

THE
MARITIME MONTHLY

A MAGAZINE

OF

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

H. L. SPENCER, EDITOR.

VOLUME V.

ST. JOHN, N. B. :
PRINTED FOR THE PROPRIETORS AT THE STEAM PRINTING
ESTABLISHMENT OF J. & A. McMILLAN,
78 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET,
1875.

The Maritime Monthly Club.

MEMBERS:

JOHN BOYD, Esq., of Messrs. Daniel & Boyd,
H. L. SPENCER, Esq.,
JOHN McMILLAN, Esq., of Messrs. J. & A. McMillan,
A. A. STOCKTON, Esq., of Messrs. A. A. & R. O. Stockton,
EZEKIEL McLEOD, Esq.,
REV. JAMES BENNET,
J. N. WILSON, Esq.,
T. M. ROBINSON, Esq., W. U. Telegraph.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
The First Courts and Early Judges of New Brunswick,.....	1
George Fox and Quakerism,.....	33, 97
An April Fool,.....	48
Recruiting,.....	58
Auld Scotland,.....	76
Current Events,.....	82, 183, 272, 370, 464, 567
Scrapiana,.....	85, 187, 277, 375, 468
The Valley of the Platts,.....	113, 403
Thought Rambles,.....	125
Origin of the Acadians,.....	141, 193, 304, 456, 481
Casilda,.....	156
Anecdotes in the Life of a Modern Indian Chief,.....	160
Woman's Rights,.....	165
A Visit to Longfellow,.....	209, 351, 450, 545
From Stanley to the Miramichi,.....	224
Jabez Quarley,.....	242
A Story of a Lost Bracelet,.....	251, 360, 417, 515
Livingstone,.....	280, 385
The Church, the State, and the School,.....	321
Truth versus Sectarianism,.....	424
University Consolidation,.....	439
Memoirs of an Extinct Race; or, The Red Indians of Newfoundland,.....	498
Denver City and the Rocky Mountains,.....	532
The Stranger Cousin; or, Rash Judgment,.....	562

POETRY.

Vates,.....	31
A Holiday Ballad,.....	46
The Life-Song,.....	58
The Felon's Dream,.....	73
Search for the Phoenix Feather,.....	110
Merlin's Cave,.....	131, 235
A Day Dream,.....	208
My Mountains,.....	222
The Robber Years,.....	271
The Epithalamium of Chatterton,.....	300
A Remembrance,.....	320
Forsaken,.....	350
Diana,.....	369
A Troubadour Story,.....	400
New Brunswick,.....	415
Sonnets,.....	423, 439, 531
The Erlking,.....	497
Awhile, and Then,.....	514
A Spring Song,.....	544

166

THE
MARITIME MONTHLY.

A Magazine of Literature, Science, and Art.

VOL. V.

JANUARY, 1875.

No. 1.

THE FIRST COURTS AND EARLY
JUDGES OF NEW BRUNSWICK.

READ BEFORE THE NEW BRUNSWICK HISTORICAL SOCIETY,
NOVEMBER 25, 1874.

BY J. W. LAWRENCE, PRESIDENT.

IN organizing the Historical Society to-night, our object is to supply one of New Brunswick's wants. At the preliminary meeting, held a few weeks ago, you delegated to me authority to fix the time for organization. I should have called you together before, but my desire was to have an historic day for that event. The 22nd of this month—the anniversary of the formation of the Government of this Province—is the one I should have preferred. Its falling on a Sunday necessitated the adoption of another day. I have, therefore, chosen this, the 25th November, one of the Red Letter days in the New Brunswick calendar, for on it, ninety years ago, our Supreme Court of Judicature was established.

The paper before me I offer as the first contribution to our Historical Literature. To ourselves it may possess little that is new; but to those of a generation hence it may be otherwise, for historic papers, often like the works of the old masters or ancient coins, grow in value with age.

The Province of New Brunswick at one time was the County of Sunbury, Nova Scotia. It had two members—Charles Morris, jr., Deputy Surveyor General, and James Simonds, of Portland Point. Mr. Morris must have been a gentleman of much influence in his day, for in 1761 he represented Kings in the second Parliament of Nova Scotia, and to the third was again returned for the same

place, and also for the township of Truro. In 1770 he was elected for Sunbury. This was the fourth Parliament of Nova Scotia, and it continued for fourteen years. Mr. Morris was a member to the death of his father, the Hon. Charles Morris, in 1781, Surveyor General and Chief Justice of Nova Scotia.

In 1774, in his report, the Hon. Charles Morris wrote: "Above the present settlements on the River St. John, and on the other rivers flowing into it, are great quantities of pine trees, at present fit for masts, and great quantities of others growing into that state, that, being so far inland, protected by growth of other timber and by hills, and remote from those violent gales which infest the sea-coast, will be the most effectual reserve for such purposes. I am, therefore, of opinion, that a reserve of all the lands on the River St. John above the settlements, for the whole course of the river—at least twenty-five miles on each side—will be the most advantageous reserve to the Crown of any lands in the Province, especially as the river is navigable for boats and rafting of masts the whole course of it; as also for the rafting of masts in the several branches of it; and in this tract is contained a black spruce, fit for yards and topmasts, and other timber fit for shipbuilding."

Chief Justice Morris was succeeded in the office of Surveyor General by his son, who was afterwards appointed to a seat in the Council, and at his death in 1802 was also Registrar of the Court of Admiralty.

In the representation of Sunbury in the Nova Scotia Parliament, Mr. Morris was succeeded by William Davidson, Esq., a native of Scotland, and the first settler on the Miramichi River. In 1764 he obtained a grant of one hundred thousand acres on its south-west branch. Mr. Davidson was a representative from Northumberland in the first Parliament of New Brunswick. During the revolutionary war he sustained great losses at the hands of the Indians and from American privateers.

The township of Sackville, at the head of the Bay, had also two representatives—Samuel Rogers and Robert Foster. For some years members had no pay; when the separation took place, those from the country were receiving ten shillings per day.

Sunbury, on the 16th August, 1784, was separated from Nova Scotia, and made a Government and Province called New Brunswick.

THE FIRST GOVERNOR OF NEW BRUNSWICK.

Thomas Carleton, Esq., was the first Governor of New Brunswick. In the month of October, 1784, he arrived at Halifax, with his family, in the ship *St. Lawrence*, after a passage of fifty-six days, from London. On Sunday afternoon, November 21st, he arrived at Parr Town from Digby in the sloop *Ranger*, Captain Cornelius Hatfield, after a passage of six hours. As the vessel passed up the harbor, a salute of seventeen guns was fired from Lower Cove, and on the landing of the Governor a like number from Fort Howe. He was then escorted to the house of Mr. George Leonard, corner of Union and Dock streets (York Point), which had been prepared for his reception. On Monday his commission was read, after which he was sworn in as Captain-General and Commander-in-Chief. On the same day, George Duncan Ludlow, James Putnam, Abijah Willard, Gabriel G. Ludlow, Isaac Allan, William Hazen, and Jonathan Odell were sworn in members of His Majesty's Council, at which time its first meeting was held. Five days after, Gilfred Studholm took his seat, and on December 4th, Edward Winslow. The number was increased July 18th, by the appointment of Daniel Bliss, and on 2nd July, 1786, of Joshua Upham.

Thomas Carleton held the office of Captain-General, Governor and Commander-in-Chief to May 20th, 1786, when Sir Guy Carleton, afterwards Lord Dorchester, was appointed Governor of Canada, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, with Col. Carleton as Lieut. Governor of this Province, an office he held to his death in February, 1817, a period of thirty-three years, nineteen of which he spent in New Brunswick and fourteen in England. In the war of the revolution he was Colonel of the 29th Regiment, and in October, 1786, was appointed a Brigadier-General and Commander of the forces in the Lower Colonies.

February 18th, 1785, Governor Carleton selected St. Anne's Point (now Fredericton) for the seat of Government: the chief reason for its removal from St. John was, safety in the event of war, the settlement of the country, and, no doubt, because numbers of the grantees of land in York were half-pay officers. Thirteen Provincial Regiments were disbanded in 1783, and many of the officers and men drew land in that section. The first representatives of York in the Legislature were all half-pay officers.

Governor Carleton owned the land on which Government House

stands, and there he built his mansion. In 1816 it was purchased by the Province from his agent, Col. Harris W. Hales, for £3,500. The adjoining field belonged to the College; for it Governor Carleton paid a rental of £6 1s. 8d. This was bought at the same time for £150.

A portion of the old Government House was destroyed by fire in 1825. The part saved was purchased by Chief Justice Saunders and removed to Sunbury-street and rebuilt: it was afterwards sold to Sheriff McLean.

The present Government House was opened with a Ball on New Year's Eve, 1828: its first occupant was Sir Howard Douglas. It is said, the grape vine on its arbor was planted by Governor Carleton.

THE FIRST COMMONERS OF NEW BRUNSWICK.

The first session of the first Parliament of New Brunswick was opened by Governor Carleton at the City of St. John, January 3rd, 1786, in the "Mallard House," north side of King street, on the second lot below Germain, which is to-day the Bonsall property. The following were the members:

ST. JOHN COUNTY—

William Pagan,
Ward Chipman,
Jonathan Bliss,
Christopher Billop.

WESTMORLAND—

Amos Botsford,
Charles Dixon,
Samuel Gay,
Andrew Kinnear.

KINGS—

John Coffin,
Ebenezer Foster.

QUEENS—

Samuel Dickinson,
John Yeomans.

YORK—

Daniel Murray,
Isaac Atwood,
Daniel Lyman,
Edward Stelle.

SUNBURY—

William Hubbard,
Richard Vandeburgh.

NORTHUMBERLAND—

Elias Hardy,
William Davidson.

CHARLOTTE—

William Payne,
James Campble,
Robert Pagan,
Peter Clinch.

CITY OF ST. JOHN—

Stanton Hazard,
John McGeorge.

SPEAKER—

Amos Botsford.

CLERK—

William Paine.

Of the twenty-six members of the first House, there is one only to whom I shall refer. Elias Hardy, although a representative from Northumberland, was a resident of St. John. At a public meeting at Parr Town, in June, 1784, Mr. Hardy was charged with being employed by the Governor of Nova Scotia to raise

objections to the partition of the Province. This charge he denied on oath. At the election of the second Parliament of New Brunswick, he was returned for the City of St. John. He was born in London, and there studied law. Of the early Bar of New Brunswick, he was one of the ablest. In the first civil cause tried in the Province he was retained, and in the trial of General Benedict Arnold, against Monson Hoyt, for defamation of character, he was counsel for defendant. The plaintiff's lawyers were Bliss and Chipman. The jury awarded Arnold 2s. 6d. damages.

Mr. Hardy was the second Common Clerk of St. John, an office he held to his death in 1799; at this time he resided in King street, where Logan & Lindsay's store stands. Mr. Hardy's family removed to the United States, and in 1820 were living in Lansingburg, New York. Mrs. Hardy was the daughter of Dr. Peter Huggerford, Surgeon in the Loyal American Regiment, raised by Col. Beverly Robinson. The Doctor was one of the grantees of Parr Town, and drew the lot now owned by John B. Gaynor, Charlotte street.

As a Governor, Thomas Carleton was greatly respected by the people. Although entitled to a fee on all grants issued to the Loyalists, he never exacted one. Many years ago, on the floor of the House, a member said: "The name of Carleton implied everything that was HONORABLE."

During the interval between his leaving New Brunswick, in October, 1803, and February, 1817, when General George Stracy Smyth was sworn in as the second Lieut. Governor, there were no less than eleven Presidents and Commanders-in-Chief. The two first were the Hon. Gabriel G. Ludlow and the Hon. Edward Winslow; the remaining nine were military gentlemen. Two died in office—Mr. Ludlow and General Balfour; tablets to their memory were placed in the Parish Church of Fredericton by the Legislature.

At the formation of the Government, the rule was, as in Nova Scotia, that in the event of the death of the Governor, or his absence from the Province, the senior member of the Council (not being Chief Justice) should assume the Government. The prospect of war with the United States in 1808 led the British Government to depart from it, and for the Commandant of the Garrison to take the office. Consequently, on the 24th May of that year, General Hunter was sworn in as President and Com-

mander-in-Chief, with instructions that in the event of absence, the officer next in command should take his place. This, to the members of the Council, was far from pleasing; for in 1812, and again five years later, they addressed the British Government on the subject; before the last was received at the Colonial Office, Governor Carleton died, and General Smyth, then President of the Province, had been appointed, with instructions that, in the event of absence or death, the senior member of Council should assume the Government, as at first.

It would be interesting to trace the history of the gentlemen who held the office of Governor, and of those who administered the Government during the first half century of the Province. Such is not my intention; I leave that for another time, and for another's pen. It is our first Courts and our early Judges that now claim our attention; for on this day, ninety years ago, THE SUPREME COURT OF NEW BRUNSWICK WAS ESTABLISHED. The day was already historic; for on it, in 1783, the last of the Loyalists left New York—the flag of England floating that day for the last time from the Battery. The Loyalists left the “British Ensign” flying, having cut the halyards and greased the flag-staff. The day is called “Evacuation Day.”

THE FIRST JUDGES.

On Thursday, the 25th November, 1784, at Parr Town, George Duncan Ludlow was sworn in as the first Chief Justice of New Brunswick, with James Putnam, Isaac Allan and Joshua Upham as Assistant Justices. For seventy years the number of Judges of the Supreme Court were the same. The Hon. Neville Parker, in 1838, was made Master of the Rolls, which office he held to 1854, when it was abolished, and Mr. Parker was legislated to the Bench (May 1st) as a fifth Judge of the Supreme Court.

The question of precedence at once arose, as the new Judge claimed rank next to the Chief Justice, on the ground that the Master of Rolls was higher than an Assistant Justice. In this he was right; for, on the 24th August of the same year, a mandamus under the sign manual was issued, appointing him a Puisne Judge, with rank next to the Chief Justice, upon which a commission was issued under the great seal of the Province, August 31st, appointing him as aforesaid. The office of Master of Rolls was abolished consequent on the report of the Commissioners appointed to codify

the
occup

The
No.
After
Metl

It w
meet
was
in 1

B
was
Mid
from
his
daug

T
wicl
Geo
Pro
sion
New
Jus
Chi
rea

N

the laws, but against the opinion of the three Judges and the occupant of the office.

THE FIRST MEETING OF THE SUPREME COURTS.

The first Courts were held at Parr Town, in the building on lot No. 121 Germain street, then used as the Episcopal Church. After the opening of "Trinity" on Christmas Day, 1791, the Methodists, for several years, used it, followed by the Baptists. It was in this place the Common Council at first held their meetings. The Court Room in the City Hall, Market Square, was not used until the year 1798. The last Court held there was in 1829.

Before the erection of a gaol, the Block House at Fort Howe was used for prisoners; the spot where it stood can be seen to-day. Midway between it and where the Barracks stood, is the old well, from which William Cobbet, of the 54th Regt., in 1785, slaked his thirst; it was in its neighborhood he first met the sergeant's daughter, who became his wife.

The Supreme Court was opened for the first time in New Brunswick at Parr Town, on Tuesday, February 1st, 1785—the Hon. George D. Ludlow and the Hon. James Putnam on the Bench. Proclamation made and Court opened in form, when the commissions were openly read, under the great seal of the Province of New Brunswick, appointing the Hon. George D. Ludlow, Chief Justice, and the Hon. James Putnam second Justice, and Ward Chipman, Attorney General. Colin Campbell's commission was read, and was afterwards sworn in as Clerk of the Court.

THE FIRST GRAND JURY.

Richard Lightfoot,	Munson Jarvis,
John Kirk,	John Boggs,
Francis Deveber,	Oliver Arnold,
John Camp,	Caleb Howe,
William Harding,	David Melville,
John Colville,	John Ryan,
Isaac Bell,	Thomas Mallard,
Henry Thomas,	Richard Bonsall,
John Hazen,	James Ketchum,
John Smith,	Luke D. Thornton.
Anthony Narraway,	

February 3rd, the Grand Jury found a "true bill" against Nancy Mosley for the murder of John Mosley. On the same day

the prisoner was arraigned and tried, when, after a charge from the Chief Justice, the jury retired.

THE FIRST PETIT JURY.

Frederic Devoe,	Casper Doherty,
George Wilson,	James Picket,
Abel Flewelling,	John Cooke,
Samuel Tilley,	James Suvener,
John Wiggins,	Jesse Marchant,
Forbes Newton,	Jeremiah Worden.

On returning to Court, they brought in a verdict of manslaughter against the prisoner, Nancy Mosley.

On the same day, Michael and Abraham Mings (mulattoes) were arraigned on two counts—one of burglary, and the other of burglary with intent to personal violence—to which they pleaded not guilty. The Chief Justice charged the jury, after which they withdrew, with Abraham Carlisle, Constable. On returning into Court, through their foreman, said they find the said Michael and Abraham Mings guilty of the burglary as charged in the first count of the indictment, and the jury do further recommend the said Abraham Mings for mercy.

On the 4th February, Peter A. Korman was put on trial and found guilty of highway robbery, and William Thatcher of grand larceny.

On the day following (Saturday), Nancy Mosley was brought into Court and placed at the Bar; she prayed the benefit of the Clergy, which being granted, she was sentenced to be branded in open Court, with the letter M, in the brawn of the left thumb, and discharged.

On the same day, the first capital sentences were pronounced. The prisoners were Peter A. Korman, Abraham Mings, Michael Mings, and William Thatcher. They were brought to the Bar, and were asked if they had anything to say why judgment of death should not pass against them. Then the Chief Justice, after exhorting them, proceeded to pass sentence against the four prisoners, which is that they be taken from hence to the place from whence they came, and from thence to the place of execution, on Friday sennight, between the hours of eleven and one o'clock, where they are severally to be hanged by the neck until they are dead.

Three days after, a meeting of Council was held, when the case

of the four prisoners was taken up. A pardon was ordered for William Thatcher, convicted of grand larceny, and for Abraham Mings, convicted of burglary, conditional on their leaving, and never after found in the Province. On the two other prisoners, sentence must have been carried out. The Sheriff at this time was William Sandford Oliver, son of the last Lieut. Governor of Massachusetts Colony, appointed by the Crown.

The spot where the early executions took place was on the high land to the eastward of Fort Howe, overlooking the Mill Pond; it was called "Gallows Hill."

The first sentence carried out in New Brunswick was on Nancy Mosley; it must not have been regarded as a severe one, for at the session of 1789 the following was enacted:

"Whereas, The punishment of burning in the hand, when any person is convicted of felony, within the benefit of the Clergy, is often disregarded and ineffectual;

Be it enacted by the Lieutenant Governor, Council and Assembly: That from and after the passing of this Act, when any person shall be lawfully convicted of any felony within the benefit of the Clergy, for which he or she may be liable to be burned or marked in the brawn of the left thumb; it shall and may be lawful for the Court, if thought fit, instead of such burning or marking, to impose on such offender such pecuniary fine as to the Court shall seem meet; or otherwise it shall be lawful, instead of such burning and marking in any of the cases aforesaid, except in the case of manslaughter, to order and adjudge that such offender shall be once or oftener, but not more than three times, either publicly or privately whipped."

THE FIRST CIVIL TRIAL

Was held at St. John, October 5th, 1785—Chief Justice Ludlow, with Justices Putnam and Allan, on the Bench. Alexander Hackett, plaintiff, Thomas Hanford and Bradford Gilbert, defendants. William Wylie and Elias Hardy for plaintiffs, and Amos Botsford, with Ward Chipman, for defendants. The jury was—

John Linton,
James Clarke,
John Kennedy,
John Marston,
Andrew Bowman,
Samuel Dodge,

Kenneth McKenzie,
Thomas Thomas,
John Sharp,
William Ellison,
Andrew Rogers,
Elias Skidmon.

The Chief Justice charged the jury, when, through John Linton, their foreman, they brought in a verdict for plaintiff, with damages assessed at £12 10s.

February 11th, 1788, the trial took place of *The King vs. Pompey*, a negro. An indictment found for assault and battery on John Peterson.

On July 25th, 1789, the following civil action was before Court: Patrick, a negro man, and Prince, a negro man, *vs.* Ebenezer Brown. On motion of Mr. Campbell, ordered that judgment of *non pros* go against the plaintiffs for not declaring.

THE EARLY JUDGES.

HON. GEORGE DUNCAN LUDLOW.

The birthplace of Mr. Ludlow was in the Province of New York. In his younger days he was apprenticed to an apothecary, having early shown a taste for chemical and other scientific pursuits. Notwithstanding this, and against the advice of friends, he commenced the study of law; the wisdom of his choice was soon shown, for, on the completion of his studies, success immediately followed. To judgment and skill he added fluency of speech; the result was, a rapid rise in the profession. When the war of the revolution broke out, Mr. Ludlow was in his forty-first year, and had attained the rank of Judge of the Supreme Court. As the British, during the greater part of the contest, held possession of New York, he retained his office throughout the war, and at its close, with his family, came to this country. Mr. Ludlow was one of the original grantees, and, with his brother Gabriel, drew six lots on the Carleton side of the harbor, in the rear of where St. George's Church now stands. There the two brothers built a house, and in it resided. It was afterwards long known as the "Old Government House." For in it Gabriel G. Ludlow, who was President and Commander-in-Chief from 1803 to his death, five years after, resided.

When Fredericton was selected for the seat of Government, the Chief Justice drew a tract of land in the Parish of Kingsclear, five miles up the river, which he called Springhill, where he resided to his death. At the time of his appointment to the Bench, as the first Chief Justice of New Brunswick, he was in his fiftieth year. Chief Justice Ludlow was a gentleman of medium size, and died November 30th, 1808, at the age of seventy-four, having held the office of Chief Justice and President of the Council for nearly twenty-five years. In framing the early laws of the Province, he must have had a controlling voice; as the Council never exceeded

twelve, and a number of its members had at no time been connected with any deliberate Assembly, nor any experience in debate, his influence therefore, and that of his associates on the Bench, could not be otherwise than great. The illness of the Chief Justice was of short duration, for he was at a meeting of Council two weeks before his death. His widow died at St. John, in 1825, at the residence of her son-in-law, the Hon. John Robinson, at that time Mayor of the City and Province Treasurer.

HON. JAMES PUTNAM.

When Mr. Putnam was appointed to the Council and Bench, he was in his sixtieth year. He was born in the "Old Colony of Massachusetts Bay," and graduated at Harvard. When the war broke out, he was following his profession at Worcester, and was one of the ablest lawyers in the Colony. Sabine says: "While the majority of the Bar took the side of the people, the Giants of the Law sided with the Crown."

John Adams, the first Vice-President of the United States, and its second President, studied law with Mr. Putnam, and resided in his family.

As the evacuation of Boston took place early in the war, most of the Massachusetts Loyalists went with the army to Halifax. Among them was Mr. Putnam, who was the last Attorney General of that Province appointed by the Crown. He was not one of the original grantees of land. The lot where he built his house and resided, he purchased December 13th, 1785, from John Sayre, jr., (son of the Rev. John Sayre) for £35; it was number thirty-six, east side of Dock street, the third from Union. At this time, and for many years after, this was the fashionable section of St. John. The corner lot was drawn by the Hon. George Leonard, and on it was erected one of the finest houses of that day; it was taken down about 1839. It was there Governor Carleton first resided, and as late as 1822, was the city residence of Governor Smyth. It stood some distance back from Dock street, with a fine lawn and terrace in front. The troops in those days lived on Fort Howe, and other places in Portland; the officers' mess rooms occupied the spot where the Old Brewery stood, and where Solomon Hersey erected the brick building now used as a paper warehouse.

The price paid by Judge Putnam at that time appears high, for

eleven years after, the Rev. John Beardsley, of Mougerville, sold Elias Hardy, Esq., M. P. P., one-half of the lot on which the "Fisher House," King street, stands, for 10s. The business section of St. John at first was at Lower Cove. For some years there was a strong rivalry between it and Upper Cove. In 1799, *The St. John Gazette* was printed in Brittain street, opposite the Lower Cove Slip, by Jacob S. Mott; he died in 1814, aged forty-one. The paper was continued for some time under the firm of Ann Mott & Son, Prince William street.

March 17th, 1786, Benedict Arnold purchased from Jedediah Fairweather, the second lot on the north side of Main street, from Charlotte street, for £50. It was there he built his store, and carried on business under the firm of Arnold & Hoyt. The store was burned in the autumn of 1788. The impression was, it was set fire to at the instance of the General, who had effected large insurance on his goods, most of which had been removed. Hoyt at this time had left the firm. The action for defamation of character, brought by Arnold against him, grew out of this fire.

Judge Putnam was the first of the Council and Bench who died; from failing health he had not attended Council for over a year. At the time of his death, October 23rd, 1789, he was in his sixty-fifth year. From that time to the appointment of Ward Chipman, sen., to the Bench, in 1809, there was no resident Judge of the Supreme Court at St. John. Mrs. Putnam survived her husband nine years. Their son Ebenezer, a merchant of the city, and Registrar of Deeds and Wills, died at the age of thirty-six.

The Putnam tomb is in the "Old Burial Ground." In it there are four generations of the family. Through the kindness of Mrs. Putnam, the body of the Rev. George Bisset, the first Rector of St. John, who died in March, 1788, three years after was removed to it. At a meeting of the Vestry of Trinity Church, held November 24th, 1791, the following resolution passed:

"Resolved, That the thanks of the Vestry be given to Mrs. Putnam for respect shown by her to the memory of the Rev. Mr. Bisset, deceased, the late worthy Rector of this Church, for removing and receiving his remains in her own tomb."

Judge Putnam has no relatives living in New Brunswick. Charles S. Putnam, Clerk of the Crown in the Supreme Court, who died at Fredericton in 1837, was his grandson. The latter has a son living in England, John M. Putman, Esq., Barrister,

Plow
Shore
Putn
city
prese

M
for t
Crow
Batt
Jose
Rece
a gr
Reg
and
was

C

Jer
in l
Wil
from
a tr
his
the

A

his
Joh
fir
sio
17

of
As
Al
be
Fr
G
Ju
18

Plowden Buildings, London. A daughter married the Rev. W. H. Shore, at one time in charge of St. Paul's Church, Portland. The Putnam house, Fredericton, is one of the historic edifices of that city; in it Sir Howard Douglas lived during the erection of the present Government House.

HON. ISAAC ALLAN.

Mr. Allan was a native of Trenton, New Jersey, and educated for the Bar. In the revolutionary war he at once sided with the Crown, and at its close held the rank of Lieut. Col. of the Third Battalion N. J. Volunteers. In Col. Allan's Regiment was Capt. Joseph Lee, father of the Hon. Thomas Carleton Lee, at one time Receiver General of New Brunswick. Capt. Lee has a grand and a great-grandson members of our Historical Society. In the same Regiment was Capt. Charles Harrison, uncle of the Hon. Charles and Canon Harrison. Their grandfather, Lieut. James Harrison, was Paymaster.

Col. Allan had a valuable property in Pennsylvania and New Jersey; this he lost. He came to this country with the Loyalists in 1783, and drew two lots in Parr Town, on the east side of Prince William street, the second and third from Princess, each with a frontage of fifty feet, and depth of two hundred. Having drawn a tract of land in York, adjoining Chief Justice Ludlow's, he sold his city lots in 1796 to Thomas Horsfield, Esq., for £10. To-day they are among the most valuable in St. John.

At the time of his appointment to the Bench, Col. Allan was in his forty-fourth year. It was at the Supreme Court, held at St. John, July 19th, 1785, that he took his seat on the Bench for the first time, after proclamation having been made and his commission read. He was present at the last held at St. John, February, 1787, and at the first in Fredericton, in May of the same year.

His son, Col. John Allan, many years one of the representatives of York, is yet living. The Hon. John C. Allan, the senior Assistant Justice of the Supreme Court, is the grandson of Judge Allan, and for a long time was a representative of York, and has been Speaker of the House. He was one of the first Mayors of Fredericton, and has held the offices of Solicitor and Attorney General. On the elevation of Judge Robert Parker to the Chief Justiceship, consequent on the resignation of Sir James Carter in 1865, Mr. Allan succeeded him.

Judge Isaac Allan has several great-grandchildren, the oldest (his namesake, Isaac Allan Jack) is a member of the St. John Bar. Judge Allan was one of the largest gentlemen on the Bench; he died October 12th, 1806, at the age of sixty-five, having held a Puisne Judgeship twenty-two years.

HON. JOSHUA UPHAM.

Mr. Upham was born in 1741, at Brookfield, Massachusetts Bay. His father was Jabez Upham, a physician and prominent citizen of that place; he died there at the age of forty-three, in 1760; his son Joshua graduated at Harvard three years after. At this time, the catalogue of the College was classified, not according to the intellectual attainments of the students, but to their social rank. The date of their father's commission as a Justice of the Peace secured not only a better room, but better attendance at the table. At the commencement of the war, Mr. Upham entered the British army, and rose to the rank of Colonel of Dragoons; he was in active service under Winslow, Arnold, and others. At its close he went to England with Lord Amherst, as one of his aides-de-camp, but shortly after came to this country.

Mr. Upham drew a lot in Carleton, opposite the Ludlow lots; he sold it in 1789 to Gabriel G. Ludlow, for £2. He settled in King's County, having obtained a tract of one thousand acres on the Hammond River, twenty-two miles from St. John, which he extensively cultivated. The Parish of Upham, in the County of King's, is called after the family.

Mr. Upham was appointed to the Bench, at the organization of the Supreme Court, November 25th, 1784. The first Court he was present at, was at Fredericton, July, 1787. Judge Upham, in 1807, at the request of his associates on the Bench, went to England to lay before the Government the claims of the Judges to an increase of salary. Having accomplished the object of his mission, and on the eve of returning, he died in 1808. When there, he enjoyed the friendship of many eminent personages, particularly of the Right Hon. Spencer Perceval, at that time Prime Minister. After the death of Judge Upham, Mr. Perceval sent to his family valuable presents; and for the education of his son, at that time only six years old, £100.

At the session of the New Brunswick Legislature of 1810, the following was passed:

"Whereas, The Honorable Justice Upham, now deceased, did, nearly at the close of his life, at great inconvenience and expense, leave his family and go to Great Britain for the purpose of soliciting an augmentation to the salary of the Judges, which was then much too small for their support; And whereas, There is good reason to believe, that principally by his solicitation and representations, the late addition was made, so necessary for the dignity and independence of the Judge; And whereas, The said Justice Upham closed his life in England shortly after the augmentation took place, and received no remuneration for his expense, or any compensation for his service;

"Therefore Resolved unanimously, The sum of two hundred pounds be granted Mrs. Mary Upham, the widow of the said Justice Upham, and also the further sum of one hundred pounds to Miss Elizabeth Upham, his eldest daughter."

The first wife of Judge Upham was a daughter of Col. John Murray, a distinguished Loyalist, and member of His Majesty's Council of Massachusetts Bay. Col. Murray died at St. John, August 30th, 1794, in his seventy-fifth year. His portrait is in the possession of his great-grandson, Mr. F. B. Hazen, of St. John. It is by Copley, the father of the late Lord Lyndhurst. Daniel Murray, one of the representatives of York in the first Provincial Assembly, was his son.

Judge Upham's wife died at New York in 1782, the last year of the war. His second wife was a daughter of the Hon. Joshua Chandler, of Connecticut, one of the chief landed proprietors of that Colony. In crossing the Bay of Fundy, to meet the Commissioners on Loyalist claims at St. John, the vessel was overtaken in a violent snowstorm, missed the harbor, and wrecked on Musquash Point on the night of March 9th, 1787. Mr. Chandler, with his son William, who had been a Captain in one of the Provincial Regiments, and two daughters (Mrs. Grant and Miss Elizabeth Chandler) perished from cold and exhaustion.

Mrs. Upham had six slaves, which she inherited from her father; one called Luke was convicted and executed at St. John, in the second year of the present century, for the murder of the girl West, on the "Old Westmorland Road," about a mile and a half from the city. He was a stalwart negro of the age of twenty-three. He denied the offence at first, but being hurriedly asked what he did with the knife, he replied, "Hid it under a stump, massa." This led to the finding of the knife, and proof of his guilt; after trial he admitted the crime. He frequently accompanied Judge Upham on his journeys to Fredericton, and remarked

to an old Scotchman, "If he thought master would sell him, he would kill him."

The Hon. Charles Upham, formerly President of the Massachusetts Senate, and member of Congress, now living at Salem, Mass., is a son of the Judge. The first wife of the Hon. John W. Weldon, Judge of the Supreme Court, was his daughter. Mrs. John Pagan, formerly of Richibucto, and now living at St. John with her son-in-law, Mr. Charles R. Ray, is also a daughter.

At the time of his appointment to the Bench, he was forty-three years of age, and at his death sixty-seven. He was the last of the Assistant Justices of 1784, and held a seat twenty-four years.

HON. JOHN SAUNDERS.

Mr. Saunders was a Virginia Loyalist of English descent. At the beginning of the revolution he raised a Troop of Horse at his own expense. The Regiment was commanded by Col. Simcoe. Stair Agnew, long one of the representatives of York, was one of its officers. At the close of the war, Mr. Saunders went to England, entered the Middle Temple, and commenced the practice of the law. Shortly after, he came to this Province, and resided at Fredericton. He was, in October, 1790, appointed to a seat on the Bench, vacant by the death of Judge Putnam—one year having passed before it was filled. At this time Judge Saunders was only thirty-six. It was four years after before he was appointed to a seat at the Council.

After holding the office of an Assistant Judge for thirty-two years, he was, in 1822, raised to the Chief Justiceship, consequent on the death of the Hon. Jonathan Bliss. This office Mr. Saunders held to 1834, a period of twelve years.

His son, the Hon. John Simcoe Saunders, has been a member of the Legislative Council for over forty years, and is now President. For twelve years he was Advocate General, and for three years, from 1845, was Provincial Secretary; for many years Mr. Saunders was Clerk of the Circuit, and of the Crown on the Circuit.

Chief Justice Saunders held a seat on the Bench forty-four years, and died at Fredericton in the Fall of 1834, at the age of eighty.

HON. EDWARD WINSLOW.

Mr. Winslow was a Massachusetts Loyalist, and a descendant from the early Governors of that Colony. He too was a graduate

of Harvard, and from his social standing must have been one of the favorites of that University. When the war broke out, he sided with the Crown, and soon rose to the rank of Colonel. His father died at Halifax, in 1784, at the age of seventy-two.

Mr. Winslow was one of the original grantees of Parr Town; the lot he drew is on the west side of Germain street, nearly opposite where the first church stood. Although a member of the first Council of New Brunswick, he did not attain to a seat on the Bench until the death of Judge Allan, twenty-three years after his appointment to the Council.

When the Commissioners under the Jay Treaty met at St. Andrews, October 4th, 1796, to determine which was the St. Croix of the Treaty of 1783, Mr. Winslow was appointed Secretary to the Board. Over two years passed before its work was completed.

If his appointment to the first Council failed to obtain for him the first vacant Judgeship, it secured the Presidency and office of Commander-in-Chief on the death of President Ludlow. The expectation was, he would retain the office to the death or resignation of Governor Carleton. In view of the warlike attitude of the United States, and before the death of President Ludlow was known in England, the British Government had sent instructions to Major-General Martin Hunter to assume the Government, as Administrator and Commander-in-Chief, which he did on May 24th, 1808; consequently, President Winslow's tenure of office was less than four months.

The residence of Judge Winslow was at Fredericton, and there he died in 1815 at the age of seventy, having held a seat on the Bench eight years, and at the Council thirty-one. His son was the first Sheriff of Carleton County, and there a number of the family reside.

HON. JONATHAN BLISS.

The death of Chief Justice Ludlow, in November, 1808, was followed by the appointment of Attorney General Bliss to his seat. As over seven months passed between the death of the one and the elevation of the other, the assumption is, there were claimants for the office among the Associate Justices. At this time Mr. Bliss was in his sixty-seventh year, and had held the Attorney Generalship twenty-four years.

Like Putnam and Upham, he was a Massachusetts Loyalist, and, like them, one of the "Giants of the Law." When the

British troops in 1776 left Boston for Halifax, he, with others, accompanied them. It was not long before he went to London, where he remained until after the war. When there he belonged to the New England Club, composed of Massachusetts Loyalists. Among other members was Salters Sampson Blowers, who, in 1784 was appointed to the Attorney Generalship of Nova Scotia, and shortly after to the office of Chief Justice. There were intimacies formed during the days of the revolution which ripened with age. Of this Jonathan Bliss and Salters S. Blowers was a beautiful illustration. One of the sons of Chief Justice Bliss was called William Blowers Bliss, after the Chief Justice of Nova Scotia, and by him brought up, and in the end inheriting his large fortune.

When the Government of New Brunswick was formed, and the Supreme Court of Judicature established, Mr. Bliss was in London. In the summer of 1785 he was here, and took the Attorney Generalship, which to that time was held by Ward Chipman, whose appointment was temporary. Mr. Bliss was twelve years the senior of Mr. Chipman. For many years the residence of Attorney General Bliss was St. John. In 1792 he purchased from John Porteus, merchant, of London, for £350, the lot and house on the corner of King and Cross streets, where the brick store of Mr. William G. Lawton stands. Mr. Porteus was one of the Loyalists, and drew this lot. At the time of the purchase, Mr. Bliss was residing there; the occupant before him was General Benedict Arnold, who lived here at the time of the burning of his store at Lower Cove, in 1788.

The Chief Justice had four sons—John Worthington, Henry, William Blowers, and Lewis. John died in January, 1810, after an illness of three days, from a cold contracted from falling into the Creek while skating, at the age of nineteen. Henry and William B. studied law—the former in this Province, the latter at Halifax. Henry, shortly after, removed to London, where, for a number of years, he was agent for New Brunswick; he died there. William B. resided at Halifax, and at one time was a member of the Nova Scotia Legislature, and soon attained to a seat on the Bench. He died at Halifax two years ago, leaving a large fortune. He has two sons residing in England, Clergymen of the Established Church. He left three daughters—one married to Senator Odell, of Fredericton, one to Bishop Binney, of Nova

Scotia
Bliss
count
In
was o
again
death
at th
Wort
1799,
is bur
tive
sons.

Mr
Harv
evacu
rema
war,
Mr
In 17
Jame
Chip
depth
the I
Princ
Mr
mont
also
the C
ment
ing t
Gene
the C
At
Treat
1783
Barc
Com

Scotia, and the third to Bishop Kelly, of Newfoundland. Lewis Bliss is living in England; in early life he was a clerk in the counting-house (at St. John) of John Black & Co.

In the first Assembly of New Brunswick, Attorney General Bliss was one of the representatives for the County of St. John; he was again returned at the election of 1795. For some years before his death he resided at Fredericton, where he died October 1st, 1822, at the age of eighty. His wife, the daughter of the Hon. John Worthington, of Springfield, Mass., died at St. John, April 19th, 1799, in her fortieth year. With her son, John Worthington, she is buried in the "Old Burial Ground." From the long and lucrative practice of Chief Justice Bliss, he left a large fortune to his sons. Long life, riches and honor was his portion.

HON. WARD CHIPMAN.

Mr. Chipman was a native of Massachusetts, and a graduate of Harvard. At the age of twenty-two, he went to Halifax at the evacuation of Boston, and from there to England, when, after remaining a year, he went to New York, and, to the close of the war, held appointments in connection with the military.

Mr. Chipman was not one of the original grantees of Parr Town. In 1786 he purchased from James Simonds, William Hazen and James White, the western portion of the grounds on which the Chipman house stands, with a frontage of two hundred feet and depth of three hundred, for £70. In this house, June 24th, 1794, the Duke of Kent held a levee, and in 1860 his grandson, the Prince of Wales, was entertained.

Mr. Chipman was the first Solicitor General, and for four months previous held the office of Attorney General; he was also Advocate General, as well as Clerk of the Circuits, and of the Crown on the Circuits. These offices he held to his appointment to the Bench. He was the first Recorder of St. John, holding the office to July, 1809, when Thomas Wetmore, Esq., Attorney General, was appointed. He was one of the representatives for the County of St. John in the first Parliament of New Brunswick.

At the Convention held at St. Andrews in 1796, under the Jay Treaty, to determine which was the St. Croix of the Treaty of 1783, Mr. Chipman was the agent for the Crown, with Thomas Barclay as Commissioner on the part of England. The American Commissioner was David Howal, Esq. By the terms of the Treaty,

the two were to choose a third; if failing to agree, each was to propose one person, and of the two names so proposed, one was to be drawn by lot in the presence of the two Commissioners. They agreed on the choice of a third without recourse to the plan stated. The gentleman selected was Egbert Benson, Esq., a Judge of the Supreme Court of the State of New York—the British Commissioner thinking it better to select by mutual choice one known to him, although a citizen of the United States, than to leave the selection to chance. Judge Benson was the first Attorney General of the State of New York, and one of the three Commissioners appointed by the United States Government to act with the Commissioners appointed by Sir Guy Carleton, in the embarkation of the Loyalists to Nova Scotia, in 1783. He was one of the six representatives of New York to the first Congress. He died at Jamaica, Long Island, in 1833, at the age of eighty-seven. Judge Benson was the first President of the New York Historical Society.

The Commissioners held a number of meetings before their labors closed—David Howal, with James Sullivan, his associate, contending throughout most strenuously for the river Magaguadavic as the St. Croix of the Treaty; on the other side, Mr. Barclay, with Ward Chipman, insisting on the Schoodiac as the true St. Croix. The umpire, at an early stage of the discussion, expressed himself satisfied that the British claim had been clearly established in favor of the Schoodiac as the St. Croix, and to the western branch as the main river. It was as to the source or head of the river the chief divergence arose—the British Commissioner maintaining that the river was to be followed to its most western source or spring, as described in the grant of King James to Sir William Alexander in the year 1621. Here the umpire differed, for he placed the source of the river at the mouth of the *easternmost* of the Schoodiac Lakes. This point is between five and six miles above the confluence of the Cheputnaticook with the main river, and on a meridian several miles to the eastward of the source of the Cheputnaticook.

The American Commissioner, Mr. Howal, proposed a compromise—the extreme northern source of the Cheputnaticook, or northern branch of the Schoodiac, as the source of the St. Croix. His object was to save to Massachusetts certain grants of land that had been made by that State, between the northern and western branches of the Schoodiac. As this placed the source of

the St.
point
accept
Provid

The
tance
claim
shoul
ninet
were s
left fo
be be
made
missi
Chipr

His
on th
Marc
mand
mem
not l
in ser
but i
eight
sworn
imm
his p
in-C
and
in b
decis
right
time
Gov
Had
he w
deat
P
died
He

the St. Croix on a meridian considerably to the *westward* of the point named as the source of that river by the umpire, it was accepted by the British Commissioner. The award was made at Providence, Rhode Island, October 25th, 1798.

The Commissioners ran the line due north to Mars' Hill, a distance of forty miles. At this point the British Commissioner claimed the line was to run west—the American contending it should run to the river Metis, a further distance north of over ninety-five miles, before taking its western departure. Their views were so widely diverse, that the location of the north-west angle was left for a future time, when the topography of the country would be better known. In 1814, by the Treaty of Ghent, provision was made for finding it, when Mr. Barclay was again the British Commissioner, with Ward Chipman as agent. At the time of Judge Chipman's death, ten years after, the problem remained unsolved.

His appointment to the Bench was in June, 1809, consequent on the death of Judge Upham. When Governor Smyth died, in March, 1823, Judge Chipman was sworn in President and Commander-in-Chief—the Hon. George Leonard, of Sussex, the senior member of the Council, declining the office from age, and from not having attended any of its meetings for years. Next to him in seniority was Col. Billop, of St. John; he, too, declined at first, but immediately decided to take the office, although, at this time, eighty-six years of age, and informed the Council he wished to be sworn in at St. John. To this they demurred, and Ward Chipman immediately took the oath of office. Col. Billop at once issued his proclamation as President of New Brunswick and Commander-in-Chief.—Judge Chipman at once called the Council together, and by their advice issued a counter one. Col. Billop lost no time in bringing the question before His Majesty's Government; their decision was in favor, not only of his right to the office, but his right to be sworn in at his own house if he wished. At the same time, in view of its intention of sending out a successor to the late Governor Smyth at an early day, they declined making any change. Had Colonel Billop attended the session of Parliament of 1823, he would have been in Fredericton at the time of the Governor's death, and sworn in.

President Chipman did not long survive his appointment, for he died February 9th, 1824, during the sitting of the Legislature. He was the third President and fourth and last Commander-in-

Chief who died in office. He was buried in Fredericton, but in the summer following his body was placed in the "Old Burial Ground," St. John, and on the opening of the Rural Cemetery, many years after, removed there. An oil portrait of the Judge and of his wife is in the Chipman House. He was a gentleman of medium size, and full set. His favorite exercise was riding on horseback, and chiefly in the mornings. He left a valuable estate, a portion of which he got by marriage, in 1785, to the daughter of the Hon. William Hazen.

Mrs. Chipman survived her husband twenty-eight years; her birthplace was at Newburyport, Massachusetts Bay. With her parents she came to Portland Point, River St. John, when nine years old. The vessel in which she arrived sailed out of Boston harbor, June 17th, 1775, at the time the battle of Bunker Hill was going on. Her father was a merchant of Newburyport, and for years had commercial relations with James Simonds, who arrived here eleven years previous. If the day of leaving the old Colony of Massachusetts, in which she was born, has become historic, the day of her death is hardly less so, for she died at St. John, at the age of eighty-six, on the 18th May, 1852—the sixty-ninth anniversary of the landing of the Loyalists.

HON. JOHN MURRAY BLISS.

The Hon. Daniel Bliss, a Massachusetts Loyalist, and one of the first Council of New Brunswick, was the father of John Murray Bliss; he died in 1807, on his farm at Belmont, Sunbury, at the age of sixty. His wife was a daughter of Col. John Murray, and a sister of the first wife of Judge Upham. His son commenced the study of law with Jonathan Sewal, and finished his studies in the office of Jonathan Bliss. He followed his profession at Fredericton, and at one time represented York. For a number of years he was Solicitor General, holding the office to his appointment to the Bench, in 1816, consequent on the death of Judge Winslow. He was appointed to the Council the same year. At this time he was in his forty-sixth year, a gentleman of much dignity and fine personal appearance. When the Loyalists came here he was a youth of twelve; consequently, the closing scenes of the revolution, and the dark days which, for a time, it was the lot of the Loyalists to pass through in the morning of our Provincial history, would, through life, be ever present to his mind, for in

his bo
father
On
Bliss
holdin
Howa
The
of Ar
the U
sions.
their
Prov
and
cillon
recei
reaso
cillo
reach
be c
appo
whic
ledg
If J
abse
wou
othe
Pre
How
bal
J
sixt
hor
rela
Ho
and
Go
an

his boyhood days they would form the chief conversation in his father's household.

On the death of President Chipman in February, 1824, Judge Bliss was sworn in as Administrator and Commander-in-Chief, holding the office to the 17th August of the same year, when Sir Howard Douglas arrived as the third Governor of New Brunswick.

The King of the Netherlands having in 1829 accepted the office of Arbitrator, to settle the differences between Great Britain and the United States as to the boundaries of their respective possessions, the British Government appointed Sir Howard Douglas their Commissioner, and instructed him, that when leaving the Province, the Hon. William Black was to be sworn in as President and Commander-in-Chief. To this Judge Bliss, as senior Councillor, took exception, holding that, until the mandamus was received appointing Mr. Black, the office belonged to him. The reason for the British Government passing over the senior Councillor was entirely on public grounds. Chief Justice Saunders had reached an age when the duties of office could only with difficulty be discharged. Ward Chipman, the junior Justice, had been appointed to the mission with the Governor—an appointment to which no exception could be taken, as from his thorough knowledge of the subject, he had no equal for the office in the Province. If Judge Bliss was to assume the head of Government during the absence of Sir Howard Douglas, the administration of the law would devolve entirely on Judge Botsford. It is clear, then, no other course was left for the British Government to follow. The Presidency of Mr. Black continued two years and a half. Sir Howard Douglas never returned; he was succeeded by Sir Archibald Campbell in September, 1831.

Judge Bliss died when at St. John, August, 1834, at the age of sixty-three. His residence was on his estate at Belmont, the old home of his father. He has a number of grandchildren and other relatives in the Province, among the latter is his nephew, the Hon. L. A. Wilmot, late one of the Judges of the Supreme Court, and the first Lieut. Governor appointed to New Brunswick by the Government of Canada.

HON. EDWARD J. JARVIS.

The birthplace of Mr. Jarvis was St. John; here he studied law, and followed his profession. In 1822, in the absence of Ward

Chipman, jr., on public service, he was appointed to the office of Recorder. At this time he was thirty-three years of age. On the death of George Ludlow Wetmore, Esq., the Clerk of the House of Assembly, he was appointed to that office. The death of Chief Justice Bliss, in the fall of 1822, led to the elevation of Judge Saunders to that office; this was followed by the appointment of Mr. Jarvis to the vacant seat on the Bench. To no one, more than to himself, was the selection of Governor Smyth a surprise. The expectation of the Bar was, the first vacancy would be filled by the appointment of Solicitor General Botsford, who was not only sixteen years the senior of Mr. Jarvis, but Speaker of the House. Mr. Botsford, feeling that the Governor, in the appointment of Mr. Jarvis, had intentionally, as well as unfairly, passed over him, brought his claim before the British Government, through his friend, Sir James Kempt, then Governor of Nova Scotia. The result was the appointment of Judge Jarvis to an important position at the Island of Malta, and six years later to the Chief Justiceship of Prince Edward Island; this office he held to his death in 1852, at the age of sixty-three. Mr. Jarvis was the first native of the Province placed on the Bench.

Munson Jarvis, Esq., the father of the Judge, represented the County of St. John in the House of Assembly of 1801. He died October 7th, 1825, at the age of eighty-three. He had two brothers, Ralph and William Jarvis, many years merchants of the city.

Judge Jarvis has a son, a member of the medical profession, and daughter, residents of Prince Edward Island. Another son, a Clergyman of the Church of England, died a few years ago.

HON. WILLIAM BOTSFORD.

One of the agents appointed by Sir Guy Carleton, on behalf of the British Government, to locate the Loyalists, was Amos Botsford, Esq. Jointly with Thomas Barclay, Esq., he drew three lots on Union street; on one the Congregational Church stands. Mr. Botsford ultimately selected Sackville for his home. At the first election of members for the New Brunswick Legislature, he was chosen for Westmorland, and at every subsequent contest to the close of life, and of each Parliament was Speaker. He came to St. John for medical treatment in the summer of 1812, where he died on the 14th September, at the age of sixty-nine. His birth-place was Connecticut, and he graduated at Yale.

The wife of Mr. Botsford was a daughter of the Hon. Joshua Chandler. His son, William Botsford, was born in 1773; his birthplace was Connecticut, and of Yale he was a graduate. He studied law with Ward Chipman, and for some years followed his profession at St. John. When Gabriel G. Ludlow, on assuming the Government in 1803, resigned the office of Judge of the Court of Vice-Admiralty, Mr. Botsford was appointed. And from August 1811, to June 1815, he was the Recorder of St. John; at this time he was a resident of Westmorland.

When John Murray Bliss was appointed to the Bench in 1816, he succeeded him as the third Solicitor General. He was elected successor to his father in the representation of Westmorland, and three times chosen Speaker of the House—the two holding the office for thirty-four years.

The popular branch was not at all times in accord with General Smyth and his Council. Mr. Botsford, as its head, resisted every attempt to interfere with its rights; hence, between the Governor and the first Commoner there was not, at all times, that good feeling that might otherwise have existed. Mr. Botsford realized this when the vacant seat on the Bench was given to Mr. Jarvis, the Clerk of the House. This act of the Governor was so indefensible that the British Government lost no time in interposing. Mr. Botsford was sworn in as an Assistant Justice, April 2nd, 1823, Governor Smyth having died five days before. At this time Mr. Botsford was in his fiftieth year.

In the summer of 1845, Judge Botsford wrote Sir William Colebrook, then Governor of New Brunswick: "Being now in the seventy-third year of my age, I find my infirmities, especially that of deafness, have so increased, that, in justice to myself, and for the public interests, I ought to retire from public life. I, therefore, most respectfully beg leave to tender the resignation of my seat on the Bench, with such retired allowance as Her Majesty may be graciously pleased to direct." The Government accepted his resignation, and on December 20th, 1845, appointed George F. Street his successor.

At the session of the Legislature of 1846, the Lieut. Governor sent down the following message: "Her Majesty has been graciously pleased to accept the resignation of the Hon. William Botsford, the senior Assistant Justice of the Supreme Court, and in consideration of his long and faithful service, it is Her Majesty's

command that the Lieut. Governor should signify her intention, with their concurrence, to grant to Mr. William Botsford during his life, a superannuation allowance, to be charged to the 'Civil List Fund.'" The House, by a majority of one, declined acceding to the wish of Her Majesty, on the ground of objection to the initiation of a pension list in the Province. At the session following, the subject was again before the House, when a resolution was passed expressive of regret "That before Judge Botsford's resignation was accepted by the Government, and a successor appointed, the views of the House had not been ascertained."

Looking at the question at this distance of time, it is impossible to resist the conviction, that Judge Botsford had just grounds to complain; an exceptional vote might have been carried in his favor, coupled with the declaration that it was not to be a precedent for future action. The Government was clearly open to censure for having accepted his resignation, knowing it to be conditional, and appointing a successor, without being able to carry a vote, even with the prestige of Her Majesty's name. For once a departure might have been made; if not on the ground of the long and faithful service of the Judge, out of deference to the wish of their Sovereign.

The present Court House at St. John was opened by Judge Botsford, at the January Circuit of 1830. In his charge to the Jury, he congratulated the community on having such an edifice for the accommodation of the Courts of Justice, and expressed the hope the building might long stand as a monument of the public spirit of the people, and of the interest they take in the administration of justice, and that its walls would never be polluted by a partial and corrupt administration. In the same charge he added: "That laws, however faithfully administered, could not of themselves effectually secure the welfare and stability of a country, for religion and morality are the foundations of true greatness. They are the pillars upon which the British Constitution rests, and by which it is supported." Judge Botsford was an earnest and early advocate for the establishment of a Provincial Penitentiary, and of those changes in the criminal code which were enacted in the first third of the present century.

After reaching the patriarchal age of ninety-one, a life lengthened by over ten years beyond any of his predecessors, he died at Westcock, Parish of Sackville, May 8th, 1864, having survived

his w
Hon.
Th
wher
are t
Col. J
On
Coun
rema

If
and
Born
grad
comp
perf
on h
aft
his e
Gen
in 1
of 1
Chip
was
S. R
O
the
and
Com
and
was
deg
Feb
At
rep
Par
U
min
ern

his wife fourteen years. Mrs. Botsford was a daughter of the Hon. William Hazen, and sister of Mrs. Chipman.

The family burial lot is in the Rural Cemetery of St. John, where both are interred. Among the monumental stones in it are those in memoriam of Amos Botsford, Joshua Chandler, and Col. John Murray—representative men in their day and generation.

One more of the twelve Judges, who held seats in His Majesty's Council, and added to Judicial, Legislative and Executive duties, remains to be noticed.

HON. WARD CHIPMAN.

If New Brunswick ever had a favored son, it was Ward Chipman, and if ever expectations were realized by relatives, it was in him. Born at St. John four years after the landing of the Loyalists, he graduated at Harvard thirty-five years after his father. On the completion of his legal studies, he went to London, where he perfected himself in the different branches of the profession, and on his return to St. John entered on the work of life. Shortly after this, his father was appointed to the Bench, leaving to him his extensive practice. He succeeded also to the office of Advocate General, and Clerk of the Circuit and Crown on the Circuit; and in 1815 to the Recordship of St. John. At the general election of 1820, consequent on the death of King George the Third, Mr. Chipman offered for the County of St. John for the first time, and was returned at the head of the poll: his colleagues were Andrew S. Ritchie, John M. Wilmot, and Charles Simonds.

On the appointment of Solicitor General Botsford to a seat on the Bench, in 1823, Mr. Chipman was appointed to that office, and to the Speakership of the House—holding the office of first Commoner of New Brunswick at the time his father was President and Commander-in-Chief of the Province. If Ward Chipman, jr., was a favorite of the Crown, he enjoyed at this time, in a marked degree, the confidence of the people. When his father died, February 9th, 1824, he was appointed to his seat on the Bench. At this time he was in his fortieth year. The vacancy in the representation of St. John was filled by the return of Robert Parker, Esq.

Under the fifth article of the Treaty of Ghent, 1814, to determine "The north-west angle of Nova Scotia and the north-westernmost head of Connecticut River," Ward Chipman was appointed

by the British Government as agent, with his father, under Thomas Barclay, Esq., Commissioner. Numerous meetings were held and surveys made without arriving at the solution of the problem. The Treaty provided, that in the event of the two Commissioners failing to agree, the question was to be referred to a friendly Sovereign. In January, 1829, the King of the Netherlands accepted the office of Umpire—the British Government at once appointing Sir Howard Douglas, with Judge Chipman, to represent its interests. On this mission the Judge was absent in Europe nearly two years. The question involved to New Brunswick the title to over twelve thousand square miles of territory, and to the Imperial Government the right of a highway between Canada and her Maritime Colonies—the Americans contending for the highlands between the St. Lawrence and the St. John; the British for the highlands between the St. John and the head waters of the Penobscot and Kennebec, as the highlands of the Treaty of 1783. The award of the King was made at the Hague, January 10th, 1831. In it he says: "The arguments adduced on either side, and the documents exhibited in support of them, cannot be considered as sufficiently preponderating to determine a preference in favor of one of the two lines respectively claimed by the high interested parties as boundaries of their possessions, and that the nature of the difference, and the vague and not sufficiently determinate stipulations of the Treaty of 1783, do not permit to adjudge either of those lines to one of the said parties without wounding the principle of law and equity with regard to the other." The award was a compromise, and therefore disappointing to both parties. Instead of deciding in favor of one or the other, of the claim of *highlands* as the boundary, he substituted a *river*. There can be no doubt but the problem submitted for the decision of the King was one of great perplexity. Whether it would have been in any degree simplified, if the Umpire (Judge Benson) of the Treaty of 1794 had sided with the British Commissioner, that the *extreme western source or spring* of the St. Croix was the point for departure of the northern line, we cannot tell. As an inducement to Maine to accept the award, General Jackson, then President of the United States, was ready to advise Congress to make a grant to that State of \$1,000,000. Maine would listen to no arrangement, for her attitude was uncompromising and warlike. All further attempts to find the *true line*

from this time was abandoned. Maine, however, continued so restless and pressing in her demands for the settlement of the question, that in 1839 a crisis was reached, and a boundary must be found, either by a "Bargain worthy of nations, or traced by the point of the bayonet. For men stood facing each other with guns on their shoulders, upon opposite sides of fordable rivers thirty yards wide, and the discharge of a single musket would have brought on a war whose fires would have encircled the globe."

Fortunately, diplomacy was not one of the lost arts, for at this time the British Government, through Lord Ashburton, and the United States, through Daniel Webster, attempted the solution of the question on the basis of a *compromise*, when the unsolved problem of fifty-nine years was disposed of August 9th, 1842, by the Washington Treaty. Under it, New Brunswick received eight hundred and ninety-three more square miles than the award of the King of the Netherlands; conceding, however, to Maine the right to the navigation of the St. John. Whatever the gain to that State from that privilege, New Brunswick lost nothing; for to the commerce of the country, and to the trade of St. John, it has been followed by the most beneficial results.

Judge Chipman was in England at the time William the Fourth ascended the Throne, and in July, 1830, before his return to New Brunswick, had the honor of being presented to His Majesty, at the Court at St. James, by Sir George Murray, Secretary of State for the Colonies. The facilities of travel in those days were greatly behind the present, for the *St. John Courier*, of September 25th, says: "The Hon. Judge Chipman and lady arrived in town on Tuesday morning last, from London *via* the United States, after an absence from this Province of nearly two years. His Honor and lady came by land from Boston to St. Andrews, where they took the new coach, recently established between this city and the latter place, being the first passengers that ever travelled the route in a stage-coach."

The most exhaustive charge delivered by Judge Chipman was at the January Circuit of St. John, 1831—the first Court he presided over after his return. It covered over two columns of the leading paper of that day.

Before the union of Upper and Lower Canada, difficulties arose as to the proportion of import duties to which the former Province was entitled. Judge Chipman was one of the arbitrators for the settlement of the question.

In 1834, Chief Justice Saunders died, followed by the elevation of Judge Chipman to his seat. At this time he was the junior Justice. As a Judge, he withdrew two years before from the Legislative Council, with the other Puisne Judges. As Chief Justice he returned, and continued to preside over it to 1843. From impaired health he resigned the Chief Justiceship in the fall of 1850, when Judge Carter succeeded to the office. He did not long survive his retirement, for he died before the dawn of day on the 26th November, 1851. The last rising and setting sun which he beheld, was on the sixty-seventh anniversary of the organization of the Supreme Court of Judicature of New Brunswick, and of which, for over twenty-five years, he was a distinguished member—dying in the house in which he was born, in his sixty-fifth year.

In the Supreme Court Room at Fredericton, there is an oil painting of the Chief Justice, taken in 1838 at the request of the Bench and the Bar.

The Chief Justice was married March 24th, 1817, to a daughter of the late Henry Wright, Esq., Collector of Customs at St. John. Mrs. Chipman is yet living.

Chief Justice Chipman was the last of the Bench who discharged both judicial and legislative duties, and the last chosen by the Imperial Government to represent national interests.

Whatever diversity of gifts the twelve first Judges of New Brunswick possessed, or however varied their professional attainments, the voices of the historic past unite, that one and all, "Truly and indifferently administered justice, to the punishment of wickedness and vice, and to the maintenance of true religion and virtue." The testimony of one who long and ably discharged Judicial duties is: "They were honorable, high-minded men, who, by their learning and sterling integrity, gave the Court a character which, he trusts, it will ever be the ambition of their successors, to the best of their ability, to maintain." Of them it can be said, they were men honored in their generation, and the leaders of their time. Spotless each received the Ermine; spotless each laid it down. Their motto through life was the old historic one, "THE BIBLE AND THE CROWN."

SUPREME COURT OF NEW BRUNSWICK.

CHIEF JUSTICES.

1784, Nov. 25, George Duncan Ludlow.	1851, January 8, James Carter.
1809, June 28, Jonathan Bliss.	1865, September 22, Robert Parker.
1822, October 19, John Saunders.	1865, Nov. 30, William Johnston Ritchie.
1834, September 29, Ward Chipman.	

ASSISTANT JUSTICES.

1784, November 25, James Putnam.	1834, October 6, Robert Parker,	
" " " Isaac Allan.		<i>vice Bliss.</i>
" " " Joshua Upham.	1845, December 20, George F. Street,	
1790, October 20, John Saunders,		<i>vice Botsford.</i>
<i>vice Putnam.</i>	1851, January 8, Lemuel Allan Wilmot,	
1807, July 2, Edward Winslow,		<i>vice Carter.</i>
<i>vice Allan.</i>	1854, May 1, Neville Parker,	
1809, June 28, Ward Chipman,		<i>Additional Judge.</i>
<i>vice Upham.</i>	1855, Aug. 17, William Johnston Ritchie,	
1816, July 9, John Murray Bliss,		<i>vice Street.</i>
<i>vice Winslow.</i>	1865, September 22, John C. Allan,	
1822, October 19, Edward J. Jarvis,		<i>vice R. Parker.</i>
<i>vice Saunders.</i>	1865, November 30, John W. Weldon,	
1823, April 2, William Botsford,		<i>vice Ritchie.</i>
<i>vice Jarvis.</i>	1868, October, Charles Fisher,	
1825, March 17, Ward Chipman,		<i>vice Wilmot.</i>
<i>vice Chipman.</i>	1870, May 25, A. Rainsford Wetmore,	
1834, July 12, James Carter,		<i>vice N. Parker.</i>
<i>vice Chipman.</i>		

VATES.

MY dreams were bad. I dreamed the world was sailing
 In a sky red as blood, and woe and wailing
 Went shudderingly up and down the streets,
 And frantically the black-robed hieracletes
 Ran through the markets crying: "Woe! woe! woe!"
 And all the stricken people answered, "Woe!"
 And every time they made this prophecy,
 The shivering women all aloud would cry,
 And every time they cried aloud there fell
One from the heavy hammer of a bell
 To accentuate the cry, and, near at hand,
 It thundered: "War is coming on the land!"

And then was heard the beating of a drum,
 And all the people shrieked: "The Wrath has come!"
 For an old battle-field beneath the stones
 Yawned, and gave up a legion of dry bones,
 As was a call of ghostly bugle blown,
 And all the skulls and bones, promiscuous strewn,
 Took form of skeletons in line embattled,
 And as they formed in line the dry bones rattled,
 And to the front they looked with eyeless caves
 And shook from off their chaps the mould of graves;
 On their bare skulls were red Montero caps,
 While lurid gleamed a red light through the gaps
 Of their barred ribs like lanterns, bent and braced,—
 And at another ghostly note they faced
 In marching order, and their bony shanks
 All wagged like pendulums along the ranks
 In marking time; and then there rode at speed
 A skeleton on framework of a steed
 And took the lead,—but who? or what his name?
 No living man knew,—a mere osseous frame.
 And troop on troop the bones went marching in,
 Upon each skull death's ghastly, moveless grin,
 But none knew who they were or what their story,—
 Then said a sombre-toned Voice: "This is Glory!"

Anon the red sky waned away and paled
 To yellow saffron, and a vapor veiled
 And made the edges of things indistinct,
 And nebulous as if the eye had winked
 In the unwholesome and malarious haze
 As of a distant conflagration's blaze,
 And in the shimmer seemed thin shadows moving
 Like forms of men, but shifting eye and proving,
 Impalpable when looked at, changing places
 And showing sometimes features as of faces,
 And in mist mantles sometimes godlike shapes
 That changed in burlesque shifts to gibbering apes,
 Now looming large, now small, like fantoccins
 Or genii of Arabian tales, or djhins,
 But ever shifting, flickering, drifting past,
 Indefinite blending this one with the last,

Yet in great crowds on crowds that filled the air,
But no man knew to tell what things they were,
Save that they were,—or might be,—went and came,
Then a sad, solemn Voice cried: "This is Fame!"

The lurid vapor cleared, and summer's hue
Came on, and all the sky broke into blue
Thridded with sunbeams, giving mellow glow,
And earth, in all her beauty, lay below;—
Women were loving, and men did their toil,
Children were playing, and the fertile soil
Bloomed with luxurious wealth of grass and flowers,
As seeming innocent as if the showers
That gave her verdure had not once been tears,
And she had been an Eden all those years;
But by the cradle, hearth, and toil and dance,
Walked a fell angel, who, with poisoned lance,
Touched the full life, which straight grew leaden-eyed,
And creeping to lone nooks lay down and died;
And as each lifeless form aside was thrust,
It crumbled to a pickle of grey dust,
Which the winds whirled away with feathery seeds,
And the dead men grew up in noisome weeds,
In palace garden or by hovel wall,—
Then a lone, dreary Voice sighed: "This is All!"

HUNTER DUVAR.

GEORGE FOX AND QUAKERISM.

BY THE REV. M. HARVEY.

PART I.

IF any one were to adopt Macaulay as his sole guide, in forming an estimate of George Fox and Quakerism, he would, I venture to affirm, arrive at a very erroneous conclusion regarding both. In the fourth volume of his *History of England*, Macaulay devotes five pages to the Founder of Quakerism and his work. In this passage, he fastens on a few of the most prominent extravagancies of Fox and his early disciples, enumerates a few of the more

uncouth and repulsive externals of the system; and presents us with nothing more than a caricature of primitive Quakerism. In fact the brilliant historian was, by natural disposition as well as by education, unfitted for comprehending such a man as George Fox. With deep spiritual earnestness Macaulay had no sympathy; and without sympathy we cannot rightly estimate any man or any system; we form merely a distorted image of both. In George Fox, at the outset of his career, striving after spiritual light, and turning in sacred scorn, and yet in tears, from the blind guides around him, Macaulay sees only, as he expresses it, "an intellect in the most unhappy of all states, that is to say, too much disordered for Liberty, and not sufficiently disordered for Bedlam." Surely an earnest soul, painfully groping its way out of spiritual darkness, should meet with more tender sympathy and respect than this sentence indicates. Then, without attempting to get at the heart of the matter, Macaulay seizes on some unguarded expressions in Fox's "Journal," and some of the eccentricities of his primitive followers, and tries to turn the whole movement into ridicule. He sees in George Fox, according to his own account, "a man wandering from place to place, teaching his strange theology, shaking like an aspen leaf in his paroxysms of fanatical excitement, forcing his way into churches, which he nicknamed steeple-houses, interrupting prayers and sermons with clamour and scurrility, and pestering rectors and justices with epistles much resembling burlesques of those sublime odes in which the Hebrew prophets foretold the calamities of Babylon and Tyre." Such is Macaulay's picture. But he tells us nothing of the heroic patience of holy-hearted George Fox, under years of cruel persecution; nothing of the noble stand he made for liberty of conscience; nothing of all those weary years of toil, during which he went up and down in England, laboring to turn men from sin to righteousness; nothing of the wonderful eloquence and earnestness, by which the Nottingham shoemaker gathered round him fifty thousand followers, among them some of the truest and best souls then living in broad England. The fascinating historian has no word of pity for the thousands of suffering Quakers who pined in imprisonment for conscience sake, and many of whom perished in damp and filthy dungeons. It is not in the glittering pages of Macaulay that we are to look for a true account of George Fox and Quakerism.

George Fox, the first of the Quakers, was born at Drayton, Leicestershire, in the year 1624. In his nineteenth year he was apprenticed to a shoemaker in Nottingham; and his master being also an owner of some land, he was employed by him, at times, in watching sheep, as David and Amos had been before him. Out among the hills, guarding his flock, the great dome of immensity above him, the solitudes of the green pastures spreading around, the young shepherd-shoemaker, alone with his own heart and his Bible, began to be visited with strange longings and aspirations after some unknown, illimitable good. His education was of the slenderest kind; he was barely able to read with tolerable ease, and to write imperfectly and with difficulty. But his was one of those deep natures which are led instinctively to grapple with the great problems of being and destiny, and which must get some answer, at first hand, to the solemn questions, What are we? Whence do we come? Whither do we go? Mere traditionary answers will not allay their passionate questionings; they must grasp realities; they must drive down to the foundations of things. Here, amid these Northampton hills—

"Stars silent over him,
Graves silent under him"—

this youth spent his hours in prayer, looking up to the Highest for guidance, as he ponders that sacred volume into which had been poured the spiritual throbbings and despair, the rejoicings and perplexities, the sorrows and triumphs of so many souls, from the monarch-minstrel of Israel to the inspired seer of Patmos.

At first, all is perplexity,—hopeless entanglement. An Egyptian darkness settles down upon his spirit, and he can find no path that conducts to the light he longs for. The powers of light and darkness are struggling in his soul, and fearful temptations, such as Bunyan has depicted so vividly, agitate him. Where shall he turn? Where look for help and guidance? A poor ignorant youth, without book-knowledge or experience of the ways of men, how shall he reach firm ground? Man's words fall on his ear as "sounding brass and tinkling cymbals." For him there is no guide, no comforter. His resolution is taken, as he walks amid the gloom of the forest. He will turn his back on man and his works, and leaving the haunts of men, he will go out alone into the deep solitudes of nature, and there will give himself up to prayer and meditation, and see if light will not dawn, and if he cannot get an answer to these awful questions.

Thus George Fox turns his face towards the wilderness. But first, he must do what he can to render himself independent of outward circumstances, and secure some protection for the outer man. For the last time, he sits down at his shoemaker's bench, and, with awl and end, constructs for himself a complete suit of leather; and in this strange garb he sets out, turning his back on the sheepfold and awl and hammer for ever.

This is properly the Hegira of Quakerism. Its birth-hour was that in which George Fox, cased in leather, went out to commune with his own heart, in the green solitudes of Northamptonshire. It was an important hour for himself, for England, for the world. Here was the man, though uncouth in form, who was destined to put before the world the largest claim yet presented on behalf of religious freedom and the sacred rights of conscience. His arm was destined to strike the boldest stroke yet directed against spiritual despotism in all its forms—against mammon worship and hollow ceremonialism; and taking his stand on the simple dignity of man, he was to assert the divine sacredness of that nature on which God had stamped the impress of immortality. Nay more: he was destined to call the attention of men to some of the great neglected or half-forgotten truths that make up the essence of Christianity; to remind us that we must seek truth by listening to the voice of God in the soul; that the law in the heart must be received without prejudice and obeyed without fear; that religion is not a thing of posturings and forms and ceremonies, but a spiritual transaction between man and his Maker, and that the gospel is a practical code of morals which we must follow unflinchingly. With all its grotesque ways and imperfect utterances, this is what Quakerism really meant; this is what gave it vitality and force, and commended it to some of the purest and noblest minds of the period. For the assertion of these vital truths, in the midst of obloquy, scorn and terrible sufferings, we must respect Quakerism and its founder, while we admit that he mingled in his system many errors and absurdities. Still, with every drawback, we must call George Fox, in his suit of leather, going out into the woods to listen to the Divine voice, one of the last of the Reformers. Leaving behind him all dogmas of men, he tried to get face to face with eternal facts. It is the course which most true souls are led to follow, though they enter it by very different paths.

Carlyle, in his *Sartor Resartus*, in his own peculiar style, thus comments upon the outset of Fox's career: "Perhaps the most remarkable incident in modern history is not the Diet of Worms, still less the battle of Austerlitz, Waterloo or Peterloo, or any other battle; but an incident passed carelessly over by most historians, and treated with some degree of ridicule by others; namely, George Fox's making himself a suit of leather. This man, the first of the Quakers, and by trade a shoemaker, was one of those to whom, under ruder or purer form, the Divine Idea of the universe is pleased to manifest itself; and across all the hulls of Ignorance and earthly degradation, shine through, in unspeakable awfulness, unspeakable beauty to their souls, who therefore are rightly accounted Prophets, God-possessed, or even gods, as in some periods it has chanced. Sitting in his stall, working on tanned hides, amid pincers, paste-horns, rosin, swine-bristles, and other nameless flood of rubbish, this youth had nevertheless a living spirit belonging to him; also an antique inspired volume, through which, as through a window, it could look upwards, and discern its celestial home. The task of a daily pair of shoes, coupled even with some prospect of victuals, and an honorable mastership of cordwainery, as the crown of long faithful serving,—was nowise satisfaction enough to such a mind; but ever amid the boring and hammering, came tones from that far country, came splendours and terrors; for this poor cordwainer, as we have said, was a man; and the temple of immensity, wherein as a man, he had been sent to minister, was full of holy mystery to him.

"Let some living Angelo or Rosa, with seeing eye and understanding heart, picture George Fox on that morning when he spreads out his cutting board, for the last time, and cuts cow-hides by unwonted patterns, and stitches them together into one continuous, all-including case, the farewell service of his awl. Stitch away, thou noble Fox; every prick of that little instrument is pricking into the heart of slavery and world-worship and Mammon-God. Thy elbows jerk, as in strong swimmer strokes, and every stroke is bearing thee across the prison-ditch within which vanity holds her work-house and rag-fair, into lands of true liberty; were the work done, there is in broad Europe one free man and thou art he!"

The season of George Fox's spiritual apprenticeship lasted between three and four years. During this period he wandered

from place to place, restless, torn by sore conflicts of spirit, often down in the depths of despondency, but at times experiencing glimpses of spiritual joy. Bible in hand, this strange figure is seen by the startled peasants as they go about their field-work, sitting in hollow trees and lonely spots, poring over the sacred volume; or he is met at times, during the still hours of night, walking in silent meditation, and gazing up at the starry scriptures of the skies. If our sympathies go out towards Luther, during his agonizing struggles in his convent, or Loyola in his princely castle, shall we scorn or despise the yearnings of George Fox for the true light. The restless pilgrim, seeking rest but finding none, turned his steps toward London, and in his uncouth garb, plunged in among the throngs of men. But here he found all unrest and confusion. The Long Parliament was in session, debating war-measures against King Charles, and the Westminster Assembly of Divines were sitting, and, as they supposed, settling for all time the creed of the English nation. Neither of them had any time to bestow on the wandering, eager-hearted, hollow-eyed pilgrim, nor could they, with all their wisdom, have helped him, if so disposed. Soon he turned his back on the great Babel, and returned to Leicestershire, back to his Bible and his lonely meditations. Through long days and nights of silent agony he struggled to be free, and at length his spirit began to emerge towards the light of heaven. The crisis of his life had arrived, and his heart leaped up for joy. We must let him tell the result in his own words. "One day," he writes in his journal, "when I had been walking solitarily abroad, and was come home, I was taken up in the love of God, so that I could not but admire the greatness of His love; and while I was in that condition, it was opened unto me, by the Eternal Light and Power, and therein I clearly saw that all was done and to be done in and by Christ, and how he conquers and destroys this tempter, the Devil, and all his works, and is atop of him, and that all these troubles were good for me, and temptations for the trial of my faith." Now at last, his feet were upon the solid rock. He had passed through the "Fire-Baptism" and was ready for his mission. This Leicestershire shoemaker now goes out over broad England, with a message for the souls of men. He could say with Amos, "I was no prophet, nor the son of a prophet. I was an herdsman, and the Lord took me and bade me go and prophesy." And this was, in

clearer or cloudier form, the burden of his prophesy,—that it is not the priest or the book that can save the soul, but only the Spirit, that Divine Word within, “which is the true light that enlighteneth every man that cometh into the world.”

In the year 1647, being twenty-three years of age, George Fox began to preach, at first in brief disjointed addresses, consisting of but a few weighty expressions, adapted to the state of his hearers; but though rude and unlettered, his eloquence is persuasive, as he calls men from forms and shadows, to the divine life and light in their own hearts. His longing is to impart to others his own discovery of the spirituality of true religion—to teach them that “only through the testimony of the Eternal Spirit, manifested in the heart and conscience, can the knowledge of the true God be revealed to man.” In the strength of this great reality he goes forth; plunges into the haunts of vice; rebukes noted transgressors; harangues the crowds on market days and holidays; and with a lofty consciousness of being under the immediate eye of Heaven, he fearlessly delivers his message. For forty years, he and his followers, under terrible persecutions, presented one of the most unsullied pictures of Christian resignation under suffering that the world had yet witnessed, ultimately triumphing by the might of passive resistance, “wearying out persecution,” and helping other good and true men to purchase for England the priceless jewel of religious liberty.

The year 1647, when George Fox went out on his peaceful mission, was a stirring time in England. The civil war had just closed, and King Charles I. was a prisoner in Hampton Court. In little more than a year after, he laid his head upon the block with a calmness and dignity that redeemed many of the errors of his unhappy reign. It was the chaotic period of England's history, yet also a creative epoch,—the birth-hour of the nation's greatness. Armed liberty stood victorious over prostrate tyranny. The great heart of the nation was throbbing with mighty impulses. The great principle of the sovereignty of the people, in opposition to the “divine right of kings to do wrong,” was leavening all minds. Liberty of conscience, though yet but partially recognized, was making way. The old foundations were broken up, and as yet all was confusion. In almost every village in England, the hearts of men were swelling with passions; and Anabaptists, Independents, Presbyterians, Churchmen and Catholics were in hot conten-

tion. It was a seething moral maelstrom in which George Fox found himself involved in this year 1647. At such a time of universal excitement, and overturning of all things in Church and State, extravagancies and wild monstrosities of all kinds were to be expected. It would be vain to look for the dignities and proprieties of quiet, well-ordered times. We must make allowance for some of the uncouth developments of Quakerism, when we remember the disturbed period in which it arose.

George Fox was no mere doctrinal declaimer, but a preacher of practical righteousness, exhorting the people, in all places of public resort, to justice, veracity and temperance. Moreover, he felt himself restrained from giving to any, whether high or low, rich or poor, those tokens of reverence, which having, in his view, originated in human vanity and pride, were calculated to nourish the same pernicious passions. He could not put off the hat, or bow, or use vain compliments to any; and when addressing a single person, he used the singular pronoun "thou" or "thee." We must remember that it was a period of show and formalism, in which "clothes-worship" was fearfully prevalent, and servility of the basest kind abounded; and in this energetic fashion, with undoffed hat, in the presence of all dignitaries and authorities, and his simple "thee" and "thou," did this first of the Quakers strive to go back to truth and simplicity of speech and manner. Yet we can now see that this was but rushing from one extreme to its opposite; and that in the very effort to get rid of forms, the Quaker became himself one of the most noted formalists. Still, in this age, some sturdy and striking protest was needed against shows and forms—something to lead men back to reality—something to assert the simple dignity of man, as man. The weakness of the principle lay in elevating too highly what was merely a non-essential. By stubborn adherence to his "thee" and "thou," and stern retention of his undoffed hat, Fox brought down on himself much opprobrium and scorn, and needlessly provoked opposition; but let us do honor to his unflinching adherence to the dictates of his own conscience, amid abuse, insult and persecution.

The truth is, great thoughts were fermenting in his mind, of which he knew not the origin. To himself he was a mystery, like Cromwell and so many others who have largely influenced the world. He only knew that he was a special instrument of Providence to give expression to intuitive, irresistible truths. His

enthusiasm, therefore, was irrepressible. They cast him into loathsome prisons, and shut him in with the vilest felons for company; but the moment he was released he undauntedly renewed his labours. They put him in the stocks for a vile rabble to hoot and pelt; they beat him and proclaimed him mad; but he only listened to the voice within, and bore his sufferings without even a murmur. So much earnestness and simple piety could not appeal in vain to a generation that were looking and longing for light. Simple hearts received his message, as the thirsty land the refreshing shower. Little bands of followers attached themselves to him, as he travelled about, looking up to him as their spiritual guide, sharing in his sacred enthusiasm, and revering him as the man who had called them out of darkness to the true light. Soon his fame began to spread all over the midland and northern counties of England, and crowds gathered to hear him wherever he went. His naturally vigorous understanding soon acquired, by practice, force and precision in argument; and in the public discussions in which he was forced often to engage, his opponents were worsted and silenced. Speedily it is seen that a man of power and natural genius, with a sacred enthusiasm lighting up his soul, is abroad in England. Many true hearts, which had been long thirsting in a dry and parched land, eagerly received his message. Hypocrites, hirelings, impostors of all kinds, began to tremble when, in town or village, it began to be whispered, "the man in leather has come."

To us it appears a strange and unjustifiable proceeding, on the part of George Fox and some of his followers, to speak occasionally in churches built for the service of the English Establishment, even, at times, to interrupt the service. Many writers have, on this ground, condemned them as crack-brained fanatics, and argued that the punishment they thus brought down upon themselves, was justly merited. Were such interruptions of divine service to occur in our own days, in the churches, the disturbers would be promptly expelled and subjected to legal penalties. But we must beware of judging the actions of a former generation by modern standards. In point of fact, the early Quakers, when speaking in the churches, were doing nothing uncommon—nothing that was forbidden by ordinary practice. Even the seemingly irreverent name "steeple-houses" was no invention of the Quakers—it was a term then in common use to designate churches.

These buildings were the property of the nation; and the whole population had a right, and indeed were required by law to attend them. Prior to the downfall of the English Church, her clergy alone had a legal right to officiate in them as ministers. But the Solemn League and Covenant adopted by Parliament in 1643, subverted the Episcopal hierarchy: and thus, in the greater part of the kingdom, the people were left free to choose their own religious teachers and forms of worship. The pulpits were no longer reserved for the priesthood; laymen claiming a divine call were admitted to them; and not unfrequently the officers of the parliamentary army, after exhorting their soldiers in the camp, entered the "steeple-house," as without irreverence it was called, and assumed the functions of the ministry. These facts, then, show that the primitive Quakers, who occasionally spoke in the national places of worship, did no more than other dissenters were accustomed to do, after the subversion of the Anglican Church, and until its re-establishment under Charles II. George Fox's preaching was often welcomed by the people, and even the clergy, at times, invited him to occupy their pulpits. Rarely or ever did he interrupt ministers while preaching. He waited till they had done, and then boldly declared his doctrine.

This course of procedure, however, in many instances awoke the vengeance of the worthless and dissolute, and brought down upon Fox stripes and imprisonments. During the latter part of 1650, and the beginning of 1651, he was confined in Derby jail, and spent, in all, nearly a year there, in association with the vilest criminals. As in every similar case, persecution promoted the cause it was intended to extinguish; and Quakers multiplied so rapidly as to form a pretty numerous fraternity.

The question arises, how it came to pass that under the Protectorate of Oliver Cromwell, the great champion of civil and religious liberty, the Quakers suffered such severe persecutions and frequent imprisonments and fines? Nothing could be more enlightened and statesman-like than the views of Cromwell regarding universal toleration for all sects. Addressing his Parliament he said: "If the poorest christian, the most mistaken christian, shall desire to live peaceably and quietly under you, let him be protected." No more comprehensive expression of religious freedom has ever been enunciated. In truth, no man has done so much for the cause of liberty of conscience as the great-hearted

Protector of the English Commonwealth. Why then, we ask, did not he who excluded no christians from his paternal regards, however much their forms differed from those which he preferred, protect the followers of Fox, the most inoffensive and orderly of all religionists? It is unquestionably true that the sufferings inflicted on the Quakers, during the time Cromwell was in power, were very great. At one time there were not less than a thousand "Friends" shut up in the loathsome prisons of those days. Their peaceable meetings were often interrupted with brutal violence; and they were dragged before magistrates and committed to prison for no other offence than worshipping God according to the dictates of their consciences. Churchmen and Puritans were alike fierce against the mild disciples of the "inner light." It must be recorded to their shame, that the Puritans, who had themselves been struggling against tyranny, on behalf of religious freedom, were guilty of persecuting these gentle enthusiasts, whose morals were so rigid and whose manners were so simple. Nay more—the very men who fled from persecution to the savage shores of New England, far exceeded the English Puritans in severity towards the Quakers. On Boston Common, now a gay fashionable promenade, four poor Quaker women, perished by the hands of the common hangman, their only offence consisting in being Quakers and refusing to adjure their convictions,—so dimly and imperfectly were men able to apprehend the great principle of liberty of conscience when emerging from the darkness of the days of persecution. So far, however, as Oliver Cromwell was concerned, he treated the Quakers with all gentleness and charity, and it is impossible to connect his name with any of the brutalities from which they suffered. But we must remember the difficulties of his position, the enormous burden of cares he had to sustain, and the impossibility of extending his vigilance to every corner of the Kingdom, so as to repress the bigoted intolerance then so prevalent. For George Fox himself the Protector had a warm regard and much sympathy; and when the wrongs of the sect were brought under his notice he promptly redressed them. But the ignorant and narrow-minded among the Puritans looked upon the Quakers as dangerous fanatics, and their doctrines as little short of infidelity.

Oliver Cromwell and George Fox had more than one interview. It was in the year 1654 that these two remarkable men first looked

each other in the face. In the course of his travels it so happened that Fox was seized by some of Cromwell's troopers, and brought before Colonel Hacket, their commander. Rumors of a plot against the Protector's life were then rife; and this rough soldier, not being able to make much of Fox or his teachings, or to induce him to give up holding meetings, sent him up to Cromwell in London, in custody of one of his officers. George managed to convey a letter to the Protector, setting forth his views, of which Cromwell then knew little, and protesting his innocence of the charges made against him. On receipt of this letter, the Lord Protector sent for Fox, and in his residence at Whitehall the interview took place. It was early morning as yet at Whitehall, and the Protector had not finished dressing, when he was informed that George Fox was in waiting. The hero of Marston Moor was not a man given to much ceremony, and immediately the Quaker was admitted. A tall, stout figure, hat undoffed, stood before the soldier-statesman, the keen gray eyes calmly searching the massive countenance of the Protector. The costume of George has somewhat improved since he first set out on his mission. He now wore "a plain gray coat with alchey buttons," but his nether garments were still of leather. There was a momentary pause while a mutual survey was taken; and then the Quaker was moved to utter the beautiful salutation, "peace be in this house." "Thank you, George," was the mild and courteous reply of the Protector. Nothing disturbed by the presence of the great Lord Protector, George at once proceeded to "improve the occasion." "I am come," he said, "to exhort thee to keep in the fear of God, that thou mayest receive wisdom from Him, and by it be ordered, and with it mayest order all things, under thy hand, to God's glory.—Amen." Even in the presence of the great Captain, George did not hesitate to utter his message. Cromwell listened attentively, eagerly, and soon felt a strange sympathy drawing him to George, as to one who was in some respects a kindred spirit. As the Lord Protector was finishing his morning toilet, George continued to discourse with much freedom on great topics. He spoke of God and His apostles of the old time, and of His ministers of the new; of death and the unfathomable universe, and the light from above; while Oliver, his dressing now finished, listened, and exclaimed again and again, "that is very good, that is true." Once only did Cromwell ask an explanation. "How comes it you

quarrel with the priests so much?" Complaints of some scenes in the "steeple-houses" had recently reached his ears. "I quarrel not with them," was the rejoinder, "they quarrel with me and my friends." Thus the discourse proceeded till other callers began to throng the reception-room, and George saw it was time to retire. Going out, the Protector seized the Quaker's hand, and with eyes filled with beautiful sympathetic tears, said, "come again to my house, for if thou and I were but an hour a day together we should be nearer one to the other. I wish thee no more ill than I do to my own soul." Soon after a message reached him from the Lord Protector, to the effect that he "was at liberty, and might go whither he would." Thus George went out into the streets of London, unmolested, and proclaimed his doctrines. Great crowds assembled to hear him; or as he described it in his Journal, "he held many great and powerful meetings and had numerous convictions." His labors in the metropolis gave a great impetus to the cause.

No inconsiderable band of disciples had now gathered around the earnest preacher. Some of these were men and women of considerable gifts and attainments; and these, in their turn, became apostles of the new faith, and by their fervent addresses and ceaseless labors, spread it farther and wider. We must remember that Quakerism differed from all other sects in employing the public ministry of women, who felt themselves moved to preach, and some of the most fervid and efficient propagators of the Friends' doctrines were women. Among the most noted of Fox's early converts were Francis Howgill, John Camin, John Audland and Ann, his wife—all of whom became ministers in the Society of Friends. Howgill was a man of considerable abilities and some education, who labored much in preaching, and wrote several books in defence of his principles. Being imprisoned in Appleby for refusing to take an oath, he lay in jail five years, and was then released by death. Audland also suffered much, and was frequently imprisoned and beaten for his religious testimony; and at length, worn out by toils and persecutions, he passed to his reward. William Dewsbury was another of these early disciples and martyrs, and was noted as a powerful preacher. He was a prisoner for nineteen years in Warwick Castle for his religious principles. No wonder that Quakerism made way when such a fire was burning in the bosom of its apostles. Edward Burrough

is another of the canonized saints of Quakerism. He was a young man of bright talents and excellent education; first an Episcopalian, then a Presbyterian, and finally a follower of George Fox, venerated by all Friends for his courage, unwearied labors and meekness in suffering. Nor must we omit the name of the sainted Margaret Fell, wife of Judge Fell, Vice-Chancellor of the county of Lancashire. Her husband was a man of high standing, whose residence was named Swarthmore, near Ulverston. He never openly avowed the doctrines of the Friends, but was well affected towards them; protected them when persecuted, and hospitably entertained them at his house. His wife became one of Fox's most fervid followers; and Swarthmore was for years the headquarters of the Friends in Lancashire. Eleven years after the death of her husband, Margaret Fell married George Fox, she being then fifty-five years of age and he forty-five. She was, till her death, an admired and venerated minister among the Quakers.

Another paper on the closing years of Fox's labors, and the distinctive peculiarities of Quakerism, will complete this slight sketch.

A HOLIDAY BALLAD.

BY MARY BARRY.

I.

Back to days of Thor and Woden,
 He may journey who is fain,
 He may list the voice of Odin,
 Shouting o'er his thousands slain;
 On the eight-legg'd steed which bare him,
 He may dash thro' flood and fire,
 (Never once did Odin spare him,
 Never once did Sleipner tire;)
 In Valhalla's ghastly palace,
 Where the heroes drink from skulls,
 He may quaff from such grim chalice,
 Mead that gentlest maiden mulls!

II.

But, in sooth, he need not wrong us
With his tale of old romance,
For there hath been one among us,
For whose sake we'd break a lance
With the boldest, doughtiest knight,
Who, on field of mythic story,
Should be moved, in armour dight,
To uphold his hero's glory!

III.

Whence he came or whither went he,
None the secret may disclose,
Of his lineage and descent, he
Hinted not to friends or foes;
Like "the Nornies" did he seem
Celebrate in Northern fable,
When he waked us with his team,
Rattling over roof and gable.

IV.

Did ye see him? Did ye hear him
Scrambling down the chimney flue?
Did ye know him? Did ye fear him?
Did the children see him too?
Ah, the children! They were sleeping,
And this wondrous sight they missed,
But, within their eyelids peeping,
Each round, rosy cheek he kissed;
And he cramm'd each little stocking
Just as full as full could be,
Then, with ne'er a door unlocking,
Up the chimney vanished he!

V.

All in bells and bugles tinkling,
Whip in hand and team full laden,
Half it seems he had an inkling,
Of the wish of boy and maiden;

✓ Half it seems he strove to gladden
 Older, steadier folk than they;
 Not the lamp of famed Aladdin
 Richer treasures could display!
 Half it seems he sought the glory
 Of the saints who burdens lift,
 Half it seems he knew the story
 Of the world's Great Christmas Gift!

VI.

Half it seems—but then remember
 He was such an elfish sprite,
 And he came in bleak December,
 And he came at dead of night,
 And he came with hood and tassel,
 And he brake our country's laws,
 Each man's house is each man's castle,
 But none challenged him for cause,
 For he came as Love's own vassal,
 And his name was Santa Claus!

Saint John, N. B.

AN APRIL FOOL.

BY BERTHA L. SAXONY.

"MY child," said Miss Carrie George to her chum, Miss Josephine Barry, "my child, are you aware that St. Valentine draweth near, bearing in his hands gracious permission for aspiring women to seize upon unfortunate youths, and lead them, victims to St. Valentine, to the matrimonial altar?"

'Let us not slip the occasion, whether scorn
 Or satiate fury yield it from our foe.'

Joseph, let us propose. Otherwise, my child, in these days of seven women to one man, we shall be left ungathered roses, and never know the sweet felicity of doing up fine shirts, or hearing a beloved husband say, in deep, melodious bass, 'My dear, my mother never had sour bread.' Any skeptical remarks that you make as

to the beauty and correctness of my last metaphor will be entirely disregarded. Speak!"

"Catherine," gravely responded Josephine, "your pathetic words fall on an icy heart. I scorn men. St. Valentine is nothing to me. I propose to a man! I marry a man! No, nor fifty men! Could you thus deliberately propose to me to take to myself that which I abhor, a man! No, Catherine, forever, no!"

"Now, Joe, you're mean. We might have some capital fun, and I'm just dying for a lark of some kind. Oh, do let us do something!"

"Catherine, if it is fun you want you shall have it. Listen to me while I unfold to your astonished ears a plan which will fill your heart with delight, and which, if successful, will render this the most glorious year of our lives. You know, my dear, that Pa and Ma are spending the winter in Bermuda, and have, as you see, deserted their unfortunate child, and left her a prey to man, or whatever else may befall. Now what punishment do these same parents deserve but that their neglected child should, in turn, neglect them, or at the very least rend their hearts by making them believe that such is her intention. By a slight exertion of your intellect you will perceive that the first of April will probably be here in about two months. That first of April shall find my parents meditating seriously and sorrowfully over a proposal for their daughter's hand in marriage; said proposal to come from a young man of gorgeous appearance, elevated station, remarkable morals, profound mind, and name yet to be invented. That letter of proposal, Catherine, is to be written by you, a just punishment for your clerkly and unfeminine handwriting.

"In the meantime I will prepare my maternal relative by sundry pathetic hints that her child's affections have been sought and won. The last week in March will, if the steamer runs right, carry your letter to my mother's hands; and, if I know anything about her, she will sit down instantly to bewail her prospective daughterless condition, indulge in a few tears, then get wrathful and go to grandma's, and aunt Sue's, and aunt Margaret's, and everywhere else, to see what they all think about it. That will take time, and then, you see, the answer will not be written till the very last minute, which will be April first, as the steamer sails on the morning of the second."

"But, Joe," interrupted Carrie, "they'll be awfully angry if they find it out!"

"My dear, it is evident that the resources of my powerful mind are yet unknown to you. Let me show you some of its workings. Of course they will be angry. There would be no fun in it if they were not. If Ma likes to amuse herself by keeping angry, I'm willing that she should indulge in that little recreation. Pa will be a little more difficult to manage. He is, you know, generally pleased to consider himself very dignified, and nothing would give him more pleasure than an opportunity to air his pet attributes of sternness and severity. But, dear me, I wouldn't do anything to vex him for the world. I wouldn't play a trick on him; how could I! But if he likes to play a trick on himself, how can I help it? Then, if he puts on airs, I can calmly remind him that he got into the scrape himself. Oh, how beautifully he'll put his foot in it! Your proposal is to be written to my *mother*, explaining your extraordinary conduct by stating that it is my wish, and deploring your awkward position in being forced by a small tyrant to exhibit yourself to your future father-in-law, in a position which must, of course, render you offensive to him. Your action is not from want of respect; far be it from you. You have the warmest love, respect, admiration, etc., etc., and you deeply regret being placed in such a dilemma. Of course, Pa will be dreadfully incensed with us both, and we might reasonably expect, not a consent and blessing, but a severe reproof. But, as he knows that I always do precisely as I please, he will have to swallow his rage and grant—unasked, mind you—an unwilling benediction, accompanied by very cutting remarks on duty in general. I know very well he will write the letter to you, and there, you see, how delightfully he'll put his foot in it. Now, Catherine, to the table, and let us propose."

To the table the two young misses went, and set their wicked brains to concoct the letter of proposal. And that letter was a triumph. It set forth in the most glowing terms the love that the writer bore for Miss Barry; it pleaded earnestly for the parental benediction; it deplored the unseemliness of writing only to mamma; it made a modest statement on social and financial points; in short, it said everything that could and should be said on such an occasion, and bore the signature Arthur L. Graham.

When it was completed the girls subsided, shrieking, under the table, and it was some time before they were sufficiently recovered for Catherine to copy the letter, and for Josephine to say her little say to mamma, in which she remarked: "In regard to the enclosed arrangement you can say what you like; you know it won't make any difference, and so long as the creature is pleased to imagine I'm going to marry him (just think of me marrying), it would be just as well for you to say yes, and then he'll be quiet. I must say, though, he's a perfect beauty, and (for a man) good, and then he's handy to have round. His name is Arthur Longford Graham, and he's a banker's son: lots of money. I'll send his likeness soon." The dating of this pious epistle, and the filling up of the first page, were prudently left till the middle of March, when all was finished, and the letters sent.

Mr. and Mrs. Barry were sitting at tea when the thunderbolt fell. The letters were brought in.

"Why, Sallie," remarked Mr. Barry, "that letter is directed in a strange hand; hope nothing has happened to Joe."

"No," replied M. B., "here's a letter from her in it, and one in the same handwriting as the direction."

"Well, well, wife; hurry and read Joe's, and let me hear the news. Is she well?"

"Yes, she's well; but what is this she's saying about getting married! Well, I declare, this (holding up Carrie's note) is a letter of proposal, and it's addressed to *me*. Is the man crazy?"

Papa Barry, now pretty well excited, hopped round the table to read the letter over Ma's shoulder, and, we grieve to say, the perusal thereof made him thoroughly angry.

"That is Joe's work," he said; "the minx is getting altogether too saucy. It—it's a piece of impertinence!" and papa sputtered manfully. "The man must be a weak fool to yield to her in this insane style. I—I'll not answer it at all."

Mamma repressed a smile as she mentally remarked that he had not been asked to do so, but, like a wise woman as she was, she ignored that point; soothed Pa's wrath; reminded him how implicitly he obeyed her before they were married (but, alas, not since); inveighed against Joe's saucy ways; and finally brought him to a calmer frame of mind, though he still sputtered a little, but like a candle in going out, and mamma knew that sputter.

Peace gained, a long consultation followed. The letters were

read and re-read. But mamma felt that it was a solemn point, and one that could not be settled without a more through ventilation of the subject than she and papa could arrange, though both well gifted with conversational abilities. True to Joe's prophecy, she started the next day, and the next, and the next to confab with her many relatives, anxiously asking advice, to which, when given, she paid not the slightest attention. So time flew by, and the first day of April came. Matters must be settled some way, for letters must be mailed that evening.

"Well, well, Sallie, what's going to be done," said papa.

"I'm sure, Pa, I don't know, but it must be settled one way or the other. If Joe was'n't such a wilful child I would just refuse my consent, for I must say there is something queer about it. But, you know, that would just set her on marrying. You know how crooked she is. Anyway, if she's really in earnest—and one can never tell, for that foolish way of talking she has—it would only make things disagreeable to refuse, and after all, it seems to be a very good match for her."

"Well, Sallie, you had better write at once, and tell the minx she can get married when she likes—I'm not asked about it, you know."

"But, Pa, it would'n't do at all for me to write to the young man, and really I can't see that he is so much to blame. Evidently it is'n't his fault. He apologizes, and seems to feel very badly about it. And they're both young snaps, anyway, and it's as well to be easy with them. Come, Pa, write to him, and I'll write to her, and I'll give her a piece of my mind I promise you."

Cheered by this amiable and much-meaning promise, and loth to give up too easily his assaulted dignity, down sat the unsuspecting papa, regretted to Mr. Graham that his sense of parental duty forced him to arrogate a position which evidently was not considered his right; suggested the propriety of every man acting from his own convictions, and the universally conceded law of right, scorning subjection to a woman's whims; remarked that the match appeared suitable so far as means and position went; hoped that acquaintance, which he hoped soon to make, would serve to confirm and deepen the impressions (favorable) which his manly letter, and Miss Barry's encomiums, appeared to justify him in holding; trusted that he would prove in every way worthy of Miss Barry's hand; and reproachfully gave his consent and bless-

ing. This epistle was signed by the equally unsuspecting mamma and despatched before evening.

After tea, a neighbor brought word that a Mrs. Sterling, from Liverpool, had arrived by the last steamer, and was staying at the Grand Hotel. Did Mrs. Barry know her? Yes, Mrs. Barry knew her very well indeed, and would call upon her immediately, hoping to gain some information respecting Joe's lover.

Accordingly, the next morning found the anxious mamma at the Grand Hotel, earnestly interviewing Mrs. Sterling on the distressing subject, only to learn, alas! that that lady knew nothing of the affair at all (and she was a famous gossip, too); hadn't heard the name Graham in town (the Liverpool people always call their little village a town); had seen Josephine frequently of late, but unaccompanied by any strange gentleman; in fact, it was altogether inexplicable, and Mrs. Sterling felt quite aggrieved to think that a match should be made under her very eyes, as it seemed, and yet without her knowledge and supervision.

Now, while this airing of Joe's affairs was going on inside, there sat on the balcony outside, in a chair comfortably tipped back near the open window, a young man, who, of course, heard every word of the conversation. At first he appeared startled, then interested, finally edified. When Mrs. Barry retired (discomfited) homewards, this eaves-dropping character followed her at a respectful distance, marked her residence, then took the passing coach for Walsingham Caves, there to enjoy the rest of the lovely morning, and to meditate on what he had heard.

Arrived at this beautiful and romantic spot, this young person should, properly, have thrown himself on the smooth turf beneath Moore's calabash tree, gazed rapturously around him, and quoted copiously from the fickle poet who felt and expressed more admiration for the Queen of Beauty of the Somers' Isles than his "gentle Bessie" could possibly have approved. But our hero did no such thing. He carefully selected a dry and shady seat, calmly lighted a cigar, and said, "By George!" This exclamation was the result of the last half-hour's meditation, and seemed to be highly satisfactory, for, after a minute, he said, with still greater expression, "Well, by George!" He then proceeded to soliloquize: "Well, if this isn't a queer dodge! I'm blest and happy if I know what to make of it. I'm not engaged, not much! And here's a young woman writing to her mother that she's engaged to me;

describes me as a banker's son, and clinches the matter by declaring I'm lovely and good. Wonder if she's lovely. Old lady looks pretty fair. Wouldn't I like to see this 'fellow that looks like me,' and has hooked my name and occupation (!) and wouldn't I punch him. Too bad! Had my mind all made up to be married at a moment's notice, and now I'm sold. Great mind to marry her after all; wonder how 'twould do to interview her; might make things pretty lively. Must pump old lady at hotel—she'll never suspect me; must be ingenuous and confiding. Get her talking this evening—try to see her photograph album some time—like to see Joe."

Bearing in mind these pious resolutions, Mr. Graham made himself particularly agreeable to Mrs. Sterling that evening, and by his polite attentions, and agreeable conversation, quite won that lady's heart. She fell into the trap; she responded to the civilities of this guileless youth, and learning that he was wealthy, travelling for pleasure, and felt Bermuda rather a bore, resolved to take him under her wing. In that downy refuge he learned much about Joseph. In time the album was produced. Coming to Joe's picture, Mr. Graham remarked "What a lovely girl!" (and he thought it too) "May I ask her name, Mrs. Sterling?" His satisfaction on learning that it was his affianced knew no bounds.

"Very lovely face; seems to me I've seen it before, or one very much like it."

"No, you cannot have seen Joe; you may possibly have seen her mother; she is in Bermuda now, and her daughter is very much like her."

"That's just it; pretty old lady; saw her in church last Sunday (under his breath, 'she doesn't know I was't there'); sweet countenance, very much like her daughter. I suppose Miss Barry will be home soon."

"Oh, they don't live here, only visiting. They expect to return to Nova Scotia in a month or two. Their home is in Liverpool, and Josephine is keeping house for them till they return. It is likely that she will be married this summer, and, do you know, to one of your name, even your initials (she had interviewed the hotel register for that point). May I ask if you are named Arthur Longford, Mr. Graham?"

"No, ma'am, Alfred Layton (it's her fault, that lie, she had no business to ask me). I wish very much I were the happy man.

Such a lovely face, I never saw a sweeter even in Italy (she don't know I haven't been there.) I should say, judging from her expression, that she is as good as she is pretty."

"Yes, she's a dear good girl, but dreadfully saucy and mischievous. And she has such a queer way of saying things, you never can tell whether she is in earnest or not. Do you know, her mother is quite uncertain as to whether Joe really intends being married. She won't say anything satisfactory."

"She must be a funny little case. (By George, suppose she's only larking with her mother. I might have a chance after all. Looks very suspicious. Mrs. Sterling never heard of the fellow, and the letter was written to her mother. Queer! And I'm blest if it didn't all happen about the first of April, do believe it's an April fool. Declare I'll go down there and see, anyway.")

So the middle of April found Arthur starting for Liverpool in search of a wife, *but he told Mrs. Sterling he was going to New York.*

Arrived in Liverpool, his first business was to make himself particularly fascinating, with a view to entering society, and in this he was successful. Invitations poured in, and by the end of May he knew most of the girls in town, but not Josephine. By some strange chance these two missed each other till the beginning of June, when they both found themselves at a large croquet party at Mrs. Saint's, Josephine all unconscious, Arthur all alive. The games had begun when he arrived, an arrangement which suited his little game very nicely, as it gave him an opportunity to saunter round from one group to another trying to identify his affinity.

Presently he saw a face that answered to the image in his heart. The saucy, smiling mouth, the dark, mischievous eyes, the curling hair were there, but—alas, the morals, of which he had hoped so much! He saw this young lady deliberately, and in sight of all the people, croquet a ball that she had *not* struck. "Why, Joe," shrieked a small and wrathful opponent, "you never hit that ball!" "Well," was the calm reply, "I never said I did, I only played to see if you would notice it."

"I must say that's an original style of playing," remarked another.

"Yes," replied Joe, "that's original sin."

"That may be very brilliant Joe, but I confess I can't see the point."

"My dear, your mathematical attainments are evidently limited. Do you expect to see a point? Allow me to refer you to Chambers' Elements of Plane Geometry, first definition."

These little impertinences charmed Arthur far more than any display of mere commonplace virtue could have done, and, having sighted his prey, he found it convenient to join in the next game.

Now a croquet-ground is the best place in the world for making friends—and enemies. There is no hatred so deadly as that which a good player feels for a blunderer on his own side; to brain the offender with a mallet is then the most desirable thing in the world, but it cannot be done, and one has to stand and see the game spoiled, while the destroyer makes ineffectual hits with a simpering air, and then remarks "Perhaps I'll do better next time!" And everybody has to look amiable. Oh, the agonies of a croquet-ground! life holds nothing half so bitter.

But there are sweets there also. To see a bad player on your enemy's side, oh, it's delightful! You see your leading enemy grind his teeth, and grasp his mallet with a murderous grasp; you see his eyes roll up in wrath and despair when his balls are knocked by the destroyer just where you can get them; you see his face first a chaos, and then a blank of feeling, and then, *you can play*. Oh, it's sweet!

Now Joseph was an excellent player, and was quite prepared to hate Arthur should he play badly. But he did not. He conducted himself with courage and discretion, and their side soon took the lead. This made each esteem the other. They discussed in confidential tones the vengeance they would wreak on the enemy's balls when a chance should come; they planned brilliant hits for themselves; they held cozy indignation meetings when the enemy cheated, and in consequence, by tea-time they were fast friends. Arthur was more charmed than even he expected to be; in short, he was in love, a fact that he could not conceal from himself when he left Joseph at her father's gate that night.

Joseph retired to her bedroom with a thoughtful air. She unrolled her shining hair without looking in the glass; she arrayed herself for bed, she sat down on the floor, and hugged her knees, and gazed meditatively on her pink toes. But between her eyes and her toes there floated a frank, brown-eyed face, and there danced through her small mind the name Arthur Graham, Arthur Graham.

"Queer," she mused, "here's a Mr. Arthur Graham, and he likes me. Wonder if his name is Arthur Longford Graham. Wonder who'd be an April fool then! Suppose," but here the maiden blushed, said "Bah!" and retired precipitately to bed.

Arthur, on reaching his bedroom, said, "by George." After a pause, "isn't she a darling. Wonder if she is engaged, though. No Graham fellow here. I must find out." And her brother told him she was not engaged.

Chance and inclination (and it is curious how persistently chance sometimes attends inclination) brought these double-dealing young persons together very frequently, and, sad to relate, Josephine the invincible, the man-hater, was conquered, she was in love.

One moonlight evening in July found the young couple walking together in Mr. Barry's front garden. The air was delightful, as Joseph remarked.

"Charming," said Arthur, "and, do you know, this evening reminds me of a Bermuda evening, something so soft and sweet in the air."

"Bermuda!" (voice high and startled,) "have you been there?"

"Oh yes, was there last spring, saw your mother there."

"Saw my mother!" (voice higher and more startled.)

"Yes," (solemnly,) "I saw her on the first day of April. I think she'll make a lovely mother-in-law."

Joe gurgled, "mother-in-law."

"Yes, my dear, that's what she'll be, isn't it? Only I think you might have let me know what they said before this, and they'll be home next week."

Joe deposited herself on the door-step, horrified. "Why," she gasped, "what do you mean? Has that wretched Carrie—"

"No, my dear, but surely you remember you sent my proposal in March last, and—oh! Joseph, I've caught you!" With that, he seized the frightened maiden, actually kissed her, and then was heard a duet of exclamations from that hitherto quiet garden. Just then Carrie arrived on the scene, and now we hear a trio, Carrie cackling from pure sympathy.

"Oh," wailed Joe, "let us go in, this is shameful."

"What is it, Joe," asked Carrie, "do tell me, or I shall die, Oh! oh! oh!"

"Oh! Carrie. He, (pointing to Arthur,) he's Arthur L. Graham, and he knows all about it, and I'm sold! Oh-h-h!"

As a result of that sell, on April 1st, 1873, there stood before a solemn-faced clergyman two young persons, who, after a few remarks by the reverend gentleman, were made one—April Fool!

THE LIFE-SONG.

IN realms of golden, glorious day
 A poet breathed a long, long lay,
 And slowly, sadly sang his life away.
 A strange, strange life the bard's may seem,
 Which, now a passion, now a dream,
 Changes with changing skies, flows with the stream.
 He worshipped oft, on bended knees,
 A God, the Spirit of the breeze,
 The centre, worker of infinities.
 At rosy dawn and vesper hour,
 He lay in Nature's careless bower,
 And drank the purple year's peculiar power.
 'Twas Autumn, and the close of day,
 When strangely calm the poet lay,
 And life, the passion, softly stole away.
 His mourning friends their love expressed,
 By spreading daisies on his breast,
 And gently gave him to his long, long rest.

HARRY HALIFAX.

RECRUITING.

*Principiis obsta, sero medicina paratur
 Cum malo per longas invaluerit moras.*

Meet the danger at its approach, the remedy comes too late when the malady has been permitted to gain vigor by long delay.

I.

IT is doubtless the desire of every Englishman that our army, however constituted, should be thoroughly efficient, that we should get the best possible recruits; and it is equally desirable that our Reserves should be of such a character as to be reliable in the case of a national emergency. At the hour of danger our

hastily improvised levies will, as of old, gather round the flag which has been so long the symbol of victory. They will rise in defence of that which bears the sacred name of country; but however much we may rely upon glorious tradition, we cannot be blind to the finger of "Armed Science" pointing to insufficient preparations and want of discipline as the harbingers of defeat. The recent great improvements in modern arms suggest the idea that as the facilities of destruction increase so the number of men required as combatants would diminish. Were this idea realized great should be our joy, as our arms of destruction are affirmed to be the best in the world, while it is needless to say the difficulties of obtaining men are at present almost insurmountable. But weapons of precision neither diminish the horrors of war nor lessen the number of those engaged in its accomplishment, as the vast hordes of men now in arms and ready at a moment's notice for service upon the continent of Europe clearly demonstrate. Indeed, with respect to the diminution of troops in relation to the deadly effect of modern arms, our science might be extinguished, and a return made to the numerous legions and to the hand to hand combats of the Roman Era.

The difficulty, therefore, of obtaining recruits for our army, and the class of recruits which are now to be placed in our depôts, are facts worthy of grave consideration, especially when recent disclosures as to the number of men raised during the past year, and to the number of desertions, give little hope of an acceleration in the flow of recruits from the labor market as long as the present system of enlistment exists. Under the old *regime*—whatever its faults may have been—the recruits obtained were morally and physically superior to those now secured; the recruiting sergeant having then no difficulty in enlisting smart lads of five feet seven inches, whereas now, when we need men of a much lower standard, we cannot get them. The great wave, then, of military legislation, which swept over old institutions during Mr. Gladstone's administration, and which it was asserted would materially increase our army, both in numbers and efficiency, has effected neither of these objects, so inseparable to the perpetuation of our military renown. Indeed it would appear, judging from present results, that the Short Service and Reserve Act of 1871 should have given place to a less hurried and more cautious ordinance, and one more congenial to English nature.

The old system of enlistment might not have been sufficiently efficacious to check the decadence which the great social changes of the last twenty years, and the vast increase in wages and emigration, have caused in the supply of our recruits, but in the shape of a pension it afforded the discharged soldier a provision, and thus offered the Briton an inducement to sacrifice his love of freedom and remain in a service which provided for him in his old age. But the present system offers no such inducement to remain; to those who, under pressure of some kind, enlist regardless of pay or prospective considerations, and who, knowing the facilities now-a-days for desertion, quit almost immediately on entrance; whereas these men, under the old system, deterred from deserting by the dread of being flogged and tattooed, would probably, having time to reflect, postpone desertion until the advantages of pension would cause them to remain and permanently adopt military service. Moreover, a pension, to a large extent, would compete with the present labor market, inasmuch as the difficulties and the struggles which the laborer now undergoes, and which, owing to his want of education, do not lead even to modest independence, contrast most unfavorably with the comparative ease of a soldier's life and the provision consequent upon its cessation.

Now, a laborer will rub on, if he can, at home, and if he cannot he will emigrate. But he declines to enlist, although our army is better armed, equipped, fed and dressed than any other army in the world. Emigration does not just now offer such wonderful advantages as heretofore to the rural workman, as the vast amount of discontent among the laboring class in the United States, and the return of many to this country from America justify us in assuming. The description of the existing unequalled prosperity of Canada, so glowingly portrayed by the Earl of Dufferin in his recent brilliant speech at Toronto, doubtless holds out innumerable inducements to our laborers; but the Governor General's rose-colored delineation of the present and future of the Dominion does not diminish the hardships inseparable from the settler's life in the far West, nor has the progress of that country sustained the increase of rural wages in England, as will be seen by Mr. Fawcett's recent correspondence respecting a partial reduction of wages in Wiltshire, where some farmers have reduced their wages by a shilling a week, and perhaps this example may be followed by

their neighbors. If, then, the temptations to emigrate are not sufficient to attract the agricultural laborer to leave a country where the farmers have recently got the better of the lock-out men, and where not only this class, but also colliers and iron-workers, have allowed a large per centage of reduction on their former rates of wages, it is not very unreasonable to suppose that even a slight improvement in the condition and prospects of the soldier would attract a sufficient number of recruits to our ranks. At present, the men we do obtain are insufficient and wanting in physique, and, it may be added, judging from the number of desertions, extremely discontented with their condition as soldiers. The latter evil can easily be remedied, and it is most probable that its cure would remedy the two former drawbacks to our present system of recruiting. It is true, we might obtain men by compulsory service, as adopted by Continental nations, but such a course would be distasteful to this country, as opposed to its characteristic idiosyncrasies and habits, and should therefore yield to a system governed by principles more in accordance with the customs and institutions of Great Britain.

Failure may be regarded as the inevitable result of all attempts on the part of any nation blindly to copy others. In most cases, people will find that they have imported the evil possessed by all human institutions, and have left the good behind. But it is very different when an attempt is made, not to copy, but to assimilate, to endeavor to grasp the spirit of the institutions that have led to success, not their outward forms. Approached in this manner, much and lasting benefit may be obtained by a close study of other nations, more particularly if their action during great periods of success or disaster be observed. A period such as those now alluded to has passed over Europe within the last few years. Happily we have been observers, and as lookers on have seen more of the game than the players. We have taken advantage of this position to examine and to reconstruct our military institutions, and to sweep away old theories and practices, not because they were false or wrong in themselves, but because altered circumstances have made them so.

Referring more particularly to the condition of the soldier, the Short Service and Reserve Act of 1871 aimed at improving the social position of the soldier, mobilizing the Active and Reserve forces, popularising the Army, and forming an efficient Reserve.

Such were some of the reforms that resulted from the recent continental wars. It behoves us to consider if they have been, or are likely to be, successful. Touching the social position of the soldier, we have certainly much improved it in comparison to the Barrack life of ten years past, but it is evident that the pay and the bounties, such as they are, do not attract a sufficient quantity of recruits. The state of the recruiting business at present is simply analogous to what we see in our trades where the remuneration is not sufficient; it is, in fact, the country's method of striking. Moreover, we have abolished pensions, so that a soldier has no prospect to look forward to, and when we consider how much the prospective advantages of pensions are counted by all classes of the community, securing a zealous and honest performance of duty at a comparatively small cost, and that this mode of rewarding long and faithful service has been in operation for generations, it is not surprising that the abolition of this institution should have served as a severe blow to the interests of our poor soldiers, who, coming from a class of unsettled habits, have nothing to look forward to in the future, and therefore accept the low rate of military pay, in the hope of ultimately securing a pension, to preserve them from want in their declining years.

As regards the bond of union which the Act of 1871 aims at cultivating, between the Active and Reserve Forces, it may be inadvisable to offer an opinion on this point until the Reserves attain a greater strength.

With respect to popularising the army, the Act of 1871 has certainly fallen short of its good intentions. The number of desertions during the past year is ample evidence on this head. During the year 1873 our net loss by desertion was three thousand nine hundred and seventeen men. That gives a per centage on the recruiting for the whole army of thirty-three per cent. The total number of recruits who joined the army in 1873 having been seventeen thousand one hundred and ninety-four. Desertion varied much in different branches of the service. In the Household Cavalry it was twenty per cent.; in the Cavalry of the Line thirty-nine per cent.; in the Royal Artillery thirty-nine per cent.; in the Royal Engineers twenty-four per cent.; in the Foot Guards fifty-one per cent.; in the Infantry of the Line thirty per cent.; in the Army Service Corps twenty-six men joined as recruits and thirty-seven men deserted, the per centage therefore, in relation to this

branch of the service, comes to one hundred and forty-six, and in the Army Hospital Corps the desertions amounted to three per cent. In the Royal Artillery, usually a favorite service, during the year 1873 there were passed into the Corps three thousand four hundred and seventy-nine. In the same period one thousand three hundred and fifty-eight men deserted and three hundred and eighty-six purchased their discharge, making a total of one thousand seven hundred and forty-four men, or more than half the number raised, who leave the service of their own accord prematurely, either by desertion with all the penalties attached to it, or by payment for discharge. These occurrences in a service—the attractions of which are greater than the Line—affords no slight proof that when we get men into the service there is not sufficient attraction to keep them in it. But of all the influences which of late years have acted with increasing strength in making the military service unpopular, none have been more potent than the disparaging accounts disseminated by soldiers themselves, and in particular, the very men who formed the nucleus of the Reserve; for the reason that many were inordinately discontented when serving with the colors, and thus, disliking their work, readily volunteered for the Reserve, where they have done little else than grumble and dissuade others from following their footsteps.

As regards the formation of an efficient Reserve, many experienced officers consider the provisions of the Act as defective in many important bearings; but as the measures which were proposed for leading up to a Reserve have hardly had time to come into force, it may be premature to judge how far these measures are fitted to give the Army a Reserve, but up to the present time the Act in this respect has fallen short of its good intentions. According to Mr. Gathorne Hardy's statement in the House of Commons on the 30th March last, the Army Reserve numbers but seven thousand six hundred and nineteen men—a force, it may be said, too insignificant to be of any avail. It could not, for some unaccountable reason, fill up the ranks of the 42nd Highlanders, when that regiment was sent to the Gold Coast, the 79th Highlanders having had to be broken up to supply the deficiencies in the ranks of the 42nd.

The reader will now have little trouble in gathering, that the difficulty of recruiting, and the high rate of desertion, are attribut-

able to our existing condition of military service, and to the increased rate of wages which attract the able bodied youth who would have enlisted in former years, so that we have been forced to lower the physical standard, and have been driven to select soldiers, more or less, from a class of the population notorious for containing elements of physical degeneracy, which we see in the pallid lads who crowd out cities. These boys can be obtained easily at a standard of between five feet and five feet five inches, but not in sufficient numbers to supply our wants. The weight of one of these individuals is seldom over eight stone, consequent on the smallness of the bones. Altogether there is a want of vigor, and that healthy promising aspect which should characterise a youth of his years. There is no gainsaying the fact that the number and the quality of recruits have been steadily declining of late years, more so since the introduction of short service, and the doing away with the pension and the bounty on enlistment. Ever since the Crimean war there has been a steady falling off in the recruiting market, not only as regards the supply, but the physical capabilities of the men. Emigration has also contributed, especially in Ireland, to thin the superstratum of stalwart youths who were wont to crowd the barrack gates begging for military service. Thus, in 1872, England and Wales furnished eight hundred and twenty; Scotland, 100.8; and Ireland 72.4 per thousand, whereas, in 1860, England and Wales furnished five hundred and sixty-six; Ireland three hundred and twenty-one; and Scotland one hundred and seven per thousand of recruits inspected in the United Kingdom. As regards quality, in the year 1873, three hundred and sixty-four recruits out of a thousand were under five feet six inches, whereas, in the year 1845, only one hundred and five recruits out of a thousand were under the same height; again, out of a thousand recruits enlisted in the year 1873, one hundred and eleven were five feet eight inches, whereas, in 1845, two hundred and four recruits were of that standard. Further proofs might be afforded that the recruits of former days were superior in physique to the majority of recruits we are now accepting. Thus there is an impression abroad that the British soldier is no longer the man he was, and that if England were to take up arms suddenly, she would find herself at a disadvantage with other armed powers. Moreover, it is asserted that the evil portends the coming decline, not only of our military renown, but is a sign of

national decay. Happily, our military renown has not as yet been tarnished, and the decadence of our national physical power requires further proof than the absence of the *elite* of the population from the ranks of the army, where even now the standard of minimum height is greater than that of France or Germany.

Now, whatever may be the causes of our present system of recruiting, and if we cannot get soldiers either in quality or in quantity, it must be inferred that our system in this respect is faulty: it cannot be decreed that the ordinances which were assumed as likely to reform our army have failed to accomplish the objects which their provisions aimed at. The principal end of these measures was to enroll the great mass of the population for war purposes, so that the regular standing army would form only a portion of the total fighting power of the State; or, to use the graphic words of Colonel Hawley; to form a "mould through which all the able-bodied youth of the country are passed, entering at one end as recruits, and coming out at the other as trained soldiers, to resume their career as citizens." With this view we established the short service system and the Reserve Forces, consisting of the Army Reserve Militia and its Reserve, and the Yeomanry, which, in conjunction with the Volunteers, would, it was confidently anticipated, subject of course to our obtaining recruits, give us an army on the Continental model, and compatible with English idiosyncrasies. However, the recruits, it may be said, are not yet forthcoming, so Mr. Cardwell's Utopian schemes are not yet realized.

For the benefit of some readers, it may not be out of place to mention here, that, under the short service system, a man enlists for six years in the Infantry, and then, subject to certain conditions, joins the Army Reserve for six years, during which period he is liable to be called out for service; at the end of this second period he is at liberty to leave altogether, but he receives no pension. At present the recruits for the Artillery and Cavalry enlist for twelve years, when they leave the service also without a pension. It will be readily seen that under this system, with a bountiful supply of recruits, a large number of trained men would be spread throughout the country in a few years. But this plan, as before stated, has failed. The old system—under which the men enlisted at once for twelve years, with power to then re-engage at higher pay for nine years, to make up twenty-one years'

service, then to leave on a pension, or to serve with the prospect of an increased pension—worked remarkably well, and furnished the requisite number of recruits.

To return to the question of the failure of schemes for military reorganization, our plans for a national army with powerful reserves were faulty, because we endeavored to follow the Continental model, without being guided by the principles which make that model so perfect. In other words, we wished to have a *conscriptive* army without *conscription*. It is not difficult to frame a scheme for a bare fighting force, provided means are afforded to furnish men, but, when the basis of the scheme rests upon voluntary enlistment, this sandy foundation may sink at any moment, and ruin the structure which it was contemplated to support. It may then be said that we have unsuccessfully imitated a military system which we are constrained to admire, and that a short service force, organized on any other principles than those of local conscriptions, rigid training, to give discipline and steadiness to our short service infantry, and having the whole army, during peace, so organized as to be placed on a war footing at once without jar or delay—principles which guide the Germans—would, in the hour of trial, break down when opposed to veteran troops.

Short service has its advantages in a nation where every citizen bears his personal share of the defence of the State, as a citizen army will rarely venture on a struggle which cannot be settled in one campaign. This, perhaps, is an indirect security for the maintenance of peace, though the intervals of peace thus secured will resemble the going into winter quarters, usual under a now antiquated system of warfare. But then, on the other hand, a nation, like a man, only possesses a certain amount of energy, and if a large portion of this energy is devoted to military training it will not be available for industrial pursuits. Our energy is at present devoted to commercial enterprises, and we do not see the expediency of turning every citizen into an armed and trained man. Our citizen soldiers, alias Volunteers, make a pastime of military service, and do not allow it to interfere with their business or occupations in any way; whereas a German one year Volunteer is almost entirely withdrawn from all occupations other than military. Probably nothing short of stern necessity could persuade us to adapt such a course as is now causing the Military Powers of Europe to turn the Continent more than ever into an armed camp.

But
and
Eng
succ
gain
tary
a fra
small
purs
our
can
of si
from
able
crus
insta
to i
the
to i
cour
a st
and
blow
wou
war,
Run
trus
Gen
cam
alm
num
thre
inde
from
roun
sold
line
sup
of J
who

But we should anticipate in some measure this "stern necessity," and think of Napier's words: "*In the beginning of each war, England has to seek in blood the knowledge necessary to ensure success.*" Unless Great Britain is contented to resign the position gained by the blood of our fathers, and sink to the level of tributary nations, we must rouse ourselves from the lethargy into which a frail sense of insular security has lulled us. We must devote a small amount of the energy which we now expend in industrial pursuits to perfect our army and Militia, otherwise the result of our present energy will be crushed by irresistible forces which we cannot stem. We must not rely too confidently on the "streak of silver sea" which divides us from the Continent, and relieves us from the duty of bearing a burden which must be almost intolerable. It would be better to bear a small burden now than to be crushed hereafter by a mighty yoke. An instance, indeed many instances of the evil results of a nation devoting its entire energies to industrial pursuits are strikingly afforded by the civil war in the United States of America. It is not, of course, intended to institute a comparison between the standing army of that country and of England, but had the Federal Government possessed a standing army the Southern States would have been crushed, and the commerce of the United States would not have received a blow from which it has never recovered. Again, a standing army would have prevented the fearful loss of life which attended this war, and the tactical helplessness displayed at the battle of Bull's Run, where, when one army ran away, the other could not be trusted by its officers to follow. As to loss of life in this campaign, General Grant so fully made up his mind to this, that his great campaign against Lee was based upon the assumption that he was almost certain to be beaten in every action, but that his (Grant's) numerical superiority was so great that he could afford to lose three men for every one of his opponents, and thus by repeated indecisive actions would wear the enemy down till they collapsed from sheer want of numbers before the impact masses gathered round his banners. There are few more interesting studies to a soldier than the able manner in which Grant fought Lee on the lines before Petersburg. Basing his plan on the numerical superiority, but inferior fighting powers of his great army to that of Lee's wasted ranks, he maintained a steady pressure along the whole front of the Confederate lines, while he kept constantly

throwing a large force forward from his left round their right. To avoid being outflanked, the Confederate general had to extend his already attenuated line to his right, until at last it became a mere thread in the centre, through which Grant's columns burst by their mere might.

The almost intolerable burdens which Continental citizens must bear in order to share the blessings of citizenship, and in relation to which quiet people must be left to draw what consolation they can from a very literal meaning of the maxim, that the preparation for war is the best security for peace, have been so pointedly referred to in this paper that it may not be considered inopportune to offer succinctly some particulars as to the contemplated increase in the already vast military forces of Germany. This Empire is not merely contemplating a considerable increase of their military forces within the existing *cadres*, but are preparing to reorganize the Landstrum, and to render it an efficient military weapon. Hitherto the relation of the Landstrum to the other military resources of Germany, was something like the French *levée en masse*—the calling out and enrolment of every citizen with respect to the other forces of the State. It is now proposed, however, to take a portion at least of the Landstrum out of the category of tumultuary forces and desperate measures, and virtually to add it to the Landwehr, thus increasing the available military resources of the country by an army of one hundred and seventy-five thousand men. None of these men will exceed the age of forty-two years, and the majority of them will have passed through the ranks of the Line, the Reserve, and the Landwehr. If this measure becomes law—and in the present temper of the German people and their rulers it is not likely to meet with very serious opposition—the German forces will be raised from the almost incredible total of from one million seven hundred thousand to one million eight hundred thousand men, and the remaining forces of the Landstrum nominally including every German citizen above the age of forty-two capable of bearing arms will be held in final reserve. Nor is this the only measure which Bismarck and his colleagues appear to think still necessary for the security of their country. Russia, it is said, obtains annually one hundred and forty-five thousand new recruits, and France, under the new military organization, one hundred and sixty-one thousand. Germany has hitherto been content with an annual contingent of one

hund
face o
it is a
presen
many
rende
which
mate
some
we co
our s
do, p
They
their
this s
thoro
own.

We
tude
of a r
to im
we ne
the g
conso
this e
force-
over
thirty
Great
Volun
ment
hund
Mr.
you
than
shoul
is sti
and
are n
* T

hundred and thirty-two thousand five hundred men; but, in the face of the enormous armaments preparing on either side of her, it is anticipated that she will not remain long satisfied with her present comparatively moderate contingent. Thus we find Germany with an army of nearly two millions of men which can be rendered effective in a few weeks, and we know that the nation which possesses this vast force can wield the weapon with consummate skill, ought we not therefore imitate this example, at least in some small degree, unless the bewilderment which seizes us when we contemplate this state of things be admitted as an excuse for our supineness. The Germans, earnest and thorough in all they do, present in army affairs the furthest contrast to ourselves. They are a nation armed from top to toe, and full of pride from their late conquests. Any person who has travelled in Germany this summer must feel ashamed of any comparison between the thoroughness of its defensive organization and the unreality of our own.

We cannot, and need not, cope with the Germans in the magnitude of our forces; but what we should do is to lay the foundation of a moderately numerous and well disciplined defensive force, and to imitate the earnestness of the Prussians in this respect, although we need not follow the same steps which Germany takes towards the goal of perfection. Our steps towards defense should be to consolidate the forces which already we fancy we possess, and to this end experienced officers point to making our old constitutional force—the Militia—a real and effective fighting force. We have over one hundred and thirty Battalions of Militia Infantry, and thirty-two Regiments of Militia Artillery, and the Yeomanry of Great Britain numbers about forty Regiments; then we have the Volunteers, numbering, according to Mr. Gathorne Hardy's statement in the House of Commons on the 30th March last, one hundred and fifty-three thousand men, and in referring to them, Mr. Hardy says: "These are efficient, and in paying for them you are paying for something which is far more worth having than what formerly existed." Mr. Hardy adds: "Although I should be glad to see the number of the Volunteers* kept up, it is still more important that they should be in a state of efficiency, and I learn from the reports of the Inspector General that they are more efficient now than they have been for a number of years

* The Volunteers are generally numbered one hundred and ninety-nine thousand.

past, and this is a result with which the Committee has reason to be satisfied." Let us hope that Mr. Hardy's words may be more than realized, and that not only the Volunteers, but also the Militia and Yeomanry, may be made an effective force upon which we can rely. The two most popular and patriotic statesmen of their time were the Duke of Wellington and Lord Palmerston, and if they were now alive, it is certain that they would combine in urging us to cherish and to prepare for all contingencies. These future contingencies, however chimerical, we should and can prepare for by perfecting the forces just named. These forces, if properly organized, would represent a fighting force of nearly four hundred thousand men, with which, for defensive purposes, we could hold our own against almost any army that could be brought against us. But we must have these four hundred thousand men perfect; we must have them thoroughly disciplined, so that they can undergo the severest privations which an army would spend in the field before going into action; they should be prepared to march with mud up to their knees; to sleep at night without tents in a down-pour of rain; to live on ill-cooked rations, and make great exertions for which they can see no object. These are some of the trials which await all troops on taking the field, and through which ordeal discipline alone can enable troops to pass. Were a modern battle fought like a tournament, then, perhaps, our present forces might do their work. But this fairy dream has no place in the real, rude, iron work of war. "*Le faim, le froid, et la misère,*" said Napoleon, "*voilà l'école des bons soldats.*" Such is what we should prepare our men for, unless we intend to follow the example of the Spaniards at Irun, who don't fight on wet days, or unless we intend to take advantage of the great secret of never losing money at cards, which lies in the simple maxim—Don't play; and the whole art of never being beaten at war may be summed up in another golden precept—Don't fight.

As to recruits, it is certain that we have the right men in the country if we could only contrive to make soldiers of them. Any new place to obtain recruits must of course be experimental as lacking conscription. We can compel no men to join our standard. We should, therefore, regard recruiting as simply a question of the employment of labor, and make the best bargain we can. We no longer look upon the soldier as a machine; we now exact from

him intelligence and should, therefore, recompense him accordingly. In speaking of the modern soldier, Colonel Sir Archibald Alison, writes as follows: "Every change—and they have been many—in arms and equipments of war during the last twenty years, points clearly in this direction.* Take for example the old flint musket, and the modern breech loading rifle. The musket with its short range and rude bore, required for the perfect development of its imperfect power, a tolerably cool man who would hold it nearly parallel with the ground and pull the trigger. The rifle, to derive any advantage from its beautiful mechanism and long range, requires a highly trained soldier in constant practice, an admirable judge of distance under the most adverse circumstances, a good calculator of the force of the wind, with a hand of iron and nerves of steel; for he has to adjust a delicate sight to suit a shifting object at long range, to calculate the impact of the fitful breeze, to seize for his aim a fleeting glimpse betwixt rolling wreaths of smoke, and to steady his hand amidst the shriek of the whistling shot, the groans of dying men, and all the sullen roar of the ebb and flow of raging battle. And if this is the case with the simple musketeer, how much more so is it in that of the cavalry soldier, who requires, in addition, to be a perfect rider mounted on a trained and thoroughly broken steed, or in that of the artilleryman employed in working one of the finest and most complicated engines elaborated from the fruitful brain of modern science."

Such then being the requirements of the modern soldier, it is only fair that we should fittingly compensate those who possess them. Experienced officers think that this compensation need not be very extravagant or beyond the resources of the nation to bring good men to our ranks, but in the opinion of the Inspector General the question of pension has always been held as the ultimate resort, in addition to the inducements now offered. Pension has the double advantage of inducing men to serve without being costly to the State. Colonel Lyons, the Inspecting Field Officer of recruiting in the London District, says, in speaking of recruiting, "The effect of that would be that every man on entering the service would have the pleasant feeling that if he liked his regiment and the service, he could go on and serve his time, and at the expiration would be entitled to a fair and reason-

* Referring to intelligence.

able pension. Having served twenty-one years in the same regiment which I left ten years ago, I found that not one man out of twenty lived long enough through the ordinary casualties of the service to claim his pension, nevertheless the effect was good, because it cheered every man to look forward to the end of his days, when, instead of going to the workhouse, he would have his pension to live on." This is the opinion of an able and experienced officer, and should not be lost sight of by the authorities. Colonel Lyons is also an advocate for long service, and for putting it within a man's means, if he dislikes the service, to purchase his discharge; thus, if a man enlisted for ten years, for the first five years let the price of his discharge be £10, after that, up to the completion of his term £5. By the adoption of these propositions the position of the soldier would be much improved in relation to his prospects. As to the soldier's status, free rations and a free supply of every requisite of clothing would no doubt add much to the charm of military life. Thus, if a recruit, on entering the service, saw before him the prospect of a pension, with the certainty of all the requisites of life, such as food, clothing, fire, light, lodging, medical attendance, etc., and a net pay of even six or sevenpence a day, it is not likely that we should long want men. Such conditions as these would compete favorably with the present state of the labor market, especially among the agricultural laborers, whose prospects are poor, and whose condition is far below that of the soldier of the present day. In a recent article in Blackwood's Magazine in relation to the Agricultural Strike, the writer thus refers to the condition of the English agricultural laborer: "It is well known that the agricultural laborer differs materially in different parts of England. In some parts of England he is well off; in some of the southern counties his condition is very degraded; in the eastern counties it is much disputed; but though it has steadily progressed it is still very far from satisfactory. The average increase in the wages of the rural laborers during the last forty years has been about fifteen per cent., accompanied by a diminution in their toil owing to the introduction of machinery, and by an improvement, in many parts of England, in their dwellings. But still they fall behind, in moral, material, and intellectual advantages, all other classes of operatives in the country." Such, then, being a fair statement of the condition of the laborer, it certainly ought not to be beyond the resources of the nation to compete with it.

As to our Reserves—the progress of which towards perfection is most unsatisfactory—it behoves us to look well to the Militia, with respect to which Sir Percy Douglass thus spoke in a recent discussion upon recruiting at the United Service Institution: “If you cannot get men for the Army Reserve, then the next best thing you can do is to have a real army of Reserves, and then you have it almost cut and dried in the Militia.” But the object of this paper was simply to touch upon recruiting as it exists at present in England, and it is feared that the patience of the reader is already wearied from constant digression. In conclusion, however, it must be observed that our measures have hitherto proved insufficient to provide recruits, and that, surely now, it is time to bring home to every citizen, that he has a country to defend and colonies to protect. These colonies have been captured by battles, which the military historian dwells upon with pride and satisfaction. Our possessions have been held by volunteers, often of such raw material that it has been a matter of wonder how the British soldier has turned out the splendid fighting man he has hitherto invariably proved himself to be in every clime and in every possible emergency.

THE FELON'S DREAM.

I.

WITH glaring eyes and features pale and thin,
A Felon in a murky dungeon lay,
Where never ray of sunlight entered in;
His was a crime that startles with dismay,
And takes the trembling listeners breath away.
To gratify his quenchless thirst for gold—
That thirst which doth exert so great a sway,
And makes the once warm nature harsh and cold—
He took another's life—ah! tale too often told.

II.

He was still young; there may, perhaps, have passed
Some thirty summers o'er his head, and though
His crime was of so foul and black a cast,
He looked as if he had not sunk so low

But that some spark within his breast might glow
 Of nobler feelings, for at times a tear
 Would dim his eyes—the cause 'twere hard to know—
 Repentance may have forced it to appear;
 If it repentance were, may it have been sincere.

III.

Upon the morrow's dawn he was to die.
 He knew it well, and to his awful doom
 He was in part resigned; for as the eye
 Will grow in time accustomed to the gloom,
 And pierce the darkness of the darkest room,
 The mind may grow to look at death, nor be
 Appalled, though it, in all its horrors, loom;
 'Twas so with him, meanwhile all rapidly
 The moments flew which neared him to eternity.

IV.

He had not slept for many a weary hour,
 And tired nature claimed her due repose.
 Ah! sleep, forever blessed be thy power,
 Which makes the mind oblivious to its woes;
 And sleeping, soon before him there arose
 Dreams that were grateful as the summer rain,
 Which to the earth its sweetness doth disclose,
 When it hath long been parched, and yearned with pain
 To taste its moisture blest, but yearned for it in vain.

V.

He was a boy again, and as he dreamed
 He saw the pleasant village of his birth;
 'Twas summer, and the fields with daisies gleamed,
 And joy and sunshine reigned upon the earth,
 Awaking in his soul a kindred mirth.
 The little friends with whom of old he strayed
 Called him by name. Ah! childish joys are worth
 Far more than those by later years displayed,
 Their passing sweetness casts all others in the shade.

VI.

There was the little cot whereon he slept,
 Or waking, mused upon his boyish woes;

Oft by its side a tender mother kept
Vigils of love, and watched him in repose ;
Her loving face his vivid fancy shows—
Brothers and sisters smile on him once more—
A father's voice he hears as he bestows
Kind words of counsel uttered oft before,
And bids him never ope to sinful thoughts the door.

VII.

He sees the ivied church where, as a child,
He bent his footsteps on the Sabbath morn ;
The aged pastor there, so good and mild,
Tells the glad tidings of a Saviour born,
That sinners might no more have cause to mourn ;
Speaks of the deeds He wrought in days gone by,
Yet only to receive a nation's scorn,
And in the end to suffer and to die
A shameful death upon the Cross at Calvary.

VIII.

The scene is changed : the dreamer wanders now :
A fair and smiling maiden at his side,
With purity and truth upon her brow,
Enshrined in all the fulness of their pride ;
The flowers are blooming gaily far and wide,
And birds are singing their melodious lays—
Ah ! she was wondrous sweet and tender eyed,
And as they wander down the shady ways
He feels his spirit glow with thankfulness and praise.

IX.

The tears are flowing down his wasted cheek,
But not the tears of care or mournfulness,
For tears may sometimes flow which serve to speak
The melting eloquence of joy's excess ;
Oft tears the gladness of the heart confess
Better than words its fulness can convey ;
His lips are moving, but no sound express,
And on his haggard features gleams a ray
Which lightens up his face and softly there doth play.

X.

The morning dawns—appointed by the law—
 On which his awful crime he shall atone,
 And muffled bells, which thrill the soul with awe,
 Are making sad and melancholy moan.
 He slumbers still—into his cell of stone
 The jailor steps and bids him to arise—
 Calls him, but calls in vain: his soul has flown,
 And is before its Maker in the skies,
 There to be judged by Him for its enormities.

JAMES YOUNG.

 AULD SCOTLAND.

THOSE writers, who maintain that much of the national spirit of a community may be learned by studying the character of its ballads and heroic songs, would probably not have gone beyond their subject, had they added to the library of the student of true history a volume or two of the anecdote and *facetiae*, which illustrate so well the inner or domestic life of the various classes in the community, their manners, customs and amusements. Mr. Parkman, in his preface to the "Conspiracy of Pontiac," informs us how he came to understand so intimately the Indian and his tribe, with his peculiar habits and tastes; and, in knowing that this truly fascinating writer of our country's history has not been content merely to compile hearsay as historical fact, or to confine himself, in preparing for his work, to the study of manuscripts or the works of contemporaneous authors, but has actually gone in and out among the Indian tribes which still remain in Canada, has ate and slept in their wigwams, has communed with them around their council-fires, and there winnowed the truth of history from the fiction of tradition, we are all the more inclined to give heed to his philosophy, to credit his narrations, and to look upon his pictures of Canadian life and scenery as real, not fanciful, subjects for our contemplation. Mr. Parkman has written an interesting history, inasmuch as he has not only listened to the war songs of the Indian, but has studied him in his domestic character through the medium of countless anecdotes and memorabilia.

“Bring us a gill o’ your best, and the Laird o’ Logan,” was the command of the Scotchman to Lucky Grant, when forced to remain under her roof during a storm; “I’m gaun to study the history o’ the country.” In this instance, the traveller was determined to have his whiskey and history alike in an undiluted state, though it must not be understood that he expected to meet the “Laird” in person or in spirit. He merely wished to spend a few hours in reading the pages of Scottish anecdote, published under that title; and however delighted some “drouthy chiel” would have been to have joined him over the usquebaugh, and give him the news “o’ the kintraside,” or exchange story for dram, the storm forbade his communication with the historian of the parish, and forced him to be content with “next best” in the volume which has amused so many Scotchmen when separated from their countrymen by circumstances not so easily endured as a storm. Whether the “Laird” gave a flavor to the whiskey, or the whiskey to the “Laird,” we refuse to discuss; but one thing we know, that an enjoyable evening was in store for somebody after that storm at the traveller’s own fireside. During his retirement and casual study, we may be sure, he read the best and rarest anecdotes in the book, and laid them past in his memory for future use, to be retailed with perhaps a spice of exaggeration as luck-penny to the subsequent narration, and its appreciation. We may blame the traveller for being selfish; yet his selfishness was surely akin to that of the historian, who enjoys his seclusion that others may know what he thus acquires, and laugh with him, and feel with him, and sympathise with his labors.

No country in the world has produced so many volumes of this character, as has the land “o’ cakes and barley bree,” for as the character of the Scotch has supplied matter for their compilation, so has it induced the support of them when published. Few families in Scotland, and probably fewer Scottish families in America, are without the *Laird o’ Logan*, the *Scotch Haggis*, *Dean Ramsay*, or the *Tales of the Border*, and this as much for the amusement of the old folks as for the instruction of the rising generation. The last mentioned, being a work of fiction, stands out distinctly from the others, but as many of the short tales in it are founded more or less upon fact, and as the others are not confined to mere amusing anecdotes, but are replete with short biographical sketches, we cannot mention the one without men-

tioning the other. It is true that the first three volumes are classified by some as very flimsy literature, but flimsy as it may be, Scotchmen are none the less pleased to have it, and read it, and rejoice when an opportunity is given to them of supplementing their book shelves with other volumes of the same nature. The more of such books Scotchmen and their descendants possess, the merrier they are, and thus we need have no hesitation in recommending to their attention the new Book of Scottish Anecdote, which its editor Mr. Alexander Hislop has lately issued through the Edinburgh press and which has come to New Brunswick at a season when we are all preparing for a hearty Christmas merriment, and pleasure. As Mr. Hislop claims that his book contains a greater amount of interesting and amusing information on the social, historical, antiquarian and legendary features of Scotland than has hitherto appeared in any work of its class, we augur a ready sale for it even among those who have already a number of volumes pertaining to the same subjects.

In looking over the work we notice that the compiler has made a liberal use of the works we have just mentioned, by selecting the best specimens and serving them up in a new garb, though he says that more than five hundred anecdotes of his collection have never before appeared in print. We are not sure that his style for anecdote writing is equal to that of Dean Ramsay. Indeed, many of his best selections lose somewhat in the new dress with which they are bedecked. But what the readers of Mr. Hislop's compilation may lose in the strained perspicuity and conciseness of the compiler's style, they will gain in his good taste for selection. They may yawn over an anecdote they have read frequently in much more humorous and exaggerated diction, but they will laugh all the more heartily over some of the "five hundred" which are truly excellent. The introductory paragraph naturally relates to the eccentricities of that marvellous creature, and general pulpit critic, the parish beadle or sexton; we say *naturally*, for if it dare be asked what the world would have been without Scotland and Scotchmen, much more readily may we wonder what Scotland would have been without its parish factotum. Moreover, to read the history of one of these worthies is to understand the influence and the peculiarities of the whole class, for as the training was much the same in each case, the individuality of the man was nearly always hidden in the assumed superiority which the duties

of his office encouraged; and though we are told that the civilization of democracy and free-thinking is fast playing havoc with the influence of the "pillar o' the parish kirk," yet the memory of those who have lived in Scotland previous to the past ten years can easily recall the "reality," whose character has been so frequently used to point a pawky moral or adorn a Scotch tale. In truth, no better plan can be adopted for giving a general description of the historic band than that of producing a short biography of one of the body, and in following this idea the writer hopes to be excused in making the annotations on the sexton who ruled the parish in which he spent his boyhood.

We are probably not orthodox in saying that the name of our hero was Jeames, not "John," but truth being preferable to orthodoxy, we give his real name. He was a man of much ability, principled within the limits of his strength of will, stable in his friendship, faithful in his servitude, humble in presence of the great, but dignified and somewhat crusty in his general demeanor. Not over diligent as a weaver, he made an excellent beadle. He could not have been more enthusiastic in matters relating to the Kirk. According to his own belief, no improvement, no innovation could be effected without his sanction, and, be this as it may, there is no doubt but that his many worded encomiums or unqualified condemnations had some effect upon the more youthful of Jeames's adherents. With the less intellectual he was an oracle on doctrinal points, a Calvin in argument, a Chrysostom in eloquence. The Session-House was his theological hall, and here, before and after Divine Service, and in the afternoons before Sunday School opened, he was wont to enchain the minds of those who were inclined to listen to his disquisitions. During the winter months his audiences were always larger than in summer, as there existed an additional attraction for the boys in the blazing fire piled up in the old-fashioned fire-place of the beadle's sanctum. On almost every opportunity he invited discussion, and being generally successful in his wordy raids against the youthful ignorance of his antagonists, he was able, in a great measure, to control these restless spirits who not unfrequently were bent on fun more than on doctrine. Yet the dignity of Jeames could not always command a reverence for his Delphic-like declamations, for sometimes a "pawkie chiel" than Jeames himself would entangle him in the meshes of his own net. Of this the following is a sufficient

example. Innovations in any shape or form were deeply aggravating to his bigotry, and in more than one instance he has been known to refer all bee-headed radicals, wi' their new-fangled notions, to the simplicity of the worship of their forefathers among the glens of their native country. The practice of "reading the line" by the precentor was discontinued for reasons not altogether cogent to Jeames's orthodoxy, and to a youthful trio in the Session-House he was loud in expressing his displeasure at the change, alleging that "it was gain in the worship o' God to get your mind saturated twice wi' the contrite breathings o' the worthy auld Psalmist." A short time after the abolition of "line reading," the precentor one morning introduced a psalm-tune, in singing which the congregation were expected to repeat the last two lines. This, according to the beadle, was an innovation of the most pernicious character, and aroused his fiery indignation; but his face can better be described than his feelings, when one of the above mentioned trio enquired with an ironical emphasis concerning Jeames's *Dogma of Double Mental Saturation*.

On this point we may remark, that the the last time we had an opportunity of hearing the line read, was while attending a funeral in New Brunswick. The minister opened the service in the house of the deceased with the singing of a psalm, and as Bibles were not at hand, an old Scotchman who had been a precentor, was requested to read each line before singing it. Notwithstanding the circumstances, we could not restrain a smile, at the nasal twang of the operator, and the high artistic flourish with which he turned the last syllable. The recollection of the two anecdotes, "Chevy Chase," and "Nor stand in sinners' way" did not add to the gravity expected from us.

But to our sexton. Among the many virtues of Jeames there lurked a vice, contracted, as he said, in his earlier days when weaver lads had more pence than prudence. In the language of temperance men, the beadle had a "predilection for intoxicating beverages," or as the local poet expressed it in a couplet:

"Jeames, in his cups, wi' tongue did thwack us,—
A Calvin worshipper of Bacchus."

In a word, poor Jeames was fond o' a wee drap, although it was the general opinion, that had his "drouthy freens" been less liberal, the sexton-theologian would have been less often tipsy. While laboring under a *trial*, as he was accustomed to designate a

spree, he endeavored to hide his weakness in the perfume of peppermints, little thinking that the remedy always made the disease palpable to his enemies. Indeed, if Jeames happened to indulge at any time, he was always discovered, for, as one of his companions said, "The puir body was unco' simple in his liquor." The following example may be given to show how he sometimes got into trouble through his "predilection." One sharp, frosty, Sunday morning, as he was on his way home, after setting the church in order for the reception of the people, he met a friend who invited him to have his *morning* in the "Cross Keys Inn." The temptation was all the stronger from the biting wind which blew round the street corners, and alas for the frailty of humanity, Jeames and his comrade, after making sundry cautious surveys in every direction, entered, and had what is generally reported to have been more than one *bead*. On coming out, the frosty air prevented the sexton from feeling any overpowering effect from the dram or drams until he was fairly settled down in his own seat to the right of the minister, who, on the occasion, happened to be a stranger. The preaching, not appearing to suit the theological palate of the muddled sexton, that worthy fell fast asleep and—snored. Here was a fine scandal in the church. Indignation from the eyes of twelve long-faced elders sitting in the pews around. Unborn curses—righteous anathemas—hung on the lips of the guardians of "church privilege," whose countenances, like that of Mrs. Gallacher, when she heard her own son reviled, were red with a pale blue displeasure. Some rattled their pew doors, while others, raising their handkerchiefs, sent forth a nasal sound like the warning notes of a fire-ward's trumpet. But all to no purpose. Jeames slept and snored on, as oblivious of the turmoil he was creating as Jonah was of the fate of Nineveh when in fifty fathoms of sea-water. At length a messenger was despatched from the leading elder's pew to arouse the miscreant, who, on being touched on the shoulder, gave the final snort of an awakening ploughman, and for the first time was conscious of his unseemly conduct. On returning to his senses, he is said to have muttered:

"Weel, upon ma conscience, I've been asleep, but thank guidness oor ain minister is frae hame, an' I can blame the misfortune on the *dry dreech exposition* o' that lanky chap i' the pu'pit."

The matter did not end here, however. Jeames had to appear before the Session to answer for his misdeeds, and had he not used

a little diplomacy in the management of his case, his office, we are afraid, would have fallen to another. As it was, he was intimate with the leading elder's son, the same that had aroused him from his unconscious state in church, and, offering to "put in a good word" for him with a certain young lady, he got the lover to undertake his defence. The leading elder was gained over, and Jeames got off with a reprimand.

Those who wish to pursue the beadle's history will find many interesting anecdotes connected with his career in Mr. Hislop's collection.

Current Events.

THE public mind has been very much aroused—we had almost said scandalized—within the past few months over Mr. Brydges' report upon the management of the Intercolonial Railway in the Maritime Provinces. We call attention to the facts without any intention of assuming the *role* of a political partisan. We sincerely wish there may be excuses to plead which will place everything in a satisfactory light. We certainly do not feel disposed to condemn Mr. Carvell without giving him a full and patient hearing. He has made his defence to Mr. Brydges' report of June last, and he should now have an opportunity to reply to that gentleman's supplementary report. We must say, however, that some of the arguments bandied around by many of Mr. Carvell's friends are silly and illogical in the extreme. We are told that Mr. Brydges ruined the Grand Trunk Railway, and enriched himself—that every enterprise he has controlled has been solely run for Mr. Brydges' benefit. Admit the whole indictment, and what does it amount to? The schoolboy rejoinder, "you're another," condones no misconduct or mismanagement on the part of Mr. Carvell. The public are especially interested to know the facts in connection with our railway management—the medium of communication is a matter of minor importance. We think Mr. Carvell should have exercised greater care in his purchases from Messrs. Fraser, Reynolds & Co. If Mr. Brydges' report be true, the transactions of that firm have been of the most disgraceful character—a blot upon the mercantile integrity of our

people. If a "hidden hand," as Dame Rumor has it, compelled Mr. Carvell to deal with this firm at any cost, the public should know it, and the responsibility placed where it properly belongs. We always gave Mr. Carvell credit for greater judgment than he appears to have displayed in purchasing, in England, through Haws & Co., a large quantity of steel rails, after the Macdonald Government had been defeated and the Mackenzie Government came into office. The purchase involved an outlay of over a quarter of a million of dollars, and, as Mr. Brydges assures us, could have been made at a cost of \$50,000 less than the price paid by Mr. Carvell. The least Mr. Carvell could have done, as a "judicious" man, under the altered political circumstances, would have been to have asked instructions from the Government. This would have relieved him from responsibility, and the unpleasant imputation of *injudiciously* looking after the pecuniary interests of a brother-in-law at the expense of the Government of Canada. We, however, wish to hear Mr. Carvell fully on all these matters. We cannot (indeed no honest man can) regret that railway matters in these Provinces have been closely inspected. From some rumors that have reached us, we think a thorough investigation should be made at this end of the line. Some are wicked enough to insinuate that a "coal" transaction in the autumn of 1872, or winter of 1873, resulted most advantageously to the party in this city making the sale. Of our own knowledge we cannot speak, but we think a thorough ventilation of all such matters would be no damage to the best interests of the country.

THE Reciprocity Treaty has been all "settled"—at least so far as the St. John Board of Trade is concerned. We have watched the discussion with considerable interest. We have always thought that Canada placed herself in a very humiliating position in appearing at Washington this last time, on bended knee, as a suppliant for reciprocal trade relations with the United States. The United States Government abrogated the Treaty of 1854 in a fit of ill temper, and some of our cousins did not hesitate to declare that they intended to "starve" us into annexation to that great country. Experience however has demonstrated that the abrogation of the Treaty of 1854 could not "starve" us, nor induce us to change our allegiance. We marked out new channels of trade, and developed a self-reliance almost astonishing to ourselves—certainly astonishing to our neighbors. But the people

of Canada have not to deliberate upon the manner in which the proposed Treaty was originated. They have rather to deal with its provisions and to consider the probable effect it will have upon the well being of this Dominion, if carried into operation. It requires to be well pondered, and critically scanned. Some of the opponents of this Treaty, however, are to us political paradoxes. A few years ago they painted in glowing hues the inestimable benefits we would enjoy by having free trade with four millions of people, while to-day they shrink terror stricken from the prospect of free trade with forty millions of people. How is this to be accounted for? There are some features in the Treaty which we would wish to see modified, as for instance the clause relating to the canals. We should be bound no more stringently than the United States. If that country failed to obtain the consent of New York to allow us the free use of her canals, we should not be compelled to build water ways for the people of the United States. The main question after all is—can we, all things considered, get a better Treaty? The very fact that a great many people in both countries are opposed to the Treaty, is a tolerably good indication that it is not all one sided.

It would appear that the secession of the Rev. Dr. Nicholson from the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States is resulting more favorably to the Reformed movement than at first anticipated. A Reformed Episcopal Church has been organized at Newark, N. J., and liberal contributions have been made for necessary expenses. The new movement now numbers "thirty congregations in the United States and British America." In the report of Bishop Cummins' visit to Newark, from which we obtain this information, in speaking of the spread of the movement, the writer says: "In the Province of New Brunswick it has been welcomed in the heartiest way. This Province had been very much 'lord-bishoped,' and was weary of High Churchism." It will at least be interesting to some of our people to know that the little Province of New Brunswick is not altogether unknown in the ecclesiastical world.

THE legal fraternity of this city has been thrown into a state of no little excitement, bordering almost upon a flutter, over rumored changes in the "high places" of the Law. A Court of Appeal for

the Federated Provinces was one of the promised benefits of British American union. It is now rumored that this long-delayed and oft-promised benefit will be realized at the next session of the Dominion Parliament. Of course the *ermine* of this Court will be a commodity not to be despised by the "gentlemen of the long robe." The position and the pay are well worthy the ambition of any Canadian. Our Chief Justice, it is said, will be elevated to this Court. His retirement from his present position will create vacancies to be filled. Who will fill these vacancies? When that question is answered by actual appointments, a few will be highly delighted, many disappointed, curiosity satisfied, and the fluttering quieted. Under any circumstances there should be a Judge of our Supreme Court resident in St. John. Indeed, we require at least two additional Judges on the Bench of the Supreme Court. One Judge should devote himself entirely to Equity, and the remaining six attend to the Circuits. Under the Common Law Procedure Act the duties of a Judge at Chambers will be largely increased. As the larger proportion of Chamber practice is required to be done in St. John, it is imperative that the profession should have a Judge resident among them. How long will it be before these needed reforms are effected?

Scrapiana.

THE ORIGIN OF CREATION BY "TRFAD," HALIFAX.

WE meet with strong protests from high scientific authorities against the influence of religious faith—so strong that we would not expect to have any demand made on our belief by science, which is altogether—at least so we are told—the daughter of observation and experiment. We must say, however, in view of deductions and inferences which are drawn out from these in the realms of speculation, that we hardly know whether religion or science makes the larger demands on our faith. We find ourselves called upon to believe that all the forms of vegetable and animal life have proceeded from one or more primordial germs; that these germs were produced from matter containing prepotencies calculated to produce them; that these prepotencies are

inherent in matter; whence derived no one can tell, but probably eternal; that all the various supposed *primary* elements of matter are reducible to two elements—though they have never been reduced to simpler forms than as they appear in the alembic of the chemist, with many other wonderful things. It is not pretended that there have been proofs given of the resolution of one form of vegetable life into another, or of vegetable into animal, or of the metals into gases, or of the gases into metals, or of metals and gases into one another. No observer has seen, no scientist has discovered the process of transformation. None of these men who make such large claims on our faith have assisted at the birth of a new species, yet we must *believe* that the minerals had a birth out of the two elements which are supposed to lie at the foundation of the whole solid structure of the universe; that the vegetable and the animal were born in the form of monads—mere germs or sacs of sensitive jelly, from these dual elements becoming vegetable and animal, and that from these primordial forms, we have the whole universe with its infinite variety. We are to believe all this. “Well,” we are inclined to say, “Messieurs Scientists, do you not think this is too large a draft on our faith? All you say may be true, but until you bring forward better reasons for asserting that it is so than your own affirmation, we beg to remain still unpersuaded that we should adopt your somewhat novel creed, and go on believing in the old way, though its dogmas should be decried by the savans of British associations, and other learned and cultured hierarchs of thought.”

These considerations have arisen from a perusal of various books written by Darwin, Tyndall, Huxley, and not less by two of the scientists of the sister city of Halifax, who send forth their scientific “*Ipsse dixit*” in a book, a copy of which we have received from one of the authors, entitled, “The Origin of Creation; or, The Science of Matter and Force.” The joint authors rejoice in the combined anagram of TRFAD. This cabalistic name is made up of the initials of the names of the two gentlemen who are the authors of the book. Since they modestly retire behind the screen of the half anonymous, we shall not further dissipate the shadow with which they surround themselves. With them we have nothing to do, but with their affirmations somewhat. Here are a few of them.

In the first place, “All matter is eternal and resolvable into atoms.”

This question need no more be debated. Why should it? Our scientific friends over in Halifax have said that it is so, and of course we are bound to believe it. Matter is eternal, not created, and it is resolvable into atoms—all matter is. We are not to discuss the question whether matter *is*, but dismiss it as Byron does—

“When Berkeley said there is no matter,
It was no matter what he said.”

We are not to raise any further questions whether God created matter, which of course he did not, since Trfad has told us that matter is eternal; nor whether he perhaps evolved it out of himself, as Milton affirms; though perhaps the learned authors would permit us to entertain this question, it not being quite contrary to their first proposition. Well, let us attend to their second proposition.

“Atoms are invisible, indivisible, intangible and indestructible.”

Here are four distinct assertions, some of which may be true, but in all demanding scientific faith. That they are invisible we admit, at least till optics has made considerable advances, and that they are indivisible by us with any cutting instruments we could bring to bear on them we also grant, and intangible too; that they are indestructible under any known powers of chemistry, or other action, we also believe, because all matter is indestructible by these agencies. That they are absolutely invisible, indestructible, etc., is a transcendental doctrine of faith. But we let this quadruple proposition pass without any more serious objection that we may pay our respects to the next one, which is—“*They (that is the atoms) are separated into two great classes, viz., mineral and vegetable atoms, or as they are at present called oxygen and hydrogen. There are many different kinds of mineral and vegetable atoms, the former producing different minerals, and the latter uniting with the mineral producing different kinds of vegetation; still there are only two classes of them.*”

We are not sure that we comprehend this great article of scientific faith. The idea seems to be that all the so called original elements of matter are only so many forms of oxygen and hydrogen. Gold, silver, lead, etc., are all only products of oxygen and hydrogen. Well we have simply to say we would rather not receive all this on faith. Regarding heavenly things we are ready to exercise faith and suspend the putting of curious questions, but

as to earthly we would like to see some ground for the reduction of all substances to two, other than the assertions of *Trfad*, or of other learned and very profound scientists. At present we have assurance that no man has been able to reduce these elements to the duality affirmed in the article previously quoted.

“All atoms are male and female.” Well we do not know what is the form of atoms, either of the oxygenic or hydrogenic kind, and are not able to deny the position here assumed. Whether the analogy of the sexes is best suited to set forth the relations of the atoms we do not know. We are inclined to let the assertion pass with this protest, that really we, for our part, do not know so much of atoms as intelligently to affirm that they are of the two sexes or that which are which.

But we have a piece of reasoning here to induce our belief. Our authors say: “We find that all animals and vegetables are male and female, and as all animate matter is kept alive by eating or absorbing so called inanimate matter—for the theory which divides atoms or matter into animate or inanimate is untenable, as we shall shew further on—is it unreasonable to suppose that each inert atom is also either male or female.”

And this is science! Science that takes nothing for granted!! Science that by observation and experiment brings forth all her conclusions—so unlike religion, which demands faith of her votaries—and bases her conclusions on mere analogies!!!

Well, we might pursue the affirmations, reasonings, deductions, etc., of our good friends, *Trfad*, of Halifax, to great length, but we have not time just now. We will, however, do *Trfad* the justice to say that we think they have quite as much grounds for their affirmations as Tyndall, Huxley, Spencer and Darwin have for theirs, and we should not at all be surprised to find their speculations becoming the rage of the scientific world. There is no saying with what strange forms speculation or enthusiasm may invest themselves.

There are many other curious, quaint and remarkable speculations contained in this book of *Trfad*. We think that if we could get over the difficulty which has been raised in our minds about the folly of taking things on trust—and raised by science itself, which should not condescend to such flimsy things as cobweb speculations and analogic reasonings—we might be inclined to give a high place to the lucubrations of *Trfad*. Perhaps they

would like to defend themselves against the accusation which we here prefer against them, that they make too great a demand on our faith, and if so, we have little doubt that the columns of the *MARITIME MONTHLY* will be open to the defence they may feel able to bring. We should really like to be illuminated ourselves, and feel ready to admit whatever evidence can be adduced for the strange and far-reaching propositions in which they, in common with their fellow-scientists, are wont to embody scientific thought.

KINGSTON ON THE PO.

'Mid the smoke and dust of journeying,
 Waiting for the midnight train,
 Thinking of my friends and yearning
 For a glimpse of home again ;
 Straight before my weary vision,
 Like the breaking of the dawn,
 Stood the ancient town of Kingston,
 Dear old spot where I was born.
 Silvery lakes, spread out before me,
 On their bosom lilies bore,
 And beneath, the wood and Churches
 Were reflected from the shore ;
 While from out the spreading branches
 Birds sang sweetly as of old,
 And the slanting rays of sunlight
 Tinted all the lakes with gold.
 Oh, thou ancient town of Kingston !
 When my sun is setting low,
 Let me rest beneath thy shadows
 On the pleasant River Po.

O. P. P.

NOTE ON EARLY STEAMBOATING IN NEW BRUNSWICK.

An article in a morning paper, over the signature S., written in a miserable, carping spirit, may be credited with the supply of an omission in the account of "Early Steamboating in New Brunswick." We neglected to refer to the passage of the *Royal William* from Quebec to London in 1833. The *Sirius* also reached New York some hours before the *Great Western*. Our readers will all have seen that the *Great "Eastern"* for "*Western*" was a slip of the pen or of the printer. With these emendations we believe that the article on "Steamboating in New Brunswick" will be found entirely reliable as to all the facts therein stated.

J. B.

"THISTLEDOWN."

This is the title of a volume to be issued from the press early in February, the collected essays and poems of the late Alex. Rae

Garvie. As a souvenir of the memory of this eloquent man, whom so many delighted to call friend, it will be eagerly looked for and highly prized; while the reading public at large will welcome a work that appeals so directly to the feelings of the people of these Provinces. Here Mr. Garvie spent his maturer years. A warm and devoted lover of his country, its rural scenery, its historical incidents, its material progress, his ripe intellect and ready pen have made some of the finest contributions to our native literature. We will warmly welcome the appearance of this charming "Sketch Book," and hope it will command an attentive reading by every lover of literature in these Provinces.

NEW-YEAR'S DAY, 1875.

A CANADIAN SKETCH.

A winter landscape. Not such winter scene
As Isaac Ostade or A. Vandervelde
On canvas pictured, or, less skilfully,
Later, the Anglo-Dutchman Schweickhardt limned,—
Of burghers skating on their frozen dykes,
With steep-roofed houses, dull and leaden-hued,
Mapping the lengthy line of straight canals, —
But wholly arctic such as Creighoff* drew,
If "arctic" we may call our latitude.

A winter scene,—spread out in plane on plane,
Giving, as our Canadian landscapes do,
A sense of distance almost limitless,
From the white foreground where the painted sleighs
Made bits of color, to the unbroken stretch
Of far deciduous woods all softened down
And nestled to a half-seen lace of haze
Defining the air line, and blending in
With the rare azure of the frosty sky,
Save where the line was broken by the belts
Of greenwood, showing gleams, half vert, half blue,
Like glimpses of a circuit of the sea;
While in the middle distance lay outstretched
The half pellucid and metallic sheen
That marked the level of the frozen lakes
With opalescent islands on their breast.

Along the highways, at the time I tell,
A merry company came wending in
From points of the municipality
Towards one common centre, by the roads
That winding in and out among the farms
Passed the full garner, snowy on the roofs,
And houses with icicles fringed on the eaves,
And by the orchard trees all diamond-sprayed,

* An artist whom Canada should have retained within her borders, with a pension, if necessary.

Along the heights and hollow ways wherein
 The darkest shadows were of violet-grey,
 But rose-hued where they westered to the sun.
 So with much jollity, and crack of whips
 And ring of bells and cries of "hi! g'along!"
 Sped on the company of young and old
 To see the old year out and new year in
 At the warm hearthstone of Arundel Farm;
 And in they gathered; till before them rose
 A house built in the square and ugly style
 That was the English taste when reigned Queen Anne.

Here dwelt the Squire. A man who, years ago,
 Ere yet the roads were made or creeks were bridged,
 Came out from "home,"—meaning the British Isles,—
 Warwick or Devon, or perhaps the north,
 Where finding prices rising with demand
 And six per cents diminishing to three,
 'Twas hard to keep his state of gentleman,
 And sorely weary, too, of nought to do,—
 The Mrs. Grundy life of everyday,—
 He took his youthful family by the hand,
 And emigrated to "the Colonies."

There, self-reliant, as became his race,
 He set himself to see what he might do,—
 Knowing that honest toil stains no man's hands,—
 And summing up his knowledge, found he knew
 Of trading nothing and of farming little,
 But much of the great glory of the woods;
 So, mainly fancy-led, took up a stretch
 Of forest land, full of acclivities,
 With winding brooklets running at the base,
 And, in the process of his clearing, laid,
 By bit and bit, his English knowledge by,
 Saw zigzag fences without hate, and learned
 The science of the handling of the hoe,
 The handy shift and rude colonial ways,
 And watched so long the swinging of the axe
 He almost learned, himself, to chop a tree;
 Thus, after some years of incertitude,
 He made himself a roughish kind of farm,
 And called it by a fond ancestral name.

Where once the stumps had been, grew grass and grain,
 And, in the course of time, the orchard fruits
 Grew red-cheeked in the sun, and specimens
 Of planted trees for landscape,—beech and elm,—
 (Strange husbandry it seemed to district eyes,)
 With some imported,—lime and sycamore,
 Became umbrageous and lent dignity;
 While round the circuit of the whole demesne
 Was left a margin of the old rough woods,
 Wherein the intersecting timber-roads
 Were underbrushed and trimmed to bridle-paths,
 By which the squire,—a setter at his heels—
 Would frequent take his rides in spring or fall,
 Beneath the red bloom of the maple buds
 Or in the yellow rain of beechen leaves,
 And musing, with full heart, would grateful say:
 "Dear Lord! this land is fair to look upon,
 Although it is not like my English home."

His rougher neighbors came to like the man,
 And, unintentional, recognized his caste,
 Nay! would have sent him to the parliament,
 But, if ambitious, his not lust of place;
 The quality of envy was not in him,
 (Without which none can be a partisan,)
 And so he took small part in party strife,
 But gave his vote to him he thought the best
 Nor asked if Grit or not:—for he had read
 Of how, not seldom, the unthinking crowd,
 With oyster shells, had changed the ministry,
 Till power grew centralized, and then, too late,
 They found the strong hand was the hand to rule.

More local duties fell within his sphere:
 He wrote himself a Justice of the Peace,
 And gave decisions upon cattle strayed,
 Or timber claims, or trespass; or, mayhap,
 In those offences, rarer and more grave,
 When Darby had made rather free with Joan,
 Would lay the law down in such bookish words
 The neighbors, gathered in the justice room,
 Would say, admiring: "If the squire but had
 The money that his education cost,
 It would go far to buy a thrashing-mill."
 Or at the muster in militia time,
 As colonel of his regiment, with his sons,—
 Tall, stalwart striplings, taller than their sire,
 (For not believing much in Malthus' views,
 He had increased the census seven or so,)
 No volunteer, with fifty cents a day,
 Could feel more martial than the colonel
 On his old charger "Trooper,"—good steed once,
 But who, like to his rider, as he aged
 Grew somewhat Tory in proclivities.

And now the squire, with his good lady-wife
 And troop of gallant sons and daughters fair,
 Gave welcome to their guests. The boys,—so called
 Though they were mostly men, fair samples all
 Of the stout yeomen whom our country grows,—
 The daughters buxom, smooth-skinned, healthy maids,
 Well bred and ladylike, the very girls
 Poor gentlemen would seek, to make them wives.

So out of wraps and plaids and cloaks of fur
 Came comfortable matrons, with their broods
 Of blooming maidens, lily-skinned or brown,
 Of French and British nationalities,
 All with their pleasant faces ruddy pink,
 Like Provence roses,—such dear pets were they
 As Shakespeare's charming girls, or Walter Scott's,—
 Attended by their men-kind, loud and blythe
 With "hail good fellow!" and much shaking hands.

First came the rights of hospitality,—
 For ne'er forgotten in this realm of ours
 The ceremonial is of eating salt,
 That makes each squatter's log hut in the bush
 As hospitable as an Arab's tent.
 High on the home-made linen white as snow
 And bearing a faint scent of lavender,

Were heaped the dainties of housewifely hands ;
 White bread and brown, tarts and superfluous pies,
 And yellow butter, the good housewife's pride,—
 The product of "Cow-cow" the Alderney,—
 With maple syrup and hot buckwheat-cakes,—
 A luxury as yet, alas ! unknown
 To European *menus*,—with much more
 Than I can chronicle, and beverages
 Made toothsome with the richness of the cream
 And pleasant from the china, blue and gold,
 That came from England in the time long bye,
 And had a value more than money's worth.
 Full justice done, the company spread about
 The pleasant parlor and its branching rooms.

The while the girls were chattering, who knows what ?
 The young men told improbabilities
 Of feats they had performed with red and gun,
 Of deer shot in the bush and salmon slain
 In the lone Moisie or the Saguenay ;
 And one, a visitor from Acadie,
 Eclipsed them all with tales of shooting moose
 In provinces they call the Maritime,
 Till Sam (from the back lots) took the parole
 With thrilling story of a sheep and bear,—
 When said the hostess : "Now we've had enough
 On sporting themes, the girls shall give us music."

At this young Freddy sprang, and forthwith blew
 That household nuisance, his accordion,—
 On which he perpetrated fantasies,
 With wild gyrations, pumping up and down,
 As copied from some negro minstrel troupe,
 And would have played a lame accompaniment
 But that the lady checked him, and with hand
 That told of culture touched the piano keys,
 With which the maids' and young men's voices chimed
 To an old breezy air the lumberers sing
 On the head waters of the Ottawa :

O stream and lake and forest land !
 Though other lands may be as fair,
 In this our land no willing hand
 But plenty hath, with some to spare,
 And health breathes in our native air ;
 Her heritage a people free,
 Content and peace and strength her dowers,
 Then where can we a rival see
 To this free, forest land of ours ?
 Canada ! Canada !
 This free, this forest land of ours.

What though 'tis not a red-rose land,
 Nor bears the myrtle or the vine,
 From strand to strand, on every hand,
 The maple, birch and beech entwine
 With giant pillars of the pine ;
 And though no myrtle blooms have we,
 Nor glare of gaudy tropic flowers,
 Content are we a-field to see
 The mayflower in this land of ours,—
 Canada ! Canada !
 This loved, this mayflower land of ours.

Out of the song a conversation grew,
 Politico-economic, touching on
 The current sins and sorrows of the day
 As set forth in the country newspaper ;
 Their talk excused, or, oftener still, condemned
 The reckless course that raised regretted scandals
 Anent the iron way is meant to clasp
 In one our eastern and our western seas,
 So that no wheel shall run on alien ground ;
 And then, discursively, o'er topics ranged
 In which were frequent heard the Scottish names,
 Mackenzie and Macdonald,—now and then
 With passing praise of him who worthily
 Sways the vice-regal sceptre of the State.
 The views expressed were various as the men.
 The eldest son who, in the course of things,
 Hoped to be squire and colonel, had his fears
 'Twas dangerous to give the people power ;
 But Algy, as he was Canadian born,
 Had in him some slight touch of democrat,
 And on the question of their suffrages
 Spoke for the commons. Till the lady cried :
 "In this rude country what are politics !"
 But mildly said the squire : "Nay, mother, nay,
 Our country, native or adopted, is
 As fine a country as the sun shines on,
 And, mother, we have given it girls and boys ;
 Pray Heaven ! no race of ours may do it wrong
 Or vilify the source from whence they sprung."

While thus they argued, an ear-splitting scream,
 A sound as many cats were caterwauling,
 Mingled with grunts and uneuphonious drone,
 Came from the barn, where a bagpiper,
 As is the wont of such musicians, strutted
 Like to the Gothic cock before Sedan,
 And marked the time, as loud his chanter blew
 To Rothiemurchers or McDonald's reel,
 (For many of the squire's most trusted men
 Were natives of the kindly land of cakes.)
 One other master made the orchestra,
 A fiddler who knew well where ale would flow,
 And sawed away at threadbare melodies,
 With nodding head and honest rasp of bow
 Whenever feast was held or frolic made,
 And in the pauses of the bagpiper
 Drew shrill *qforzaudos* and *arpeggios*
 To let the world know the dance was on.

Up rose the girls laughing, and anon
 Like swallows pressing round the chimney place
 With twittering, bird-like ways, right fair to see,
 In whispered underbreath arranged for partners,
 And all had been as planned, had not an elf,
 Tiny, a little mayflower maid, not yet
 Admitted to the conclave, cunningly
 Crept round their skirts and told her favorite Sam
 The secret roll of the conspiracy,
 Whereon he, boldly taking heart of grace,
 Advanced and begged the honor, so-and-so,
 And to the young men's infinite chagrin
 Walked off the fairest maiden of them all.

When having joined the dancers in the barn,
 The fiddle shrieked as a broad hint to kiss,
 (A hint, you may be sure, not thrown away.)
 'Twas sight to see the good squire and his dame
 Lead gaily off along the echoing floor,
 With set to partners, hands across, and swing,
 And down the laughing middle and up again,
 While after them a rush of merry hearts,
 With light steps, through the mazy figure flew,
 With flash of eyes like summer lightning playing
 And flying words like rain of arrow shafts,
 And tangle of white necks and flying hair,
 And swirling skirts like drifts of colored snow,—
 Ah! happy time of youth and heartiness!
 Ah! warm the blood that tingles in young veins!
 So sped the dance: but when they had gone down
 The opening contra dance of twenty couples,
 The stout old squire and dame, both scant of breath,
 And feeling they had done enough for fame,
 Resigned their places to the feathier feet,
 And joined their friends around the parlor fire.

Meanwhile the graver people by the blaze,—
 A brother justice it might be, or so,
 And eke the doctor of the settlement;
 The parson of the parish, certainly,
 Who on small income did a deal of good,
 Yet had his views; his was the legal faith,
 And other sects were but by tolerance;
 With him the reverend Scottish minister,
 Who held the sterner forms of Calvin's creed;
 The neighboring curé, too, a kindly man,
 But with the priestly cast of countenance,
 A priest who labored humbly in his cure
 With no hopes of an archiepiscopate,—
 Sate gossiping, and, for the time, at least,
 The secular School Act was a thing ignored.

Until the supper called the dancers in
 To such a banquet as a farm can spread,
 Of food and home-grown luxuries, such as rest
 As lightly as a quiet conscience, on
 Digestion born of healthful appetite.
 Nor food alone, but fruit and winter flowers
 Were extras rarely wanting with the squire,
 Who though he used did not abuse good cheer,
 And so upon his board there sparkled bright
 The crystal amber with Nantz eau-de-vie,
 Or ruddy with the blood of Portugal
 And amethyst with vintage of Auvergne,
 Selected by a friend of former years
 Now in the smuggling isle of French Pierre,
 Although the casks came through the custom house.

Thus passed the hour in family festival
 While all the time the old year lay a-dying,
 And the new year was waiting to be born.

At long and length the hall clock rung out *twelve*,
 And Time cut one more notch on Terra's zone,
 When the host rising, with a brimming glass,
 And looking kindly round the circle, said:

