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Canadian Literary Journal

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SELECT ORIGINAL LITERATURE

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CANADIAN LITERARY SOCIETIES.

VOL. I.

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No. 3

(ORIGINAL.)

KOLSEY HALL.

BY _____

CHAPTER V.

BUSINESS LIFE.

Two days ere the arrival of Christmas, Mr. Vanners and his brother returned to the hall. Franklin had quite recovered his health, and was now as robust and strong as ever, and anxious if possible to procure a situation in business. After a short consultation it was decided that Mr. Charles Vanners would, a few days after Christmas, accompany Franklin to New York, after which he would proceed to his new Western home.

Christmas dawned, and the day was spent at Kelsey Hall in a thoroughly English style. An excellent dinner was served, and the time passed merrily away. In the evening Franklin and Emma enjoyed a couple of hours conversation, during which he intimated to her his intention of immediately proceeding to New York. This sudden news rendered her quite sad, and tears fell, when she realized that such was actually to be the case.

A few days after, Mr. Vanners and Franklin took leave of their friends, and proceeded directly to New York. Soon after their arrival Franklin fortunately procured a good situation in the large mercantile firm of Hendrie & Co., after which Mr. Vanners proceeded westward to Pennsylvania, to a place now called Oil City, but which at the date of our narrative was far from being a city.

Franklin's success from the first was marked and sure. He was a steady, energetic, and strictly responsible young man. He rose speedily in his employer's estimation, who very much respected him. Though employed in business, he never lost sight of Kelsey Hall or its occupants. A regular correspondence occurred between Emma and himself. Though separated, the ardor of their friendship never abated, but was rather enhanced by the pangs of separation.

Four years after the entry of Franklin into mercantile life, he was admitted as junior partner into the firm to which he had given his faithful services. By exercising economy in his wages, and aided by an additional five hundred pounds, a legacy from his grandfather, he was enabled to place in the business quite a large cash capital. By integrity, independence, and resolution he now more than ever determined to work manfully and have ultimate success crown his tasks. He saw fortune smiling kindly

upon him, which, instead of causing a relax in his efforts, or careless ideas to sway him, as it often does many young men when prospects are so bright, it intensified his endeavours and determination to grace his business calling.

Not for a moment though, did our hero become miserly. He denied himself none of the necessaries of life, and his hand was ever open to dispense charities when necessary, and many a needy one found relief at his hands. He enjoyed life to the extent compatible with the quiet whispers and the pure admonitions of two great influences, Temperance and Reason, and to their demands he ever sought to yield a cheerful obedience. Benevolence and charity also spoke, and their cries he ever heard, and at the same time he ever with a bountiful hand endeavoured to supply their wants. Life to him was an object; he saw the necessity of living not grovelling, and with kind affable demeanour he associated with many, and rendered his presence ever sought for and agreeable to all. When he saw humanity suffering he lent a willing hand to soothe its distress, and to pour oil upon the troubled waters, knowing that all these things would work together for his good. By his noble and generous conduct he graced the business of which he was now a representative, and as a recompense the smiles of fortune greeted him in his efforts.

About a year after entering upon his partnership, he received a letter from his friend Mr. Charles Vanners, who amongst other matters alluded to, urgently advised Franklin to invest a few hundred dollars in an oil speculation which promised to be very profitable. He acquiesced in Mr. Vanners' wish, and transmitted him the desired amount, which being duly invested, realized him some thousands of dollars net profit.

His success thus far had been satisfactory. Besides the large profit which he had received from this last investment, he had realized a handsome sum from his interest in the business, and after remaining a partner two years, he withdrew his interest and retired, a comparatively wealthy man, having been in business but six years. Thus we see that Franklin

Lenwood had by perseverance and industry, amassed a comfortable fortune, during that period of life which most young men look upon as being merely a season of pleasure.

Verily industry and honest effort have their sure and certain reward. His intention now was to return to England, and follow the highest and noblest impulse of his heart—devote himself to literature—but afterward circumstances changed his plans as the sequel will show.

CHAPTER VI.

FRANKLIN LENWOOD TRAVELS.

Free from all business restrictions, Franklin now determined visiting his friend, Charles Vanners, who resided in Oil City, Penn. Spring was just beginning to scatter charms profusely over the earth, which rendered his journey a very pleasant one indeed, as no one loved natural beauty more than he, and his course was through a beautiful tract of country. The forests were assuming their virgin greenness and flowers the fairest were bedecking every valley, and beautifying every hill side. Spring's joyous messengers—the innumerable feathery songsters—were in every glen and forest, carolling forth sweet, harmonious songs.

Quickly the cars rushed on to their destination. He arrived at Oil City at morning twilight, and stepping out of the car upon the platform, wended his way to the nearest hotel. Here he performed an ablution, which was very refreshing after a long journey on the cars, arranged his toilette, and partook of refreshments. This done, he shortly afterward issued forth again into the long thoroughfare, and proceeded toward the boarding house, where he had been informed resided Mr. Vanners. Reaching it he rang the bell which was answered by a polite Frenchman who accosted him with the familiar "*bon jour*." Franklin responded and made several inquiries concerning his friend. He was informed that Mr. Vanners had taken his departure a fortnight before for a place in Maine called Kelsey Hall. This satisfied Franklin, and "*Merci*

Monsieur" to the Frenchman, he resumed the street, and wended his way through the strange crowd that made up the inhabitants of the place.

He had learned, with pleasure, that during Mr. Vanners' stay in Oil City he had been very successful in petroleum speculations, and at the time of his departure was considered a wealthy man.

Having navigated his way through many streets, wherein existed the most revolting perfume of raw petroleum, he succeeded in regaining the depot, where he found a train just on the point of starting in the direction he wished—northward. His present intention was to visit Niagara Falls, the Canadian Lakes, river St. Lawrence, thence eastward to Kelsey Hall.

He arrived duly at the Great Cataract and engaged a room in one of the commodious hotels there, determining to remain a few days. He viewed the great falls at all times of the day, and thus was enabled to judge of them in all phases of their picturesque grandeur.

Having spent a few days in this vicinity, he again resumed a seat in the railway train, and proceeded northward along the grand shore of Niagara to Lewiston. He was enabled from the car window to view the wild precipitous banks and mad torrents of the river below. Reaching Lewiston he almost immediately afterward stepped aboard the steamer "City of Toronto," and after a few hours sail on lake Ontario reached Toronto. Here he remained a few days, which were spent in viewing many of the public buildings of which this Canadian city can boast. His next journey was by steamer to Montreal, passing through the beautiful lake of the "Thousand Islands" and also the Lachine rapids.

At Montreal he took a train to Portland, from whence he soon reached Kelsey Hall, after enjoying a circuitous trip possessing for him much interest, and never-to-be remembered curiosity, and pleasure. He arrived at the Hall about the fifteenth of May.

* * * * *

One beautiful moonlight evening a knock was heard at the door of Kelsey

Hall. Night had long since thrown her dewy and sombre mantle over the scene, and such an unusual intrusion was wholly unexpected by the sequestered household. The door was speedily opened, and a stalwart young man, robust and elegant looking, was ushered into the presence of Mr. Vanners. He arose to greet the stranger, but a familiar smile betrayed Franklin, and he saw none other than Mr. Lenwood, his former guest, before him. Lenwood received a hearty welcome from his friends at the hall. Mr. Charles Vanners, lately returned from Pennsylvania, was overjoyed at Franklin's return, and Emma, with her unpretending grace arose and went forward to meet him.

The old family sitting-room was a happy spot that evening, and Mr. Lenwood was pressed with innumerable questions as to his steady and brilliant success, and was much lauded by Mr. Vanners for his wisdom in early retiring from business. Mr. Charles Vanners' acquisition of wealth was now verified by his own words, and Franklin learned that he intended returning to England in a few months. He gave a brief history of his visit to Oil City, and his travels ere he reached the Hall. Lenwood much admired the policy of the brothers George and Charles Vanners. He discovered as soon as they became possessors of enough wealth to allow them to comfortably retire, they, at once, resigned all active business, and enjoyed the fruits of their toil.

George Vanners, had, as we have already noticed received a severe blow in the death of his beloved wife, the effects of which, threatened to follow him to the grave. His life, since his residence at Kelsey Hall, had been a scene of great monotony until his brother's arrival, whose occasional visits revived him and afforded him much relief.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

YOUTH is the golden period of life and every well spent moment will be like good seed planted in an auspicious season.

(FOR THE CANADIAN LITERARY JOURNAL.)

THE PIC-NIC.

BY ALEXANDER M'LACHLAN.

Now morning fair with golden hair
Is through the pine woods streaming;
And of a day of mirth and play
The youngsters all are dreaming,
No sound of axe salutes the ear,
The ox set free from logging,
And neighbours all both great and small
Are to the Pic-nic jogging.

The girls and boys how they rejoice,
So merrily they're driving,
And far and wide from every side.
In happy pairs arriving :
Bill's mounted on his idol there,
With boughs he has array'd her,
And boasts the virtues of "that mare"
To Dicky the horse-trader.

Dick stumps him just to try a heat,
"Come bring your scare-crow hither,"
And in such living converse sweet
They trot along together ;
They pass along the ridge of beech,
And by the hemlocks hoary,
And leave the noble troop of pines
All towering in their glory.

They reach the grove of maples green
Beside the winding river,
Still at the song it sung so long
To Red Men gone forever !
And it will leap and laugh along
As gay and happy hearted,
And it will sing the self same song
When we, too, have departed.

A table's spread beneath the trees,
Some busily partaking,
While others swing, or romp and sing,
All bent on merry-making :
The old folks talk about the crops ;
The little boys are larking,
And with the fair young creatures
The lads are busy sparking.

They form a circle round the spring
The sparkling waters quaffing,
All playing fun, and ne'er a one
At all can keep from laughing
At am'rous John still sparking on,

At sixty-two a wanter,
Or roaring at the great exploits
Of Bill the mighty hunter.

His treecing coons 'neath Autumn moons,
His fishings and his forays,
His great affairs with angry bears,
His terrible wolf stories ;—
When Fred comes with his violin
By young and old invited,
With shouts of joy the bashful boy
They circle round delighted.

Tho' he is but a backwoods lad
A native born musician,
What strains he brings from those mere strings
O ! he's a real magician,
He plays a quick and merry tune,
With joy each eye is glancing,
How he appeals to all their heels,
And sets them all a dancing.

That mother with her joyous air
Her baby how she dandles,
While Bill and Dick are dancing quick,
And shouting out like vandals.
The chipmonk peeps from out the logs
And wonders at the glurry,
And all amazed with tail upraised
Makes tracks in quite a hurry.

The gray owl opens up his eyes
And looks in stupid wonder,
While through the wood the partridge brood
Are rolling off like thunder,
The old coon's in the elm above
Pretending that he's sleeping,
But with one eye the old boy sly
A wond'ring watch is keeping.

Fred's mood has changed, and in the midst
Of all our merry madness,
He makes us drink ere we can think
The deeper joy of sadness,
The youths and maidens hush to hear,
Tho' 'tis no tale of glory,
And drink in with a greedy ear
That simple backwood's story.

His voice he flings among the strings
That seem with sorrow laden,
Oh ! hear the sighs and wailing cries
Of the poor hapless maiden ;
"Ah thou art laid in thy death bed
Beneath the grassy cover

Why did the tree not fall on me
Which fell on thee my lover.

That wail of woe so long and low
Is in the distance dying,
And there the rude sons of the wood
Are all around him sighing,
Yes, there they stand the rude rough band
Untutor'd by the graces,
As spell-bound there by that wild air,
Tears streaming down their faces ;

And while their hearts within them leap
Those hearts unused to weeping,
O what a silence still and deep
The maples all are keeping ;
The grove is all a magic hall
And he the necromancer,
The master of the wizard spells
To which our spirits answer,

Time steals along with tale and song
Until the warning shadow,
Is stretching seen from maples green,
And creeping o'er the meadow ;
Old folks begin to think 'tis time
That they were homeward going,
And so they sing a parting rhyme
With hearts all overflowing.

The boys must see the girls to home,
So they hitch up for starting
And merrily they drive along
So have a kiss at parting ;
As Dick trots home that little song -
He can't keep from repeating,
While Bill declares, "them backwood airs
Are good as go to meeting."

(FOR THE CANADIAN LITERARY JOURNAL.)

CANOEING IN THE NORTH.

BY DOZY.

Canada may well be proud of her lakes. She has no cloud-capped peaks to boast of, nor has she snow-clad ranges environing sunny valleys, nor has she any system of mighty rivers which she may call her own; but she has her lakes, her beautiful lakes, from the much vaunted Lake Superior and the sister Great Lakes, down to the myriad lakelets that stretch onward far back into the wilderness of the North,

how far, no one can tell: away on, leading to the wealth of timber, that still stands in the primeval forests, unscathed as yet by the axe, and unseen by the woodman. We hear of trips down to the lower St. Lawrence, and trips up to the Georgian Bay, and the Bruce Mines; we read advertisements drawing attention to the peculiar excellencies of certain magnificent, first class, upper cabin, side wheel, Royal Mail, passenger steamers, stating the hours, A. M., and P. M., of starting with the most creditable accuracy, with a special paragraph in which the phrases: "unrivalled scenery," "by daylight," "pure reviving air," "tourists and invalids," "meals and state rooms," "fare," Toronto and back, are fitted together with the ingenuity of a circus advertisement writer. A stranger to the holiday resources of our country would almost believe that the Canadian routes of pleasure are completely represented in the columns of the "Globe," under the heading "Navigation," but not so, for there is a boundless field of unadvertised "unrivalled scenery," "by daylight," (yes and "by moonlight," too, if you like) and all the rest, with the exception of "state rooms," and "Fare—Toronto and back," and with the addition of "capital sport," "stirring adventure," and "hair breadth 'scapes," furnishing food for many a pleasant reflection, and many an amusing relation. I have an objection to a boat, even though it be a magnificent upper-cabin steamer, that has a certain fixed hour of starting. It keeps you in a ferment lest you be found rushing to the wharf with your valise, like Hercules dragging the three headed Cerberus from down below among the 90's, reeking at every pore; and you see the magnificent, &c., steamer, magnificently splashing away with all its upper cabins wearing a "well,—we're-on-time-see-poster" kind of expression, while you stand among sympathizing news boys interviewing you with "Leader Dexters."

I have an objection to the meals on board the magnificent upper-cabin steamer. I have an objection to sitting on a chair for an hour or more, with a horde of famished ones looking hungrily at a table in process of being spread, and then at a given signal to pounce violently forward

like a crooked-taloned Harpy, to find, however, the realization of a painful answer to the query:—"What are they (these victuals) among so many? "I have an objection to paying for a berth, and sleeping below the dining table counting the plunges of the restless engine, the live-long night. I have an objection to being obliged to pursue a certain fixed line of travel at a certain rate of speed, with no opportunity of setting foot on this lovely island, lingering in that beautiful bay, or visiting yonder pretty village. I have an objection, and so have all sportsmen, to being condemned to pass by beautifully weeded shores, suggestive of maskinonge lying fanning themselves in the deeps below, or of bass just waiting to have their noses tickled with some delusive joy, in the shape of a green frog, or a crawfish. And I have an objection to sit or stand on a hot day on the sweltering deck, almost a realization of the "Ancient Mariner," or rather of that boy "who stood on the burning deck," looking longingly at sequestered little spots which seem to invite the taking of magnificent headers. And then I have a very strong objection to crowded hotels at the final landing, wherever it may be, Tadousac, Cacouna, or elsewhere, where you can get little you ask for except the little bill, which forsooth, often comes unasked for. I hate steam boats and hotel dinner bells. I hate to loose my personality and become known as number so and so, to be an animated arabic numeral. I hate, in holiday time, "the crowd, the hum, the shock of men" in such seasons "*Odi profanum vulgus et arceo.*"

On the other hand I love the boat, the fishing tackle and the camp, "to hold converse with nature's charms, and view her stores unrolled." I love to idle in the shadows of the green woods, to loiter on the edge of some forest fringed lake, to float on its waters, to paddle hither and thither listlessly where every thing seems to dream, as in the Lotus country, and naught is felt of "life's ceaseless toil and endeavours." I love the canoe that "like a yellow leaf in autumn, like a yellow water lily," merely touches the water, I love to troll round and round the grassy islands where the maskinonge

and salmon trout lie down among the rushes, to moor along the old roots firmly fixed in the sedge, and try the bass. I love to dance along the glassy surface of the water when the gurgle is heard round the bow; and the peculiar "zip" of the paddle, as it is turned in the water, scattering the spray in emerald drops, gladdens the heart of the canoeeman. And then, when the wind rises, and the smooth water is shaken into "white caps," I love to roll over them while they chase the rocking canoe one after the other, rushing along level with the gunwale, and tossing the "birch" aloft like a leaf. Then, too, I love the choosing some grassy spot and pitching for the night, the camp fire, the smoking victuals, some of them the prey of the fishing line, that in such circumstances are nectared delicacies. And I love to sit under the moonlight and starlight, and think of nothing, or read some "simple and heart-felt lay," or some light novel, and then to sleep, as I have done, to the rushing music of water falls, to dream away a whole night, and awake to dream away another day. I love to

"Sit on rocks and muse o'er flood and fell,
"To slowly trace the forest's shady scene."

And all this I love to share with some kindred spirit, some true lover of nature, whose thoughts are responsive to my thoughts, and whose words ring consonance with my words. And when I tire of exercising the physical and mental eye, I love to grasp the stout paddle and force the "birch" over the lake, through storm and calm, to toil up some dark swift river, to pole up rapids, to sweep over another lake, make this portage where the falls come tumbling down over the rocks and the saw mill stands: up with the packs, camp kitchen and all, and then up with the "birch" itself, away over the hill, up the portage path to the quiet water on the other side, and then away on. Paddle, paddle! dancing over the quiet water, skirting the weed-beds, for there the fish lie, keeping clear of the shallows with the sunken logs and rocks, for there the hook will catch—and we are trolling—or else a concealed "snag" will tear a hole in the bark and leave us to swim ashore: away

on! the bow paddle plunging away, while the stern paddler keeps his eye on the next point, now rather bluish, turning his paddle as he steers, for a "birch" needs careful steering. Paddle, paddle! waltzing over the little swells that hasten to meet us; while looking at them we seem to fly; away over them, past the thick woods, past the granite boulders—there is no limestone here—past the little islands, cutting across the deep bays, clearing the headlands, and then as we round them more of "the shining levels of the lake" lie before us, lake joined to lake stretches on, lake, woods, island, and river, river island, woods, and lake, far, far on: it is glorious! "the barren fields of wandering foam" are interminable. At intervals in the course of the day, and more generally before the sun is high, or when it gets low, down goes the stern paddle, while the bow holds on perfectly steady, for there is a tug at the line, and all eagerness the stern paddler is hauling in, while a white glitter behind and a splash betokens a "lunge" and he will twist off if he is allowed to spring up in that way. A few more yards hauled in and the end of the line is seen heading away in front,—quickly now!—and still the coils come in, until at last a white-bellied twelve-pounder comes rolling alongside—the gaff is in his gills, very nearly lost, for he has fought well, and the hook is almost out,—a stroke on the head—a fling into the canoe—the "spoon" thrown over the side—and the paddles splash away merrily once more while the line runs out with a whirr. Paddle, paddle! now up this narrow river, that twists and bends like an enormous reptile sleeping in the sunlight, past the farmers' shanties, that dot the shores of the wilderness, past these wondering boys who are fishing for bass and "shiners" out of the old punt, past the flock of scarcely feathered ducks—it is too early and we do not mind them—out again into the open lake, where a pair of solemn loons float and then with a ringing "To-lu-lu-lu," they are both down, and in two or three minutes rise far behind. Away past the village, in front of which we see Indians paddling up and down in their "logs" or "birches," fishing—sometimes we meet "Lo" the poor Indian

on a journey and then he takes the bow paddle, and his squaw steers nursing the papoose—happy pair! And now for a change we are entering a broad lake and it is midday and the wind then often rises. Quite glassy it is on leaving its shores; we look down and see ourselves mirrored below with the sky and sun, it makes one giddy, but now a ruffling, a little catspaw nothing more, no more sun and sky down below us, no more images of the trees that skirt the margin. The water roughens, and now the little swells dance on behind, and luckily the wind is astern, for we could not with a light birch make headway against such a wind as this promises; we know what is coming, and the point we are steering for is some miles yet, so we square our knees and settle down to our work, making the little canoe tremble as we drive it on. But very soon we have the little waves climbing one on the other, and then the freshening wind breaks their tops, and now for the largest "whitecaps" following behind like racehorses, on they come from a-stern, running faster than we, rushing level with the gunwale, while the steersman gives a look round now and then, to take them with the proper, "three quarters on and one quarter off." Riding them squarely increases the chance of a swamp, and we are as much afraid of that as an upset. But we can swim, and shake off our clothes in a moment, though in the water, and have practised righting and baling the canoe, if upset, so now let us bend the maple, they will not break, not they, though they are slenderly made; tough as Canadian sinew is the Canadian paddle. Now a large wave comes on, increasing as it rolls, an ugly greenish tinge, with a broken white crest; if that strikes our stern fairly it will break over and swamp us; if it strikes sideways placing us in the trough, an upset almost certain. But the steersman sees it, a word from him, and the bow paddle, quick as a flash, changes its side, a reach out from it, a twist from the stern paddle, and the little canoe has changed its course slightly. Now another strong stroke, as the swell sweeps down, and we are, as it were, lifted out of the water, while the tumbling mass of green

and white rolls away below with a gurgle and rush, dashing in some spray. The "bark" is buoyant and well ballasted, and away we roll, keeping out of the trough, and practising our little manoeuvre whenever a "rouser" appears behind; all right though, and the fragile bark totters with the heaves it gets.

The great object in rough weather is for the canoeman to hold on to the water with his paddle, and not to hold on to the canoe, for so sure as he tries that, over he goes.; he must govern himself so that the canoe holds on to him, the paddle being his point of support. Away we go, and our shore is now clear with its timber boom, beyond which we find shelter. As we near, we see some lumbermen who have left their work, up from the shore, and stand curiously watching our battle with the waves. We soon stand along with them, showing a canoe with a very little spray dashed in, almost dry, to the evident admiration of these sturdy sons of the lakes. And that is how a college friend and I crossed Cameron lake on the stormiest day of July-70, making our portage at Fenelon Falls, immediately after, into Sturgeon Lake, in the face of such a wind that we could not shoulder our "birch" in the usual manner, it being in that position positively unmanageable. As we left the lake, we looked back and agreed that we had seldom seen Toronto Bay rougher, and that altogether it was a "pretty lively piece of water." *En passant* an old canoeman, a veteran paddler, once told me, that when a storm arose while out in his birch, he just used to lie down in the bottom and rise and fall with the waves. The canoe is so buoyant, and with the navigator in that position so well ballasted, that there is not the slightest danger. To the uninitiated, this manner of weathering a squall might seem a kind of cradling for the grave, a rocking lullaby for eternity.

To return to the previous current of our thoughts, I would say—leave to such advertized routes of travel, as those above referred to, middle-aged papas, luxurious Sybarites, as they are, too lazy or corpulent for the roughness of the camp and the toil of the paddle. Let novel reading mammas enjoy such; it is fashionable

so to do, society says they must, and of course they do: and better this than stay in the city and absent themselves from church, and other places of popular resort, in order to create the impression they are doing Thunder Bay. Let young ladies, the dear do-nothings, and think-nothings, tired of idling in the city, and like Alexanders "weeping for fresh conquests," let them by all means, have their sea side flirtations, it will please them and do no harm to the sensible; let them read "Lothair" to the music of the waves and dream themselves into duchesses and Theodoras. But let the young men, endowed with health and vigor, abandon such luxurious indolence, as a thing of evil, let them rather betake themselves to the northern fastnesses, where a thousand lakes cast up their waters to the sun, chaired by darkly wooded streams. Let them, supplied with camp and sporting apparatus, and armed with the paddle, cruise through these northern waters that find their basin in the counties of Victoria and Peterboro, and they will have more sport, enjoy themselves more thoroughly, and have more adventures to recount afterwards, and all for a vastly inferior outlay to what would be requisite for the fashionable routes of travel.

The Muskoka route has been deservedly very popular, and is still the resort of many a tourist, anxious to be relieved from the trammels of city life. But equally accessible, and superior to it in sport and diversity is the Gull River and its kindred waters, starting say from Lindsay, or Bobcaygeon, and penetrating far into regions only travelled and navigated by the lumbermen. This route is not so well known, but with the opening of the Toronto and Nipissing Railway, with its stations at Fenelon Falls and Cobocok, which will bring the chain within a few hours drive of Toronto, we may hail the inauguration of a new route for sporting parties, and the backwoods will be found to present interest to more than the lumber merchant, and the Narrow Gauge directors, and to possess attractions to those "who love the haunts of nature", quite distinct from the pecuniary advantage of those who go down the lakes in rafts, and do business in the

great waters thereof. Excursions now are common to Niagara—and very tiresome they are sometimes—but when the Narrow Gauge brings Fenelon Falls within three hours of Toronto, there we can take steamer for eight miles to Sturgeon Point, a beautiful headland on Sturgeon Lake, thickly studded with oaks, and a very gem of a spot for pic-nics. Twelve miles further down, the lake is Bobcaygeon, the great lumber metropolis, situated on an island, surrounded by foaming rapids, rocks, woods and all these accessories of natural scenery, which delight eyes seldom relieved of the piles of brick and crowded streets of the city.

I would like if space would permit to give a somewhat particular description of the magnificent group of lakes and rivers to be visited in all directions from Bobcaygeon together with some personal experiences therein shared with fellow sportsmen, during the last two summers,—but more perhaps on another occasion.

(FOR THE CANADIAN LITERARY JOURNAL.)

HINTS TO BEGINNERS ON PUBLIC SPEAKING.

BY R. D. FRASER, B. A.

Anything that is worth doing at all is worth doing well. This aphorism is far too frequently lost sight of by young men who attempt to speak in public. Before one makes the experiment, it seems a simple enough matter to speak well. The model orators seem to hold their audiences in rapt attention with so much ease, appearing to make no effort to do so, that one is often deluded into the notion that there is really no effort required.

It has been often said, and it is quite true, that one grand secret of a speaker's power lies in being natural. Before one attempts to speak at all, he has generally acquired such a host of vices, that it takes years to overcome them. A few plain and practical hints, derived principally from observation, may be of some benefit to beginners.

1. BEFORE YOU ATTEMPT TO SPEAK, BE SURE YOU HAVE SOMETHING TO SAY.—This

is so evidently a *SIMIL QUAE NŌVA*.—that it may seem useless to mention it, and yet no requirement is more frequently neglected. It is always wiser to keep silent than to talk about nothing, for in the latter case you are sure to talk nonsense, which, in general does yourself or nobody else any good. If you have no particular ideas to advance, do not torture your audience by trying to advance any. If you keep this in mind, it will be a sure preventative against speaking too much or too often. Store your mind with knowledge in some way or other—by reading, or hearing, or study, or observation, as opportunity offers—and then if you find you know something which others do not, and which would be advantageous for them to know, why, tell it to them. The complaint of scarcity of words should more frequently be that of poverty of thoughts: for it seems difficult to imagine, that we can have any definite idea in the mind, and not be able to express it; since it is generally conceded that the great mass of mankind, whether necessarily, or by confirmed habit, are unable to think without words.

2. DO NOT SPEAK WITHOUT PREVIOUS FORETHOUGHT AND ARRANGEMENT.—The more the better. The glowing thoughts and burning words of splendid orators, which seem to flow spontaneously from them, are in reality the fruit of severe toil. Their most beautiful creations are brought forth in intense agony of mind. Every great speaker has his mines and torpedoes which explode with amazing effect. They are not laid on the spur of the moment. In the quietness of his own chamber they have been devised. The world sees only the explosion. The preparation has all been made before. They would not go off so well if hurriedly arranged.

Few subjects are so easily grasped that you can, on the spur of the moment, fully master them, perceiving at once the best way of presenting them, so as most effectually to convince and persuade. If you can seize them thus readily, they are for the most part not worth the effort.

There are indeed some circumstances in which, from the nature of the case, but little time is available for preparation;

for example, in reply. Even then, constant practice enables one so to improve the few moments at disposal, as to have all his thoughts arranged in an orderly and forcible manner. Strive to make the most of every minute in such exigencies. Do not trust to the inspiration of the moment. It generally fails just when needed. There are but few occasions in one's life when surrounding events raise the common man to spontaneous oratory.

3. BE IN EARNEST, AND THROW YOUR WHOLE SOUL INTO WHAT YOU SAY.—It is a very unenviable accomplishment to be able to persuade others of the truth of what you do not believe yourself. Surely true oratory must be smothered by the cloak of the dissembler. Be sure never to undertake to advocate an object or undertaking in which you have no faith. If necessary, denounce it; you can do that in earnest. But where your sympathies are really enlisted, you will have no difficulty in speaking. A truthful enthusiastic soul can cast mountains into the midst of the sea. Rest assured you will never drive people, where you refuse to go yourself. You must lead: they will follow. If there is a battlement to scale, be the first on the top, your audience will be at your heels. If there is a Balaklava charge to make, give the reins to your steed. You will not be deserted, as long as there is a vestige of generous or lofty feeling left to humanity.

4. BE ECONOMICAL OF YOUR LANGUAGE.—Large words are like boxing gloves: Saxon monosyllables like iron knuckles, they always leave their mark. Learned words speak to the head; plain, strong, idiomatic language goes straight to the heart. The use of high sounding speech will evoke from your auditory a wondering pity. A simple common-sense, unassuming, forcible style will move and inspire them.

Above all, AVOID BOMBAST.—Let every word have its meaning and its use. Otherwise excellent men often err here. They but make themselves ludicrous. They may create a sensation, but much of their usefulness is destroyed. When the ignorant sailor of Ulysses pierced the leathern sack, in which Æolus had bagged up the winds, they escaped with a terrible

uproar, and did a good deal of damage, but did not drive the ship any nearer her destination. One single breeze blowing very moderately, would have been ten times better than the whole bag full.

5. BE YOURSELF.—First, AS TO WHAT YOU SAY.—Every one is not born for the stage. Doubtless it is a great endowment to be able to impersonate others, to fill their position in imagination, and to be moved by all the passions that swayed them; but it is a far more useful thing, in this age, to retain your own individuality, and to utter your own thoughts. You loose in power when you try to wield another's sword. Better be a useful jackdaw in his own sphere, than a despised upstart, strutting in peacock's feathers.

Secondly, AS TO HOW YOU SPEAK.—It is doubtless beneficial to have a good mode before your eyes; but young speakers often err by choosing wrong models, not indeed faulty in themselves, but utterly unsuitable for their imitation. It is pitifully ludicrous to see a sculptor try to chisel the delicate figures of a marble vase in sandstone. If you will imitate to advantage, try and choose a model which has the same characteristics as you know you yourself are possessed of—cultivated to a high degree.

It is useful to hear all kinds of speaking; but be careful to imitate only when you are capable of doing so, and avoid defects whenever you see them. Especially do not ape any one's eccentricities. They may be endured in the possessor. The effect on you will be the same as that of a hideous mask.

6. Last of all, STOP WHEN YOU ARE DONE.—This hint is not so unnecessary as it may seem to be. How many good addresses are spoiled by not being properly trimmed. It is, as if, after partaking of a feast of luscious cherries, you were compelled to swallow the pits and stems.

When you have presented all the thoughts, arguments, and exhortations necessary for your purpose, say no more. It is the truest wisdom to take your audience by surprise in this respect. Remove the pleasant dish before their hunger is fully satisfied, they thus will be more eager, to set down to the feast again.

Have your closing remarks, your per-

oration, well digested. Keep the old wine till the last. One of England's greatest orators, and most famous parliamentary debaters, was accustomed to say, that, if he had only three minutes before he rose, to think of what he was to say, he always devoted them to composing the conclusion of his address.

(FOR THE CANADIAN LITERARY JOURNAL.)

WITH BEAUTY.

BY M.

Sweet fall from Beauty's crimson lips,
Like music in a midnight dream,
Her simplest words, when first Love tips
Our life's horizon with her beam.

All sorrow lost in Beauty's sight,
All grief and all affliction fled,
When happiness, in roseate light,
From Love's bright eyes is softly shed.

Though short the hour, O scorn it not:—
The rapture of the poet's song.
And dreams of heaven haunt the spot,
Where lovers meet and linger long.

In beauty's sight we live again:
For beauty should we even die,
'Twould not be strange: the sons of men,
Have done it oft without a sigh.

MAN is designed for an active being, and his spirit ever restless if not employed upon worthy and dignified objects, will often rather engage in mean and low pursuits, than suffer the tedious and listless feelings connected with indolence; and knowledge is no less necessary in strengthening the mind, than in preserving the affections and the heart.

The "Down East Debating Society" having dismissed the question "Where does fire go when it goes out?" have got a new and more exciting one up:—"When a house is destroyed by fire, does it burn up or does it burn down?" There will probably be a warm debate on this question.

The Canadian Literary Journal

SEPTEMBER, 1870.

TO THE PUBLIC.

As intimated in our last issue, it is the intention of the proprietors of the JOURNAL to increase its size, beginning with the October number, to twenty-four pages. We have found from our three months' experience, that the compass of the JOURNAL is too limited for our readers, as well as for our contributors, and that there exists a necessity for an enlargement. Even were we not from this cause obliged to make the extension, the cordial support we have received at the hands of the reading public of Canada, would be sufficient to warrant us in taking such a step. Concurrent with this increase in size, we purpose adding other attractions to the JOURNAL, which will more than ever make it pleasing and instructive to our readers. We shall make it a special object to have in every number of the JOURNAL an article particularly adapted to members of literary associations. Our columns shall, as heretofore, be open to any notices of importance, which may be forwarded to us by the secretaries of such societies.

For the interest of the general reader, the greater portion of our space shall in future for the most part be devoted to original selections, including poems, tales, humorous sketches, short articles on scientific subjects, Canadian ballads, &c; although we shall by no means exclude from our columns selections taken from the best English and American periodicals.

Since the issue of the July number of our magazine, we have been fortunate in securing the valuable assistance of G. V. LeVaux, Esq., the author of "Twin Records of Creation," and late editor of

the "Newry Examiner," Ireland, whose extensive experience, both as a correspondent and a journalist, will be a guarantee, that whatsoever subject he may choose to treat upon, will be handled with ability. We shall still be aided by those whose names have appeared from time to time in our columns, and who have contributed so much to the interest of the JOURNAL in the past.

We trust, that that active assistance with which we have been favoured up to the present, will not be withheld, as we extend and perfect the scheme, as first put forth by the prospectus of the JOURNAL.

(FOR THE CANADIAN LITERARY JOURNAL.)

THE LAND OF THE PHARAOHS.

BY G. V. LE VAUX.

The ancient Egyptians, like their modern representatives, were an agricultural people. The priests, like the druids of Britain, monopolized nearly all the knowledge and power of the country. They were the bards, historians and teachers of the nation, and usually transmitted their "deeds and sayings" from generation to generation of "clerics," by means of a hieroglyphical character which could only be interpreted by themselves. This character was different from the common hieroglyphics.

The geographical position of their country seems to indicate that the Ancient Egyptians should have taken the lead in commercial enterprise. They probably would have done so were it not for the restrictions imposed on commerce by the priests. They were eminent as sculptors, architects, astronomers and geometers. The sculptured and architectural works of this ancient people, defying the ravages of time and the destroying hand of man, stand forth as everlasting witnesses to the pursuits—military, civil and religious—of the industrious sons of Mizraim. In travelling through this country the monuments of other and better days attract our attention on every side. The whole valley of

the Nile might, without exaggeration, be looked upon as one vast cemetery filled with the dust and adorned with the ruins of forgotten ages.

The ruins of Thebes—the first capital of Egypt—are perhaps the most ancient and most interesting of all the antiquities of the "land of the Pharaohs." The whole avenues of obelisks and sphinxes lift their gigantic forms above the surrounding sands. Some of them stand erect as when first constructed. Others are slightly inclined to either side as if they longed to bend their heads to mourn for the past, whilst others again, having "sunk beneath their misfortunes" recline upon the earth, partially covered by the sands of the neighboring desert. But of all Theban relics the temples are perhaps the most wonderful and interesting. Some of them seem to have been isolated buildings, but it is evident that the majority of them were semi-temples, semi-fortresses—perhaps semi-palaces, semi-temples. It is said that the temple of Karnac was a house of prayer, a royal residence and a military garrison.

In the village of Luxor (situated on the site of one of the suburbs of Thebes) there is another of these gigantic temple-palaces. An avenue, about two miles in length, connects the temple of Luxor with that of Karnac. This avenue is lined on either side by an army of stone sentinels—by gigantic sphinxes, standing at a distance of three yards from each other. Some affirm that the portico of Karnac is the most beautiful specimen extant of ancient Egyptian architecture. It is supported by 134 columns—the 12 central ones being 35 feet in circumference and 56 in height. The walls of the apartments here, as elsewhere, are decorated with *basso rilievo* figures, adorned with brilliant colors in a high state of preservation.

Opposite the Karnac temple, on the other side of the Nile, is the Memnonium, and in a plain close by, surrounded by a host of standing and prostrate figures, is the statue of Memnon. This is the same statue which in ancient times, by some secret contrivance, known only to the priests, used to "sing" at sunrise and moan at sunset.

The catacombs of Thebes are the largest in the world. They are said to extend a

distance of ten miles into the hills. The walls of these underground tombs, like those of the temples, are adorned with fresco-paintings and basso relievo figures. Rolls of papyrus, containing a history of the more celebrated of the inhabitants of this "city of the dead," have been found in many of the chambers. The hieroglyphics on the walls also speak to us of the silent mummies; but the key to their interpretation is, we fear, lost for ever, and we can now only conjecture by them what the dead have done and said.

The tombs of the Pharaohs are isolated from the catacombs, but in consequence of their gloomy appearance and comparatively limited extent are far less interesting than the latter. They have often been broken open and ransacked by the respective hordes of invaders who have, from time to time, conquered Egypt. The Catacombs are said to have been built about the time of Joseph, but some authorities refer them to an age far more remote. The ruins of the ancient cities of lower Egypt, nearer to the centre of civilization and the seats of war for so many ages, have nearly disappeared. The sites of the following ancient cities and places have been ascertained beyond the possibility of doubt. The Land of Goshen, situated between the salt marshes of Pithom and Pelusiac or eastern branch of the Nile, contained Pithom, Ramses, Succoth and Migdol. The city of *Sin*, Zin, Tin, or Pelusium, so frequently mentioned in the scriptures was situated on the Mediterranean at the mouth of the Pelusiac branch of the Nile. This city should not be confounded with *Sin* or Sais on the Canopic branch. *Noph* or Memphis, about a day's sail from Cairo is now called *Lakhara*, and is but a miserable village, with ruins scattered about here and there. *On*, or Heliopolis (the great city of the sun) was situated on the western bank of the Nile, about ten miles south of Cairo. A forest of monuments and broken shafts mark its site. *Zoan* or Tanis, mentioned by the Psalmist, was situated on the Tanitic branch, now called the "Canal of Moses." Pihahoroth by the Red Sea where Pharaoh—Thothmes III—and his host overtook the Israelites during their flight from Egypt, is supposed to have been a small

village situate some miles south of the modern town of Suez. No relics mark the spot and its site is uncertain, but the fellahs when asked about the matter lead the traveller to a very remarkable valley about 20 miles south of Suez which corresponds very minutely with the description given by Moses. "There is a mountain on the one side and a mountain on the other." The sea is in front, and in the rear is a long ravine through which Pharaoh and his cavalry may have thundered after the fugitive Hebrews. This vale is called *Wadi Monsu* (the valley of Moses) by the Arabs. Between it and Cairo (Alkahira) is *Wadi el Tyh* or "the valley of the wandering." The Bedouins say the Israelites marched through it on their way from Goshen, and that while doing so an evil spirit from the mountains (probably an unfriendly guide) led them astray and then disappeared. They wandered about for some hours and at last a great light rose out of the Sea of Edom and "led them on the way they would go." The Red Sea, (the Sea of Edom,) opposite the valley of Moses, is about three miles in width, Napoleon when in Egypt visited this place. His curiosity nearly cost him his life. When he reached the strand the tide was out, and himself and staff attempted to ride across to the Arabian shore, as Pharaoh had done in former times. While doing so, the tide began to return, and in a short time the horses got beyond their depth. "The friend of the Prophet" then advised a retreat, but too late. The tide rushed up with such force that the horses were borne away before the mighty flood. Fear usurped the place of pleasure; but Napoleon's strategy saved the lives of himself and party. He ordered his staff to separate in different directions, and instructed each of them to shout when his horse "found the bottom," so that the remainder might "march" to that particular point. All adhered to his instructions and the party reached the shore in safety. The Arabs still point out the spot where Alla preserved the life of the great Sultan *Khebir* (i.e. Napoleon). Bonaparte was much elated at his escape and declared that "had he been drowned, his fate, in such a place and at such a time, would have furn-

ished a text for all the pulpits of Europe."

The ancient Egyptians were an exceedingly religious people. As a proof of this we need only explore the great tunnel of Lackhara or Memphis containing the Sarcophigu, —twenty-six in number—of the god Apis. Here the bodies of the bulls, supposed to have been inhabited by gods, were laid in state, each in his own vault. The tunnel is several hundred yards long, and the right and left are great recesses containing the Sarcophigu. These are marvels of art, most wonderful to behold, and no traveller can gaze on them without paying the highest compliment to Egyptian skill. The tomb, marked P, the most beautiful, most elaborately finished, and the best preserved relic of antiquity of which even Egypt can boast, is situated a few yards from the entrance to the tunnel. The walls of this tomb are decorated with paintings and basso relievo figures, exhibiting the domestic lives of the Copts. All kinds of social customs are illustrated. A history might be written from the "handwriting on the walls." The tracings on the columns are as perfect as if only just completed by the sculptor. This tunnel is only a portion of the great temple of Serapis. There are nine pyramids at Memphis, and catcombs innumerable.

A GEM OF DICKENS.

Here is a sketch by Dickens, which has always seemed to be unsurpassed in beauty, a delicate fancy, in touching tenderness. We know those who have read it many, many, many times, and never without tears. Who can read it without wishing a blessing upon him who wrote it?

A CHILD'S DREAM OF A STAR.

There was once a child, and he strolled about a good deal and thought of a great number of things. He had a sister, who was a child, too, and his constant companion. Those two used to wonder all day long. They wondered at the beauty of the flowers; they wondered at the height and blueness of the sky; the wondered at the depth of the bright waters;

they wondered at the goodness and power of God, who made the lovely world.

They used to say to one another sometimes, "supposing all the children of the earth were to die, would the flowers and the water and the sky be sorry?" They believed they would be sorry. For, said they, the buds are the children of the flowers, and the little playful streams that gambol down the hillsides are the children of the waters; and the smallest bright specks, playing at hide and seek in the sky all night, must surely be the children of the stars; and they would all be grieved to see their playmates, the children of men, no more.

There was one clear star that used to come out in the sky before the rest, near the church spire, about the graves. It was larger and more beautiful, they thought, than all the others, and every night they watched for it, standing hand in hand at the window. Whoever saw it first cried out, "I see the star!" And often they both cried out together, knowing so well when it would rise, and where. So that they grew to be such friends with it that before laying down in their beds, they looked once again, to bid it good-night; and when they were turning round to sleep, they would say "God bless the star!"

But while she was still very young, oh, very young, the sister drooped, and came to be so weak that she could no longer stand in the window at night; and then the child looked sadly out by himself and when he saw the star, a smile would come upon his face, and a little weak voice used to say: "God bless my brother and the star!"

And so the time came all too soon, when the child looked out alone, and when there was no face on the bed; and when there was a little grave among the graves, not there before, and when the star made long rays down towards him, as he saw it through his tears. Now, these rays were so bright, and they seemed to make such a beautiful, shining way from earth to Heaven, that when the child went to his solitary bed, he dreamed about the star; and dreamed that lying where he was, he saw a train of people taken up that shining road by angels. And the star opening,

showed him a great world of light, where many more such angels waited to receive them.

All these angels, who were waiting, turned their beaming eyes upon the people who were carried up into the star; and some came out from the long rows in which they stood and fell upon the people's neck and kissed them tenderly, and went away with them down the avenues of light, and were so happy in their company, that lying in the bed he wept for joy.

But there were many angels who did not go with them, and among them one he knew. The patient face that had once lain upon the bed was glorified and radiant, but his heart found out his sister among all the host.

His sister's angel lingered near the entrance of the star, and said to the leader among those who had brought the people thither—

"Is my brother come?"

And he said, "No!"

She was turning hopefully away, when the child stretched out his arms, and said, "Oh, sister, I am here! Take me!" And then she turned her beaming eyes upon him, and it was night; and the star was shining into his room, making long rays down towards him as he saw it through his tears. From that hour forth the child looked out when his time should come, and he thought he did not belong to earth alone, but to the star, too, because of his sister's angel gone before.

There was a baby born to be a brother to the child; and while he was so little that he had never yet spoken a word he stretched his tiny form upon the bed and died.

Again the child dreamed of the open star, and of the company of angels, and the train of people, and all the rows of angels with their beaming eyes all turned upon those people's faces.

Said his sister's angel to the leader—

"Is my brother come?"

And he said, "Not that one but another."

As the child beheld his brother's angel in her arms, he cried, "Oh, sister, I am here! Take me!" And she turned and smiled upon him, and the star was shining.

He grew to be a young man, and was busy at his books when an old servant came to him and said:

"Thy mother is no more. I bring her blessing on her darling son."

Again at night he saw the star, and all the former company. Said his sister's angel to the leader:

"Is my brother come?"

And he said, "Thy mother."

A mighty cry of joy went forth through all the stars, because the mother was re-united to her two children. And he stretched out his arms and cried, "Oh mother, sister and brother, I am here! Take me!" And they answered, "Not yet," and the star was shining.

He grew to be a man whose hair was turning grey, and he was sitting in his chair by the fire side, heavy with grief, and his face bedewed with tears, when the star opened again.

Said my sister's angel to the leader—

"Is my brother come?"

And he said, "Nay, but his maiden daughter."

And the man who had been the child saw his daughter, newly lost to him, a celestial creature, among those three, and he said, "My daughter's head is on my mother's bosom, and her arm is round my mother's neck, and at her feet there is the baby of old time, and I can bear the parting from her, God be praised!"

And the star was shining,

Thus the child became to be an old man, and his once smooth face was wrinkled, and his steps were slow and feeble and his back was bent. And one night as he lay upon his bed, his children standing around him, he cried as he cried so long ago:

"I see the star!"

And they whispered to one another, "He is dying"

And he said, I am. My age is falling from me like a garment, and I move toward the star as a child. And O my Father, now I thank Thee that it has so often opened to received those dear ones who await me!"

And the star was shining; and shines upon his grave.

Who will not hope and trust that Charles Dickens has gone to the star,

and received his welcome from the shining ones whom he loved on earth, and who went up the bright avenue before him?

(FOR THE CANADIAN LITERARY JOURNAL.)

THE MERMAID'S SONG.

Away, away, o'er the blue sea's foam,
The nautilus, the dolphin, and sea-snake's home;

Oh! happy are we, and joyous and free,
For our empire vast is the tameless sea.

Oh! we are happy, and merry are all
Who bend to our queen in her coral hall;
Where rare bright gems to men unknown,
Cast their lustrous sheen round her emerald throne.

And swiftly we traverse the ocean wide,
In its glassy calm or tempestuous pride;
By no might controll'd, by no power driven,
But free as the fetterless winds of heaven.

Though fierce be the rage of the angry North,
When the storm demon there in his might comes forth;

Scourging the sea in the pride of his wrath,
And lashing the wave into foam in his path,

Yet with whirlwind sweep, our flight we urge
On the snowy crest of the swelling surge;
And the mariner list's in the shrieking gale,
For our song is blent with the tempest's wail.

And we oft illumine, with flashing spark,
The midnight course of the storm-beat bark;
And cheerily shout the seamen brave,
As onward she bounds o'er the flaming wave.

But the fairy's delight! there the mermaid flies,
Where the coral springs up under Southern skies,

There the clear crystal wave of the South Sea smiles—

Its bosom adorned with its myriad isles.

Oh! many a wondrous sight we see,
Down, down in the depths of the grim old sea;

Caverns sparkling with countless gems,
Mocking the splendour of earth's diadems.

Sea flowers tinted with thousand dyes
In glories unseen by mortal eyes;
Huge monsters, that coil where deep fountains play,
Far, far 'neath the reach of the light of day.

Our parent! our pride! our joy! to thee, to thee,
We tender our homage, oh! ancient sea;
Thy waves we salute in their boisterous play,
And thus we speed on—away, away,

LITERARY NOTICE.

We are in receipt of a copy of a new publication entitled "Great Expectations." It is a monthly periodical, devoted to original literature for the young, to whom it will pleasantly commend itself. It is published in Buffalo, N. Y.; the price is only 50 cents per. annum.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters for the editorial department to be addressed "Flint and Van Norman, box 1472 Toronto."

L. L. O.—Very good, but hardly up to the standard for publication. Try again.

PETER SIMPLE.—"Talks about the Queen's English" accepted.

S. S.—Declined with thanks. Let us hear from you again.

J. G. (Bayfield)—Let us have the benefit of your "practical experience" before next month.

"Lines written on Lake Huron" accepted.

GIE VAIL.—"The breath of fearless poetry" is accepted.

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