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Vol. 2. 1868. No. 1.

STEWART'S LITERARY QUARTERLY MAGAZINE,

DEVOTED TO

Light and Entertaining Literature.

APRIL.

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STEWART'S

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DEVOTED TO

LIGHT AND ENTERTAINING LITERATURE.

GEORGE STEWART, Jr., EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

VOL. II. SAINT JOHN, N. B., APRIL, 1868. NO. 1.

AUBREY; A BALLAD OF ACADIE.

BY JAMES HANNAY.

'Twas after Ivry broke Mayenne's and every Leaguer's lance;
And Henry sat at length secure upon the throne of France;
A little fleet set sail from Dieppe to cross the western main,
De Monts he held the chief command, with him was bold Champlain,
And many a gallant gentleman from Paris and Rochelle,
And Poutrincourt from Picardie and Biencourt as well;
Enough to form a Colony, for in that motley throng,
Were artizans and soldiers brave, and peasants rude and strong
And learned Huguenot ministers, and priests from Aquitane
And Aubrey Perè a wanderer from the pleasant banks of Seine:
All eager to behold a land to Europe long unknown,
O'er which a strange romantic veil of mystery was thrown.

* * * * * * * *

Four weeks they sped with eager sail before a favoring breeze,
Westward their prows were pointed still across the unknown seas;
Bright skies, fair winds, a broad expanse of sea on every side,
But not a sail to cheer their souls as on and on they glide;
And many a longing eye was turned towards their distant home,
And many a heart in secret cursed the thought which bade it roam.
At length on the horizon dim a cloud-like line appears,
And here and there a rugged crest a bolder summit rears.
Acadie's rocky coast uplifts its dark form to the sky;
Loud roar the waves upon the shore the white spray leaps on high,
O'er rocks on which the sea had dashed since time's first hour began,
Destined to rend in after years the noblest works of man.

* * * * * * * *

Onward they sail and Fundy's Bay expands to either shore,
Never had European keel parted its tide before.
All things were strange, the sea, the land, the forest stretching wide,
Stranger than aught their eyes had scanned the swiftly flowing tide,
Nature, attired in brighter hues than in their own fair land,
Appeared to bear a nobler front and a more bounteous hand.

* * * * * * * * *

O'er summer seas they swiftly pass with spirits light and gay,
Their vessels part the dark blue waves of still St. Mary's Bay,
The anchors cast, the boats are manned, they reach the silent shore,
Never had foot of white man trod that unknown beach before—
Near sixty centuries had sped since the Creation's birth;
But what had all time's changes wrought upon this spot of earth?
With eager feet the wanderers haste to range the forest wide,
They wonder at the grand old trees which rise on every side;
New flowers and birds arrest their eyes, new scenes their thoughts employ,

Their laughter echoes thro' the woods and all is mirth and joy.
Aubrey had strayed far from the rest, and like a curious child,
Unconscious of the passing hours, he wandered through the wild,
Nor thought how far his feet had strayed, until the sun's last ray
Glared like a watch fire in the West, and passed in gloom away,
Then stricken with a sudden dread he turned and backward ran,
He shouted loud, the forest mocked the lost and lonely man.
Help! help, he cries for help in vain, who in the midnight dark
Is swept into the seething sea, from the swift flying bark;
And Aubrey in the pathless wood, dark silent as the grave,
Seemed lost as one who hopeless sinks beneath the boisterous wave.
Small hope for him whose feet had strayed in that Acadian land,
No white man for a hundred years again might touch its strand,
The wolf upon the wanderer's corse its hunger there might sate,
A few white bones alone would tell his dread and mournful fate.
While thoughts like these perplexed his mind despairing down he lay,
And darkness spread its sable plumes like a raven's o'er the day,
And dark despair with constant voice still whisper'd in his ear,
"There is no hope but death for those who rashly wander here."
But looking up as captive looks from out his prison bars,
Dotting the darkening sky above he saw the glittering stars,
And brightening o'er the broad expanse of Heaven's lofty dome,
They cheered his eyes and calmed his soul with happy thoughts of home,
For often in his youth he watched from his chamber window high,
That constellation, seven starred, climbing the northern sky;
The Galaxy a golden stream flowing through fields of gloom,
Like the pathway of the blessed souls to their home beyond the tomb:
Tho' lost and lone the sky seemed still familiar as of yore,
And watching it he sank to sleep beneath the forest hoar.

* * * * * * * *

Brightly the morning sun arose and lit up wood and glen,
As Aubrey woke from joyous dreams to misery again,
Hungry and faint he ranged the wild, but vainly sought the shore;
And vainly paused with listening ear to hear the wild waves roar,
The forest brought no sound to him except the dreary sigh
Which came forth from its topmost boughs as the sudden breeze went by.
At length with looks of joy and hope the weary wanderer stood
Beside a tiny little stream that murmured through the wood—
He drank its tide, he bathed his brow, he bent in prayer his knee,
And said "Heaven makes this stream my guide—'twill lead me to the sea."

* * * * * * * *

At last he stands upon the shore and strains his eyes in vain,
Across a sea which seems as wide and boundless as the main—
This is indeed another sea and not the narrow bay
In which the fleet he vainly seeks secure at anchor lay;
'Tis Fundy's waves which darkly roll before the lost one now,
And as he looks his cheek grows pale and anguish clouds his brow,
Alas! he cries in bitter grief "what hope is left for me,"
"Must I but perish by the shore of this strange restless sea?"

* * * * * * * *

Seventeen long weary days have passed and Aubrey wanders still,
His food the shellfish from the shore, his drink the sparkling rill,
Lean visaged and like tottering age bent down by weight of care;
For he has lived in these sad days a life-time of despair.
His steps are feeble now and slow, his eyes begin to fail,
From weary watching day by day to see a friendly sail,
On the horizon once he deemed he saw that blessed sight,
'Twas but a sea gull's wing that skimmed the blue wave in its flight;
And sudden joy was changed to grief and cheerfulness to care,
For promised blessings unfulfilled but deepen man's despair.
Hunger and pain have done their work, his race is nearly run,
And hope dies daily in his breast with every setting sun.
Down on the beach he sank at length and gazed upon the sand,

His thoughts were wandering far away unto his native land,
The summer sun was gliding down low in the western skies,
Weak as he was he scarce could hope again to see it rise.
And thinking thus as there he lay beside the cheerless shore,
He turned his eyes towards the west to gaze on it once more:
When lo! a shallop's sail appears around a point of land,
And lightly skims the placid sea a stone-throw from the strand,
And at the sight, strange joyous thoughts rise in his bosom's core,
And nerve him with a sudden strength where weakness reigned before—
He rose and down the beach he ran to catch the boatman's eye,
And shouted loud and took his staff and waved his hat on high.
They hear him, see him, he is saved, the steersman's answering hail,
Comes sounding landward as in haste he jibes the swelling sail.
Shoreward the shallop's bow is turned, it grates upon the sand
And eager friends and shipmates grasp the helpless Aubrey's hand,
And not a heart in all the fleet but gave a joyous bound,
When Champdore brought the thrilling news that Aubrey had been found.

[NOTE.—The foregoing is an attempt to render into ballad verse one of the earliest incidents of Acadian History. Aubrey was one of the Priests of DeMont's expedition which left France in 1604. He was lost in the woods when the flotilla was at anchor in St. Mary's Bay and wandered to the shores of the Bay of Fundy where he was found 17 days afterwards by Champdore who was exploring the Coast in a shallop in search of an iron mine. The Colonists brought out by De Monts consisted of a mixed assemblage of Catholics and Huguenots, and one of the latter had been accused of murdering the missing Aubrey; the joy with which the tidings of his safety were received was therefore extreme as it was felt that such a suspicion of foul play would destroy the harmony and endanger the success of the expedition.]

THE CITY OF COLLEGES.

BY THE HON. THOMAS D'ARCY McGEE.

OF the renowned seats of learning in western Europe, perhaps Oxford is that which has retained for the longest unbroken period, its eminence and efficiency. Reading of most of the famous personages of the middle ages in Great Britain, we find the same set phraze, early in the tale, which is applied to so many of the leading Englishmen of our own time—"educated at Oxford." The city and the schools to which the youthood of seven centuries has turned in hope, and from which their manhood has emerged in honor, must constitute, I think we will all admit, a scene worth seeing, and a subject worthy of remembrance.

It is difficult for us, with our new country notions of antiquity to conceive the age and atmosphere of Oxford. The thousand years that lie between us and the first Saxon Prioress, St. Frideswide—the six hundred years that lie between us and Walter de Merton, the founder of the oldest existing college represent to the Canadian mind, so many words or so many numerals; but in Oxford these ancients of days look down on you in stone from every niche, within and without the walls; you breathe that hoar antiquity in every cloistered court, from under every arched entrance, in every solemn chapel, and in all the ample halls. Very calm yet very cheerful is the spirit of the place. We may not go the length of an early eulogist of the city who holds that if God himself had chosen a dwelling anywhere upon earth it would have been, Oxford; but I certainly can accept Anthony a'Woods' safer saying, that

"Oxford is better seen than described." Most other cities are the production of policy or of commerce; their streets seem made to lead up to palace or prison gates, or out toward the masts of shipping, but Oxford, as must be felt at every turn, is a city built by the learned for lovers of learning, by scholars for the habitation of scholars.

Oxford is distant from London, in a North-westerly direction, 52 miles;—about the distance from Montreal to Acton or Lancaster. The capital of an inland county, it is free from the contagion and bustle of seaports; of an agricultural county, it has escaped the clatter and agitations of the centers of manufacturing populations. The natural situation has, in all its lineaments, something recluse and monastic. Its domes and steeples, rising through an abundance of great green trees, look out upon beautiful pastoral lowlands in the foreground, with an almost continuous surrounding upland range in the distance. Three rivers—which would never be called rivers with us, famous as they are in England, interlace the landscape, flowing hither and thither among the meadows, so that the student or the traveller from whatever quarter he sights the city, reaches it over the echoes of some resounding bridge. The sense of insulation is not now so easily awakened; but in former days, when "people used to row up to Merton College buttery to refresh themselves," the returning inmate of the schools was glad to hail a waterman to carry him over the long liquid reaches which intercepted his entrance within the walls.

The bulk of the city as is at once observed, bears a judicious proportion to the colleges. At no period has the town population very much outgrown or overbalanced the scholastic population. In our peaceful days this may be, in many respects, of less moment than formerly; but still it is worthy of remark, that at the census of 1851, the whole number of inhabitants was returned at 27,000, while 6,000 persons were on the college books, and 3,300 were actual members of Convocation. If each male adult, graduate or student, represented four of a resident family, the College men were very nearly a tie with the Townsmen.

But the relations of town and gown were not always so amicably adjusted in Oxford, as they are in our present pacific times. In the earlier modern and all through the middle ages, when for gentle and simple to carry a weapon was as common as it now is to carry an umbrella or a cane; when the artisan's dagger served to carve his meat at home, and to defend his life out of doors; when every gentleman's wardrobe included at least one sword for daily wear and one for state occasions, things went not quite so smoothly between the Isis, the Charwell, and the Thames. When the students numbered thousands of full grown men, and the professors harangued in the open air; when the Oxford burgesses mustered their forces before venturing to hold fair or festival; when a disputed succession flung its fiery arrows over the walls; when Nominalists and Realists lost their temper and forgot their logic; when there was question of the excise of bread, or of beer or of wine, or of jurisdiction of any kind, between the Chancellor and the Mayor, or with the Prior of Saint Frideswides, or the Abbott of Osney, or, indeed, in "any good cause at all," the ready weapons were soon unsheathed by both factions. For the more formidable exercise of this sort of power, the whole body of students as early as the 12th and as late as the 17th century, were divided into two "nations," each commanded by its own Proctor, or chief, elected for two years. These *nations* were known as the Northern-men and the Southern-men, or the students from the north of the Mersey and Humber, and those southward. The Welsh, and

Irish, (whose chambers gave name so early as Henry 1st's reign to "Irishman's Street," in the Parish of St. Thomas), ranged themselves with the Southernmen, while the Scotch students naturally went with the North countrymen. In any quarrel with the townsmen, both nations generally joined, as in the famous riots of 1209 and 1238; the former arising out of the accidental killing of a townsman by a student practising archery; and the latter, from the intentional shooting of the Lord Legate Otho's cook, who had been guilty of throwing a ladle full of scalding soup, "in the face of a poor Irish clerk," who had made his way uninvited, into the said Lord Legate's kitchen. Party spirit, however, divided the nations bitterly amongst themselves, in the wars of the Roses. From what I have been able to read of the annals of Oxford, I cannot concur with Professor Huber, the able German historian of the English Universities, that the Northerners always, or even generally, represented the popular, and the Southerners the royalist principles at issue. It seems to me, such theorizing as this is attempting to string ancient facts too exclusively on modern wires; is attempting to force facts to our own theories, rather than to suffer them to speak freely for themselves. If any party represented steadily "popular principles," it was the townsmen, battling alike against Northern and Southern for the immunity of their franchises, and the freedom of their markets. These franchises, according to Anthony a'Wood, "extend from Magdalen bridge to Milham, great Marten river, thence cross Christ Church mede, above the ditch to the walk; to the Wharf down to Free Water Stone, and back again through Bell-founder's Arch, and over the meads, cross Hog Acre ditch to Hinxley ferry; to Botley and up Seacouth, hard by Binsey Church, and up to Godstow, cross the fields down to the Isle of Rhe; then take boats to Magdalen bridge, and home." Such were the limits of the Town's jurisdiction, which were to be maintained and defended during four turbulent centuries, against the choleric and quarrelsome nations quartered in the quadrangles of the Colleges.

It was a strangely motlied population that of Oxford, during the middle ages. The timid, tenacious Jew, fearful of his life, and hardly less fearful of the gains for which he lived; the austere mendicant friars in their early fervor; the matriculated townsmen, servitors of the University; the gay and dissipated "Parisians;" the dilapidated Welsh and Irish *Chamberdekins;* the magnificent Prelates; the grave *Taxors* and Guardians, ready to arbitrate on house-rent or homicide, with the town authorities; the University Proctors; the town Bailiffs; altogether a very marked and various community. Over all, presided, on the one hand the Mayor, on the other the Chancellor; each with his own Police, and no lack of armed volunteers to enforce his decisions, whatever they might be.

The relation of the twenty Colleges and five halls, now existing at Oxford, to the University, has been compared by Mr. Goldwin Smith to a Federal government. Every member of the University must be a member of some College; the University Convocation is the supreme legislature, as the Chancellor is the supreme executive power. But the utmost variety exists in the College Constitutions themselves:

With the exception of Jesus College founded by Queen Elizabeth, chiefly for Welsh students, and Oriel founded or rather favored by the unfortunate Edward II., the vanquished at Bannockburn, all the other twenty-five foundations owe their endowments, to munificent merchants, to pious ladies, to court Chaplains, or Bishops, or Lord Chancellors of England. Their statutes bespeak the ages in which they rose. Some founders give prominence to

Divinity, exacting celibacy and poverty of their beneficiaries; others,—in the *Rennaissance* period—place classical studies in the foreground; some betray a Provincial, others a more Catholic spirit. But with all this internal diversity of organization, it has been found not impossible to combine, the unity essential to University government; nor do we find an instance in which any formidable effort was made, by a particular College, to shake off the superiority or superintendence of the University.

The Oxford founders, may be divided into those who flourished before, and those since, the Reformation. In the former period, fourteen of the Colleges and all the five halls were founded; in the latter six Colleges were added to those already existing. The first series of founders commenced with Walter de Merton, Bishop of Rochester, and Lord Chancellor, in 1264, and ended with Cardinal Wolsey, Lord Chancellor, at the time of the foundation of Christ's Church, in 1525. Of the latter founders, Sir Thomas Pope, Court Physician to Queen Elizabeth, his friend Sir Thomas White, a London Merchant, and the Earl of Pembroke, who founded the College of that name, may be considered the principal. But the glory of Oxford lies largely in the first period. Whatever we may think of its renown, in the doubtful days of King Alfred or the mythical days of King Memphric, (who reigned precisely 1009, B.C.,) it is impossible to banish from its annals, the great names of those celebrated Churchmen-Chancellors, Wolsey, Chicele, William of Waynfleet, William of Wykeham, and Walter de Merton, who, if they came, most of them from very humble beginnings, to the inheritance of princely revenues, knew how to employ their means, in a manner most worthy of Christian Prelates and Peers of the Realm.

Of all these great men, no two exhibit points of character in more striking contrast, than the Chancellors, William of Wykeham and Thomas Wolsey, and no two represent more fully the relation of Oxford, to each age. A century lay between them. Wykeham saw the outbreak of the wars of the Roses, and Wolsey saw their close. The methods by which they proceeded when calling into existence the great Colleges which venerate them, as founders, were characteristic of the men, and their times. Wykeham, whose original turn was rather to architecture than to politics, (and whose genius as a builder still speaks in Windsor Castle, in his own Cathedral at Winchester, and his College—"*New* College" at Oxford), seems to have employed, so far as we can now judge, no other arts, but honest arts, in the acquisition of the vast sums which he expended on his favorite establishments. As Warden of the King's forests; Keeper of the Privy Seal; Secretary to the King, (or Chief Secretary of State), Chief of the Privy Council, (or Premier); Governor, or Chancellor of the great Council of the Nation; Dean of the Chapel Royal, and Bishop of Winchester,—and these were only the chief, not all the offices, he held—his income was enormous for that age. His ecclesiastic revenues amounted before he was Bishop of Winchester to £842 per annum; Winchester itself, which he held for forty years, was one of the richest sees in England. His emoluments as Lord Keeper, Warden, and Chancellor, must also have been very large. Personally, he lived temperately to an old age extended to four score; though he seems to have well known what was due to the honor of his office when occasion required, he was habitually moderate and frugal, in his personal expenditure. His birth is as obscure as Wolsey's, whether the surname of Wykeham was hereditary or a local designation, is undecided; his rise, though less rapid was equally marvellous: but the revenues he derived from all sources, he husbanded as a steward simply, regard-

ing the per centage he allowed himself only as his own, while he dedicated the principal to the two glorious ends of promoting knowledge, human and divine. Most unlike Wolsey's was the closing earthly scene of this great man's life. At the age of three score he asked and at length obtained permission, from an unwilling and attached Sovereign, to resign all his great offices of state, and withdraw from Court. Another decade of years was granted to him, which he devoted solely to acts of charity and exercises of religion: thus he shone in the long day allotted him, and set in the evening, without a cloud;—without the pathetic and almost tragic interest that surrounded at the close the great Chancellor of the XVI century.

The character of this great Chancellor, Cardinal Wolsey—whose name not even the power of the despot who plundered him of everything else,—could erase from the records of Oxford—has lately been wrought into great prominence by a very zealous historian of those times, Mr. Froude. To Mr. Froude Henry VIII is a hero-King, with great faults, but not the less great kingly qualities. It would not, in speaking of Oxford, be in keeping with the unities, to discuss the elaborate defence, or apology, of Mr. Froude for Henry; but whoever will compare the condition and position of England, during the twenty years that Prince was under the guidance of Wolsey, with that to which she was brought, during the subsequent twenty years, when his ministers were his clerks, will be able to estimate how much of the early glory of his reign was due to the great Cardinal, and how much to the personal qualities of the Monarch. But it is only to Wolsey, as an Oxford man, I mean to refer. However obscure his parentage the butcher's son was at the age of fifteen the "boy-bachelor" of Magdalen College, and at the age of 27, while Bursar of that College, he erected, and it is said designed, that beautiful tower, which is still the architectural cynosure of Oxford and of England. At the beginning of the sixteenth century, when little over 30, the Oxford scholar became ambassador to the Emperor of Germany, and in the early years of Henry rose in rapid succession to be Archbishop of York, Lord Chancellor, and Cardinal. While he still combined in his own person these great dignities he matured the long cherished project of being like so many of his predecessors, the founder of a new College at Oxford. He had never ceased to befriend the University in which he won his earliest honors, and held his first offices. In the rare hours of his solitude the beautiful tower of Magdalen must have haunted his imagination. By his aid and influence the study of Greek obtained its first foothold in the existing Colleges; by him no less than eight lectureships were founded in the University, while his project for an additional College on an unprecedented scale, was awaiting maturity. In these scholarships the Lord Cardinal showed he still cherished the predilections of the "boy bachelor," for while he placed Theology at the head of his eight chairs, he did not omit Mathematics, Greek, and Rhetoric, from the curriculum. In 1525 all his arrangements with the Pope and King being complete, Wolsey caused the first stone of his foundation to be laid, dedicated to the Holy Trinity, the Blessed Virgin, and St. Frideswide; and devoted under regular canons, to the study of the civil and canon Law, the liberal arts, Medicine and Humanity; in other words to three faculties, Law, Arts, and Medicine, with the addition of Classical studies—including his favorite Greek course. Instead of telling of the fall of the all-powerful Cardinal, which occurred in the fourth year from the commencement of his new College; instead of dwelling on that most striking, and thanks be to Shakespeare, that best known scene in British history; instead of showing how

Henry first arrested, and then permitted the completion of the ex-chancellor's vast designs; let us admire rather, as more in keeping with the scholarly spirit of Oxford, the veneration with which these great Colleges which they founded, (as indeed may be said more or less of all the Colleges), have preserved the memorials of their illustrious founders. When Oxford was most intensely Protestant—in the reign of George I., it erected the votive statue of the long departed Cardinal. Both Christ's Church and New College preserve with veneration original portraits of Wolsey and Wykeham—both very characteristic of the men. The Cardinal, of full habit, has a thin boldly marked profile, of which humor seems the predominant trait as the artist caught the expression: the full front face of the elder Chancellor bespeaks benignity and all goodness; the open eye of genius, under the calm broad brow of the saintly mathematician and architect. Goodness of every sort shines forth in Wykeham; but Wolsey's is a face far more human; I mean to say in which the passions are less wholly subdued; a face of power more than of prayer; a face to inspire love and fear; withal a good and kindly face, but with unmistakable indications of energetic severity and self-will, very near to the surface. Oxford, if not always the intellectual capital of England, at all times one of its main strongholds of light and learning, has been true to itself, in cherishing through all changes of opinion and worship, the memory of these two Prelates: they did great things for Oxford, for England, and for civilization.

It may be worth while to observe what a Statesman-scholar like Wolsey nearly three centuries and a half ago comprehended within the range of an University education. There was first, great prominence given to the knowledge of Law—both civil and ecclesiastical; that is to say, speaking more explicitly, the Justinian code, and the vast body of Ecclesiastical law, which, as the legislation of the Church, had accumulated in Europe, during fifteen centuries. The ranges of acquirement embraced under these two heads alone, were, one might suppose, sufficient for a life time; thorough proficiency in either, still more in both, certainly was hardly to be expected as the fruit of any man's youth. Yet all divines, statesmen, and authors of those days were expected to have a competent knowledge of both laws. Then passing over the special study of Medicine, there were the degrees in Arts and Humanity, which every scholar was expected to take before graduation. How far have we enlarged the sphere of that circle of science? very widely, indeed, during the last three centuries; very widely, thanks, in part to Oxford, and also to Wolsey and Wykeham.

One advantage to be derived from considering the history of an old hereditary place of learning, is, that you can mark the revolutions in systems of teaching, on the very spot. The annals of the University are richly instructive in this respect. In the thirteenth century, the division of the schools was into secular and claustral; the conventual students, and what we would call, the students intended for professions. In distinct rooms, occupying all School Street, and by permission, the upper stories of tradesmens' shops in other streets, both classes pursued their learned way through grammar and logic, rhetoric and sophistry. In those days professors harangued and students wrangled in the open air; disputation between students, being the favorite mode of study, on ordinary as well as on extraordinary occasions. However much we may deprecate, as inconsistent with our notions of order and decorum the mode of disputation, there can be little doubt that it had a strong attraction for those combative ages. The maintenance of a thesis

against all comers, was the tournament of the schools; it was a mental exercise in full harmony with the amusements and warlike exercises of the times. It roused the champion of the schools with an ardor not inferior to the champion of the lists, and gave to the pursuit of science and the defence of truth, a romance not inferior to that which glowed in the breasts of Knights, who contended by Nations, or for the privilege of crowning the Queen of Beauty. But this method had its day and its career. In the second year of the restoration of Charles II. (1662) a Statute of the University, substituted declamation for disputation, before Bachelors of Arts could become Inceptors of Art, or enter on their Master's course. This reform had been attempted long before—had been favored by Henry, extinguished by Mary—and remained under debate till the reign of the second Charles. On the relative effects of the two systems; of the preparation and delivery of original essays, unexamined and uncontroverted, and the older system of cross-examining and counter-statement *in foro*, it is hard to pronounce. If the former makes the ordeal less for the conscientious student, it does not diminish the actual labor; though as is said by the oracular Ape in Don Quixote, no doubt, "much might be urged on both sides of that question." But the subject matter of the studies themselves, not less than their method, underwent many modifications, from century to century. The study of law, for example, originally a principal object of all the Colleges, early transferred itself from the Inns of Oxford to the Inns of Court, or King's Inns, in London, until at length it required in the middle of the last century, the genius of Dr. Blackstone and the liberality of Mr. Viner to obtain a hearing even, for a course of lectures on the laws of England, in England's chief University. The civil law fell into still deeper disrepute with its twin, the canon law; but the better thoughts or more perfectly recovered sense of justice of a more recent date, has brought back this undeservedly exiled sciences, to find a home in the University. The faculty of Medicine also, refused to be restricted at Oxford; the air it loved to breathe was not the sweet odor of green fields, but the infected atmosphere of the hospitals of crowded cities; it followed its food therefore to London, Dublin, and Edinburgh, leaving to rural Oxford only, the cultivation of Botany and Natural History, and more recently of Chemistry, as studies included within the range of that most comprehensive science. By these learned professions, Medicine and Law, thus compelled to transfer their studies to great cities, men were gradually prepared by insensible degrees, to take the lead of secular affairs out of the hands of the ecclesiastical order. The shifting of the centre of intelligence from the clerical body to the laity, has not been as clearly brought out, in any of our histories, as the importance of such a revolution deserves. To but few readers does the mention of the Council of Tours, in the 12th, or the Council of Constance in the 14th century suggest the rise of the legal and medical professions: yet the first by forbidding the practice of surgery to ecclesiastics, and the second by forbidding them the practice of the civil law, laid the basis of the two chief classes of educated laymen, in modern Society. The legal adviser and the medical adviser thus became the rivals, or competitors for influence, with private and public persons, of the spiritual adviser; the laical element in Christendom was immensely reinforced and all society continued on its course, under the attraction and guidance of new intellectual influences. But if the University was to keep its place —at the head of the intelligence of England—after the heavy losses of two of its chief and most venerable faculties, it was evident, it should

find other studies more independent of locality or local empiricism, to supply the void. Fortunately the 15th Century, under the lead of such men as Wolsey, Eramus and Thomas More, presented to the adoption of the widowed ALMA MATER, their LITERÆ HUMANIORES; fortunately also Bacon, a generation later, presented his new PHYSICS to England and the World. Mathematics too, which cannot be included under either of the former, assumed a new life in the 17th Century; and Modern History, Geology, and Political Economy entered later; thus to compensate the mourning Mother, deserted by Medicine and Law. Many famous sons have been granted to the Alma Mater in these departments and she, as a matter of course, has found her young family every way more interesting and precocious than the established brood of her first rearing. Divinity, it is to be observed, the first-born of Oxford, has always retained there the rights of primogeniture: indeed to very many, the University is best known as the leading Seminary of the Church of England. I have not been able to place my hand, up to the present, on the relative number of lay and clerical graduates, within any given period, say since 1662; it would be a curious and most instructive table, to compile or to consider; for I think it must be clear that the complexion of modern civilization fluctuates between these two hues or dispositions of mind lay and clerical. When the centre of all intelligence was among the clergy, Europe wore one aspect: when it shifted and oscillated between laity and clergy—when there were as many scholars out of orders as in; when, lastly, the preponderance of acquirement and information came to be with the educated laity of the age: in each of these stages of human intelligence, *the* World, *our* World, wore a special aspect. I say nothing as to the relative merits of the two great divisions of scholars—that is not my business nor is it my topic; but it is only justice to Oxford to admit that she has shown us all, how we may be just to the ecclesiastical Order, past and present, without being hostile or obstructive to the cause of lay enlightment, and the legitimate influence of the laity, in the conduct of education. Before I dismiss this part of the subject let me say moreover—in the spirit of Oxford, (I trust)—that we are all, it is to be feared, too apt to underestimate, what we owe to the clerical centuries, of which three fourths of the Oxford Colleges are standing monuments. Judged by the anathema of ignorance,—which only denser ignorance receives as true,—they were "dark ages." Ages of comparative darkness they were, because the sun of science had not fully arisen; but not ages of man-made darkness. Oh no! the stars were out in all their glory; the moon was up, and scholars labored as hard, and great men cheered them on as generously then as now. We blame them for not doing what we pretend we are doing—educating all the people. Before paper was invented; before types were cut or cast; before the steam press was dreamt of; when vellum was as scarce and as precious as gold-leaf; when a rare book was worth a King's ransom; when libraries of a hundred volumes were a luxury for a royal household; we blame those ages for not being what our ages are! Let the devotee of his own day, turn his eye towards Oxford, to that tower upon the Isis, the study of Friar Bacon glowing like a star in the night; and let him bare his head in reverence at the sublime spectacle of early science struggling over every obstacle, rather than raise his presumptious voice in mockery, of the darkness of the middle ages.

I have deeply to regret that I had not time, when on the spot, to do more than glance at the special aids to study which are found at Oxford, such as the Observatory, the Botanic gardens and the Museums; but I must add

a word or two, in reference to the two great Libraries, the Bodleian and Ratcliffe. When I said a while ago that Medicine had deserted the University, I spoke of the student classes, drawn to the chief cities; I had not forgotten Doctor Ratcliffe or the other eminent Physicians whom the University numbers among her benefactors. Ratcliffe was Court Physician and city favorite in London for forty years,—from Charles II. to George I. "As no man made money easier," says one of his eulogists, "so no man more worthily used it." He was constantly making gifts to Oxford, especially to University College where he was educated. Sums for repairs; for exhibitions; for stained glass windows, came annually; aids for the Infirmary, called after him, were frequent; but above all, his great donation—the Ratcliffe Library associates his name forever with Oxford. For this latter purpose he bequeathed—in 1715 remember,—the magnificent sum of £40,000, with annuities of £150 per annum for the Librarian, and £200 a year for new books and repairs. At first it was called the Physic library being chiefly intended for books and manuscripts on the founders of Science; but his trustees were not restricted by too formal bonds, and as the design expanded and time lapsed, the noble structure very properly took the name of the munificent donor. Crossing an area from the Ratcliffe, you enter within the precincts of the Bodleian, a still more magnificent foundation—the third library in Christendom in point of quantity, and in some special respects, the first. An Elizabethian courtier and politician, a travelled, well-born, and prosperous gentleman, Sir Thomas Bodley, at the age of 53, bid farewell, as he says, "to state employments, and set up *his* staff at the door of Oxford." For the fifteen remaining years of his life he devoted himself with the utmost assiduity to his favorite task—building and book-binding, day by day. The Library started with the fifteenth century and opened with 2,000 volumes; since which time its growth has been such, as might almost recall the founder in gladness from his grave. All sorts of learned men, kindled by that great example, have contributed to swell the collections. Archbishop Laud; John Selden; Edmond Malone; Richard Gough; and Reginald Heber. By treasures from Venice; treasures from Rome; treasures from Hamburgh and the Hague; by donations, bequests and purchase, the wonderful book-house has been built up. At present the Bodleian contains 250,000 printed volumes, and if I remember right, 15,000 rare manuscripts; volumes enough to pave a foot path from Montreal to Quebec. As I paced those splendid rooms I could not help thinking that if Convocation be the heart, and the Colleges the members, here surely is the brain of Oxford. In all this hoarded wisdom; partial and imperfect in minute detail, but so overwhelming in the mass, we have at once a demonstration of the immortal activity of the human mind, and the supremacy of Oxford, as the intellectual capital of the English-speaking world!

The *government of the University, as I already observed, has been compared* to that of a federal republic. The Colleges and Halls vary in wealth, numbers, and organization, as widely as they do in age; but all are self-governed within themselves, while all are members of, and subject to, the University. The local heads, are known variously as Dean, Principal, Master, Warden, Provost, and so forth. These "heads" formed the Hebdomadal Board—originally devised by Archbishop Laud,—with such other graduates as resided within a mile and a half of Oxford, for twenty weeks out of the collegiate year. This Board had the initiative—were a sort of Cabinet, to the great legislative body of the University, the annual assembly called

"Convocation," at which every graduate, whose name was on the books of his College, had a right to attend. But the last Parliamentary interference with the constitution of Oxford—that of 1854, in spite of "the Laudian Code and the Caroline Statutes"—for which the late reformers had often wished with the early Puritans—

"Great Laud to the Lord,
And little Laud to the devil"—

this last reform, transferred to a body called "the Congregation of the University of Oxford;" in fact, the resident, as distinguished from the dispersed University-men, the powers of the old Hebdomadal Board, with some not very important alterations, and limitations.

Of the Oxford of to-day, it might be invidious to speak; but there can be no such hindrance to our glancing at the Colleges as they were conducted in the last century.

If we were to believe absolutely what Edward Gibbon tells us in his *Memoirs*, the Oxford "dons" of his student days were chiefly remarkable for their dullness, bigotry, and deep potations. I am sorry to say, however, of so bright a genius as Gibbon, that we cannot always accept his statements, either in his *Memoirs* or his history. Two men of his own age, Bishop Lowth and Sir William Jones, have given us a very different and much higher estimate of Oxford, a hundred years ago. Both looked back with tender and reverent affection, to their Alma Mater, and both, as Nicholas French wrote of Louvain, would fain "have ended their days where they began their studies." But I think we shall all be disposed to reject the imputed barrenness of Oxford, in the last century, when we recollect that that University gave to our literature two such scholars as Joseph Addison and Samuel Johnson. The English essay is probably *sui generis* in literature, and of its two greatest masters, Addison and Johnson, Oxford had the nurture, and deserves much of the reflected honor. We have looked from "Johnson's window," and walked literally in Addison's footsteps, and this mesmerism of localities has perhaps given a more vivid impression of the two men than any degree of study could have done. When in the ninth year of the last century, the Irish Secretary, Mr. Addison, seated in his Glasnevin garden, (where Curran and O'Connell now lie buried), read aloud to his admiring friends, the first numbers of Captain Steele's *Tatler*, a new revelation as to his own powers must have dawned on him. The *Spectator* appeared on the *Tatler's* discontinuance, and is still the most celebrated collection of essays in our language, not excepting the *Rambler*, which came out forty years later, (1750). Johnson was born the same year that the *Tatler* which he has so happily characterized in his own way, first came before the public. His name is one of the sad *souvenirs* of Pembroke College—which he had to quit through poverty, without obtaining his degree; but the star of Addison always prosperous and fortunate—in the worldly sense—shines auspiciously through the finest trees, which even Magdalen (or Maudlin) can boast. I refer to these two names because they are types of Englishmen and Oxfordmen. There probably, never was a more genuine personation of John Bull than Samuel Johnson! his keen sense of justice and injustice, his sturdiness, and his tenderness, are essentially English. Addison is much less national—but which of us would wish him other than he is? In humor he had long odds of Johnson; who indeed had little or nothing of humor, though superabounding in wit: in pathos, too, he was the greater master: but he did not excel—no one in our language ever excelled Johnson in the weighty inculcation of moral truth.

There was once a Johnsonian mania, and then there came a violent Johnsonian reaction; but whoever cannot, at any time, take up the *Rambler* with profit and satisfaction, is in a condition of mind, in my opinion, much to be pitied. What, however, I wish particularly to remark of Johnson and Addison is this, that they were typical Oxfordmen. Johnson, it is well known, commenced the *Rambler* with a solemn prayer to God—*Deus Illuminatio Mea;* Addison, on his death bed, desired to show the young Lord Warwick "how a Christian could die." Both men defended the essential decencies of life—not the pharisaical decencies—but the true decorum and propriety of conduct, which religion demands we should practice. Both loved simplicity of manners and veracity of speech; both reverenced age, authority, and law; both loved nature, and good men--not all men, as philantrophists falsely pretend to do,—but all good men, or men striving to be good. In person they were most unlike. Addison walks through literature with a cane, and a snuff box between his fingers; Johnson with a cudgel, apparently ready to give the heavy end of it to whoever comes in his way; yet, perhaps, the sterner moralist had, in reality, the kinder and more feeling heart of the two. I present them to you—with Bishop Lowth and Sir William Jones—as Oxford's protest against Gibbon's sweeping censure,—and I think you will acknowledge that four such names, even if there were no others, are warrant enough for my maintaining that the University has never wholly lost—not even in the last century—the leadership of English intelligence.

It is difficult for us, as we before observed, to penetrate through our new country notions into the antique air that surrounds this city built by scholars for the habitation of scholars. To us King Alfred is almost as impalpable as King Memphric and the Lady Dervorguilla, the founder of Baliol seems as far away as Saint Frideswide the virgin patroness of Saxon Oxenford. But fortunately we are not thrown upon a past, levelled in the dust as at Carthage, or buried out of sight, as at Nineveh. We stand in the presence of the institutional vitality of this city of Colleges. Here it may be said this wall, under whose shadow young scholars walk in 1868, is three hundred years old, and that one yonder on which the sun shines, rose line by line under the hands of the masons, five hundred years ago. Here is, it is true, no awful and incomprehensible Assyrian or Egyptian antiquity; no Mossul mounds yielding up when summoned, strange monstrous shapes from their hidden chambers, and speaking from disturbed depths in unknown tongues; here is, however, sound and hale, but very reverend and very intelligible, English longevity. The highest lesson which Oxford teaches, and which it is my duty to point out, is this, that it is possible to combine stability with freedom. Not perfect stability with perfect freedom,—neither of which can we hope to see united in earthly Institutions; but so much of each as shall be preservative of both; so much as may occupy the young man's heart, and satisfy the old man's judgment. The problem which was set before our race from the beginning—which is before us to-day, here, in Canada, and will be to the end of time set before our descendants, has been, all abatements only allowed, fairly worked out for six centuries at the lowest reckoning, in Oxford. And how has it been done? The actual as well as the ancient motto of the University has been singularly observed,—*Deus Illuminatio Mea*—may God teach me! Religion has had its due; both before and since the Reformation, Religion has been kept in the foreground of all public transactions. Science has had its due; the once "poor Scholar" has been sought for to enlighten the Councils of Kings. Conduct has had its reward, in life-long trusts and

dignities, as difficult to be lost as to be won. Custom has been reverenced while innovation has not invariably been discredited; tradition has been conciliated with experiment, and the gains of the past have been carefully carried over to the account of the present and the future. In this happy combination of apparently opposite qualities, Oxford has found health, strength, and length of days: it may not be unworthy of the institutions and people of Canada, to mark the example, and meditate the moral.

PETOFI, THE MAGYAR POET.

BY THE REV. JAMES BENNET.

Few of our readers know much, if anything, of Alexander Petöfi. Our own acquaintance with him is limited to a small volume, containing a sketch of his life, and a translation of a few of his poems, by Sir John Bowring, which we happened to light upon by chance. We are not aware that it has been offered for regular sale in this city, and, as we look upon it as a new and, even in translation, a most excellent contribution to our poetical literature, we have confidence in calling the attention of the lovers of poetry to the merits of the great Magyar lyrist poet.

It is but seldom we buy a book upon the recommendation of reviews; so, although we have a dim recollection of seeing a critical notice of Petöfi in some recent periodical, we did not on that account become possessed of the volume which is the subject of this article. We picked it up casually among a lot of old books, and were so taken by what we conceived to be its merits, that we agreed for a small consideration to become its possessor. Being absorbed in the perusal, a number of our little ones gathered round our knee, when we thought of trying the effect upon them of a piece entitled "The Maniac." The children were vastly delighted, though awed. This is no bad test, thought we. The poem commences thus:—

> What wilt thou now—why trouble me?
> Away! away! away with thee;
> I'm busy! I'm busy! so leave me alone;
> I'm twisting a whip—a fire-whip of my own—
> I'm twisting it out of the rays of the sun,
> And will scourge all the world when my labour is done!
> It will howl—I shall laugh—ha! ha! hear!—ha! ha! hear!
> It laughed, when I howled: "The avenger is near;"
> I know what it means—this world's screaming and scowling:
> 'Tis howling and laughter—'tis laughter and howling;
> And then comes death's messenger, whispering "Be still!"

This is the key-note of the piece—maniacal enough—and is sustained throughout in a fine frenzy.

Well, we read on till we had gone over the greater part of the volume, wondering how it was that we had never met with any of those fine things before. So we returned to the sketch of his life prefixed—and among other

facts found that he had been dead some seventeen years—that his works are to be found in ten volumes in the Magyar language, comprising no less than 1775 separate poems. Strange, thought we, that he should hardly have been heard of in England—save in a few bad translations—till within the last two years.

Perhaps some of our readers would like to know a little more of Petöfi.

Petöfi was born in 1823—was the son of a small landowner and butcher; gave himself up at an early age to music and drawing; wrote verses and neglected his school studies, for which he suffered severe reproofs—and, what some schoolboys esteem worse—got captivated by a theatrical exhibition, and joined a band of travelling actors, among whom he performed the lowest offices on the stage and streets. His father found him out, brought him home, and sent him again to school, where he neglected all the usual studies, but was ardently devoted to Horace. Becoming a worse boy, we suppose, daily, he enlisted: covered the wall of his barrack with verses; served in Croatia two years—was invalided; went to school again, but still poetry would interfere with his studies: and a second time he joined a troop of comedians.—His stage attempts were utter failures, and he was reduced to so low a condition that he was ashamed to show himself on the streets. After some translations from English and French, which we may suppose did not gain him much, he again tried the theatre to be only hissed off the stage—all this before he was 19 years of age. It was with reference to some one of these escapades—probably the first—that he wrote the following verses, entitled—

EVENING AT HOME.

Red wine drank I with my father,
    Which the old man poured like rain;
Full of kindness, full of loving,
    Once I blessed him—and again.

Long, too long had I been absent,
    Years since I my sire had seen;
Age the old man's brow had furrowed,
    And we talked of what had been.

Talked of all my strange adventures—
    Weather-beatings, wanderings—
Theatres and men and music,
    And a thousand different things.

Then he sets my "work" before me,
    "Chop the logs!" good man! the past
Was so blended with the present—
    Earliest habits linger last.

"Well! it was a vile existence,
    You were shamefully misused"—
So I sit and hear in silence
    My poor theatre abused.

"You were ragged—you were hungry—
    Ah! I see it on your brow;
Tell me—tell me how you bore it,
    So much suffering—tell me how."

Then I laughed and joked—my language
Hiding half my thoughts the while,
Smiled upon his inexperience—
He did not return the smile.

Than I sang a jolly ditty,
Sang a ditty of mine own,
And he set my heart a-dancing
When he cried, "Well done! well done

Then I said, "And will you listen,
Verse of mine while I rehearse!"
But the old man shrugged his shoulders—
"I don't know the use of verse."

Should I wonder? his the training
To toil on from day to day;
'Twas not learning, but hard labour
That had made his tresses grey.

When the flask of wine was emptied,
I snatched up a pen to keep
Record of a passing fancy,
And the old man——fell asleep.

Then my mother entered, asking
Hundred, thousand questions then;
"This and that and t'other tell me——
Fling away that dirty pen."

And I listened to my mother's
Hundred, thousand questionings.
Asking, answering one another's
Talk of women, men, and things.

And I thought——the thought was dearer
Than the loudest sounds of mirth;
Oh! I have the dearest mother——
Dearest mother on the earth!

The simplicity and verisimilitude of this picture will strike those who have returned home after long absence, especially good-natured scapegraces, who find a father's and mother's love stronger than a prodigal's follies. How kind and filial he was, flows forth in another song, relative to the hard lot of his old father, after he had lost his all by the overflow of the Danube in 1838, when the poet was only 15 years of age. These lines are addressed

TO MY FATHER.

Here where you must travel far, before the mountains
Rise above the boundaries of the Netherland,
Here I love to look on nature's quiet beauty,
Freedom and repose surround me where I stand:
Near the little hut in which I find my dwelling,
Where the sounds of mirth their joyous echoes spread,
Here an ancient man is master of the household—
Blessings, blessings fall upon his hoary head!

Where my dwelling is, my meat and drink provided,
To complain of either were a shame, a crime;
While I wait on none, on me they all are waiting;
No complaint, even when I enter after time.
But one thing annoys me—when a word reproachful
To the good old hostess by the host is said;
Yet 'tis scarcely uttered ere he asks forgiveness—
Blessings, blessings fall upon his hoary head!

Often do we talk of days and years departed,
Why should happy years so hurriedly depart?
Then he had a house, a garden, field and cellar,
Many an ox and horse, and harvest bearing cart.
Thieves despoiled his household, and the o'erflowing Danube
Swept his house away—and there, impoverished,
Stood the ancient man amidst the desolation—
Blessings, blessings fall upon his hoary head!

Now his sun of life in darkness has descended,
And the old man asks for silence and repose;
Who can tell the weight of sorrow on his shoulders?
Who can tell the number of his wants and woes?
He no day of rest—no sabbath-day can welcome,
Early, late, he labours for his daily bread;
Oh! I mourn the lot of that old man—so weary—
Blessings, blessings fall upon his hoary head!

When I smiling say—"a better fate awaits thee;"
He just shakes his head—the comfort comes too late;
"Let me journey on, my pilgrimage is ending,
Peace will welcome me within the churchyard gate."
Then I press him tight against my panting bosom—
O what pangs are felt, what burning tears are shed!
Is not that old man mine own beloved father?
Blessings, blessings fall upon his hoary head!

Can anything be finer than this in sentiment, in pathos? He, the youth, provided for though poorly, petted, waited on, finds only one thing annoying, when the old man chides his mother in an outburst of quick temper, with, however, fast following apology, condóning the offence. You can see the sadness gathering on the brow of the boy as the old man speaks the hasty word, and the gladness coming back like sunshine over the gloom, as the father asks pardon for the rash word. Then you can hear their talk about the plenty which they had, the poverty which one may say has them in its savage clutches; about the way in which the old man may yet break away from it and enjoy a little rest—no doubt, although this is suppressed, by the boy's exertions, from which the old man sees no hope, for his boy is unfit for anything but this useless poetry—no rest but in the quiet churchyard. There was no way of rendering intelligible to the old man the fame and fortune which genius might procure, for what's "the use of verse?"—so they can only embrace and weep. Whether the old man lived to witness the fame of his son, we know not. If he did he probably may have acknowledged that after all the work of a true poet is something as dignified, and withal as profitable as "chopping logs."

We could almost from his poems make out a history of his life. The poem entitled "Winter-world" gives us glimpses of Hungarian peasant life, daguerreotyped by observation, and in which we shall find many traits of cottage scenes through N. B. A stanza or two will, we think, interest our readers.

Yes! earth is but a beggar—a white garment
Half covering its frame—a mortal cerement!
With icicles down-hanging, but so jagged
That through the crevices the corpse is peeping,
With chattering teeth—limbs frozen—girdle ragged,
A shivering coldness o'er the body creeping:
Why should man midst the desolation roam,
If he find warmth and welcome in his home?

Blessed be God then! blessed be kind Heaven!
Who a bright fire—a family hearth has given;
A family hearth, to warm in winter's chilling,
And many friends around; and wood not wanting
To feed the fire—'tis like a palace thrilling
With joy and music—fairy-like, enchanting;
Where all the friendly words outspoken enter
The opening hearts, and make those hearts their centre.

Sweetest of all at eve—then most rejoices
The listening soul to hear affection's voices;
At the large table head, the father hoary
Presides—the pipes are smoking—from the cellar
The best old wine goes round, and many a story
Is told, while loud laughs hail the story-teller:
New tales, new laughter, greet the circling cup
Filled up and emptied and again filled up.

And the good housewife everywhere is busy,
Somewhat o'ercumbered, and a little dizzy;
Fearful of this or that to be forgetful:
Somewhat too anxious for her house's honour;
Yet all her fidgets will not make her fretful,
Tho' a neglect might bring a shame upon her.
For every guest she has a smile—a greeting—
And a kind word of welcome to the meeting.

Then comes the news—more laughter, and more joking;
Cleansing the pipes, or stopping them, or smoking;
And as the smoke in cloudy wreaths is mounting,
Memory brings back the tales of days departed;
And while the old stories of their youth recounting,
Youth dawns again, and buoyant and light-hearted;
Spring seems renewed in all its early truth,
For age rejoices in the thoughts of youth.

Look at that youth and maiden on the settle,
All the old babblings interest them little;
Little care they for all the tales and tattle,
Life is before them, with its dear illusions;
Sweeter their whisperings than the rout and rattle,
Why should misgivings come with their intrusions?
Let them be blest—enjoy their stolen kisses;
Love has its blisses—and these are love's blisses.

If these stanzas describe his own peasant life in Hungary, there are others which would reveal the history of his love—beginning with the vision of the beautiful one and the "hope;" revealing in another poem the perplexity of the lover before he can tell whether he will be rejected or accepted; describing in a third the marriage day, which probably ought to be the end of our inquiries, as all good novels close here. In the course of our reading, however,

we met with a poem, some verses of which would lead us to conclude that the realization of all love's hopes was a sad affair. In "Musings," he says—

Things are not as they were—one year another's
History obscures; my present and my past,
Tho' linked in my life's annals like twin brothers,
In separate moulds by destiny were cast.

* * * * * *

Time was when a sweet maid, and white wine simmering,
And the bright blaze of noon-tide suns were mine,
Now but the dregs—a reckless wife—no glimmering
Of light, for me so single star shall shine.

These lines were written perhaps in the person of another, or in the dark mood which follows a matrimonial spat of no long continuance. His widow was a woman of worth and learning, the translator of Andersen's tales, who afterwards became the wife of Prof. Arpad Horvath. In another fine poem, entitled "Wife and Sword," his married experience is presented in another aspect.

A dove upon the house-roof,
Above in heaven a star;
Thou, on my bosom sleeping—
How sweet thy breathings are!

Soft as the morning dew-drops
Upon the rose-leaves fall,
Thou in my arms reposest,
My love, my wife, my all!

Why should I not embrace thee,
With kisses manifold?
My lips are rich with kisses—
So gushing—so untold.

We talk, we toy, we trifle,
We revel in love's bliss,
And snatch at every breathing—
A kiss—another kiss.

But who that bliss can measure,
Sparkling in every glance?
It crests thy lips with beauty,
It lights thy countenance.

I look upon my sabre,
'Tis idly hung above;
And does it not reproach me?—
"Why so absorbed in love?"

Thou old—thou young companion!
So wildly looking down;
I hear thy voice of anger,
I see thy threatening frown.

"Shame—shame on thee, deserter!
Thus trifling with a wife;
Awake! thy country calls thee
For liberty, for life."

And I—"She is so lovely,
So witching, so divine—
The gift of heavenly beauty,
This angel-love of mine!

"O recognize the mission,
Entrusted from the sky,
To this celestial envoy,
And hail her embassy."

She heard the word; she echoed
That word—"'The Fatherland!'
I buckle on the sabre,
With mine own plighted hand.

"I charge thee—save thy country,
'Tis mine, 'tis thine—for both,
Off to the field of victory,
And there redeem thy troth."

The irregular life of the poet brought him into contact with wild drinking scenes, but they have not debauched his verse in which wine has its dues.—Its effects are well described in two poems. Here is one on Drink.

Hast thou no fair maiden? Drink!
Soon thy raptured soul will think
All fair maidens—all their charms
Are encircled in thine arms.

Art thou penniless? Then drink!
Thy delighted soul will think
Piles of riches fill thy door,
Thou wilt be no longer poor.

Do dull cares corrode thee? Drink!
Soon thy buoyant heart shall think
Thousand sprites are come to bear
All thy sorrows otherwhere.

Maiden! money! I have none,
Mine is misery alone;
And for these three griefs of mine,
I must thank thee—dangerous wine!

And another entitled Tippling:—

Like a chafed bear, grim and growling,
Mister Dozey!
Oft you curse the mulberry pimples
On your nosey!
But your cursings, your complainings,
Mister Dozey!
Won't uproot the mulberry pimples
On your nosey!
Sir! the fault is yours entirely,
Mister Dozey!
If the mulberry pimples thicken
On your nosey!
For if you will tipple, tipple,
Mister Dozey!
Mulberry pimples can't but thicken
On your nosey!

After becoming famous as a poet, and receiveng the plaudits of vast audiences as an author in the very theatres from which he had been hissed as an actor, the young man, whose name had become in every mouth a household word, who had written over three thousand poems, died as Marmion.

In the last battle borne down by the flying
Where mingles war's rattle with groans of the dying.

In the year 1848 the grand political whirlwind which swept over Europe took Hungary in its course. The Magyar spirit on fire for liberty was blown into flame by Petöfi. In the year 1849 he joined Bem whose adjutant he became and whose correspondence he conducted. He was present at the fearful slaughter of Segesvár on the 31st July, 1849, and was never heard of more, being probably trampled to death in the flight and confusion of the Magyar Army. The body was never discovered and was thrown into the common grave where repose thousand of patriots. It was well for such a spirit to depart at such a time, as life to him must have been sadder than death. This sentiment he expresses in these words:

ONE ONLY THOUGHT.

One thought torments me sorely—'tis that I,
Pillowed on a soft bed of down, may die—
Fade slowly, like a flower, and pass away
Under the gentle pressure of decay.
Paling as pales a fading, flickering light
In the dark, lonesome solitude of night.
O God! let not my Magyar name
Be linked with such a death of shame;
No! rather let it be
A lightning-struck, uprooted tree—
A rock, which torn from mountain-brow,
Comes rattling, thundering down below.
Where every fettered race tied with their chains,
Muster their ranks and seek the battle plains;
And with red flushes the red flag unfold,
The sacred signal there inscribed in gold—
"For the world's liberty!"
And, far and wide, the summons to be free
Fills east and west,—and to the glorious fight
Heroes press forward, battling for the right:
There will I die!
There, drowned in mine own heart's-blood, lie,—
Poured out so willingly; th' expiring voice,
Even in its own extinction shall rejoice.
While the sword's clashing, and the trumpet's sound,
And rifles and artillery thunder round;
Then may the trampling horse
Gallop upon my corse,
When o'er the battle-field the warriors fly.
There let me rest till glorious victory
Shall crown the right—my bones upgathered be
At the sublime interment of the free!
When million voices shout their elegy
Under the unfurled banners waving high;
On the gigantic grave which covers all
The heroes, who for freedom fall,
And welcome death because they die for thee—
All holy! world delivering liberty!

Since his death the Magyars suppose him to be sleeping somewhere, and that he will again arise to sing the inspiring songs of liberty. Many pieces were afterwards published in his name and gained currency as his from the idea that he was still alive—and indeed is he not alive? The true poet never dies, he lives in the brains and heads of every appreciative reader of his poetry; he is not dead but sleepeth—he is alive and speaketh—he is strong and worketh. By noble sentiment he enobles. His is the true transmigration and he lives not the one, but the manifold life, the millionfold life of all men who have drank the sweet rich sparkling wine of his inspiration.

We would like to quote one more piece of splendid imagination and description. It is the conclusion of a long poem entitled Janós, the Hero—a fairy story—in which Janós having seen and loved a beautiful maiden Iluska finds her torn from him. After many years of separation he returns to mourn her dead; plucks a rose from her grave which he places on his bosom, wanders forth to meet amazing adventures impossible save in fairyland, meets with and slays monsters and giants and so-forth; but at last comes to the world's end "The beautiful land of the faries"—

> Winter comes not there, the fruits and flowerets blasting;
> But there reigns a spring of beauty everlasting:
> There no suns are seen ascending and descending,
> But a gentle light—a dawn-time never ending;
> There they fly about on never wearied pinions,
> Death was never known in those divine dominions;
> There no thoughts are found of idle earthly blisses,
> But they live a life of loves and joys and kisses;
> Grief has there no tears, if tears are ever falling,
> They are only tears, hope, happiness recalling;
> And when tears are dropped, in marvellous transformations,
> All the tears are turned to diamond constellations;
> And the fairy children, midst their songs and dances,
> Heavenly rainbows spin of the gay light that glances
> From those radiant eyes, and warp them in the fringes
> Of the evening clouds, like those which sunset tinges.
> There are beds of flowers—sweet violets, scarlet roses—
> Where they lay them down, and when the eyelid closes,
> Odorous zephyrs fan the senses, and romances
> Other than their own awake their playful fancies;
> Ours are dreams—all dreams from fairy land ideal,
> Shadowing things, at best, all worthless, all unreal;
> But the love that binds the virtuous and the youthful,
> That indeed is bliss, the truest of the truthful.

We think many of our readers will say as Vorosmarty after Petöfi had, with great urgency when a boy of 19, induced the then greatest Hungarian poet to hear some of his effusions—"Young man you must be cared for, Hungary never had such Lyrics." We think few other countries can boast of a greater. Scotland in her Burns, Ireland in her Moore, England in I know not which of twenty of her bards, from Shakespeare—even as a lyrist—down to Tennyson, America in her Longfellow, France in her Beranger, Germany in her Scheller or Goethe—may claim the palm of comparison; but it should be remembered that none of all save "the wonderous boy who perished in his pride," or Keats who died at 24, Kirkwhite at 21, but lived many years longer than Petöfi, who died at an age—only 26—when most of the others had scarcely published their first songs—at least had not attained to the zenith of their fame. Perhaps it may be thought that it is because

Petöfi is a poet, where there are few to compare with him, that he is in such repute in his own country where his songs are on every lip, and that foreign countries have honored him by having his verses translated into all civilized languages, England being the last to recognize his merits—for the reason probably that she has such galaxies of her own. It is for none of these reasons that he commands our admiration. These reasons we can hardly explain. We may say that his verses strike us as being fresh, natural, pathetic, commanding the emotions while satisfying our sense of the beautiful, and here we must add because they have found such an admirable translator in Sir J. Bowring, whom we are glad to recognize as a true poet, worthy to render the spirit of the Hungarian into our own wonderful language. If we were to say in a sentence in what his power over us lies, we would say it is in his thorough orderly realization of the radical sentiment and emotion of the inner mind and heart from the outer world. His is the poetry of fact—touched by fancy—by fact meaning the combined product of the object and subject. It is not gilding but gold that is thus brought by him from the mine of thought, and wrought into beautiful poems. We shall conclude with one poem which illustrates what we mean. It is entitled Cypress Leaves, where the dead and the feelings of the mourner are presented in this combined way affecting all hearts that know what it is to weep over the grave.

Two long days thy body
    On its bier reposed,
And thy lips were speechless,
    And thine eyelips closed.

And I kissed thy forehead—
    Tablet of my bliss—
Then I felt the anguish
    Of the unwelcomed kiss.

O though broken altar!
    Kissing thy cold brow,
In that kiss my spirit
    Froze to chilling snow.

Then I kissed the cerements,
    Then I kissed the bier,
Heard the knell of exile,
    Dropt the farewell tear.

Saw the torches flaming
    O'er the coffin there,
Heard the chant funeral,
    My response—despair!

There I stood—mute statue!
    On the senseless sod—
Heard upon the coffin
    Fall the earthly clod.

Heard it, yet perceived not
    All the weight of woe:
Dreamed—and yet believed not
    Such an overthrow.

To the world I turned me,
    From its wild confusion—
Asked for my lost treasure,
    In my souls's delusion.

Idly, vainly sought it,
    Then I hastened home,
And shall mourn for ever.
    O'er my hopeless doom.

HASH!!!

BY BEN ZOLE, ESQ.

THE Honourable Jeremiah Muggins, M. P. P., was a man of considerable importance. For twenty-five years the good people of Snobtown regularly elected him to fight their battles in the great political arena. But the Hon. J. Muggins, M. P. P., never fought, rarely did lofty and grandiloquent eloquence flow from his lips. From early morn till the "dewy eves" set in, did this worthy representative occupy his seat wrapt in peaceful slumber, dead alike to all that passed between frothy members of the government, and the lynx-eyed opposition. When a vote was being taken on any subject, the hon. gent from Snobtown received several nudges from his friends beside him, and suddenly awakening would breathlessly enquire of the nearest one how matters stood, and which side was likely to gain the majority. Upon the result of that answer depended his vote—for it had been whispered abroad that the hon. gentleman always sided with those in power. When the government reigned supreme, J. M. went with them in everything thick and thin; then when they lost, and the Opposition held sway, the vote of the hon. member for Snobtown was recorded on that side. Thus, it will be seen, he was always popular with the winning ones.

We have said Mr. Muggins was a man of great importance. Well he was. Outside the walls of Parliament House his voice was ever heard proclaiming "*Our* last great victory;" but to tell you wherein was the victory, or what he was talking about, was almost utterly impossible. So he passed off in his neighborhood for a man of power and strength.

At times, it is true, some mean and envious individuals, probably coveting his high position, would say the Hon. Mr. Muggins was a mere tool and cat's-paw in the hands of the other M. P. P's; but all who were acquainted with that gentleman, and knew his great abilities, spurned the miserable, snakelike traducers of his noble name, and paid no heed to their vile calumnies. In fact, at every election, he was triumphantly returned with a handsome majority over the other candidates.

Mr. Muggins was a short, chunky individual, with a full body of remarkable rotundity; he was very stout, and strongly reminded one of a hogshead of molasses. His limbs were correspondingly short, and when enveloped in a pair of nankeen trousers, tightly buttoned, considerable care had to be exercised when he was in the somewhat embarrassing position of stooping. His cranium looked like a huge plum-pudding placed upon the top of the aforesaid hogshead of molasses; it was round and bald, and to the casual observer was not striking. His eyes, which were very small—like the June bug of old—kept continually endeavouring to run into one, were most alarmingly black, almost piercingly so. His nose—this was his most prominent feature—was not Roman nor Grecian; but was a sort of cross between the two, very large and very wholesome. When he indulged in snuff, which was rather seldom, this banana, of a most delightfully red color, would take in very nearly half an ounce of the dusty material, much to the detriment of his handkerchief, which caused the latter indispensable article, however white, to change color upon its application to our friend's nasal organ, to a very unhand-

some brown. He used Scotch snuff. The Hon. Jeremiah Muggins's cheeks, in point of color, were on a par with his "prominent feature." His height was nearly four feet seven, and fifty-five winters had passed o'er his bald head.

Mr. M's better half, his gentle Armiata, was what is commonly called a virago, or a woman of a very strong mind. She was tall and angular: not very handsome or prepossessing, rather otherwise: and had the reputation of donning the unmentionables of her lord and master many more times than he did, since he, years ago, led her to the altar of Hymen—a blushing and sentimental bride. But as the poet says "The years, the years, they glide away." They did glide, and with them also glided the sunny and cheerful smile of Armiata Muggins, as she ripened into an apple tree renowned through the length and breadth of the land for its vinegar-like aspect.

Yes, alas! "things aint as they used to was:" the fire-fly eloquence of Armiata, like massive cannon, "volleyed and thundered" at the devoted head of poor Jeremiah, who calmly ate his toasted cheese and drank his brandy and water (this latter was indispensable) by way of accompaniment to her tirade of invectives.

Mr. Muggins, several times, mildly ventured to remonstrate with his wife, on the line of conduct she was pursuing; but he received for a reply that she was determined to "fight it out on that line," come what may. So at last, in sheer despair, he swallowed her unpleasant remarks *holus bolus* and went on the "even tenor of his way" despite her ardent protestations. The reader, no doubt, at once sees that Mr. M. was possessed of a most benignant and mild temper, seldom, if ever, ruffled was it, and when it was, it was easily pacified again; but there are times when human nature can't stand a constant hammering like a pavier's rammer, and when our better feelings indignantly cry out against a course so disagreeable and annoying.

So it was, one fine morning, in the month of March, when Mr. and Mrs. M. sat, with just the breadth of the table between them, discussing the merits on the one side and the demerits on the other, of the plate of hash that gracefully reposed on the above mentioned piece of furniture.

I will here parenthetically observe, that if there was one thing more than another that Mr. Muggins, M. P. P., positively had a dislike to, it was that delectable compound HASH. It was hash with him for breakfast, hash for dinner, and hash for tea; and although the hash seemed to disappear quickly enough, still, for three days, the Muggins' Mansion's bill of fare was hash. "Alas! alas! groaned the poor heart-broken man as he violently extricated from his masticators the little hash fillings that had found their way into the cavities of his teeth, "how long is this thing going on." Yes, how long, indeed, perhaps for weeks, for the gentle and dovelike Armiata loved hash. Often she murmured softly: "I could live on hash forever." "What a pity you could' not die on it," unfeelingly answered her husband. Then into a flood of tears would burst, this loving wife, which, in a little time, would result in an explosion of wrath, and dire consequences were always the result.

"My dear Armiata," mildly remarked J. M., "there's that confounded dish of hash again. Really, its too bad. This is, I'm sure, the fifth morning for it."

"Fourth," emphatically answered Armiata.

"Well fourth, if you choose,my love; but allow me to observe, my jewel,"—Mr. Muggins always called his wife "pet names:" it was at her own request, many years ago, when they were "young together," and like a leech

it stuck to him,—"I shall have no more; I'm positively disgusted with it. I don't generally make a fuss regarding my meals; but surely, my precious, you will admit, that a continual and lengthy diet consisting entirely of meat and potatoes sliced up, like the Chinese do their rats, is not only tiresome, but really injurious to the system. I have a short medical pamphlet on the subject, pointing out the evil effects of hash, even when taken in moderation, which I will read to you." Here Mr. M. produced from his pocket a small book of some thirty pages of very small type, and was about to commence its perusal aloud, when Mrs. M., who had patiently been an unwilling listener to Mr. M's attack on her favorite food, with her mouth crammed far beyond its capacity, mumbled something in a savage, though inarticulate tone. Mr. M. saw something was coming. He quickly closed his "short treatise on hash," and quietly awaited the denouement, inwardly resolving that "now or never" he would make a bold strike for the total and complete expulsion of the detested compound from his table, once and for ever.

While Jeremiah was engaged in the task of making away with his pamphlet, Armiata gulped down the mouthful of her favorite diet that inconveniently interfered with her utterance and both "came to time"—not smiling like the athletes of old, however—and opened forth their broadsides.

"Mr. Muggins."

"Armiata."

It was difficult to tell who had the floor; but this was soon settled in favor of Mrs. M., who forthwith, almost tearfully, proceeded to inform her loving husband that he was "a brute," "a monster, &c."

Other "pet names" followed in rapid succession. Mr. M. was also informed that he was no gentleman. An assertion which the honourable member for Snobtown then and there repelled, and manfully retorted by telling Mrs. M. that she was no lady. On receipt of this intelligence, the lady in question, who, according to the male representative of the ancient and highly respectable family of Muggins, was no lady, burst into a flood of tears, as was her wont. Mr. Muggins's heart must have been as hard as flint, or it would have softened before the painful spectacle before him. We ventured the assertion that his heart must have been as hard as flint, we now positively declare his heart *was* as hard as flint. The question then arises how hard is flint? as hard as Mr. Muggins's heart.

Without bestowing as much as a glance on the weeping Armiata, Jeremiah Muggins, Esq., M. P. P., arose from his chair, tightly buttoned his overcoat round him, pulled on his mits and dashed his Stone-Martin fur cap far over his eyes; then bestowing on his wife one of his most withering and scornful glances, the honourable member for Snobtown lowered his dignity so far as to cause his features to relax into one of the most vile contortions of countenance possible. Not content was he with appearing hideous; but in order, if possible, to render his look more terrible and awful, he allowed the thumb of his right hand to touch the tip of his nasal organ, (the rest of his fingers were distended) and the little finger received the thumb of the left hand, whose digits also were wide spread; then, by an ingenious movement on the part of Mr. Muggins, the improvised wind-mill, or whatever other article of machinery you may choose to call it, underwent such a marvellous performance as to cause the dignified owner to lay claim to some pretentions as the discoverer of perpetual motion. By the time that this institution was properly set going, its proprietor, dreading probably the effects that would

be likely to result from the experiment, gradually edged away towards the door, and when in a convenient position outside the threshold, he held the door ajar and, admitting his head, renewed the oscillating motion with his fingers vigorously.

To say that Mrs. Muggins was astonished and indignant at this singular proceeding, would be insufficient to express her real feelings. She could put up with an unlimited amount of chaff and a trifle of abuse, but to be tantalized in the manner described above, was too much even for her to stand. With a loud cry, similar in many respects to that adopted by the North American Indians, preparatory to their engaging in sanguinary warfare, she seized Mr. Muggins' china bowl, which had been presented to that gentleman as a slight testimonial of his worth by his constituents, and violently hurled it at his head. But it was like killing mosquitoes—the bowl struck where the cranium recently had been, and *that* bowl was disfigured for future use.

Mr. Muggins very dexterously moved his head to one side, and successfully dodged the missile; then he withdrew it altogether, and slamming the door after him, rushed out. He hastened along, cogitating with himself how he would be revenged on his wife; but the multifarious methods that suggested themselves, all at once, to his mind, served only to perplex and annoy him. He would have gone on further, but in his hurry he saw not what came before him, and the first thing he was forcibly made acquainted with was an intimate knowledge of the science of Astronomy, in the shape of numerous small stars. This singular phenomenon was occasioned by a collision with a lamp-post, which suddenly presented itself directly in his way. Mr. Muggins' head was hard: the lamp-post, being made of iron, was also hard; and it is an indisputable fact, of which philosophers and chemists are cognizant, that when two hard bodies come violently in contact with each other, the results which must inevitably follow are seriously damaging to one or both. This shock had the desired effect. It brightened up his faculties of ingenuity, and for a second time he was struck—this time, however, with an idea.

"I know what I'll do," said he: "I'll send no dinner home to day," and then laughed gleefully.

He kept his word. There was nothing peculiar in that, for Mr. M. was a man of veracity. At noon, feeling somewhat hungry, he repaired to a restaurant, and entering one of those apologies for rooms, rang the bell, and in answer to the summons, a young lad, whose ambrosial tresses seemed regardless of the protestations of comb and brush, bustled into the apartment. This youth was certainly a genius in his way. Believing strongly in the antiquated medical idea then in vogue, that the arms should not be too rigorously confined, he introduced several minor perforations in his sleeves, through which the air ventilated freely. His boots were most assuredly not mates, and to all intents and purposes he endeavoured to make this fact still more apparent, for one leg of his tattered unmentionables was rolled up in the latest Parisian style, whilst the other pendulated gently to the instep. His face had not had intercourse with those imaginary blessings—soap and water—for many days; but, gentle reader, pardon this little act of negligence, for the weather was dreadfully cold, and it is proverbial that a soiled face keeps warmer in winter than a clean one. We won't say anything respecting his manipulators. This youth, then, enquired of Mr. Muggins,—

"Vot'll you 'ave, Sir?"

Mr. Muggins shuddered as he looked at his interrogator, but he summoned sufficient courage to answer his question by propounding another,—

"What have you got?"

The young gentleman surveyed his customer scornfully, and with asperity roared out—

"Everythink."

"Then bring me some," said the M. P. P. calmly, as he drew from his pocket a newspaper and began to peruse it.

Now this request, certainly *non plussed* the boy. Never before in his whole existence—seventeen years—had he met with an order more curious. What "some of everythink" implied, the waiter knew not; but little time was left him to solve this enigmatical problem. He must bring something to satisfy the ravenous cravings of his guest, and that, too, as expeditiously as possible.

Joe—for that was the youngster's name—ran quickly down stairs to the kitchen and to the cook—a colored lady of questionable age with a pair of very thick lips, which made a smack so loud that a bursting volcano or a rock undergoing the process of blasting could not compare with it—opened his mind with,—

"See here, Mary: there's a old cuss up stairs as wants summat of everythink; vot'll I give 'im?"

The whites of Mary's optics underwent a series of rotatory movements, and her complexion being very dark, the scene produced was strikingly similar to the passage of the lunar orb through the clouds, except at one time a total eclipse was threatened, when her rolling eye-balls disappeared entirely from sight beneath the eyelids.

I am not aware that it is laid down anywhere in Opthalmic surgery that this curious action of the visual organs tends to set the brain at work in devising new and original ideas; but of this I am certain, its effect on the colored cook was most surprising. When she got through with her optical illusions, her countenance fashioned itself into a grin, and pointing to a covered dish, which was standing on an adjoining shelf, she articulated:—

"Dar's dat piece of veal cutlet, an de cole mutton, an de chunk ob beef: let's hash dem all up togedder an feed 'im on dat. If he don't git dem dey'll spile shuah, 'tickly de mutton—been here nea'ly a week; an dat beef's bin sent back tree times. Golly, I'll cook dat lot of perwisions for 'im."

I am not of a sufficiently enquiring disposition as to ask my wife how a hash is made. I have never to my knowledge witnessed the operation, and, fearful lest I be open to the charge of looking under the lids of pots and kettles and the other paraphernalia of the *cuisine*, I forbear from even venturing the remark that I'd like to know how this dish is prepared.

Well, in a short time, under the careful manipulation of Mary, the savory compound was placed on the kitchen table, smoking hot. Joe, who had been amusing himself by dancing a clog-dance,—for business was remarkably dull that day, the whole suit of rooms up stairs being unoccupied, save the one which contained the hon. Jeremiah,—now went up to the table, and putting the hash and "fixings" on a small tray, leisurely strolled away to his destination, whistling a mournful melody.

He "brought up" presently at room No. 9, and lifting the curtain that hung down in lieu of a door, he entered, and on the marble table deposited his load.

If the reader could have seen the look of fierce rage with which Mr. Muggins pierced that poor unoffending dish of hash, he would have fled for his life. For the first time within his recollection, the member for Snobtown was positively wild. With his dexter hand he aimed a severe blow

at the article of crockery, in which, all unconscious, lay the hash, and soon it was in fragments, and the contents on the floor. Then, with a gigantic effort, he raised his pedal extremity, and, forcing into the action all the strength and vim he could summon, he violently and in rapid succession applied *this member, now endowed with two-horse power, to* the retreating form of Joseph, who was painfully introduced three times to Mr. Muggins' cowhide brogans. With a loud yell he fled along the passage, followed at a short distance by his thoroughly roused and infuriated pursuer. When Mr. M. arrived at the door that lead into the street he was well nigh exhausted, and stopped a few minutes to pant for breath.

"To think," he gasped, "that that wretched boy should serve me such a trick as that. Oh! why did I not crush him and smash him with my heel?"

Then, as if to answer this question correctly, he turned up the sole of his boot, and gazed carefully at the portion of it with which he should have crushed the boy.

"But, after all, how could he know of my antipathy to the vile mixture? I was too rash; why did I kick him at all?"

At this juncture he looked at the toe of his boot for an answer, and receiving no answer, went on,—

"I think I may as well go home and make it all square with Armiata. What's the use of us two old fools quarrelling? Bah! I was a fool. I'll go right off to her."

It was now three o'clock, and a ten minute's walk brought Mr. Muggins directly opposite his own dwelling. While *en route* for his home, he felt perfectly well contented to "make up friends" with his wife and plead for her forgiveness, and give bonds for his future good behaviour; but when he got there, he felt very much like the two juveniles who were engaged in that unromantic and picturesque amusement known as fisticuffs, when they were seized by the schoolmaster, just as Johnnie was about to ornament Jimmie's skull with a new phrenological development, and in return for this act of generosity, James had made up his mind to cause a copious hemorrhage to ensue from the nasal organ of the aforesaid John. After soundly administering to the delinquents a severe caning, which caused each to imagine that his hand contained a doughnut or something else very similar in size, the pedagogue ordered a mutual shaking of doughnuts or hands, and forbearance in future from ornamental disfigurements, under pain of more punishment. This is how Mr. Muggins felt before he opened the door; but it had to be done, so he drew from his pocket the latch-key, and in half a minute the door was opened and closed. Mr. Muggins stood face to face with Mrs. Muggins!!

"My dear," commenced he, "I couldn't stand it any longer; come now, won't you forgive your own Jeremiah?"

"Dear Jerry," sobbed Armiata; "*oh how I've suffered while you were gone. I'm very sorry it happened; I'll promise not to eat any more hash.* Do pardon your little wifey. I've been crying ever since you left this morning."

"Come, Armiata, embrace your Jeremiah. Eat hash, my own dear love, when you like, I'll be pleased with you ever after. By jove I wouldn't pass another day like this if you fed me on sliced beef and potatoes for ten years."

Then they both sobbed aloud and kissed again. It was the first time in their lives that they had quarrelled in this manner; their other little differences were but momentary, and settled almost as soon as incurred; but Mr. Muggins had never before left his house as he had done on this occasion. Mr.

Muggins' love for hash was only a recently acquired taste, and she had indulged in her inordinate passion a little beyond the bounds of reason, but it was all right now.

The old couple are still living, and the Hon. Jeremiah Muggins, M. P. P., continues to be the representative of the populous county of Snobtown.

SKETCHES OF ACADIE.

No. 3.—FORT CUMBERLAND (BEAUSEJOUR).

BY JAMES HANNAY.

THE name at the head of this paper will remind the reader that our sketches of Acadie are approaching modern times. We are no longer tracing the career of adventurers who figured during the reign of Charles the first, but overleaping a hundred years come down to the time of the second George, when the grand empire which France had erected on this continent was beginning to be destroyed, not less by the treachery and baseness of false friends, than by the attacks of powerful enemies.

It was the intention of the writer to have prefaced his sketch of Fort Beausejour, by a brief history of the fine tract of territory in which it is situated, and of which it was the key; but this design had to be abandoned in consequence of the unreasonable length which it would necessarily have caused this sketch to acquire. It is sufficient for the present purpose to say that the value of the marsh lands of Westmorland, was early recognized by the French, and that they were settled by them at a very early period. In 1612 Biencourt, then Governor of Port Royal, accompanied by a priest named Father Biard, went in a shallop to explore what is now called Cumberland Ba,, and they then, for the first time, beheld that roble tract of marsh land which is now justly regarded as the garden of the Province. No attempt at settling this tract of country was, however, made for more than sixty years. In 1676, La Vallière, who was afterwards commander of fort La Tour, obtained a grant from the French Crown, which included the marshes around the site of fort Cumberland, and the settlement he then formed prospered so much that ten years later, when M. de Meulles took a census of Acadie, it consisted of 127 souls, possessed of 102 fusils, with 426 acres tilled, 236 horned cattle, 111 sheep and 189 swine. This fine settlement to which the name of Beaubassin had been given and which was located on the Nova Scotia side of the Missequash near the site of Amherst—was, in 1696, almost destroyed by Church, while scouring the Bay of Fundy with an English force of 500 men in armed vessels, the same which afterwards attacked Fort Nashwaak.—Church burnt the houses and chapel, and the cattle which he could not carry away he killed, and in 1704 he again attacked and plundered it. In spite of such drawbacks as these the settlement continued to prosper, and in 1721 numbered 80 fam-

ilies and was in a very prosperous condition as regards grain, hay and cattle. The history of this settlement down to the year 1749 is in fact the history of Acadie, and to do it justice would extend this paper far beyond all reasonable limits. The English having, in 1710, secured possession of Port Royal, gradually obtained complete control of the whole peninsula of Nova Scotia. In 1749 the Colonial Government required the Acadian French residing in Nova Scotia to take the oath of allegiance to King George, which the people of Beaubassin, after a considerable amount of parleying, refused to do to the extent required. In the latter part of this year the French authorities who still claimed that part of Acadie which now belongs to this Province, sent M. La Corne from Quebec at the head of 70 regular soldiers and a number of Canadian irregulars, to take and hold a post on the Isthmus at the head of Cumberland Bay. They came by way of Bay Verte and crossing over took a position near the village of Beaubassin. The news of this occupation by the French filled the English authorities with great alarm and early in the Spring preparations were made to counteract the movement. In April, 1750, Major Lawrence was sent to the Isthmus with 400 men, 165 of whom were regulars, to erect a fort there and hold it against the French. Halifax, which had been founded the year previous to this, was an admirable place for the formation of such an expedition, from the number of retired officers, disbanded after the peace of Aix la Chapelle, who had settled there—nearly all of these veterans attached themselves to Lawrence's force as volunteers. On the 1st May they arrived at Beaubassin but only in time to witness an example of that description of vandalism, of which the most notable instance was displayed at Moscow more than sixty years later. On the approach of the English, the French inhabitants fled to the New Brunswick side of the Missequash taking with them all their goods—and the Indians acting under the orders of the French commander and Le Loutre, the priest, set fire to the town which consisted of 150 houses and two chapels and reduced it to ashes.

On the northern bank of the Missequash were then gathered 1500 armed men, a force too formidable to be attacked by Lawrence's troops, and the action of the French commander in burning Beaubassin, so far from being the result of fear was dictated by a profound policy, which the approach of the English assisted him in executing. La Corne saw that if the French government desired to establish a claim to any portion of Acadie, it was necessary for them to fix a definite boundary to the English possessions, and the Missequash was such a boundary as seemed to have been intended by nature as the limit of a Colony, and from its position was capable of being easily defended. On the northern side of the Missequash a range of elevated and somewhat rocky land runs nearly parallel to the river and only a few hundred yards from it. On the extreme point of this rocky range which overlooks the Bay, La Corne established himself and commenced marking out the lines for a strong fort, destined to be afterwards famous in the annals of Acadie, named by the French, Beausejour, but better known to the English as Fort Cumberland. Beausejour was constructed in the form of a *pentagon* and was 100 yards in diameter. Upon each of its five points a bastion was built, and each of its bastions mounted six cannon. The curtain or enclosure between the bastions consisted of a double row of palisades placed close together—the exterior row being 14 feet in height, and the interior 9 feet—against these palisades, on the inside of the fort, a banquette of earth 5 feet in height and 14 feet wide at the bottom was raised, and above this an earthen parapet, 4 feet high and 3 feet thick. Outside of the fort was a ditch 16 feet

in width and 7 feet in depth. Such is a general outline of the defences of the fort at the time it was erected, but it must be understood that it was afterwards greatly improved by the building of bomb proofs and other contrivances.

Major Lawrence, after seeing the French village of Beaubassin burnt before his eyes, went to the Basin of Minas, and for a while the English side of the Missequash was left to its fate. The Acadian peasants returned to the cultivation of their fields, and with the exception of the ruins of the abandoned village and the building of Beausejour, everything wore the aspect of peace. This state of affairs did not last long. In September, Lawrence again made his appearance at Beaubassin, with Lascelles' regiment of regulars and 300 men of Warburton's regiment, for the purpose of establishing a fort on the English side of the Missequash. He was accompanied by Mr. Edward How, whose talents in Indian negotiations made him a valuable auxiliary to the expedition. When Lawrence's fleet came in sight of Beausejour, La Corne gathered a large party of Acadians and Indians, and led them across the Missequash, to oppose the landing of the English. The French and Indians entrenched themselves behind the dykes which had been built along the edge of the marsh, to repel the invasion of the tide, but after a tough struggle, in which the English had 6 killed and 12 wounded, La Corne was forced to give way and retire to his own side of the river. The English, very erroneously regarding the dykes with the same aversion which they might have been justified in feeling towards a fortress they had stormed, and forgetting that they were designed for peaceful purposes and not for those of war, broke them on both sides of the Missequash and let in the tide. The result, while it was most damaging to the French, was scarcely less disastrous to themselves. The whole of the immense marsh lands of the Missequash were inundated by the sea, the unharvested crops were destroyed, and the land rendered unfit for cultivation for years to come. Lawrence, whose expedition was provided with the frames and materials for barracks and other buildings, commenced erecting upon an elevation, a mile and a quarter from Beausejour, on the south side of the Missequash, a fort of four bastions, which was then named, and which is still known to the present day as Fort Lawrence. The contrast between the energy of the English and the apathy of the French, was no where so apparent as in the case of these rival forts. So vigorously was the work at Fort Lawrence carried on, that in four months it was entirely completed, while Beausejour was scarcely finished at the end of the same number of years. It is only fair, however, in this connexion, to remark that Fort Lawrence was a very inferior work in comparison with the French fort.

Many years previous to this, while the French Acadians were virtually under the protectorate of the British, a French priest, named Le Loutre, had gone to Beaubassin as the head of the Missionaries of Acadie. He went with the sanction of the English authorities, and was regarded by them as their friend, a delusion which was only dispelled after he had plotted against them for many years. He proved to be the most deadly and dangerous enemy that had ever menaced their power on the peninsula. It is impossible to speak of this man without calling to mind the reflection that some of the men who figured in the annals of Acadie were individuals who only required a wider field and larger resources, to have enabled them to leave a broad mark on the history of the world. The contests of d'Aulnay and la Tour were maintained with a spirit not unworthy of the wars between Charles the twelfth of Swe-

den and Peter the Great; while Le Loutre, in a comparatively humble and obscure sphere, displayed talents and acquired an ascendency over all his contemporaries which the great cardinal Richelieu could not have exceeded. Yet, whatever reputation Le Loutre may have acquired, he owes none of it to the flattery of his contemporaries. The delineations of his character, which have been drawn both by the French his countrymen, and the English his enemies, are equally unfavorable. The sturdy Anglo-Saxon of our ancestors was exhausted in epithets of baseness in describing him; yet writers among his own countrymen went even greater lengths in denouncing him. To assert that he was a man of scrupulous rectitude, would be of course absurd; yet, it would be manifestly unfair to regard the portrait which his contemporaries have left of him, as entirely just. From the first he had shrewdness enough to perceive that, unless a vigorous effort was made, the waning power of the French in Acadie must soon pass away. He exerted himself to the utmost to avert that result; and he was not a man to stick at trifles, nor wince at the thought of shedding blood to accomplish his ends. For many years previous to the building of Beausejour, his whole life was a series of plots against the English. He incited the Acadians to rebel against them, and bribed the Indians to attack them. By a continual system of annoyance and intimidation, he hoped to retard the advancement of their power, and weaken their hold on the peninsula of Nova Scotia. In the autumn of 1750, an opportunity was afforded to him of illustrating his peculiar policy. Mr. How, who resided in fort Lawrence, had been sent there in consequence of his peculiar tact and ability. The year previous he had persuaded the Saint John river Indians into an alliance with the English, and the Indians of the isthmus were not insensible to the arts by which How had won over their brethren. The presence of such a man was not long to be tolerated, and Le Loutre resolved that he should die. The amicable relations which existed between the English and French commanders, led to frequent meetings and exchanges of presents, and this circumstance assisted Le Loutre in his designs. On the 4th of October he went down to the Missequash, accompanied by some Indians, disguised as French officers, and waved a flag of truce, as a signal that he wished to speak with the English in the fort. How, as was his custom, came down to the river's side, and as soon as he did so, was fired at by the Indians and killed. The indignation excited by this event was most intense, and, although Le Loutre disavowed all knowledge of the designs of the Indians, he was denounced by those of his countrymen who were out of the reach of his vengeance, in the most unsparing terms.* During this and the following year, the Indians of Nova Scotia were kept in such a ferment by the machinations of Le Loutre, that not even Halifax was not safe, and a large number of people in Dartmouth were killed by them. Even women and children were not spared, and the scene of butchery is represented to have been horrible in the extreme; little infants lying dead by the side of their murdered parents, and soldiers and inhabitants alike involved in the general massacre.

In 1751, the French erected a fort on the further side of the isthmus on the shore of Baie Verte, which was named fort Gaspereaux. It was a square

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* One of them thus writes of him: "Abbé Loutre, Missionary of the Indians in Acadie, soon put all in fire and flame, and may justly be deemed the scourge and curse of his country. This wicked minister, this cruel and blood-thirsty priest, more inhuman and savage than the natural savages, with a murdering and slaughtering mind, instead of an evangelical spirit, excited continually his Indians against the English, and it came to that pitch that they were at last pent up in their fort, not being able for any of them to go out of it, without running the risk of being scalped by the Indians always lurking round it."

fort with four bastions, smaller than Beausejour, in every way inferior, and garrisoned by only 15 men. In the month of August in this year, Franquet, who was afterwards engineer of Louisburg, and who was captured when that place fell, came to report on the fortifications of the isthmus. His report, which was very elaborate, and illustrated by fine plans, still exists, and exhibits the precise condition of the place at that time. According to his account, the provisions and munitions of war for Beausejour were carried across the isthmus from Baie Verte. The place of landing was not at fort Gaspereaux, but half a league distant from it to the eastward, and here were 15 soldiers under M. Bleuny, and storehouses of various kinds; and here, he adds,—"Abbé Le Loutre, missionary, keeps a shop on his own private account." At this place, 142 refugees from other parts of Acadie were residing. From Baie Verte to Beausejour a line of posts was established, the principal of which was at Point Buot, where there was an certhen redoubt, garrisoned by an officer and 30 soldiers. This fort was 2½ miles from Beausejour. The total number of soldiers attached to the outposts, depending on this fort, was more than 150; Beausejour itself was garrisoned by 200 men. During the whole of the summer prior to Franquet's visit to the fort, an armed English brigantine had been anchored in the bay opposite to it, for the purpose of cutting off its supplies from the Bay of Fundy. In consequence of this, all the supplies for the fort were brought by land from Baie Verte and the quantity of stores required was not small, for about 1200 Acadians were under the protection of Beausejour in 1751, and their number was constantly augmented by fresh arrivals from other parts of Acadie.

Franquet tells us that the allowance to the soldier and the Acadian was the same, and consisted of a daily ration of two pounds of bread, half a pound of fresh meat, pork or salt beef, a glass of brandy in the morning and beer *ad libitum*. He also says that this beer was made with "two pots of molasses to the barrel containing five days supply for 14 men, and that the money of the country consisted of bills signed by the Commandant and store keeper jointly or by the Missionary simply." At this time the Commandant of Beausejour was M. de St. Ours, La Corne having apparently been displaced as Franquet makes no mention of him. In November, St. Ours was displaced by Le Vassan, who took command and proceeded with the work of completing Beausejour with great vigor. This officer is described by his contemporaries as proud, brave and haughty, and he appears to have been more devoted to professional matters than to the desire of making money out of his position, a degree of praise which an impartial writer can seldom bestowe on any of the French officials in Acadie. Le Loutre, whose authority was quite as great as that of the Commandant, had the entire management of the affairs of the Acadian refugees, and was accused of cheating those unfortunates out of the rations furnished them by the French Government. Frequent quarrels with Le Vassan were the result of this, and it is no doubt due to the influence of Le Loutre that his administration was so brief, he being removed from command in September, 1753, and superseded by M. de la Martiniere. In the mean time the English stronghold across the Missequash, Fort Lawrence, had been under a succession of officers. In 1752, Winkworth Tonge was in command of the engineering department of the work and later in the year Colonel Monckton became Commander, the garrison under him at that time being 150 men. That of Beausejour at the same period was 140 men; but the able-bodied Acadians in the vicinity numbered 300. During 1754, the French had a fine road constructed between their fort at Bay Verte and

Beausejour, by means of which they could readily bring supplies from the Gulf even when blockaded as they were at times on the Bay of Fundy by English vessels. Martiniere had been, in 1753, removed and Vergor took his place as commander of Beausejour, but he was destined to be its last governor. The name of Vergor has been a sad one in Acadian history; the father surrendered Louisburg to the English in 1745; the son ten years later was equally unfortunate. Vergor at first attempted to wrest Le Loutre's power from him, but the new governor was no match for the wily priest and he was forced, as his predecessors had been, to yield to his older and more experienced compeer. The difficulties between the French and English in Acadie with regard to the question of boundary had, year after year, been increasing and the time was now approaching when they were to culminate in open warfare. While the storm was thus brewing, some time in 1754, Captain Scott was in command of Fort Lawrence, and a Frenchman in Beausejour opened a correspondence with him which was maintained, after Scott's removal, with his successor Hussey, and only terminated with the fall of the French fort. By means of this traitor the whole machinery of the French fort and government was laid bare to the English, the letters of Le Loutre and of the Commander were placed in their hands and every detail supplied which could aid them in case they desired to attack Beausejour. The English were not slow in taking advantage of the weakness of their opponent and in the unfinished state of Beausejour and the divided counsels of those in command were sufficient elements of weakness to invite attack. In the Autumn of 1754, secret arrangements were made between Shirley, the Colonial Governor of Massachusetts, and the British Government, with a view of reducing Beausejour. Two thousand men were ordered to be enlisted in the New England Colonies with all the secrecy and despatch possible, and Colonel Monckton received instructions to provide twelve 18 pounder guns, 150 barrels of gun-powder, and all articles necessary for a siege, including tents, harness for 50 horses, 200 bill hooks, 500 pickaxes, 500 shovels and 50 wheelbarrows. At the same time 2000 stand of arms were ordered from England for the use of the troops of the proposed expedition. On the 18th May, 1755, these arms arrived at Boston, the troops being then embarked, to the number of 2000, on board the vessels that were to conduct them to Beausejour, and on the 23rd they sailed. The command of the expedition was given to Monckton, and Winslow and Scott were Lieutenant-Colonels under him. On the 2nd June, the vessels of the expedition, numbering 36 sail, were discerned from the ramparts of Beausejour, and in the evening of the same day they landed on the opposite side of the Missequash and encamped on the glacis of fort Lawrence. The alarm of Vergor for the safety of his fort now became extreme, for the intentions of the English were not to be mistaken. He at once ordered all the Acadians capable of bearing arms to come within the walls of Beausejour, and in the whole district around the fort it was computed that there were at least 1,200 men. The Indians in the vicinity were called upon to assist. Messengers were sent to Louisburg requesting a reinforcement, and the various forts in the vicinity placed on the alert. At the same time a vigorous effort was made to make amends for the neglect of former years, by placing the fort in a thorough posture of defence, and all the Acadians and soldiers under the superintendence of an engineer named Piedmont, were employed in building bomb proofs, deepening the ditches, raising the parapets and finishing the defences of the fort. A guard was placed on a woody-thicket named La Villiere's Island, which rose above the marsh opposite

Beausejour; the church, out-houses and other buildings around it were burnt and every precaution taken to guard against a sudden surprise. At that time the fort, in addition to the Acadians, had a garrison of 150 men and 21 guns and a large mortar mounted on its bastions. At *Point a Buot*, 2½ miles further up the river, was a small earth-work, and nearer Beausejour at the *Butte Amirande* was a block house by the river's bank. The English who had been reinforced by a detachment of 300 regulars, advanced on the 4th June to pass the river. At the block-house a detachment of 450 French and Indians were posted to dispute the passage; but after a skirmish which lasted about an hour, the latter having lost 4 men, retreated and left the way open for the English who crossed the river quietly. During the next day they were employed in constructing a bridge for the purpose of bringing over their cannon. On the 6th, some unimportant skirmishes took place between straggling parties without any result. On the 7th the French captured an English sailor who was too tipsy to get out of their way, and on the 8th an English officer named Hay was taken by the Indians and brought into the fort. At this time Vergor was almost driven to despair by the dangers which threatened him, the desertions of some of the Acadians, and the refusal of others to come and assist him. Le Loutre alone appears to have preserved that composure which, to do him justice, never deserted him in the hour of danger, and day after day he walked in the ramparts smoking his pipe and urging the workmen to increased exertions. In consequence of the great efforts that had been made and the number of men employed, the works were rapidly advancing, and had the spirit of the *habitans* been equal to that of their priest, there might have been some hope that the attack on the fort would fail. The gate of the fort which lay towards the sea was masked by a work; the curtain between the bastions was raised and strengthened, and the bomb proofs finished. On the 11th the English, who had made a road across a tongue of land behind the fort, commenced bringing over their artillery, and on the 13th they had established themselves in a position 700 feet from it, the high land affording them a cover, and enabling them to approach thus near. In these two days, they had worked with such amazing vigor that a trench nearly a quarter of a mile in length was dug parallel to the fort, and during the day some mortars were mounted, and about 50 shells sent into the fort, which maintained a vigorous cannonade against them. On the 14th the cannonading continued with more vigor, but with little damage; but the news that the governor of Louisburg could send them no assistance, which arrived on that day, had the effect of causing many Acadians to desert; forty Milicete warriors who had arrived to aid the French served in some measure to mitigate this misfortune. On the 15th the firing continued, and the explosion of several bomb-shells, which killed some people in the fort, helped still further to disconcert the Acadians. On the 16th a shell fell on the casemate in which the English officer Hay was confined, killing him and three French officers who were at breakfast with him, and wounding two others. In the casemate immediately opposite were Vergor and a number of his officers, who were so much terrified by the explosion, and the destruction of a shelter which was deemed entirely safe from shells, that a council of war was held at once, at which it was decided to surrender the fort. After some preliminary conferences, the terms of surrender were settled; that the garrison were to go out of the fort with their arms and baggage, and be conveyed to Louisburg in English vessels, but not to bear arms against the English for six months; the Acadians who had been compelled by Vergor to assist in defend-

ding Beausejour were pardoned. As soon as it was known that the place was to be given up, a scene of pillage ensued which was alike discreditable to the commander and his subordinates; even officers were not ashamed to break open the store chests and make themselves intoxicated. The Acadians, taking of whatever they could lay their hands on, slipped away by the uninvested side the fort, so that when the English took possession little was left. That evening Vergor gave a supper to his own and the English officers, which appears to have been as merry a one as could be expected under the circumstances; but there was one well known face absent from the board. Le Loutre, who had opposed the surrender of the place with the utmost determination, declaring that he would rather be buried in its ruins than give it up, had no inclination at that time for such festivities, and, disguising himself, he stole away from the fort, cursing the imbecility or cowardice of his countrymen who had so readily yielded it up. He went to the St. John river, and from thence to Quebec, from which he embarked for France, but was captured by an English cruiser and kept a prisoner in Elizabeth Castle, Jersey, for eight years, until the peace of 1763 enabled him to return to France. What his subsequent fate was is involved in deep obscurity; the surrender of Beausejour was the end of his career of activity; his hopes of French domination, and the great schemes he had revolved in his mind for the aggrandizement of himself and his country, were rudely shattered in his fall; yet, from whatever point of view he is regarded, whether with the impartial eye of a historian who desires to arrive at the truth, or with feelings of partizan hatred or admiration, his great talents as a mover of the opinions and actions of men must be recognized. By those who only admit a man to be illustrious, whose nature is noble and whose reputation is above reproach, his claim to greatness will perhaps be denied; yet, tried by such a standard, Nelson and Marlborough and Clive must be struck from the roll of honor—the laurels must be torn from the brow of Charles Fox, and the glory of Hastings must perish. Compared to such men as these, Le Loutre appears to be nothing; but theability of an individual is as much to be measured by his opportunities as by his achievements; and this much may be said of the abilities of Le Loutre, that during a quarter of a century, he did more to injure English rule in Acadia than all the French commanders combined. His reputation has indeed been rudely handled; the English hated him because he was their enemy: the French commanders abhorred him because his superior ability enabled him to neutralize their power, and the mass of his countrymen, the followers of a spurious philosophy, detested him because he was a priest; yet, none could deny the power of his strong intellect and far reaching mind.

The number of men captured in Beausejour was 140 regulars and 300 Acadians, the rest having escaped. After its surrender, a detachment was sent to fort Gaspereaux, on Baie Verte, to summon its commander to surrender, which he immediately did, obtaining the same terms as were granted to Vergor. A small fleet was also sent to the river St. John to drive the French from their fort there, at the mouth of the Nerepis, and when this was accomplished, with the exception of the occupation of Louisburg, every trace of French occupation in Acadia had passed away. Beausejour, which was a much finer work than its rival, fort Lawrence, was named fort Cumberland, and for many years garrisoned by 500 English soldiers, besides 200 in fort Gaspereaux, which was re-named fort Monckton, and 100 in fort Lawrence.

Here we must bid adieu to Fort Cumberland, for the present at least; for the same cause which prevented us from doing justice to its earlier, prevents

us from completing its later history. Throughout the whole of this sketch, we have been hampered by the necessity for keeping within reasonable limits, and the interest of the narrative has suffered in a corresponding degree. But there still remains material enough for a paper equal in interest to any of these Acadian sketches.

HOW PHILIP STONE WAS OUTWITTED.

BY BEATRICE J——S.

CHAPTER I.—PHILIP STONE, BARRISTER.

"No, by Jove, I will *never* marry a literary woman."

"Well, but Philip——."

"Nay mother, it is *not* 'well.' Miss Leyton may be all you picture her, but she won't suit me. I do not choose to marry a wife and pay a housekeeper as well, as I should have to do, unless I could subsist on that poetical dream which we mortals designate love; only, as my tastes have always inclined to the more substantial, I think they would scarcely adapt themselves to having an 'essay' for dinner, even if it did happen to be served with—excuse my vanity—the sweetest of 'sonnets,' perchance inscribed to my humble self."

"But, my boy, you are so impatient. If you had permitted me to have continued, I should have added that besides being pretty, clever and talented, there is not a more perfect little housekeeper in St. John. Since her father, Captain Leyton, died, two years ago, she has entirely supported herself, and insuring many luxuries to her mother, that their slender income would not otherwise have afforded."

"You certainly bring very convincing proofs, Mrs. Stone, and I doubt not that, were you placed before Hymen as Cupid's advocate, common sense would fly to the winds. But now, mother dear, just take a rational view of the case: here am I, as the saying is, 'a poor struggling lawyer,' without having yet attained that most blissful recompense for all the drudgery of the profession, my 'first brief,' and there are you, the wife of Dr. Stone, advising me to take a partner—and a literary one at that,—when I can't afford to keep *myself* respectably, that is, as a young gentleman of the nineteenth century should. Why, I could attend no place of amusement, not even the lectures. Did I not confine myself to a dozen cigars and two drives a week? and as for champagne!—I hardly know the taste of it. No, no: I may have voted for political confederation; but I would *rather* remain neutral in the matrimonial sense."

"Well, well, Philip, I see it's bad policy to argue a point with one of your profession. Do not forget to be at the station in time this evening, for I should not like Edith to walk home alone," replied Mrs. Stone as she left the room.

"O wisest of mothers! did you but know that my heart already owes alle-

giance to dear little Eddy, your anxiety for my future welfare would, in all probability, take a different turn. Ah, well: I suppose even lawyers have a tender spot somewhere in their invulnerable natures, that Cupid takes ample pains to pierce."

And with this concession to his manly nobility, Philip Stone put on his hat, preparatory to his starting for the railway depot to meet the half-past six o'clock train.

The house from which he issued presented just the appearance that a professional gentleman's house of the present age should. It was a plain stone mansion of modern architecture, with, of course, two or three broad stone steps, which enabled you to stand on a level with the front door, and consequently with the highly polished steel plate that shone on its surface, whereon you read, in delicate flourishes, indicative of gentility, the name and calling of its owner, *J. W. Stone, M. D.*

Philip's mother had for some time been endeavouring to point out the satisfaction it would afford her to receive a visit from Miss Leyton, and Philip, like a dutiful son, had declared that he could and would *not* endure that young lady's society—that he would assuredly take his departure the moment she added her brilliant accomplishments to the family circle; and furthermore, (this to himself, though,) that he would take their present fair guest, Edith Mowbray, along with him, for he could not see her lively, innocent disposition stand the test of Miss Leyton's contaminating influence.

Arriving at the station, he found he had ten minutes to spare, so, taking a newspaper from his pocket, he sauntered leisurely in the direction of the waiting room. After reading for a short time, his eyes suddenly caught the following announcement:—

"For sale at all the bookstores 'IKE GOODWIN,' an historical romance, by Miss Leyton.—'This work is highly interesting, and displays much real talent.'"

"Deuce take the girl," he muttered; "am I *never* to cease hearing her name, and having her praises thrust continually upon my notice?"

His soliloquy was brought to rather an abrupt termination by the noise of the cars, which at that moment came steaming in.

It was marvellous to note the change that came across his features as he hastened to meet the neatly robed little figure that was tripping along the platform towards him.

"Why, Edith, child," he exclaimed, "how provoking you are to stay away all this time. I had begun to think that ——."

"Now, Phil, don't scold. Mother wished me to remain until after Mrs. Dawson's party; and, anyway, I have only been absent a week. I am sure your mother must be really tired of me."

"Miss Mowbray, if you ever repeat those words again I shall ——."

"What, Philip?"

"I shall from that time cease to love you."

"Ha, ha, ha!" she laughed; "you couldn't help it, you know, after looking so cross only because I walked home with Joice Kenwick once last winter."

"Shall I make the attempt?"

"No, Philip."

"Well then, Eddy, don't be so tantalizing. Will you ride or walk home? I did not bring the carriage."

"I prefer walking."

Nothing more was said excepting a few general remarks, until they had gained the top of "Jeffrey's Hill," when Philip all at once exclaimed,—

"Edith, I have made up my mind to tell them of it to-night."

"Tell whom, and of what?"

"Father and mother of our engagement. Father was saying to-day that he intended giving me 'Maple-wood Cottage,' that I might receive in my own right the money that Captain Brown, who leaves it in June, will pay for the five years he has inhabited it, and which will amount to four hundred pounds; and, 'pussie,'——."

"Yes, Philip."

"It would just enable me to make a few necessary repairs, and furnish it nicely for us. Say, dear, will you help me to select the 'fittings,' and then come and make tea for me?"

"But, Phil, it is so soon, and I——."

"Now Eddy, haven't we been engaged these six weeks, and I have never asked you to 'name the day' before, have I?"

"No, but——."

"Then, like a dear little girl, and my own Edith, you will consent to becoming my wife on the 1st of July, will you not, pet?" urged her companion, as he pressed the little hand lying on his arm.

"Your answer, Edith, shall it be——?"

"Yes, Philip," she returned; "and on that day I promise to promote, as far as lies in my power, the happiness of our 'new dominion'—of *home*."

She looked very pretty as she raised her large earnest eyes to note the joy that shone on Philip's face—so pretty that he had half stooped to seal their compact with a caress, when he happily remembered that they were in the street, and within a few steps of the shining door-plate, before mentioned.

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"So you have consulted your mother, my dear, and she is perfectly willing to receive Philip as her son," the old gentleman was saying, as, seated with Edith and his wife and son that evening in the drawing room, he had been informed of the state of affairs.

"Yes sir, I understand that Mrs. Mowbray has given her cordial consent to our marriage," answered his son, speaking for Edith.

"Then," replied the doctor, "it only remains for me to add that I am very proud indeed, Philip, of the choice you have made; only Eddy will have hard work to keep you in order, you young scapegrace, for you've given me trouble enough to hold the reins; but," in a serious tone, "I will hope that your and Edith's married life may always be blessed with the same sunshine that has shed its warm rays over your mother's and mine for all these years."

Mrs. Stone drew the blushing girl to her true maternal heart, and if she was at all disappointed that it was not Miss Leyton, she did not allow her own feelings to mar the cordiality with which she caressed her who should hereafter stand to her in the relation of a daughter.

And so it came about that on the 1st of July, 1867, which every one can remember as being one of those beautiful cloudless days that so peculiarly belong to the climate of New Brunswick, Philip and Edith stood before the altar and plighted their faith to each other in vows ordained by God, and not to be broken on earth, until the great reaper of mortality should claim either or both of them for his own.

CHAPTER II.—"MAPLE-WOOD."

You may in most cases judge pretty accurately from the outward appearance of a house, what the taste and general deportment is of the person or persons who inhabit it, and more especially if it be situated "out of town." For instance, if you are walking on a country road and chance to meet one of those square built, cold looking stone mansions that *should not* be found out of the city, with a crisp gravel drive in front, and one or two more scrupulously clean walks around it, shaded perhaps with a few ornamental trees, that tend to make the windows even darker than they are, and into which not even a single ray of the glorious sunshine is ever permitted to enter; *should* you see one of this description, you may put down the owner of that house as being a person of the utmost gentility, in fact so much so that the very absence of flowers—those sweetest gems of all nature's productions—is the surest evidence of it. Again—

Note that elaborately carved and ornamented "villa," whose green blinds are certainly "up," but in such a manner that would lead you to infer that a graceful ease ruled supreme in the household. Now this classical negligence may suit some persons, and particularly those who are very fond of doing nothing; but when displayed in the planning of grounds around a dwelling, it has anything but a pleasing effect. Thus, a bed of, *perhaps*, well selected flowers, a straggling path here and there, with a back-ground of turnips, cabbages, etc., which certainly look well in a kitchen garden and in their proper place, present but too sure an indication of the taste of the individual, who thinks he possesses "a remarkably fine place, sir."

Like neither of these two was "Maple-wood," the home of Philip and Edith Stone. It was one of those pretty suburban cottages, whose appearance conveys such a happy feeling of home comfort, everything around it being in such perfect taste and harmony, and though in summer almost buried in beautiful luxuriant foliage that formed such a pretty fencing, throwing the little flower lined walks into sweet, mellow shade. The house was not so surrounded, as is often the case, that all idea of ventillation would be absurd.

But at present it was not summer at "Maple-wood;" the trees were not even budding, for it was only the first part of April.

The evening was the close of one of those clear, bright days so often found in this month, when the sun seems reluctant to leave, even for a short time, the opening verdure of spring. And on this particular evening it *did* linger caressingly on the plated glass casements of the dining-room at "Maple-wood." It was certainly the pleasantest room in the house, and so I am sure thought Edith, as she stood watering the rare hot-house plants that bloomed in each of the windows, while her pet canaries warbled their sweetest notes, and fancied themselves in their native green wood.

She smiled with true wifely pride on the delicately laid table, with its pure white china and costly silver, and recollected that Philip's favorite dishes were being kept warm on the kitchen stove, as she placed a beautiful monthly rose in a wine-glass before his plate.

"Mary, do not let the chicken stand *too* near the fire, for it is sufficiently cooked already," called Edith, going into the kitchen, and addressing her only domestic, a tidy little girl yet in her teens. "Bless me, child, that tea will surely boil: bring it more to the edge of the hearth,—there, that will do. I wish Phil *would* come; the muffins will be quite heavy, and——."

"Hallo, Eddy! where have you got to?" cried a voice in the direction of

the hall door. "There, John, put them down there and take the other parcel out of the buggy round to the kitchen."

"Why, Phil, what have you brought?" asked his wife, trying to untie the cords.

"Only an addition to the library, Puss,—some new works that I came across to-day. What have you got for supper?"

"Oh, something *you* like; try and guess," returned the little housekeeper, drawing him towards the dining-room and up to the table, where, placing both hands on the two covered dishes, she awaited his answer.

"Give it up, Eddy."

Whereupon the covers were removed, and, as the fragrant odor ascended, Edith found in the pleased looks of her husband ample reward for her "labour of love;" and Philip's heart whispered, as he contemplated his neat little wife, what a blessed thing it was she was not a literary woman; and there is not the slightest doubt but that, at this particular moment, he also thanked the kind fate that had given him such a lucky escape from the charms—in a literary sense—of Miss Leyton.

"Edith, do you recollect hearing mother speak of a young lady friend of her own, a Miss Leyton, before we were married?" asked Philip about an hour afterwards, taking a book from the work table, whereon he had placed it when entering the room.

"O yes, I have heard her spoken of quite frequently," she replied.

"Pussie."

"Yes Philip."

"Just think, she wanted me to marry *her*."

"Who? Miss Leyton did?"

"No—Mother. Just fancy, a live authoress, a——."

"Why you would not have had her were she not alive, Phil," laughed Edith.

"By Jove I wouldn't have had her either way, were she as handsome as Venus."

"Why, dear?"

"How dull you are, Edith; why—why, having a tendency for scribbling."

"You are complimentary, Philip, truly."

"To whom, Eddy—King Penmanship?"

"No, to your wife."

"Why puss, what——?"

"Good evening, Phil; rare news, Eddy: your mother has consented at last, and we may expect her next week," exclaimed Mrs. Stone, Sr., at that moment entering the room.

"O I am so glad; dear, kind Mrs. Stone, how shall I thank you?" cried Edith, grasping her hand.

"Thanks for what?" enquired Philip, handing his mother a chair.

"Mrs. Mowbray is going to reside for the future with your father and myself, Phil. She thought at first it might inconvenience us, but it is all happily settled now, and she will be with those who love and respect her; so you see we will be three old people together. No, thank you, I can't stay."

"At least sit down and rest awhile," pleaded Edith.

"Thank you, my dear; but the Doctor is outside waiting for me with the carriage. He would not come in for fear you would coax him to stop, for he has got a professional call to make," replied Mrs. Stone, moving towards the door. But she did not go out alone; the young folks darted through the hall,

down the garden walk, and by the time she had reached the drive, were nearly pulling the old Doctor out of the buggy.

"There, there. my dears, do stop. Bless my stars you'll strangle me!" he was saying as his wife neared the scene of action.

"Come, Charlotte, jump in quick, else these madcaps will certainly have me out."

Mrs. Stone complied as quickly as her fifty years would permit, and then, amid the laughing of the young couple, the carriage started in the direction of home.

When they had returned to the house, and were quietly seated as before, Philip asked:—

"And now, Eddy, what did you mean by the remark you made just before Mother came in?"

She did not answer immediately, but going towards him nestled down by his side, and with her head buried on his shoulder, replied,—

"O, Philip dear, I have deceived you so. You will never, never forgive me!"

"Why, Edith, what are you saying, deceived *me*. I see you are jesting little wife, so run and bring your sewing, for I am going to read," he replied, raising her head from its resting place.

"No, I am not jesting, dear Phil, please forgive me. I'll tell you all: Edith Leyton and Edith Mowbray are one and the same person."

"What?"

"Leyton was the *nom de plume* I adopted; Oh, dear—don't look so cross. Your mother knew all about it from the very first."

Poor Philip stood as one who had received an electric shock; and Edith, when she saw that the cloud upon his face had disappeared, continued mischievously.

"Yes, Phil, just fancy—a real, live authoress, a———"

"Well, what a simpleton I have been, not to have discovered it before," interrupted Philip, whose prevailing idea was, that such an individual must necessarily be inseparable from the—in his opinion—surest indication of genius—viz: pens, ink, and paper.

While he was endeavouring to solve the mystery—of his stupidity—the "authoress," his wife, came to him, and putting both arms 'round his neck said:

"Phil, dear, you will forgive Miss Leyton, won't you? for, for the sake of Eddy Mowbray."

And what else could Philip do but take her to his heart, and tell her that she was the dearest little wife in all Christendom; and any one could have seen, from the happy light that looked out from his eyes, that with it all he felt very proud of her being so clever, though he did not tell her so just then; but added that, hence-forth for the future, she might do exactly what she pleased with regard to writing, as if she had not done precisely so in the past—when he knew nothing of it.

For this gracious permission she returned sincere thanks, and told him that she had given up writing altogether, and that she did not seek any other fame than in *his* praise, and—well, perhaps, to be considered a good little housekeeper, and worthy of being Philip's wife.

"Come Puss, sit down, and I will now begin Miss Leyton's last work," said Philip, once more taking up the book, and preparing to read aloud.

"No dear, not to-night," replied Edith, gently removing it. "As this is

the last evening of Miss Leyton's literary life, it would be only generous to devote it to her, for when to-morrow comes she will have entered on her new sphere, as that of an ordinary woman, and no "authoress."

Thus the sunshine of domestic harmony once more shed its warm, genial light around the hearthstone at "Maple Wood."

COLIGNY—NAVARRE—ACADIE.

BY J. WOODROW.

THE sixteenth century was an era of intolerance—intolerance in church, intolerance in state. It was not the intolerance of a particular church or denomination—it was almost general intolerance. There were bright spots amid the darkness—lights here and there—to betoken the dawning of better days. France was no exception, and seeds were sown in sunny France in the sixteenth century, which bore their legitimate fruit in the Reign of Terror at the close of the eighteenth.

To a liberal minded person there is a charm about the name of Navarre; and as one reads French history, there is a lingering longer than usual over accounts of the pious Margaret and the "good" Henry. Queen Margaret of Navarre, the sister of Francis I., was the friend of Calvin, and to the Roman Catholic princess many of the Protestant leaders and preachers were indebted for life, liberty and kindness. Prince Henry inherited the free spirit of the house of Navarre, but he worshipped not in the National Church. He was the idol of the Huguenots, then numerous in France, and in days of trouble they rallied round his standard.

The brave Coligny and the young Henry are in consultation. The admiral says in substance: I have a foreboding of evil. What if failure comes,—persecution, exile? Already the sons of France leave the land of their fathers, and are lost to the nation. John Calvin has long approved of a plan for a new France on the other side of the water; and with the consent of Charles IX., we have sent out a considerable number of Huguenots, who occupy Rio Janeiro and the coasts of Brazil. We have also sent out expeditions to the Carolinas, but the Spaniard hovers round to massacre and destroy. The enemy of the king and the despoiler of Navarre raises his lofty head, and even now sweeps the ocean. Spain is our enemy and the enemy of France, and the colonial possessions of Spain give her power and glory. France, too, may become powerful, and our people have a home beyond the sea, with no Duke of Guise to persecute, no dragonnades to harrass. Evil days may be nearer than we imagine. Spain bribes the very nearest to the throne—the Duke of Guise receives Spanish gold. The weak-minded king, to-day our friend, may be our foe to-morrow. To the north there is room for multitudes, at a distance from the possessions of Spain; and it is well worth the effort to strive for a new France where our reformed faith can have opportunity to

root itself deep in the western soil. And Henry promised that his influence would be given to carry out the plan proposed.

Coligny was correct in his prediction. With Spanish gold was the Duke of Guise bribed to persuade his kinsman, Charles IX., to sign the terrible Bartholomew decree, and the tender-hearted Charles wrote his name with a shudder. But for his mother, who was a Medici, the deed would not have been perpetrated. Charles never forgave himself, and he could not remain alone in the dark afterwards without terror. Sometimes he thought he heard

> "The scream, the groan, the strife,
> The blow, the gasp, the cry,
> The panting, gurgling prayer for life,
> The dying's heaving sigh,
> The blood-stained form and dead man's glare."

Coligny was among the slain on the eventful day—a day on which perished so many of the nobility and gentry of France. Soon after, great multitudes sought a refuge in other countries, and bade adieu to the land of their fathers.

> "One look, one last look to our cots and our towers;
> To the rows of our vines, and the beds of our flowers;
> To the church where the bones of our fathers decayed,
> Where we fondly had dreamed that our own would be laid.
> Farewell to thy fountains, farewell to thy shades,
> To the songs of thy youths, and the dance of thy maids;
> To the breath of thy gardens, the hum of thy bees,
> And the long waving line of the blue Pyrenees.
> Our hearths we abandon, our lands we resign;
> But, Father, we kneel to no altar but thine."

Young Henry of Navarre fell not on that occasion. In after years he ascended the throne of France, no longer a Protestant. Intrigue and gold were again at work. The Duke of Mayenne, like the Duke of Guise, was a Spanish pensioner, and he, assisted by Spain and Savoy, led a powerful force against Henry. At Ivry, Henry's victory was complete. The poet says:—

> "And then we thought on vengeance, and all along the van,
> 'Remember St. Bartholomew,' was passed from man to man;
> But out spake gentle Henry then, 'No Frenchman is my foe;
> Down, down with every foreigner, but let your brethren go.'"

And now a new era dawned for France. In 1598 the edict of Nantes was proclaimed, by which Henry IV. guaranteed liberty of conscience to his Protestant subjects, sealing the edict with green wax, to testify that it was NEVER to be revoked. Under the benign but energetic rule of Henry, France took the first place among the nations of the earth; while England, after the death of Queen Elizabeth, according to Macaulay, sank to the position of a third rate power, under the guidance or misguidance of James I. Roman Catholic France, with its liberal monarch, became the defender and protector of the Protestants all over the Continent; while James I. of England would not permit the Protestant nation, of which he was the head, to reach out the hand of assistance. In after days, France and England changed places in this respect, and England again occupied its proper position. Well would it have been for France if the policy of Henry Quatre had always prevailed.

France and England, in Henry's time, were engaged in efforts for the colonization of America. Henry dreamed of a new France on this side of the

water, and never forgot the project of Calvin and Coligny. Though his edict was sealed with the irrevocable green, his Protestant subjects might not always be safe in France. And well he knew Spain slumbered not; she might again light afresh in France the fires of persecution. There must be some place, he said, where Frenchmen can have liberty of conscience, and retain their language and remain loyal to their country. Too many of them have become the subjects of other monarchs, enriched other countries with their skill and labor, and have entered the service of other states. There is room in the great country beyond the sea for all shades of belief, and the Huguenot need not be molested by the Catholic, nor the Catholic by the Huguenot. In Henry's time the emigration of Huguenots went forward rapidly, and many settled down in Carolina and the region around, where they suffered severely from the Spaniards, who massacred alike soldiers, women and children.

To our own Acadia came a number of these Protestant Sons of France. Some of them were mere adventurers, but others were urged to removal by the hope of religious freedom for themselves and their children. In the year that Champlain sailed for Canada, a zealous and intelligent Huguenot, named De Monts, was appointed by Henry of Navarre, Governor-general of New France, an indefinite term which included all the French dominions in North America. Henry also granted De Monts, at a later period, a monopoly of the fur traffic in all the parts of North America lying between Cape Race in Newfoundland, up to the 50th degree of north latitude. The first expedition of De Monts landed at Port Rossignol, now Liverpool, and we read of De Monts visiting the Bay of Chaleur and other places. In June, 1604, De Monts sailed up the Bay Francaise or Bay of Fundy, and on the 21st of June discovered the River Ouangoudy, and called it St. John, in honor of the day of the year. Supposing it would lead to the Bay of Chaleur and Tadousac, where Huguenot settlements were established, he sailed up the river as far as the water would permit. During the same year he visited Port Royal, (Annapolis) and finally wintered at an island in the St. Croix, known as Neutral Island, where Protestant worship was established. These pioneers in the new world had many hardships, and thirty-six of the party died before Spring. In the following year there were new arrivals, and a town was commenced at Port Royal under the direction of Poutrincourt. The colonists rapidly increased, several new settlements were made, and a considerable footing had been obtained in "Meyne," the Penobscot being the original boundary of Acadia. Port Royal was the capital of all the Settlements. De Monts spent a part of his time in Acadia and part in Canada.

Dark days were in store. Spanish gold was still all powerful, and Spanish fanaticism intense. Every legitimate effort failed to mar the work and the policy of the good and powerful monarch of France. An assassin was employed. Ravaillac did his work well. As Henry sank before the murderer's arm, his liberal policy sank, also and France lost its noble position in Europe. Great was the consternation among the settlers of Acadia. They heard of Henry's assassination with dismay. A dread of the future stole over them. Scattered about in little settlements much depended on the fidelity with which the new king would maintain Henry's policy. Their fears were well grounded. The jesuit fathers of Canada began to harras. They had been attacked by the Dutch, and the English. Protestants of Virginia, under Argall, made raids upon their settlements, and carried away all upon whom they could lay their hands. Here were the Huguenots in a new world.

in a great wilderness, their settlements far apart, with no friends to protect, and all around them enemies save the Micmacs and other tribes of Red men. Hard was their lot, dangerous their position. They would have risked their chances against a foreign foe, but the French flag was no longer a protection. The jesuit fathers sought to root out the heresy which Henry had allowed a footing. The writer mentions this fact with no intention to wound the feelings of any reader, or reflect on any Creed. Liberty of conscience was not then understood as we understand it now. Before we condemn too harshly we must remember they lived in the light of their day and not in ours, and that in our own loved England, "morning land of freedom," the High Commission Court, "the Protestant Inquisition," was in full blast; and that even at that period a few English exiles were preparing to seek that freedom of worship on this side of the water denied them in the land of their fathers.

Worried, harrassed, persecuted, the Huguenots of Acadia gradually withdrew from the settlements they had made, and the homes they had hewn out for themselves in the wilderness. Governor Poutrincourt, with many of the settlers, returned to France, where the edict of Nantes was carried out reluctantly or ignored altogether. In a few years the Huguenots of Acadia were few indeed. Some of the settlers lingered through evil report and good report; among them the La Tours, who had obtained large possessions on the St. John; the elder of whom married an English lady, and took the British side when Acadia fell into the hands of the English, who occupied it for a short period.

The details of the trials, struggles, and difficulties of the early Huguenot settlers afford room for the investigation of the student of history. The exploits of David Kertk, known in history as Sir David Kirk, a French Huguenot, who became an enemy of France because of the persecution, and in later years captured Canada for the British, give ample scope for the novelist.

The project of John Calvin and Admiral Coligny, for a French Protestant empire on this side of the sea, was never realized. The conception was noble, the project worthy the men. Here and there in this Acadian land rest, "unknown and unnoticed," the ashes of the earliest settlers, who sought to establish the French language, the Protestant faith, and religious freedom, and to whom belonged the honor of the erection of the first Protestant Church in this part of America.

> "Daily the tides of life go ebbing and flowing beside them,
> Thousands of throbbing hearts where theirs are at rest and forever,
> Thousands of aching brains where theirs no longer are busy,
> Thousands of toiling hands where theirs have ceased from their labors,
> Thousands of weary feet where theirs have completed the journey."

MARK TWAIN, THE HUMORIST.

MARK TWAIN is the latest addition to the now respectably long roll of American humorists. His first effusions appeared in one of the San Francisco newspapers, with which he was connected, as far back as three years ago. He had not been long before the public, till his talents were recognized and appreciated. As his papers appeared, they were eagerly transferred to

the columns of the other journals, and the wide spread popularity they occasioned for him soon made his name famous as a humorist, from one end of America to the other. But it did not end here. A short time after the people of the Old World were as much interested in his writings as his own countrymen; and to satisfy them, Messrs. Routledge & Sons, of London, published his little *brochure, the Adventures of the Celebrated Jumping Frog of Calaveras County*, which has received the highest enconiums of the British press. There are many amusing and laughable sketches in this clever little volume, and what is particularly noticeable and praisworthy about them is, that they are entirely free from anything of an objectionable nature. In fact, to use an old saying, mostly employed by quack medicine venders, "a child could read them" without receiving any injury to his youthful and enquiring mind. Vulgar comparisons and profane similes are also absent from its pages. Mark Twain's wit does not lie in a distorted orthographical form of expression, but in the real and pure humor of the thing. In this particular he widely differs from the "Knights of the Quill" who have gone before him—Artemus Ward, Josh Billings, and Petroleum V. Nasby. We much prefer his style of composition; for there is little "fun"—except to the person reading, none certainly to the listener—in bad spelling. *Apropos*, this reminds us that a new English humorist, whose *nom de plume* is Josef Sprouts, has just come before the London public, and spells the same words in every conceivable style; giving as his reason for so doing, "that he wishes to give every method a fair chance."

There is considerable similarity between the dispensers of wit on this side of the Atlantic. Let any one peruse the works of Artemus Ward and Josh Billings, and he will be at once struck, not only with the strong resemblance in manner, but also in matter. That time-honored answer to a question, "its a conundrum, I give it up," had its origin, many years ago, with a clergyman, who, the story goes, was one day in the pulpit, exhorting his hearers to renounce their evil doings, and sin no more. "My brethren," he exclaimed fervently, "What is sin?" Again, in the course of his remarks, he asked, "What is sin?" Then waxing eloquent and impressive, he thundered forth, "What is sin!" for the third time. A sailor, who sat in the gallery—in which place he is invariably seated by all story-tellers—becoming wearied, no doubt, with the constant repetition of this question, cried out, "Come, Mister, if that's a conundrum, I give it up." Yet these two gentlemen, as well as many others of less note, used it unsparingly as original. In the language of the lamented showman, we ask, "why is this thus?" But, as the physician remarked, "we are wandering from our subject." In our humorist's book is rather a good sketch, being a brief biographical account of George Washington—the father of his country. We quote:

This day, many years ago precisely, George Washington was born. How full of significance the thought!

George Washington was the youngest of nine children, eight of whom were the offspring of his uncle and aunt. As a boy, he gave no promise of the greatness he was one day to achieve. He was ignorant of the commonest accomplishments of youth. He could not even lie. But then he never had any of those precious advantages which are within the reach of the humblest of the boys of the present day. Any boy can lie now. I could lie before I could stand—yet this sort of sprightliness was so common in our family that little notice was taken of it. Young George appears to have had no sagacity whatever. It is related of him that he once chopped down his father's favorite cherry tree, and then didn't know enough to keep dark about it. He came near going to sea once, as a midshipman; but when his mother represented to him that he must necessarily

be absent when he was away from home, and that this must continue to be the case until he got back, the sad truth struck him so forcibly that he ordered his trunk ashore, and quietly but firmly refused to serve in the navy and fight the battles of his king, so long as the effect of it should be to discommode his mother.

In this strain the narrative goes on at some length, and there are many good points and flashes of wit throughout. We make another short extract. Mark was, as many other young men are at some period of their lives, anxious to learn music. He tried first one instrument and then another, till finally he settled down to the accordeon. On that soul-stirring article of music he learnt to play that melodious and popular air, "Auld Lang Syne." For about a week he continued to torture his unwilling hearers, when, being of an ingenious turn of mind, he endeavoured to improve upon the original melody by adding some variations of his own. But who has ever seen a real genuine genius succeed yet? Just as Mark had finished his only tune and wound up with an admirable flourish, his landlady rushed into his room. Said she :—

"Do you know any other tune but that, Mr. Twain?" I told her, meekly, that I did not. "Well, then," said she, "stick to it just as it is; don't put any variations to it; because its rough enough on the boarders the way it is now."

The upshot was, that its "roughness" was soon made manifest, for half the boarders left, and the other half would have left had not the landlady discharged Mark. Then, like the wandering Jew, Mr. Twain went from house to house. None would undertake to keep him after one night's music; so at last, in sheer desperation, he went to board at an Italian lady's—Mrs. Murphy by name. He says:

The very first time I struck up the variations, a haggard, care-worn, cadaverous old man walked into my room and stood beaming upon me a smile of ineffable happiness. Then he placed his hand upon my head, and looking devoutly aloft, he said with feeling unction, and in a voice trembling with emotion, "God bless you, young man! God bless you! for you have done that for me which is beyond all praise. For years I have suffered from an incurable disease, and knowing my doom was sealed and that I must die, I have striven with all my power to resign myself to my fate, but in vain—the love of life was too strong within me. But Heaven bless you, my benefactor! for since I heard you play that tune and those variations, I do not want to live any longer—I am entirely resigned—I am willing to die—in fact, I am anxious to die." And then the old man fell upon my neck and wept a flood of happy tears. I was surprised at these things; but I could not help giving the old gentleman a parting blast, in the way of some peculiarly lacerating variations, as he went out at the door. They doubled him up like a jack-knife, and the next time he left his bed of pain and suffering he was all right, in a metallic coffin.

At last Mark gave up his *penchant* for the accordeon, and from that day gave amateur musicians a wide birth.

These two clippings will give the reader some slight idea of the general contents of the work; but the whole should be read to form a just estimate of its merits. Of course there are some stories that would have done the author no harm had he left them out. Our reason for suggesting their exclusion is for the mere nothingness which they contain.

Besides being a writer, Mark Twain is also a lecturer, and one, too, of no mean ability. His address is good, and mode of delivery perfect. In his lecture on the "Cannibal Islands," which was illustrated by means of maps and diagrams, the lecturer said :—

"I would with pleasure, had I an opportunity of doing so, show you how the Canni-

bals devour the missionaries; but, not being very hungry, and unable to eat a whole missionary, if any lady in the room will kindly lend me her baby I will endeavour to practically demonstrate how the feat is done."

Mr. Twain on this occasion did not dine off "raw baby."

His "Eulogy on Woman," which has gone the rounds of the Provincial and American press, is certainly very funny. It was given at a dinner of the correspondents' club at Washington. Mr. Twain was called upon to reply to the toast to "Woman." This he did in his usual clever and inimitable style, provoking at times much laughter. We must take umbrage with Mark, respecting this paragraph. In enumerating the list of great and famous women, he said: "Look at Cleopatra! look at Joyce Heth! look at Widow Machree! look at Lucy Stone! look at Elizabeth Cady Stanton! look at George Francis Train!"

We confess the hit was admirable; but what we don't like about it is the gross plagiarism from a brother wit. Every one will remember Artemus Ward's celebrated speech on famous women, in 1861. Said the immortal "exhibiter of wacks-works," warming up in his subject: "Look at the great women of the world: look at Joan of Arc! look at the Maid of Saragossa! look at Mrs. Cunningham! look at Mrs. Partington! look at James Buchanan!"

This hit took immensely, for President Buchanan was more than once called an "old woman" by the people of the neighboring Republic, over whom he held the reins of power. If Mark Twain had never heard of this speech, and thought, when giving his list of prominent women, that his reference to Geo. Francis Train was original with him, then that is another proof that "great minds," as the young lady known to fame remarked, "run in the same channel,"—though we much doubt the truth or accuracy of this aphorism. The "oration" concludes as follows:—

I repeat, sir, that in whatsoever position you place a woman, she is an ornament to society and a treasure to the world. As a sweetheart she has few equals and no superiors [laughter]; as a cousin she is convenient; as a wealthy grandmother, with an incurable distemper, she is precious; as a wet nurse she has no equal among men. [Laughter].

What, sirs, would the people of the earth be without women? * * * * They would be scarce, sir—almighty scarce! Then let us cherish her—let us protect her—let us give her our support, our encouragement, our sympathy—ourselves, if we get a chance. [Laughter].

But, jesting aside, Mr. President, woman is lovable, gracious, kind of heart, beautiful—worthy of all respect, of all esteem, of all deference. Not any here will refuse to drink her health right cordially in this bumper of wine, for each and every one of us has personally known, and loved, and honored the very best one of them all—his own mother! [Applause].

The dedication in the "Jumping Frog" is too good to be lost, and reads as follows:—

TO JOHN SMITH.

Whom I have known in divers and sundry places about the world, and whose many and manifold virtues did always command my esteem, I dedicate this book.

It is said that the man to whom a volume is dedicated always buys a copy. If this prove true in the present instance, a princely affluence is about to burst upon

THE AUTHOR.

Mark Twain is yet "on the wing," and a late number of the "Galaxy," a New York Magazine, contained an article from his pen which gave it some prominence. We hope to meet with more of this pleasant author's writings.

FORTUNATÆ INSULÆ.

Ισο·· δὲ νυκτεσσιν αιεὶ,
Ισα δ᾽ ὲν ἁμέραις, ἁλι-
ον ἔχοντες, απονέστερον
᾽Εσθλοὶ νέμονται βίο-
τον, - - - κ τ λ

Pind: Olymp: Carm: II, v. 109—136.

Of Happy Isles, far in the unknown West,
Old poets sung, where through an endless year
Hunger, nor heat, nor darkness came, nor tear,
Where fadeless bloom enwrapt the immortal Blest:
Calm and secure on Ocean's heaving breast,
Those fabled lands, which nowhere yet appear
In all the now familiar hemisphere,
Man's dreams divine in radiant glories drest:
Still live the thoughts by rapturous bards exprest;
Westward afar the blissful region lies;
'Mid tranquil clouds that float in evening skies,
A path to brighter worlds seems often given:
Still, as of old, the longing spirit tries
To wing its way through golden light to Heaven.

W. P. D.

LITERATURE AND THE PROFESSIONS.

BY SILAS ALWARD, ESQ.

LITERATURE seldom or never flourishes in a rude, uncultivated, state of society; on the contrary, it is the result of social improvement, and attains the highest excellence during periods of national prosperity. In the earlier stages of a country's history, its people are too busily engaged in struggling for national existence, in binding together the fragmentary portions of its territory, and in laying the foundations of its future prosperity, to cultivate successfully the liberal arts, or to acquire a high degree of literary refinement. Never did Literature attain such pre-eminence in Greece, as during the days of Pericles; in Rome, as during the reign of Augustus; or in our own Fatherland, as during the brilliant sway of Elizabeth, or the mild rule of our virtuous, noble minded Queen,—all great epochs of national prosperity, in the respective histories of these representative countries. But some argue and endeavour to maintain, with the example of ancient Greece and Rome before them, that a high degree of excellence in literature is the sure and inevitable precursor of national decadence; that, as literature evidences refinement, refinement in its turn proves the absence of those sterner and more rugged virtues—the surest pledges of national stability. But this position is untenable. England flourished after the days of Elizabeth, as she never did before. A high degree of literary taste did not, in her case, result in the downfall of that country. The

history of the world shows, that a nation never struggles so valiantly for its liberties as when its liberties are best understood; that a people never make so vigorous a stand for their immunities, as when they are deemed most valuable. An educated, refined people best understand their rights, and we have yet to learn, they will not fight all the more determinedly to preserve them. By parity of reasoning, such maintain that literary culture is not compatible with the vigorous prosecution of the professions. That literary Statesmen. (for statesmanship is a profession), literary Lawyers. literary Doctors and literary Divines are either mountebanks, or fall far below their brethren in the same profession, who devote their attention exclusively to their avocations? Such an argument is based upon false premises, or is inferred from hastily formed or sweeping generalizations, that will not bear the test of critical examination. We think we can prove theoretically, as well as practically, that the cultivation of literature is not only not incompatible with the successful prosecution of a profession, but is, instead of an impediment, an aid to professional excellence. Because, occasionally, one makes a failure in his profession, if he be of a literary turn of mind, this does not prove the converse of our position. A grocer may go stark mad on literature and neglect his customers; a salesman, his yard-stick; and a merchant, his ledger; yet their failures do not prove the rule. Their want of success may be attributable to the same causes that retarded the advancement of Mr. Micawber, one of Dickens' most irrepressible characters, who was never so busy as when engaged in what did not pertain to his business, and never so happy as when working for what would not bring him any remuneration Mr. Micawber's literary taste, or its culture, did not operate against his success in life. So we find all trades, all callings and all professions, represented by its Micawbers, who, for the very same causes, that kept their illustrious prototype in the background, will always be laggards in the great struggle of life. The mind possesses almost an infinite number of capabilities, and if any particular one, or set of them, be exercised or cultivated to the exclusion of the others, those not cultivated will gradually lose their native force and energy; so, in the end, instead of a robust, well developed intellect, we will see an abnormal, disproportioned one, incapable of accomplishing so much or of putting forth the same powers, as if all had been equally cultivated. We see this exemplified in numberless instances. One may so far cultivate his imagination as forever to revel in unreal, fanciful scenes, and thus quite incapacitate himself for the dull, unpoetic duties of every day life; or he may so exercise his memory, as to unfit himself for the free use of his reasoning powers; or he may so far play the *role* of the Orator, as to lose all vigor of thought, or become too deep a thinker to be an eloquent speaker. The old Latin adage—*in medio tutissimus ibis*—best illustrates the principle I seek to deduce, that is to say, the necessity of an uniform exercise, as far as possible, of all the faculties of the mind. For this alone can insure a well developed, healthy, vigorous intellect. One faculty so operates upon another as to afford mutual assistance; so when all are equally developed, a greater force or power of concentration is attained, and consequently greater mental momentum, if such a figure be allowable, is effected. So following out the analogy, if an individual devote his attention exclusively to one branch of study, or to one particular profession or calling, to the neglect of all other studies, he becomes a man of one idea and fails to grasp the grand principles that underlie all studies, all arts and all sciences. While he who takes in a wider range of studies, and views the vast domain of thought from a loftier stand point,

forms a more accurate conception of a particular branch of study, or of a profession. He who knows history, only as a chronicle of dry facts and dates, and breathes not in its philosophy, is but a mere machine and his knowledge is almost useless. So he who learns by rote the deductions of a science, without tracing them back to their grand, primary principles, will do but little to enlarge the boundaries of human invention, or add but little to the sum total of knowledge.

Principles are discovered in higher ranges of thought, and in more enlarged fields of investigation, than those which bound one branch of study or circumscribe one department of science. We see an exemplification of this in the distinction between a Politician and a Statesman. The one, by carefully noting passing events, by skilfully watching the changes of public opinion, and by dexterously suiting his principles, if he have any, to every varying gale, may adroitly manage always to be on the winning side, and from being repeatedly successful may gain the reputation of possessing ability; while the other is guided by set and fixed principles, and makes all bend to them, and in the end gains the far more enviable distinction of having been true to his convictions. The one is a man of a single idea and that largely consists of self; the other comprehends the broad principles that underlie all forms of government. In fine a Politician studies politics only; a Statesman deduces his principles from the varied branches of human knowledge. The principle we seek to deduce is this, that larger and more comprehensive views are the legitimate results of extended observation and varied information. The study of Literature imparts broader views, gives nobler conceptions, refines and elevates the thoughts and sentiments, and directs the tastes into proper channels, and so better qualifies one for the discharge of his professional duties. The Statesman, Lawyer, Doctor or Divine, of enlightened views, cultivated understanding and refined tastes, commands greater respect, and generally is more proficient in the discharge of his duties than the man of one idea, who deserves the only merit, perhaps, of having ridden one hobby to death. The ancient Latins have said—"*Ingenuas didicisse fideliter artes emollit mores nec sinit esse feros*,"—the moderns might with equal propriety say—that not only does Literature refine the manners and elevate the tastes, but it likewise invigorates the understanding, sharpens the perceptive faculties and materially strengthens the reasoning powers. But while we thus urge the cultivation of Literature upon professional men, we do not mean that they thereby should neglect their professions. We simply insist, that extremes should be avoided.

In glancing the eye along the list of those who have distinguished themselves in the various walks of professional life, we find the most eminent devoted no small portion of their time to the study of Literature. Among Statesmen, who can compare with Burke? the "noisy, babbling Politician" of his time, who may have attracted the attention of the passing hour, is doomed to lasting oblivion, because he enunciated neither a sentiment nor advanced a principle worthy of remembrance; while the reputation of the great Statesman gains fresh accessions of glory with advancing years, for his principles were based upon the sure and certain foundations of truth, and consequently were "not for for a day, but for all time." He shaped not his conduct to suit the whims and caprices of the fickle crowd; he spoke not to gratify the fancy, but with the fearless courage and lofty authority of an Oracle, "men may come and men may go," but truth is ever the same; so principles founded upon truth change not with the changing years. Burke

laid the foundation of his lasting reputation for Statesmanship in his vast and varied information, gleaned from the inviting fields of Literary research. He threw around the dullest and dryest questions the charms of a sparkling rhetoric, and embellished them with attractions, only such as a mind deeply imbued with Literary culture could. His celebrated essays on the "Vindication of Natural Society," and on the "Sublime and Beautiful," not to speak of his many eloquent dissertations on various subjects, place him in the first rank of elegant writers. Among modern Statesmen, the veteran Brougham, whilst filling the highest positions in the Councils of his Country, with consummate tact and ability, ranked among the ablest writers of the day. He was one of the founders of the celebrated *Edinburgh Review*, and for over twenty years one of its regular contributors. Of the four founders of this elegant and highly Literary Magazine, the Rev. Sydney Smith, Lord Jeffrey, Lord Murray and Lord Brougham, three belonged to the legal profession. Lord Brougham has, by his pen, done more for progress, liberty and reform, than any other man of the age. It was when engaged in professional duties he prepared his celebrated Inaugural Discourse, delivered when installed Rector of the University of Glasgow, a dissertation showing the deepest research, replete with beautiful classic allusions, and of the most faultless taste. If the question were asked, who are the ablest of living English statesmen, the universal reply would undoubtedly be, D'Isræli, Gladstone and the late Premier, Lord Derby, all of them men of the highest Literary attainments, and who have won distinctions in Literary pursuits, that few can hope to aspire to, in addition to their unbounded fame as Statesmen. Lord Derby's translation of Homer into English Heroics displays the ripest scholarship and the most refined Literary culture, apart from its merits as a poem. Gladstone, when Chancellor of the Exchequer, contributed able and eloquent articles to the leading Reviews and Magazines of the day, and now when watching, as leader of the opposition in the British House of Commons, the astute and wily D'Isræli, is engaged upon a work on Greece and ancient Phænicia, which will soon be ready for the Press. Mr. D'Isræli, the present Premier, one of the most remarkable men of the age, has conquered an enviable notoriety in the world of letters, while holding his position as undoubtedly one of the shrewdest tacticians and among the first of Commoners. His career has been a most remarkable one, having to contend against prejudices that would have appalled a man of less nerve. D'Isræli gained his first reputation as a writer. He, in fact, occupies the foremost rank among authors of fiction; nor of late years has he neglected his favorite pursuits, but occasionally dashes off a work that takes by surprise the Literary world. So these examples make good, we think, our position, so far as the Profession of Statesmanship is concerned, that the cultivation of Literature is not only compatible with success, but in fact materially assists in securing it.

Let us now direct our attention to the great lights of Law; and here so great is the number that have combined the greatest legal attainments with the highest literary culture, that it is difficult whom to select as illustrations. Sir Matthew Hale, Justice Blackstone, Sir James Mackintosh, Justice Talfourd, and a host of others, not only preserved "the balance of justice unpoised, its ermine unspotted," but with the greatest legal erudition combined the highest literary excellence. Of those who have figured at the Bar, where can we recall two brighter names than Erskine and Choate. Erskine, throughout his career and when burdened with the most pressing professional duties, devoted a portion of his time to the study of English Literature. He is said

to have committed to memory the greater part of Milton and Shakespeare. From these authors he derived that elegance of diction, that rich imagery of description and appropriate use of simile and metaphor, which so distinguished his forensic efforts. He spent much of his time in literary discussions with Johnson, that giant of letters, who stood head and shoulders above his contemporaries. Choate, who at the time of his death, was the leader of the American Bar, was a man of excellent literary tastes, as his published speeches and addresses show. He is said to have devoted a portion of each day to the study of the ancient classics, and to have been a great admirer of the English classics as well.

Of Divines, who have successfully cultivated Literature, and whose sermons bear the impress of its refining touches, their name is legion. Where is to be found purer diction, more chaste and elegant allusions, more correct and expressive figures, than are to be seen in the sermons of Dr. Blair, Professor of Rhetoric, Belles-Lettres, in the University of Edinburgh? Or where will we find a loftier style, more trenchant sarcasm or more beautifully turned periods, than in the multifarious writings of the Rev. Sydney Smith?

*Of skilful practitioners, in the Medical Profession, numbers could be men-*tioned who have won imperishable fame, in the higher walks of Literature, and who, while ornaments in their avocations, have been ornaments to Society and their Country. In America alone, without drawing illustrations from beyond the sea, the late Dr. Mott, Dr. Holland and Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, while faithful disciples of Æsculapius, have done much to elevate public sentiment and mould the Literature of that Country.

The examples we have produced, in the various walks of life, we think are sufficient to satisfy the most skeptical, that it is almost impossible to attain the highest professional excellence without the refinement and culture which Literature imparts. But while we thus urge its cultivation upon professional men, we do not wish to be understood that it should supplant one's calling or profession; or monopolize too much of his time; it should occupy a subordinate position, or rather it should be ancillary to it. But we would not pass over those who tread not in the thorny, and the by no means inviting, path of professional life. We believe non-professionals would be better, happier, and no less successful in life, by cultivating, during their leisure moments, the liberal arts. How much time is uselessly, yea worse than uselessly, thrown away, that might be profitably employed in reading those excellent works which illustrate our Literature, and which will preserve the fame of our nationality through all time.

We would urge it before the young especially, even as a religious duty, to seize every opportunity to improve their minds by familiarizing themselves with the standard works of Literature. If the time that is spent in idle chitchat, or nonsensical amusements, were sacredly devoted to study and the agreeable recreations of literary pursuits, what a change would soon be wrought in Society. An elevation of sentiment, a refinement of taste, and a dignity of manners and conversation, would take the place of silly gossip and the too fashionable habit of always attempting to say agreeable nothings. Nor would the cultivation of a literary taste, among the fair sex, be unattended with good results. To their natural refinement, it would impart still greater grace; to their winning manners, a more fascinating charm, and to their modest, unobtrusive lives, a more becoming dignity. We cannot conclude this paper better than by quoting, with a slight transformation, an eloquent

passage from Mr. Macaulay's Essay on Mitford's Greece—"Who shall say, how many thousands have been made wiser, happier, and better, by Literary pursuits To how many they have been wealth in poverty—liberty in bondage—health in sickness—society in solitude."

A QUERY CONCERNING TRUTH.

THE "enquiring spirit of the age" has one very serious drawback. It is causing the destruction of many cherished stories of self-abnegation, generosity, bravery, and other virtues, around which both memory and imagination fondly lingered. In his terrible crucible of Truth, the critic of our day, working with the earnestness of the searcher after the philosopher's stone, melts down, reduces and finally wastes away records of heroic deeds that seemed, but a few years ago, destined to last forever. We all know what the Latin proverb says about truth: but why should truth prevail at the expense of so much fine sentiment? Are we any better off when we discover that many stories of self-sacrifice and of unselfish love are mere fables? Truth may gain the victory, but it is at a fearful expense. The result of the labors of the modern achemists, who seek for truth instead of the philosopher's stone, is to make us all doubters. What can we believe? We may accept some story as truth, the moral or lesson of which is good; but after we have given it a place in our affection comes along some terrible fellow, who in the name of truth, pronounces it a mere sham, and either denounces or laughs at us for believing. We reluctantly accept his decision, and fix our affections upon something else, but always with the same result.

What story was more touching, more charming in every way than that of Pocahontas, the lovely Indian princess, rushing in under the clubs of the warriors of her tribe, uplifted to beat out the brains of Capt. John Smith—throwing her arms about him, and laying her head upon his to save him from death? It added to the force of this gentle act that it was performed by a beautiful woman—"the king's dearest daughter." We scarcely know which most to admire, the beseeching, imploring, tender maiden, whom "no entreaty could prevail" to give up her effort to save the pale-faced prisoner's life; or the chivalrous savages, gallantly yielding at last, as their more civilized brothers would probably not have done, to the importunities of the lovely offspring of their chief; their stoical natures, which ordinarily boasted no woman's interference, completely changing before her exalted effort of mercy. Now, why should a merciless critic in a late number of the *North American Review* show us plainly that this story has no foundation in fact: that it is a pure coinage of the brain of Capt. John Smith?—and above all, why should he quote some other remorseless fellow who preceded him, who describes "Pocahontas as a well-featured but wanton yonge girle," whose principle pastime it was, when at the age of eleven or twelve years, to "get the boyes "forth with her into the markett place and make them wheele, falling on

"their hands, turning up their heels upwards, whome she would followe and "wheele so herself, naked as she was, all the fort over?" Are we any better off because of this victory of truth?—because this charming romance has been destroyed?

Mr. Gould, in his entertaining volume *Curious Myths of the Middle Ages*, says that it is the painful duty of the antiquarian to dispel many a popular belief, and to probe the groundlessness of many an historical statement. But why? The antiquarian's labors are self-imposed, and he might spare both himself and others pain if he did not meddle with stories which have in a measure come to be implicitly believed; and the disproval of which only awakens doubt as to everything.

The gentleman above quoted, for instance, has shown us that several stories which have for centuries been received as reports of actual occurrences are nothing but myths. One of these is the well-known story of William Tell. Now, the story of Tell's nerve and courage has been a theme on which the poet and the orator loved to dwell. It has awakened the loftiest emotions in the breast of the struggling patriot, and nerved the arm of the oppressed to deeds of the noblest heroism. Men everywhere, and in every station of life, have felt the influence of this story of unflinching bravery; and the very name of Tell has become in our ears synonymous with outspoken hatred of tyrants. It is impossible to over-estimate the good that the relation of Tell's action has done. Yet Mr. Gould actually undertakes to show us that all this is a mistake; and that the world has been admiring but a shadow. According to the ordinarily related accounts of Tell's action, it took place in the year 1307; but Saxo Grammaticus, a Danish writer of the twelfth century, tells the story of a hero of his own country who lived four centuries before the date of Tell's adventure. It also appears in Norwegian history, with variations, again and again. In the Faroe Islands, it is current under a slightly different form. The parties are Geyti, Aslak's son, and king Harold. The former had vanquished the latter in a swimming match, and the king, angry at his discomfiture, bids his rival shoot a hazel nut from off his brother's head. Mr. Gould quotes the story in verse.

> "On the string the shaft he laid,
> And God hath heard his prayer;
> He shot the little nut away,
> Nor hurt the lad a hair."

The king asks him—

> "List thee, Geyti, Aslak's son,
> And truly tell to me,
> Wherefore hadst thou arrows twain
> In the wood yestreen with thee?"

And the bowman replies—

> "Therefore had I arrows twain
> Yestreen in the woods with me:
> Had I but pierced my brother dear,
> The other had pierced thee."

Mr. Gould quotes English, Finnish, and even Persian versions of the story, and comes to the conclusion that the coincidence of finding so many versions of the same story scattered through countries as remote as Persia and Iceland,

Switzerland and Denmark, proves that it can in no way be regarded as history. He thinks it rather one of the numerous household myths, common to the whole stock of Aryan nations, and suggests the probability that some future explorer will bring to light out of the Sanscrit legends an early Indian tale, which will prove to be the foundation of the different perversions. It is true that all of this is not conclusive proof of the incorrectness of the story of Tell; but it will undoubtedly suggest, even to the most conservative mind, some very grave suspicions.

Another story, different from that of Tell, but like it, inspiring emotions of the noblest kind, and awakening some of the best feelings of the heart, is that of the dog Gellert. The incident is familiar to every reader. The noble animal is left to watch a child in its cradle; a wolf enters the house to destroy the infant, but is slain by the hound. When the father returns he sees Gellert's mouth dripping with blood, and hastily concluding that he has killed the child, falls upon him and slays him. Of course, he readily discovers his mistake and is greatly grieved. Gellert's grave is actually shown at Snowdon, in Wales. This touching story Mr. Gould also remorselessly pursues through numerous variations, and traces in Germany, Russia, France, back to Arabia and Persia, and finally to India, quoting as a kindred story that of the Eastern king who had a falcon. One day, while hunting, he filled a goblet with water dropping from a rock. As he was about to drink, the falcon dashed upon the goblet and upset it. He tried again to fill it but with the same result. In his anger he killed the bird, and in a few moments after discovered that the water dropped through the jaws of a poisonous serpent. It was evidently not known in those days that the poison of the serpent might be taken internally without danger.

We began by enquiring of what particular gain it was to truth that these familiar and long received stories were now proved to be incorrect. Perhaps we might go beyond this and ask what is Truth? Did Mr. Gould write the book to which we have been referring? Are his own statements truthful? May not some defender of Tell take the field and prove that our author is entirely wrong? To these enquiries, a story of Sir Walter Raleigh, originally quoted in the *Journal de Paris*, is pertinent :—

Sir Walter Raleigh, in his prison, was composing the second volume of his History of the World. Leaning on the sill of his window, he meditated on the duties of the historian to mankind, when suddenly his attention was attracted by a disturbance in the court-yard before his cell. He saw one man strike another whom he supposed by his dress to be an officer; the latter at once drew his sword, and ran the former through the body. The wounded man felled his adversary with a stick, and then sank upon the pavement. At this juncture the guard came up and carried off the officer insensible, and then the corpse of the man who had been run through.

Next day Raleigh was visited by an intimate friend, to whom he related the circumstances of the quarrel and its issue. To his astonishment, his friend unhesitatingly declared that the prisoner had mistaken the whole series of incidents which had passed before his eyes.

The supposed officer was not an officer at all, but the servant of a foreign ambassador; it was he who had dealt the first blow; he had not drawn his sword, but the other had snatched it from his side, and had run *him* through the body before any one could interfere; whereupon, a stranger from among the crowd knocked the murderer down with his stick, and some of the foreigners belonging to the ambassador's retinue carried off the corpse. The friend of Raleigh added that government had ordered the arrest and immediate trial of the murderer, as the man assassinated was one of the principal servants of the Spanish ambassador.

"Excuse me," said Raleigh, "but I cannot have been deceived as you suppose, for I was an eye-witness to the events which took place under my own window, and the man fell there on that spot where you see a paving-stone standing up above the rest."

"My dear Raleigh," replied his friend, "I was sitting on that stone when the fray took place, and I received this slight scratch on my cheek in snatching the sword from the murderer; and upon my word of honor, you have been deceived upon every particular."

Sir Walter, when alone, took up the second volume of his History, which was in MS., and contemplating it, thought—"If I cannot believe my own eyes, how can I be assured of the truth of a tithe of the events which happened ages before I was born?" and he flung the manuscript into the fire.

But, after all, even this story, like many others just as plausible, may be only a myth.

LITERARY NOTICES.

DR. FORRESTER'S TEXT-BOOK FOR TEACHERS.

We have received a copy of this work which has just been issued by Messrs. A. & W. Mackinlay of Halifax, and may be procured through any of our booksellers. After a careful study of the work we are convinced that it is one of the most valuable of recent contributions to the great cause of practical education. The author is evidently one who has read and thought much on the subject, and who has tested by experience the principles which he has been led to adopt.

The "Text-Book" (which is dedicated to the Hon. William Young, Chief Justice of Nova Scotia) is divided into three books. The first treats of the Nature of Education, the second of the Science of Education, and the third of the Art of Education. The sub-divisions under these heads embrace and include discussions of all the prominent questions of the day in reference to Education. These are too numerous and too complicated to be disposed of in a short notice like the present. We may, however, state that Dr. Forrester deals with the higher education of the College and University, as well as with the initial or intermediate education of the school, and that he discusses the questions which arise as to the best means of supporting schools and colleges. On this subject we must endeavour to find room for a quotation which supplies valuable and historical information. After showing the advantages of direct taxation for schools, as the best means of securing universal education, Dr. Forrester makes the following statement:—

"It is well known to many of our readers that the first intimation we have of this system, the great principle of which is,—that the property of all shall be taxed by the majority for the education of all—is on the records of the city of Boston for the year 1635, within five years after the landing of the pilgrim fathers on the Massachusett's shores, when it was determined, at a public meeting, that a schoolmaster be appointed

for the teaching and nurturing of the children, and a portion of the public lands given him for support. In a few years afterwards, in 1647, the Collected Association of Massachusetts made provision by law, that every town where there were one hundred families, should keep a school, where youth should be prepared in Latin, Greek and Mathematics, for the college or university, which, in 1638, had been established by the same authority at Cambridge. Thus it is clear that the whole sum required for the support of education was at that time raised by direct taxation. Now, though we believe, that it would prove in every way advantageous to the cause of education, and to the country at large, were the same course pursued, yet there is no nation, as far as we know, that has done so in the adoption of the free system;—this has always been with certain modifications. The province of Ontario, for example, makes an offer of a certain amount to every county or municipality, on condition of its raising an equivalent by assessment, which being done, all the scholars are declared free. In the province of Nova Scotia three parties or constituencies are recognized; the province at large, the county, and the section. The province, out of its general revenue, gives a certain amount to each teacher, according to the class of certificate held; the county raises by taxation, at the rate of thirty cents per head, which is distributed amongst the teachers according to the average attendance of scholars, and the deficiency is made up by the section, only by assessment. The following is the plan we proposed years ago;—a third, to be paid by the province, another third, by the county, and the other, by the section—the section being allowed to raise the amount in whatever way the inhabitants may deem advisable,—a guarantee, of course, being given of its being raised before the other two-thirds could be drawn from the treasury or county. We refer to this matter here for the purpose of showing that the free system may be carried into effect in various ways, and in adaptation to all external circumstances. We believe, too, that something may and ought to be done, by which, in perfect consonance with the free system, a closer relation shall be established between the parents of the section and the teacher. This, in our view, would impart tenfold force and lustre to the whole scheme, and render it all the more accordant with the findings of nature and the teachings of inspiration, as well as more acceptable to the people."

We have the utmost confidence in recommending this work to teachers. Though the subject of Education may be deemed trite, there is probably none which stands in greater need of re-consideration and free discussion. To those, in particular, who desire or require to look at Education from a practical point of view, the present work will prove particularly valuable. It is a handsome octavo volume of 621 pages, neatly printed, and strongly and handsomely bound in cloth.

THE MAGAZINES, &c.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for March is a very superior number, and we advise our readers to procure it and read *John Chinaman, M. D.*, *Some of the Wonders of Modern Surgery*, and *A Conversation on the Stage*. In this latter article we are told that, "A dramatic critic should be a scholar and a gentleman. He should believe as firmly in the nobility of his calling as the clergyman believes in the sacredness of his pulpit, and he should be paid liberally for his honesty and for his brains." This hint should not be thrown away on the persons for whom it is intended. George Silverman's Explanation—Mr. Dickens' Story—is concluded, and the other contents are good.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS for March is also a good issue, and will please its youthful and more mature readers vastly. Mr. Dickens' *Holiday Romance* is one of the great author's happiest efforts; and the accompanying illustra-

trations, by John Gilbert of London, are very artistically done. There are many other pleasant little stories, essays and poems, to which we direct the attention of *Pater Familias*, and suggest the advisibility of his expending the small sum of two dollars with one of our booksellers, and secure for the little ones this *brochure* for a whole year.

EVERY SATURDAY opens its new volume with a very cleverly written serial entitled "Foul Play;" being the joint production of the celebrated dramatic author and actor, Dion Boucicault and Chas. Reade. The story is illustrated and is of surpassing interest. As usual, the other selections are made with much care. Address for either or all of the above: Ticknor & Fields, Boston.

PUTNAM'S MONTHLY.—Who does not remember old *Putnam*—in which appeared that great article which for years caused so much comment and inquiry, "Is there a Bourbon among us?"—with its many famous essays and stories? Well, the old gentleman has lain dormant for some years past, and now, with a most enviable and polished staff of contributors, cries *resurgo*, and walks the paths of literature as of yore. *Putnam* now excels its old series, as every issue testifies. The March number is principally noted for these: "Science and Religion," "Imagination and Language," and "What a Newspaper should be." A large number of the best American writers are engaged and will contribute regularly to its pages.

HARPER'S BAZAR is *the* fashion paper of America, and the fairer portion of our readers will find in it much to interest them. Elaborate descriptions of the various articles of dress, in which are clothed the "ladies, young and fair," with paterns of cloaks and mantles, with so many lines running through and across them, that maps of the Intercolonial Railway, by all the routes, with its numerous way stations, sink into insignificance beside them. The illustrations are well executed, and the reading matter is excellent.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE is now publishing Anthony Trollope's story—"Phineas Phin, the Irish Member"—and a very good one it is too. Of course LITTELL does not fall behind the times; and everything in literature, either at home or abroad, that's worth it, receives a place in its pages. It is printed on a better quality of paper now than heretofore, and the type is new. Terms $8 00 a year. Littell & Gay, Boston.

AMERICAN NATURALIST for March is a very good number, and has an article by Mr. Fred. Hartt, formerly of this city, which we hope our readers will peruse. We notice, also, that another New Brunswicker is on the Naturalist's staff—Prof. Bailey of Fredericton. The Magazine should circulate largely in St. John.

THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL for March contains a biographical sketch of Thos. Allan Reed, the celebrated short-hand writer, which is well worth the whole price of the *Journal.* In addition to this there are sketches of D'Israeli, John Bright and Chas. Kean, which will be read with interest.

We have also received from Messrs. Fowler & Wells of New York: THE GOOD MAN'S LEGACY. An Excellent Sermon, by Rev. Samuel Osgood, D. D. With Portrait and Sketch of Dr. Richard Rothe, of Heidelburg. CONSUMPTION. Its Cause, and Cure, by the Swedish Movement. With Illustrations and Directions for Home Application, by David Wark, M. D., and EDUCATION OF THE HEART. The Necessity of Moral Culture for Human Happiness. By Hon. Schuyler Colfax.

THE PUBLIC SPIRIT for March concludes its second volume, and Vol. III will begin with the next No. The Magazine is well got up; the articles are good, and in typographical appearance it will compare favorably. Published by LeGrand Benedict, New York, at $3 00 per annum.

HARPER—the March number of this old favorite opens with a very spiritedly written sketch of much moment to New Brunswickers, entitled *The Restigouche.* It is from the pen of CHAS. HALLOCK, Esq., formerly connected with the press of this city, and is one of his best efforts. We should like our readers to read this article, not only on account of its local importance, but for the pleasant gossipy information it affords.

We have received COLTON'S JOURNAL OF GEOGRAPHY for January from the Publishers, New York. It is very neatly got up; contains well written and instructive ar[illegible], and consists of about sixteen or eighteen pages. A colored map of Abyssinia accompanies the number before us, which is worth alone the price of the whole work. An article on the "Dominion of Canada" is good. Terms $1 00 per annum, issued quarterly.

THE RAZOR—this is the title of a new comic paper, started in London in January last. It is ably edited. The cartoons are admirably drawn, and the smaller cuts are fresh and humorous. Well printed on capital paper.

☞ We would feel deeply obliged to any of our readers for some clean copies of the April No. (1867) of the *Quarterly*, as many new Subscribers want them to complete their sets. The cash or new numbers will be given in exchange.

METEOROLOGICAL

SUMMARY OF METEOROLOGIC OBSERVATIONS, for December, 1867; January and February, 1868, made at St. John, N. B. Lat. 45° 16′ N.; Long. 66° 03′ W.—G. MURDOCH.

	DECEMBER.	JANUARY.	FEBRUARY.
THERMOMETER—Highest—degrees........	41°·00	36°·00	41°·00
" date..........	26th.	24th.	21st.
Lowest—degrees........	—12·00	—11·00	—8·00
" date..........	9th.	5th.	23rd.
Oscillation for month....	53·00	47·00	49·00
" daily—mean ..	15·00	12·26	16·86
Warmest day—meaned..	35·70	31·30	33·00
" date	26th.	24th.	20th.
Coldest day—meaned....	—6·00	1·30	3·30
" date	9th.	4th.	23rd.
Mean—6 A. M.	12·77	10·20	11·55
" 2 P. M.	18·38	19·77	22·17
" 10 P. M.	15·23	14·61	15·50
" of readings	15·46	14·86	16·41
" 8 years	22·35	18·44	21·20
BAROMETER—Highest—inches............	30·460	30·487	30·546
" date	20th.	23rd.	24th.
Lowest—inches	29·170	29·200	29·266
" date	7th.	2nd.	6th.
Range for month.........	1·044	1·287	1·380
" daily—mean.....	0·364	0·271	0·257
Greatest mean daily pressure	30·404	30 274	30·532
" date	31st.	31st.	24th.
Least mean daily pressure.	29·158	29·335	29·368
" date	16th.	2nd.	23th.
Mean pressure 8 A. M.	29·902	29·883	30·042
" 2 P. M.	29·883	29·837	30·013
" 10 P. M. ...	29·892	29·844	30·038
" of readings	29·893	29·855	30·031
" 8 years....	29·933	29·902	29·954
FORCE OF VAPOR—Greatest—inches......	0·235	0·200	0.210
" date......	27th.	23rd.	9th.
Least—inches	0·020	0·024	0·026
" date......	12th.	5th.	23rd.
Mean 8 A. M.	0·073	0·070	0·067
" 2 P. M.	0·084	0·080	0·095
" 10 P. M.........	0·083	0·070	0·075
" of readings....	0·080	0·073	0·079
RELATIVE HUMIDITY—Greatest—per cent.	100·00	100·00	96·00
" date...	26th.	16th.	9th.
Least—per cent...	46·00	40·00	40·00
" date....	24th.	14th.	8th.
Mean 8 A. M.	72·00	74·00	74·00
" 2 P. M.	70·00	.84·00	73·00
" 10 P. M.	77·00	75·00	74·00
" of readings..	71·00	78·00	73·30
WIND 2 P. M. E. to S. W.—No. of Days..	3·00	5·00	11·00
W. to N. E. "	28·00	26·00	18·00
Most prevalent	N. W.	N. W.	S. W.
PRECIPITATION—Rain or Snow Fell	6 days.	5 days.	7 days.
" "	12 nights.	6 nig'ts.	3 nights.
Snow for month—inces	24·550	21·800	18.500
Rain "	2·800	1·125	0·850
Melted Snow and Rain	5·090	31·70	3·025
Avg. 8 years..........	4·384	4·335	4·246

Our Puzzle Department.

WE invite contributions to this department. Only original puzzles, and those possessing real merit, are desired. Puzzles must be neatly and correctly prepared, and answers to *every part* of each are required with them. Solutions to the following will be given in our next.

To the lady and gentleman answering the most problems in this number, will be sent one copy of the *Quarterly*, FREE, for one year.

REBUSES.

1.—A town in the United States, a town in Nova Scotia, a town in New York State, a city in Quebec Province, a city in Ontario, a county in Ireland, a city in Ontario, a town in New Brunswick.

The initials of these spell my whole, which is a town in Nova Scotia.

2.—One of the seasons, a fruit, used in connection with a barrel, often seen on the street, an article of apparel.

My whole is a very valuable article.

ACROSTICS.

3.—A noise and an insect—
1. A musical instrument.
2. An animal.
3. A tree.

4.—A tree and a fruit—
1. A lady's name.
2. An article used in writing.
3. A spice.
4. A fish.

TRANSPOSITIONS.

5.—M m a a l l l r s s c h i e e e j b o d f—a celebrated Hellenist.

6.—T r a a a l u o d m m—is a famous heroine.

7.—BIOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 51 letters—

My 16, 36, 21, 2, 18, 42, 31, 7, 49, 9, 4, 41, 22, 28, 5, 13, 48 was a distinguished Irish Surgeon, and the author of many medical works of much repute.

" 14, 37, 35, 17, 29, 9, 51, 31, 26, 27, 8, 14, 42, 24, 9, 5 was a celebrated Spanish Statesman who flourished in 1353.

" 39, 18, 36, 50, 1, 45, 29, 51, 3, 7 founded the monastery of Llancarvan.

" 14, 36, 10, 12, 5, 40, 18, 14, 32, 23, 8, 14, 14, 49, 44, 29, 2, 38, 48, 51, 22, 49, 31, 13, 16 was one of the Abbasside Caliphs, and a patron of learning.

" 19, 2, 15, 33, 8, 38, 14, 32, 14, 11 was a famous author of music.

" 5, 42, 41, 6, 47, 46, 1, 23, 20 was a great philosopher.

" 51, 20, 30, 36, 44, 18, 34, 25, 42, 37 was an Archbishop of Paris.

My whole is a great English Author and Essayist.

8.—GEOMETRICAL ENIGMA.

[*Explanation*,—The figure described in each line of the following Enigma forms one of the letters of the Alphabet; the whole constitutes a word of six letters which all persons should strive to acquire.]

A quadrilateral is by two triangles touched:
A perpendicular line under a sphere is set;
An irregular curve, or a line described as such;
Then another perpendicular by a semi-circle met.
Next in order comes the circle quite complete;
And lastly, three triangles which at different points do meet.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN OUR LAST.

1.—Argyllshire, London, India, Carleton, Elk—ALICE....2.—Beatrice, Elizabeth, Susan, Sarah, Isaac, Emily—BESSIE....3.—STRAWBERRY—sardine, top, rat, apricot, warts....4.—BRANDY-BLOSSOM—Barnaby, Robert, Andrew, Newton, David, Yew.... 5.—A merry Christmas and a happy New Year to all, with the editor's compliments. ....6.—Respect is better procured by exacting than soliciting it....7.—Washington Irving, Edward Everett and Fitz-Greene Halleck.

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" Losses paid in 1867,............	628,152	0	0	"
Life Premium received in 1867,.....	259,039	5	0	"
" Claims (including Bonus) paid,	170,464	2	6	"
Duty paid to Government in 1867,..	91,098	17	5	"

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