoning process; character must be put into the crucible some time, and why not in this world? A man who cannot stand

seasoning will not have a high market value in any part of the universe. It is creditable to the race that so many men and women bravely jump into the furnace of prosperity and expose themselves to the drying influences of city life.

The first fire that is lighted on the hearth in the autumn seems to bring out the cold weather. Deceived by the placid appearance of the dying year, the softness of the sky, and the warm color of foliage, we have been shivering about for days without exactly comprehending what was the matter. The open fire at once sets up a standard of comparison. We find that the advance-guards of winter are besieging the house. The cold rushes in at every crack of door and window, apparently signalled by the flame to invade the house and fill it with chilly drafts and sarcasms on what we call the temperate zone. It needs a roaring fire to beat back the enemy; a feeble one is only an invitation to the most insulting demonstrations. Our pious New England ancestors were philosophers in their way. It was not simply owing to grace that they sat for hours in their barn-like meeting-houses during the winter Sundays, the thermometer many degrees below freezing, with no fire, except the zeal in their own hearts—a congregation of red noses and bright eyes. It was no wonder that the minister warmed up to his subject, cried aloud, used hot words, spoke a good deal of the hot place and the person whose presence was a burning shame, hammered the desk as if he expected to drive his text through a two-inch plank, and heated himself by all allowable ecclesiastical gymnastics. A few of their followers in our day seem to forget that our modern churches are heated by furnaces and supplied with gas. In the old days it would have been thought unphilosophic as well as effeminate to warm the meeting-houses artificially. In one house I knew, at least, when it was proposed to introduce a stove to take a little of the chill from the Sunday services, the deacons protested against the innovation. They said that the stove might benefit those who sat close to it, but that it would drive all the cold air to the other parts of the church, and freeze the people to death; it was cold enough now around the edges. Blessed days of ignorance and upright living! Sturdy men who served God by resolutely sitting out the icy hours of service, amid the rattling of windows and the carousal of winter in the high, wind-swept galleries! Patient women, waiting in the chilly house for consumption to pick out his victims, and replace the color of youth and the flush

of devotion with the hectic of disease! At least, you did not doze and droop in our overheated edifices, and die of vitiated air and disregard of the simplest conditions of organized life. It is fortunate that each generation does not comprehend its own ignorance. We are thus enabled to call our ancestors barbarous. It is something, also, that each age has its choice of the death it will die. Our generation is most ingenious. From our public assembly-rooms and houses we have almost succeeded in excluding pure air. It took the race ages to build dwellings that would keep out rain; it has taken longer to build houses airtight, but we are on the eve of success. We are only foiled by the ill-fitting, insincere work of the builders, who build for a day and charge for all time.

*Buck-Log Studies (1873).*

### WE'RE A' JOHN TAMSON'S BAIRNS.

ALEXANDER M'LACHLAN, MONTREAL (b. 1820).

[“ Mr. M'Lachlan has produced a volume of poems containing pieces not unworthy of Tannahill or Motherwell.”—T. D'ARCY M'GEE.]

Oh, come and listen to my sang,\*  
 Nae matter wha ye be,  
 For there's a human sympathy  
 That sings to you and me;  
 For as some kindly soul has said—  
 All underneath the starns,  
 Despite of country, clime, and creed,  
 Are a' John Tamson's bairns.

The higher that we clim' the tree,  
 Mair sweert are we to fa',  
 And, spite o' fortune's heights and houghs,  
 Death equal-aquals a';  
 And a' the great and mighty anes  
 Wha slumber 'neath the cairns,  
 They ne'er forgot, though e'er so great,  
 We're a' John Tamson's bairns.

Earth's heroes spring frae high and low,  
 There's beauty in ilk place,

\* See Glossary at end of lesson.

There's nae monopoly o' worth  
 Among the human race ;  
 And genius ne'er was o' a class,  
 But, like the moon and starns,  
 She sheds her kindly smile alike  
 On a' John Tamson's bairns.

There's nae monopoly o' pride—  
 For a' wi' Adam fell—  
 I've seen a joskin sae transformed,  
 He scarcely kent himsel'.  
 The langer that the wise man lives,  
 The mair he sees and learns,  
 And aye the deeper care he takes  
 Owre a' John Tamson's bairns.

There's some distinction, ne'er a doubt,  
 'Tween Jock and Master John,  
 And yet it's maistly in the dress,  
 When everything is known ;  
 Where'er ye meet him, rich or poor,  
 The man o' sense and harns,  
 By moral worth he measures a'  
 Puir auld John Tamson's bairns.

There's ne'er been country yet nor kin  
 But has some weary flaw,  
 And he's the likest God aboon  
 Wha loves them ane and a'.  
 And after a' that's come and gane,  
 What human heart but yearns,  
 To meet at last in licht and love  
 Wi' a' John Tamson's bairns.

GLOSSARY.—*A'*, all ; *aboon*, above ; *among*, among ; *ane*, one ; *anes*, ones ; *auld*, old ; *aye*, ever, always ; *bairns*, own children ; *cairns*, memorial heaps of stones ; *clim'*, climb ; *equal-aquats*, balances the account (so Sir Walter Scott in *The Antiquary* and *The Pirate*) ; *fa'*, fall ; *flaw* (*weary*), painful defect ; *frae*, from ; *gane*, gone ; *harns* (Old English *harnes*), brains ; *himsel'*, himself ; *heights and houghs*, ups and downs ; *ilk*, every ; *Jock*, Jack ; *joskin* (Old English), a clownish fellow ; *kent*, knew (pres. *ken*) ; *langer*, longer ; *licht*, light ; *mair*, more ; *maistly*, mostly ; *o'*, of ; *owre*, over ; *puir*, poor ; *sae*, so ; *sang*, scung ; *starns*, stars ; *sweert*, unwilling ; *Tamson*, Thomson—"John Tamson" is a proverbial phrase used in various connections, but in "John Tamson's Man" (a henpecked husband) John ought apparently to be *Joan* ; *wha*, who ; *wi'*, with.



## THE PICKWICK CLUB ON THE ICE.

CHARLES DICKENS (1812-1870).

"You skate, of course, Winkle?" said Wardle.

"Ye—yes; oh, yes," replied Mr. Winkle. "I—I—am *rather* out of practice."

"Oh, *do* skate, Mr. Winkle," said Arabella. "I like to see it so much."

"Oh, it is *so* graceful," said another young lady.

A third young lady said it was elegant; and a fourth expressed her opinion that it was "swan-like."

"I should be very happy, I'm sure," said Mr. Winkle, reddening; "but I have no skates."

This objection was at once overruled. Trundle had got a couple of pair, and the fat boy announced that there were half-a-dozen more downstairs, whereat Mr. Winkle expressed exquisite delight, and looked exquisitely uncomfortable.

Old Wardle led the way to a pretty large sheet of ice; and the fat boy and Mr. Weller, having shovelled and swept away the snow which had fallen on it during the night, Mr. Bob Sawyer adjusted his skates with a dexterity which to Mr. Winkle was perfectly marvellous, and described circles with his left leg, and cut figures of eight, and inscribed upon the ice, without once stopping for breath, a great many other pleasant and astonishing devices, to the excessive satisfaction of Mr. Pickwick, Mr. Tupman, and the ladies; which reached a pitch of positive enthusiasm, when old Wardle and Benjamin Allen, assisted by the aforesaid Bob Sawyer, performed some mystic evolutions, which they called a reel.

All this time, Mr. Winkle, with his face and hands blue with the cold, had been forcing a gimlet into the soles of his feet, and putting his skates on, with the points behind, and getting the straps into a very complicated and entangled state, with the assistance of Mr. Snodgrass, who knew rather less about skates than a Hindoo. At length, however, with the assistance of Mr. Weller, the unfortunate skates were firmly screwed and buckled on, and Mr. Winkle was raised to his feet.

"Now, then, sir," said Sam, in an encouraging tone; "off with you, and show 'em how to do it."

"Stop, Sam, stop," said Mr. Winkle, trembling violently, and clutching hold of Sam's arms with the grasp of a drowning man. "How slippery it is, Sam!"

"Not an uncommon thing upon ice, sir," replied Mr. Weller. "Hold up, sir."

This last observation of Mr. Weller's bore reference to a demonstration Mr. Winkle made at the instant, of a frantic desire to throw his feet in the air and dash the back of his head on the ice.

"These—these—are very awkward skates; ain't they, Sam?" inquired Mr. Winkle, staggering.

"I'm afecrd there's an orkard gen'lm'n in 'em, sir," replied Sam.

"Now, Winkle," cried Mr. Pickwick, quite unconscious that there was anything the matter. "Come, the ladies are all anxiety."

"Yes, yes," replied Mr. Winkle, with a ghastly smile. "I'm coming."

"Just a goin' to begin," said Sam, endeavoring to disengage himself. "Now, sir, start off."

"Stop an instant, Sam," gasped Mr. Winkle, clinging most affectionately to Mr. Weller. "I find I've got a couple of coats at home that I don't want, Sam. You may have them, Sam."

"Thank'ee, sir," replied Mr. Weller.

"Never mind touching your hat, Sam," said Mr. Winkle, hastily. "You needn't take your hand away to do that. I meant to have given you five shillings this morning for a Christmas-box, Sam. I'll give it you this afternoon, Sam."

"You're verry good, sir," replied Mr. Weller.

"Just hold me at first, Sam; will you?" said Mr. Winkle. "There—that's right. I shall soon get in the way of it, Sam. Not too fast, Sam; not too fast."

Mr. Winkle, stooping forward with his body half doubled up, was being assisted over the ice by Mr. Weller, in a very singular and un-swan-like manner, when Mr. Pickwick most innocently shouted from the opposite bank—

"Sam!"

"Sir?" said Mr. Weller.

"Here. I want you."

"Let go, sir," said Sam. "Don't you hear the governor a callin'? Let go, sir!"

With a violent effort, Mr. Weller disengaged himself from

the grasp of the agonized Pickwickian; and, in so doing, administered a considerable impetus to the unhappy Mr. Winkle. With an accuracy which no degree of dexterity or practice could have insured, that unfortunate gentleman bore swiftly down into the centre of the reel, at the very moment when Mr. Bob Sawyer was performing a flourish of unparalleled beauty. Mr. Winkle struck wildly against him, and with a loud crash they both fell heavily down. Mr. Pickwick ran to the spot. Bob Sawyer had risen to his feet, but Mr. Winkle was far too wise to do anything of the kind in skates. He was seated on the ice making spasmodic efforts to smile; but anguish was depicted on every lineament of his countenance.

"Are you hurt?" inquired Mr. Benjamin Ailen, with great anxiety.

"Not much," said Mr. Winkle, rubbing his back very hard.

"I wish you'd let me bleed you," said Mr. Benjamin with great eagerness.

"No, thank you," replied Mr. Winkle hurriedly.

"I really think you had better," said Allen.

"Thank you," replied Mr. Winkle; "I'd rather not."

"What do *you* think, Mr. Pickwick?" inquired Bob Sawyer.

Mr. Pickwick was excited and indignant. He beckoned to Mr. Weller, and said in a stern voice, "Take his skates off."

"No; but really I had scarcely begun," remonstrated Mr. Winkle.

"Take his skates off," repeated Mr. Pickwick firmly.

The command was not to be resisted. Mr. Winkle allowed Sam to obey it in silence.

"Lift him up," said Mr. Pickwick. Sam assisted him to rise.

Mr. Pickwick retired a few paces apart from the bystanders; and, beckoning his friend to approach, fixed a searching look upon him, and uttered in a low but distinct and emphatic tone these remarkable words:

"You're a humbug, sir."

"A what?" said Mr. Winkle starting.

"A humbug, sir. I will speak plainer, if you wish it. An impostor, sir."

With these words Mr. Pickwick turned slowly on his heel, and rejoined his friends.

While Mr. Pickwick was delivering himself of the sentiment

just recorded, Mr. Weller and the fat boy, having, by their joint endeavors, cut out a slide, were exercising themselves thereupon in a very masterly and brilliant manner. Sam Weller, in particular, was displaying that beautiful feat of fancy sliding which is currently denominated "knocking at the cobbler's door," and which is achieved by skimming over the ice on one foot, and occasionally giving a twopenny postman's knock upon it with the other. It was a good long slide, and there was something in the motion which Mr. Pickwick, who was very cold with standing still, could not help envying.

"It looks a nice warm exercise that, doesn't it?" he inquired of Wardle, when that gentleman was thoroughly out-of-breath, by reason of the indefatigable manner in which he had converted his legs into a pair of compasses, and drawn complicated problems on the ice.

"Ah, it does, indeed," replied Wardle. "Do you slide?"

"I used to do so on the gutters when I was a boy," replied Mr. Pickwick.

"Try it now," said Wardle.

"Oh, do, please, Mr. Pickwick," cried all the ladies.

"I should be very happy to afford you any amusement," replied Mr. Pickwick, "but I haven't done such a thing these thirty years."

"Pooh! pooh! nonsense!" said Wardle, dragging off his skates with the impetuosity which characterized all his proceedings. "Here; I'll keep you company; come along." And away went the good-tempered old fellow down the slide, with a rapidity which came very close upon Mr. Weller, and beat the fat boy all to nothing.

Mr. Pickwick paused, considered, pulled off his gloves and put them in his hat, took two or three short runs, balked himself as often, and at last took another run and went slowly and gravely down the slide with his feet about a yard and a quarter apart, amidst the gratified shouts of all the spectators.

"Keep the pot a-bilin', sir," said Sam; and down went Wardle again, and then Mr. Pickwick, and then Sam, and then Mr. Winkle, and then Mr. Bob Sawyer, and then the fat boy, and then Mr. Snodgrass, following closely upon each other's heels, and running after each other with as much eagerness as if all their future prospects in life depended on their expedition.

It was the most intensely interesting thing to observe the manner in which Mr. Pickwick performed his share in the cere-

mony : to watch the torture of anxiety with which he viewed the person behind, gaining upon him at the imminent hazard of tripping him up : to see him gradually expend the painful force which he had put on at first, and turn slowly round on the slide with his face towards the point from which he had started : to contemplate the playful smile which mantled on his face when he had accomplished the distance, and the eagerness with which he turned round when he had done so, and ran after his predecessor, his black gaiters tripping pleasantly through the snow, and his eyes beaming cheerfulness and gladness through his spectacles. And when he was knocked down (which happened upon the average every third round), it was the most invigorating sight that can possibly be imagined, to behold him gather up his hat, gloves, and handkerchief, with a glowing countenance, and resume his station in the rank, with an ardor and enthusiasm which nothing could abate.

The sport was at its height, the sliding was at the quickest, the laughter was at the loudest, when a sharp smart crack was heard. There was a quick rush towards the bank, a wild scream from the ladies, and a shout from Mr. Tupman. A large mass of ice disappeared, the water bubbled up over it, and Mr. Pickwick's hat, gloves, and handkerchief were floating on the surface ; and this was all of Mr. Pickwick that anybody could see.

Dismay and anguish were depicted on every countenance ; the males turned pale and the females fainted ; Mr. Snodgrass and Mr. Winkle grasped each other by the hand, and gazed at the spot where their leader had gone down, with frenzied eagerness ; while Mr. Tupman, by way of rendering the promptest assistance, and at the same time conveying to any persons who might be within hearing the clearest possible notion of the catastrophe, ran off across the country at his utmost speed, screaming " Fire ! " with all his might and main.

It was at this very moment, when old Wardle and Sam Weller were approaching the hole with cautious steps, and Mr. Benjamin Allen was holding a hurried consultation with Mr. Bob Sawyer, on the advisability of bleeding the company generally, as an improving little bit of professional practice—it was at this very moment that a face, head, and shoulders emerged from beneath the water, and disclosed the features and spectacles of Mr. Pickwick.

" Keep yourself up for an instant—for only one instant," bawled Mr. Snodgrass.

"Yes, do: let me implore you—for my sake," roared Mr. Winkle, deeply affected. The adjuration was rather unnecessary; the probability being that if Mr. Pickwick had declined to keep himself up for anybody else's sake, it would have occurred to him that he might as well do so for his own.

"Do you feel the bottom there, old fellow?" said Wardle.

"Yes, certainly," replied Mr. Pickwick, wringing the water from his head and face, and gasping for breath. "I fell upon my back. I couldn't get on my feet at first."

The clay upon so much of Mr. Pickwick's coat as was yet visible, bore testimony to the accuracy of this statement; and as the fears of the spectators were still further relieved by the fat boy's suddenly recollecting that the water was nowhere more than five feet deep, prodigies of valor were performed to get him out. After a vast quantity of splashing, and cracking, and struggling, Mr. Pickwick was at length fairly extricated from his unpleasant position, and once more stood on dry land.

"Oh, he'll catch his death of cold," said Emily.

"Dear old thing!" said Arabella; "let me wrap this shawl round you, Mr. Pickwick."

"Ah, that's the best thing you can do," said Wardle; "and when you've got it on, run home as fast as your legs can carry you, and jump into bed directly."

A dozen shawls were offered on the instant, and three or four of the thickest having been selected, Mr. Pickwick was wrapped up, and started off under the guidance of Mr. Weller; presenting the singular phenomenon of an elderly gentleman dripping wet, and without a hat, with his arms bound down to his sides, skimming over the ground without any clearly defined purpose, at the rate of six good English miles an hour.

But Mr. Pickwick cared not for appearances in such an extreme case, and urged on by Sam Weller he kept at the very top of his speed until he reached the door of Manor Farm, where Mr. Tupman had arrived some five minutes before, and had frightened the old lady into palpitation of the heart by impressing her with the unalterable conviction that the kitchen chimney was on fire—a calamity which always presented itself in the most glowing colors to the old lady's mind when anybody about her evinced the smallest agitation.

Mr. Pickwick paused not an instant until he was snug in bed.

*The Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club*, chap. xxx.



**VICTOR AND VANQUISHED.**

As one who long hath fled with panting breath  
 Before his foe, bleeding and near to fall,  
 I turn and set my back against the wall,  
 And look thee in the face, triumphant Death.  
 I call for aid, and no one answereth ;  
 I am alone with thee, who conquerest all ;  
 Yet me thy threatening form doth not appall,  
 For thou art but a phantom and a wraith.  
 Wounded and weak, sword broken at the hilt,  
 With armor shattered, and without a shield,  
 I stand unmoved : do with me what thou wilt ;  
 I can resist no more,—but will not yield.  
 This is no tournament where cowards tilt ;  
 The vanquished here is victor of the field.

*April 4, 1876.*

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

**MY BOOKS.**

Sadly as some old mediæval knight  
 Gazed at the arms he could no longer wield,  
 The sword two-handed and the shining shield  
 Suspended in the hall, and full in sight,  
 While secret longings for the lost delight  
 Of tourney or adventure in the field  
 Came over him, and tears but half concealed  
 Trembled and fell upon his beard of white ;  
 So I behold these books upon their shelf,  
 My ornaments and arms of other days,—  
 Not wholly useless, though no longer used,  
 For they remind me of my other self,  
 Younger and stronger, and the pleasant ways  
 In which I walked, now clouded and confused.

*December 27, 1881.*

H. W. LONGFELLOW (d. March 24, 1882).

## SUNSET WINGS.

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI (1828-1882).

To-night this sunset spreads two golden wings  
Cleaving the western sky ;  
Winged too with wind it is, and winnowings  
Of birds ; as if the day's last hour in rings  
Of strenuous flight must die.

Sun-steeped in fire, the homeward pinions sway  
Above the dove-cot tops ;  
And clouds of starlings, ere they rest with day,  
Sink, clamorous like mill-waters, at wild play,  
By turns in every copse :

Each tree heart-deep the wrangling rout receives,—  
Save for the whir within,  
You could not tell the starlings from the leaves ;  
Then one great puff of wings, and the swarm heaves  
Away with all its din.

Even thus Hope's hours, in ever-eddying flight,  
To many a refuge tend :  
With the first light she laughed, and the last light  
Glow round her still ; who nathless \* in the night  
At length must make an end.

And now the mustering rooks innumerable  
Together sail and soar,  
While for the day's death, like a tolling knell,  
Unto the heart they seem to cry, Farewell,  
No more, farewell, no more !

Is Hope not plumed, as 't were a fiery dart ?  
And oh ! thou dying day,  
Even as thou goest must she too depart,  
And Sorrow fold such pinions on the heart  
As will not fly away ?

\* Nevertheless.



WINDSOR CASTLE.

### THE LAST ILLNESS OF THE PRINCE CONSORT.

SIR THEODORE MARTIN.

[Prince Albert was for some days ailing, but his symptoms had excited no alarm. His ailment proved to be typhoid fever, and, sad to say, it was subsequently traced to the defective drainage of Windsor Castle, the scene of his last illness. He died in the Blue Room on Saturday evening, December 14, 1861.]

The following day (1st of December) was Sunday. After another indifferent night, the Prince had risen early, as already mentioned, to write the draft Memorandum for the Queen upon the *Trent* affair.\*

“ Windsor Castle, December 1, 1861.

“The Queen returns these important Drafts, which upon the whole she approves; but she cannot help feeling that the main

\* On November 8, 1861, the English mail steamer *Trent*, while on her way from Havannah to England, was brought to by a shot and a shell fired across her bows from the United States war ship *Jacinto*—Wilkes, commander—and Messrs. Mason and Slidell, Confederate envoys, were arrested and taken to the United States. On the representation of the British Government the envoys were restored, and war was happily averted.

Draft—that for communication to the American Government—is somewhat meagre. She should have liked to have seen the expression of a hope, that the American captain did not act under instructions, or, if he did, that he misapprehended them,—that the United States Government must be fully aware that the British Government could not allow its flag to be insulted, and the security of her mail communications to be placed in jeopardy; and Her Majesty's Government are unwilling to believe that the United States Government intended wantonly to put an insult upon this country, and to add to their many distressing complications by forcing a question of dispute upon us, and that we are therefore glad to believe that, upon a full consideration of the circumstances of the undoubted breach of International Law committed, they would spontaneously offer such redress as alone could satisfy this country,—namely, the restoration of the unfortunate passengers and a suitable apology.”

The day, although cold, was fine, and he walked for half an hour on the Lower Garden Terrace. “He went with us to chapel,” again to quote Her Majesty's Diary, “but looked very wretched and ill. Still he insisted on going through all the kneeling. He came to luncheon, but could take nothing. Sir James Clark and Dr. Jenner came over, and were much disappointed, finding Albert so very uncomfortable.....Albert came to our family dinner, but could eat nothing; yet he was able to talk, and even to tell stories. After dinner he sat quietly listening to Alice and Marie [Leiningen] playing, and went to bed at half-past ten, in hopes to get to sleep. I joined him at half-past eleven, and he said he was shivering with cold and could not sleep at all.”

After a night of shivering and sleeplessness, the Prince rose next morning at seven, and sent for Dr. Jenner, who found him suffering great discomfort and much depressed. The symptoms of what might prove to be low fever were beginning to be more marked. “I was so anxious, so distressed,” Her Majesty notes in her Diary. “Albert did not dress, but lay upon the sofa, and I read to him.....Sir James Clark arrived, and found him in much the same state, very restless and uncomfortable, sometimes lying on the sofa in his dressing-room, and then sitting up in an arm-chair in his sitting-room.” Lord Methuen and Colonel Francis Seymour, who had returned from Lisbon, where they had been sent by the Queen on a mission of condolence, arrived at the Castle. The Prince saw them, and

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asked for all the details of the King of Portugal's death. He said to Lord Methuen that it was well his own illness was not fever, as that, he felt sure, would be fatal to him. Lord Palmerston, the Duke of Newcastle, and Sir Allan M'Nab (from Canada) had arrived at the Castle as guests. The Prince was unable to take his place at dinner as usual, and showed increased disinclination for food.....

Another night of wakeful restlessness followed. A little sleep which the Prince had from six to eight in the morning filled the Queen with hope and thankfulness. But the distaste for food continued. "He\* would take nothing—hardly any broth, no rusk or bread—nothing. My anxiety is great, and I feel utterly lost, when he, to whom I confide all, is in such a listless state, and hardly smiles!.....Sir James arrived, and was grieved to see no more improvement, but not discouraged. Albert rested in the bedroom, and liked being read to, but no book suited him, neither *Silas Marner* nor *The Warden*."† Lever's *Dodd Family* was subsequently tried, "but he disliked it: so we decided to have one of Sir Walter Scott's to-morrow."

The Prince rose next morning (4th of December) at eight, after another night of discomfort, relieved only by snatches of broken sleep. On Her Majesty's return to his room from breakfast, she found him "looking very wretched and woebegone. He could take only half a cup of tea. He afterwards came to his sitting-room, where I left him so wretched, that I was dreadfully overcome and alarmed. Alice was reading to him." Sir James Clark, who had passed the night at the Castle, comforted Her Majesty with the hope that "there would be no fever, of which we live in dread." On returning from a short walk, the Queen found the Prince "very restless and haggard and suffering, though at times he seemed better. I was sadly nervous with ups and downs of hope and fear. While Alice was reading *The Talisman* in the bedroom, where he was lying on the bed, he seemed in a very uncomfortable, panting state, which frightened us.".....

When the Prince retired for the night, "his pulse was good. Dr. Jenner was going to sit up with him, as well as Löhlein (the Prince's valet). My poor darling, I kissed his hand and forehead. It is a terrible trial to be thus separated from him,

\* The quotations, where not otherwise marked, are from the Queen's Diary.

† *Silas Marner*, by "George Eliot;" *The Warden*, by Anthony Trollope; *The Talisman*, by Sir Walter Scott.

and to see him in the hands of others, careful and devoted though they are."

The next day (8th of December) the Prince was considered by the doctors to be going on well. The day was very fine: his window was open when the Queen came to him in the morning; and he expressed a strong desire to move into one of the larger rooms. Those immediately adjoining were now vacant, and his wish was carried into effect. "When I returned from breakfast," the Queen writes, "I found him lying on the bed in the Blue Room, and much pleased. The sun was shining brightly, the room was fine, large, and cheerful, and he said: 'It is so fine!' For the first time since his illness, he asked for some music, and said, 'I should like to hear a fine chorale played at a distance.' We had a piano brought into the next room, and Alice played '*Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott*,'\* and another, and he listened, looking upwards with such a sweet expression, and with tears in his eyes. He then said, '*Das reicht hin*' ('That is enough')." It was Sunday. The Rev. Charles Kingsley preached, "but I heard nothing," are the Queen's significant words.

The listlessness and the irritability, so foreign to the Prince's nature, but so characteristic of his disease, continued; and at times his mind would wander. But when, later in the day, the Queen read *Pevevil of the Peak* to him, he followed the story with interest, and by his occasional remarks showed that he did so. When Her Majesty returned to him after dinner, she records with a touching simplicity, "He was so pleased to see me—stroked my face and smiled and called me '*liebes Frauchen*' ('dear little wife').....Precious love! His tenderness this evening, when he held my hands and stroked my face, touched me so much—made me so grateful.".....

About six in the morning (Saturday, the 14th of December) Mr. Brown of Windsor (who had attended the Royal Family medically since 1838, and was thoroughly acquainted with the Prince's constitution), came to inform Her Majesty that he had no hesitation in saying that he thought the Prince was much better, and that "there was ground to hope the crisis was over." "I went over at seven," Her Majesty writes, "as I usually did. It was a bright morning, the sun just rising and shining brightly. The room had the sad look of night watching—the candles burnt down to their sockets, the doctors looking anxious.

\* "A sure stronghold is our God,"—Luther's hymn, founded on Psalm 46.



I went in, and never can I forget how beautiful my darling looked, lying there with his face lit up by the rising sun, his eyes unusually bright, gazing as it were on unseen objects, and not taking notice of me."

The Prince of Wales, who had been summoned from Madingley by telegram the previous evening, had arrived at three o'clock that morning. Sir Henry Holland saw him on his arrival, and made him aware of his father's state. When Her Majesty returned to the Prince Consort's bedroom about ten o'clock, she found the young Prince there. Both Sir James Clark and Dr. Jenner endeavored to reassure the Queen. There had been "a decided rally," but they were all "very, very anxious." The hours wore on in agonizing alternations of fear and hope.

"The day," Her Majesty writes, "was very fine and very bright. I asked whether I might go out for a breath of air. The doctors answered, 'Yes, just close by, for a quarter of an hour.' At about twelve I went out upon the Terrace with Alice. The military band was playing at a distance, and I burst into tears and came home again. I hurried over at once. Dr. Watson was in the room. I asked him whether Albert was not better, as he seemed stronger, though he took very little notice; and he answered, 'We are very much frightened, but don't, and won't give up hope.' They would not let Albert sit up to take his nourishment, as he wasted his strength by doing so. 'The pulse keeps up,' they said. 'It is not worse.' Every hour, every minute was a gain; and Sir James Clark was very hopeful—he had seen much worse cases. But the breathing was the alarming thing, it was so rapid. There was what they call a dusky hue about his face and hands, which I knew was not good. I made some observation about it to Dr. Jenner, and was alarmed by seeing he seemed to notice it. Albert folded his arms, and began arranging his hair, just as he used to do when well and he was dressing. These were said to be bad signs. Strange! as though he were preparing for another and greater journey."

The Queen's distress was terrible. She only left the Prince's room for the adjoining one. Still the doctors continued to comfort her with hope; but they could not blind her to the signs, that this precious life, this most precious of lives to her, was ebbing away. "About half-past five," Her Majesty writes, "I went in and sat down beside his bed, which had been

wheeled towards the middle of the room. '*Gutes Frauchen*' ('Good little wife'), he said, and kissed me, and then gave a sort of piteous moan, or rather sigh, not of pain, but as if he felt that he was leaving me, and laid his head upon my shoulder, and I put my arm under his. But the feeling passed away again, and he seemed to wander and to doze, and yet to know all. Sometimes I could not catch what he said. Occasionally he spoke French. Alice came in and kissed him, and he took her hand. Bertie, Helena, Louise, and Arthur came in, one after the other, and took his hand, and Arthur kissed it. But he was dozing, and did not perceive them.

\* \* \* \* \*

Again, as the evening advanced, Her Majesty retired to give way to her grief in the adjoining room. She had not long been gone, when a rapid change set in, and the Princess Alice was requested by Sir James Clark to ask Her Majesty to return. The import of the summons was too plain. When the Queen entered, she took the Prince's left hand, "which was already cold, though the breathing was quite gentle," and knelt down by his side. On the other side of the bed was the Princess Alice, while at its foot knelt the Prince of Wales and the Princess Helena. Not far from the foot of the bed were Prince Ernest Leiningen, the physicians, and the Prince's valet Löhlein. General the Hon. Robert Bruce knelt opposite to the Queen, and the Dean of Windsor, Sir Charles Phipps, and General Grey, were also in the room.

In the solemn hush of that mournful chamber there was such grief as has rarely hallowed any deathbed. A great light, which had blessed the world, and which the mourners had but yesterday hoped might long bless it, was waning fast away. A husband, a father, a friend, a master, endeared by every quality by which man in such relations can win the love of his fellow-men, was passing into the Silent Land, and his loving glance, his wise counsels, his firm, manly thought, should be known among them no more. The Castle clock chimed the third quarter after ten. Calm and peaceful grew the beloved form; the features settled into the beauty of a perfectly serene repose; two or three long but gentle breaths were drawn; and that great soul had fled, to seek a nobler scope for its aspirations in the world within the veil, for which it had often yearned, where there is rest for the weary, and where "the spirits of the just are made perfect."

*The Life of H.R.H. the Prince Consort (1880).*

## DEDICATION OF "THE IDYLLS OF THE KING."

ALFRED TENNYSON (b. 1809).

These to His Memory—since he held them dear,\*  
 Perchance as finding there unconsciously  
 Some image of himself—I dedicate,  
 I dedicate, I consecrate with tears—  
 These Idylls !

And indeed he seems to me  
 Scarce other than my own ideal knight,  
 " Who revered his conscience as his king ;  
 Whose glory was, redressing human wrong ;  
 Who spake no slander, no, nor listened to it :  
 Who loved one only, and who clave to her—"  
 Her—over all whose realms to their last isle,  
 Commingled with the gloom of imminent war,  
 The shadow of his loss drew like eclipse,  
 Darkening the world. We have lost him : he is gone :  
 We know him now ; all narrow jealousies  
 Are silent : and we see him as he moved,  
 How modest, kindly, all-accomplished, wise !  
 With what sublime repression of himself,  
 And in what limits, and how tenderly !  
 Not swaying to this faction or to that ;  
 Not making his high place the lawless perch  
 Of winged ambitions, nor a vantage-ground  
 For pleasure ; but through all this tract of years  
 Wearing the white flower of a blameless life,  
 Before a thousand peering littlenesses,  
 In that fierce light which beats upon a throne,  
 And blackens every blot : for where is he,  
 Who dares foreshadow for an only son  
 A lovelier life, a more unstained than his ?  
 Or how should England, dreaming of *his* sons,  
 Hope more for these than some inheritance  
 Of such a life, a heart, a mind as thine,

\* The *Idylls of the King* appeared in July 1859. Some months afterwards Prince Albert, who was ever Mr. Tennyson's warm personal friend, sent his copy to the poet with a most graceful and appreciative letter, begging the favor of his autograph in the volume. The above dedication thus forms a peculiarly appropriate *In Memoriam*.

Thou noble Father of her Kings to be,  
 Laborious for her people and her poor—  
 Voice in the rich dawn of an ampler day—  
 Far-sighted summoner of war and waste  
 To fruitful strifes and rivalries of peace—  
 Sweet nature, gilded by the gracious gleam  
 Of letters, dear to Science, dear to Art,  
 Dear to thy land and ours; a Prince indeed,  
 Beyond all titles, and a household name,  
 Hereafter, through all times, Albert the Good.

Break not, O woman's heart, but still endure;  
 Break not, for thou art royal, but endure,  
 Remembering all the beauty of that star  
 Which shone so close beside thee, that ye made  
 One light together, but has pass'd and leaves  
 The crown a lonely splendor.

May all love,  
 His love unseen, but felt, o'ershadow thee,  
 The love of all thy sons encompass thee,  
 The love of all thy daughters cherish thee,  
 The love of all thy people comfort thee,  
 Till God's love set thee at his side again!

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### VENI CREATOR.\*

JOHN DRYDEN (1631-1701).

Creator Spirit! by whose aid  
 The world's foundations first were laid,  
 Come, visit every pious mind;  
 Come, pour Thy joys on human kind;  
 From sin and sorrow set us free,  
 And make Thy temples worthy Thee.

O source of uncreated light,  
 The Father's promised Paraclete,†

\* Dryden here finely renders the old Latin hymn, *Veni Creator Spiritus* ("Come, Creator Spirit"), which is still used in the Catholic ritual at the Feast of Pentecost. Dryden's English version is generally found in the hymn-books of other Churches. The authorship of the original is ascribed to the Emperor Charlemagne.

† The Comforter, lit. "the Advocate."

Thrice holy fount, thrice holy fire,  
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire ;  
Come, and Thy sacred unction bring,  
To sanctify us while we sing.

Plenteous of grace, descend from high,  
Rich in Thy sevenfold energy ;  
Thou strength of His almighty hand,  
Whose power does heaven and earth command ;  
Proceeding Spirit, our defence,  
Who dost the gifts of tongues dispense,  
And crown'st Thy gifts with eloquence !

Refine and purge our earthly parts ;  
But oh, inflame and fire our hearts !  
Our frailties help, our vice control,  
Submit the senses to the soul ;  
And when rebellious they are grown,  
Then lay Thine hand, and hold them down.

Chase from our minds the infernal foe,  
And peace, the fruit of love, bestow ;  
And, lest our feet should step astray,  
Protect and guide us in the way.

Make us eternal truths receive,  
And practise all that we believe :  
Give us Thyself, that we may see  
The Father and the Son by Thee.

Immortal honor, endless fame,  
Attend the Almighty Father's name ;  
The Saviour Son be glorified,  
Who for lost man's redemption died ;  
And equal adoration be,  
Eternal Paraclete, to Thee !

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