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DISCOVERIES AND TRADE OF THE RIVAL FRENCH AND ENGLISH COLONISTS IN THE HUDSON BAY TERRITORIES.

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Having already given a summary sketch of the trading rivalries of the French and English colonists, nearly two centuries ago, in the valleys of the St. Lawrence, Ottawa, and Ohio rivers, and up the Great Lakes,* we propose to devote this paper to a brief notice of the almost cotemporaneous discoveries and rival trade of the same colonists in the great *Baye du Nord*, or Hudson Bay Territory.

On reading the quaint old documents which so often record with interesting minuteness the unostentatious daring and heroic fortitude of the early explorers and traders in these territories, one cannot but wonder at the great efforts which they put forth to so little purpose. The French penetrated to Hudson's Bay, chiefly by an overland route up the Saguenay from Tadoussac,—up the St. Maurice, from Trois Rivières,* or northward from Lake Superior; while the English, having no foothold north of the St. Lawrence, had to reach it by the difficult navigation of an unknown and icy sea and an inhospitable and almost inaccessible coast, and, in a few later instances, overland from Lake Superior.

It is true that the main object of these explorations, undertaken on the part of the English, was not, in the first place, for the purposes of trade. With them they were planned with a higher motive and with a broader commercial aim. The discovery of a direct north-west passage to Cathay, or the distant Indies, and far-off China, was the goal which the early English navigators so eagerly sought. Even when the cher-

* British American Magazine for September, pp. 516-526.

• *Relation des Jesuites*, 1653.

ished hope of penetrating the icy barriers of the northern seas, had well nigh faded away, dreams of almost fabulous wealth, to be derived from the mineral riches of the new world, took the form of reality in the mental visions of the promoters of these explorations. It was not until these day dreams of the credulous navigators had in turn been dispelled by the hard logic of a bitter disappointment, that the commercial "adventurers" of those days contented themselves with the more substantial profits of the baser peltry traffic, as a substitute for gold and precious stones. And it was under these circumstances that the rivalry for the traffic for furs between the French and English colonists commenced, which was afterwards marked by so much intrigue and violence, as well as relieved by so many personal incidents of romantic and stirring interest.

In order to understand how it came to pass that the French and English colonists claimed an equal right to hunt and trade for peltries in the Hudson Bay Territory, we shall take a rapid glance at the discoveries made by the English and French navigators respectively, on which those trading rights were held by treaty and occupation to have been founded.

EARLY SEA VOYAGES FROM EUROPE TO HUDSON'S BAY.

Although it does not appear that John and Sebastian Cabot in their voyage of 1497, or Sebastian alone, in his voyage of 1498, reached the coast of Labrador at a higher point than 46° and 48° of north latitude, still it is, we believe, indubitable that Sebastian Cabot himself, in his later voyage of 1517, did actually enter through the Straits into the great Baye du Nord itself.*

Neither Cortereal, the Portuguese navigator, in his voyage of 1501, nor Verrazzani, in his voyage of 1525, under the auspices of France, seem to have gone farther north than 50° ; nor do the fishermen of Brittany and Normandy in 1504-10 appear in their hardy enterprise to have gone much farther north than 53° or 55° . On behalf of the French monarch Cartier discovered and took possession of New France, with its indefinite boundaries in 1534; and nineteen years afterwards, Willoughby (in 1553) and Frobisher (in 1576) penetrated north of the

* "The main fact is indisputable that Sebastian Cabot passed through the Straits and entered the Bay,¹ which, after the lapse of nearly a century, took their name from Hudson. He himself wrote a "Discourse of Navigation," in which the entrance of the Straits was laid down with great precision, "on a card drawn by his own hand."² * * * He attained an altitude of $67\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$, *i.e.*—the arctic circle.—Bancroft's History of the United States, vol. i. p. 10. Routledge's Eng. Edi. 1861.

(1) "Anderson was the first of the later writers to mention the fact. History of Commerce An. 1496."

(2) "Ortelius' Map of America, in Theatrum Orbis Terrarum." * * * "Sir Humphrey Gilbert, in Hackluyt, iii., 49. 50."

Hudson Straits. In 1600-3, a charter was granted by Henry IV., of France, empowering Chauvin, on behalf of the Sieur de Pont Gravé, a rich merchant of St. Malo, to trade for furs as far north as 54° north latitude.*

In 1608, Champlain founded Quebec; and two years afterwards, (in 1610,) Hudson entered the Straits and explored the great *Baye du Nord*, which was henceforth to bear his name, as well as to prove his last resting place, and those of his faithful followers. Hudson was followed by Button, another English navigator, who also discovered the Nelson River. Two other English expeditions penetrated to Hudson Bay, viz., those of Bylot and Baffin in 1615, and Fox and James in 1631. In the mean time Louis XIII had, in 1627-8, granted a charter to the company of One Hundred Partners, authorising them to trade for peltries as far north as the Arctic circle; and in 1642 the Treaty with England of St. Germain en Laye confirmed to Louis the sovereignty of the whole of New France, with its indefinite boundaries northwards.

EARLY FRENCH OVERLAND EXPEDITIONS TO HUDSON'S BAY.

"In 1647, Lake St. John, through which the Saguenay flows, was discovered by Père de Quen. In 1651 the French attained a point fully half way overland to Hudson Bay; their final aim being to penetrate to a shore of the North Sea, the aborigines thereabout having asked that a missionary should be sent to them."†

In 1656, forty-six years after Henry Hudson's death, the first Franco-Canadian expedition was sent under Sieur Jean Bourdon, Attorney-General of New France, to take possession of the Hudson Bay and adjacent regions on behalf of New France. This expedition is thus referred to by the then Governor of Canada, M. de Denonville, in a memoir which he addressed to the French minister at Paris, in October, 1686. He says: "In 1656, Jean Bourdon ran along the entire coast of Labrador, with a vessel of 30 tons, entered and took possession of the North Bay. This is proved by an extract of the ancient Register of the Council of New France, of the 26th of August of said year." Denonville thus further refers to two other expeditions which were sent overland to Hudson's Bay from Quebec: "In 1661 the Indians of said North Bay came expressly to Quebec to confirm the good understanding that existed with the French, and to ask for a missionary. Father Dablon went overland thither with Sieur De la Vallière and others. Father Dablon has given his certificate of the fact. In 1667, those Indians

* Including most of James Bay and Rupert's Land.

† Garneau's *Histoire du Canada*, translated by Bell; Vol. I., p. 255. Montreal: John Lovell. 1860.

returned to Quebec, to demand other Frenchmen.* Sieur D'Avaugour, then Governor, sent Sieur Couture thither with five others. Said Sieur Couture took possession anew of the head (*fonds*) of said Bay, whither he went *overland*, and then set up the King's arms, engraved on copper.† This is proved by Sieur D'Avaugour's order of the 20th of May, 1663, and the certificates of those who were sent there."

In the year 1663 the company of One Hundred Associates was dissolved by the King, upon the urgent representation of the Governor, and New France became a Royal Province. Important changes were also made in the system of government. The principle of gain, however, once more triumphed over patriotism, and, in 1664 the colony was virtually transferred to a new association called the West India Trading Company. The civil law and customs of Paris (*la Coutume de Paris*), was then for the first time introduced into Canada, and has continued to be in force, with little modification, to this day.

Governor de Callières, in a letter to the French minister, dated February, 1685, states that "in the same year (1663) Sieur Duquet, King's Attorney to the *Prévôte* of Quebec, and Jean D'Anglois, a Canadian Colonist, went thither again by order of Sieur d'Argenson, (the Governor) and renewed the act of taking possession by selling his majesty's arms a second time."

FIRST SETTLEMENTS BY THE ENGLISH IN HUDSON BAY TERRITORY.

About this period the English, under the guidance of a French pilot, Des Grosellieres, and one Radisson obtained a permanent footing in these territories. Authorities differ as to the exact time when this important event occurred; but it took place between the years 1662 and 1668. Governor Denonville, in his memoir addressed to the French minister in 1686, fixes the date at 1662, Charlevoix at 1663, and De Callières, Governor of New France, at 1667.‡ Des Grosellières, a French pilot, being in the vicinity of Lake Assiniboins, was conducted by some

* It is nevertheless doubtful whether Father Dablon was able to proceed further than the "head waters of the Necouba, 300 miles from Lake St. John," otherwise the Indians would not so soon have returned on the same errand.

(1) O'Callaghan, *Doc. Colonial History of New York*, vol ix. p. 97.

† M. de Vaudreuil, a later Governor, in a memoir to the French Minister, dated Nov. 1706, thus describes Couture's ceremony of setting up the King's arms: he first "noted the latitude, planted a cross, and deposited at the foot of a large tree his majesty's arms engraved on copper, and laid between two sheets of lead, the whole being covered with some bark of trees."

‡ Hon. Joseph Cauchon, ex-Commissioner of Crown Lands, in his valuable Memorandum on the Jurisdiction and Boundary of the Hudson Bay Territory, dated in 1857, fixes the date of this English Expedition at 1668.

Indians north-west of Lake Superior to James Bay. He returned to Quebec by the same route, and proposed to some merchants there to pilot an expedition to the great Bay. Meeting with no encouragement he went to France, but with a like result. He then went to England, where his offer was accepted, and he and Radisson conducted an English expedition, under Gillam, a New England captain, to the mouth of the River Nemiscaut on the *south-east* side of James Bay, where they built Fort Charles on the Rupert river.†

M. de Denonville, in his memoir, thus refers to the movements of the English in these territories about the same time: he says "the settlement made by the English in 1662 at the head (*fonds*) of the North Bay, (*Baye du Nord*), does not give them any title, because it has been already remarked, that the French were in possession of those countries, and had traded with the Indians of that Bay. * * * They had traded there, no doubt, with the old French *Coueurs de Bois*," or "runners of the woods," *i. e.*: white trappers.

M. Talon, the Royal Intendant of New France, in a memoir addressed to Colbert, in November, 1670, evidently refers to the arrival of this memorable expedition:—"I learn," said he, "by the return of the Algonquins, who will winter this year at Tadoussac, that two European vessels have been seen very near Hudson's Bay, where they wigwam, (*cabanent*) as the Indians express it. After reflecting upon all the nations that might have penetrated as far north as that, I can light only on the English, who, under the guidance of a man named De Grozeliers, formerly an inhabitant of Canada, might possibly have attempted its navigation—of itself not much known and not less dangerous."

CHARTER FROM CHARLES II. TO THE ENGLISH HUDSON BAY CO.

With a view to promote trade with the aborigines residing on the shores of the Bay, and to do away with the intermediary system of traffic with the Ottawa Indians for the Hudson Bay furs, Talon further adds in his memoir:—"I intend despatching thither overland some man of resolution to invite the Kilistinons, who are in great numbers in the vicinity of that Bay, to come down to see us, as the Outawas do, in order that we may have the first pick of what the latter savages bring us, who, acting as pedlars between those nations and us, make us pay for a round-about of three or four hundred leagues."

† Governor de Callières in his memoir to the French minister, in 1685, fixes the site of the first English fort, or "settlement," at the Nelson or Bourbon River. This river is at the *west* side of Hudson's Bay. Governor Denonville in his memoir to the minister, dated the following year, fixes the site at the head (*fonds*) of the Bay.

‡ O Callaghan: Doc. Colonial History of New York, vol. ix., page 977.

In 1670, in consequence of the glowing accounts of the new territories given by those who accompanied the English expedition, King Charles II. was induced to grant his famous Charter incorporating Prince Rupert, the Duke of Albemarle, and other Lords, Baronets, and Knights as the Hudson's Bay Company. This Charter conferred upon the Company the right to "the sole trade and commerce of all those seas, straits, bays, rivers, lakes, creeks, and sounds, in whatsoever latitude they may be, *that lie within the entrance of the straits, commonly called Hudson's Straits*, together with all the lands, countries, and territories upon the coasts and confines of the seas, straits, &c., *which are not now actually possessed by any of our subjects, or by the subjects of any other Christian Prince or State.*" It further declares "that the said land be from henceforth reckoned and reputed as one of our plantations or colonies in America, called *Rupert's Land.*" The tenure upon which the territories were held was the nominal one of "yielding and paying yearly to us, our heirs and successors, for the same, two elks and two black beavers, whensoever and as often as we, our heirs and successors, shall happen to enter into the said countries, territories, and regions hereby granted."

Thus, with a few strokes of his pen, as was usual in those days, King Charles II., by a royal charter, ceded away to a trading company the area of a large part of the continent. The very indefiniteness of the territorial description of the possessions of the new company, and the significant saving clause which reserves from grant all parts of the territory "not now actually possessed by any of our subjects, *or by the subjects of any other Christian Prince or State*" clearly showed that the King did not claim to be in absolute possession of the territory. He rather admitted the co-ordinate right and jurisdiction of another Christian Prince over the territory in question. The charter simply amounted to this: That wherever in the unknown territories the "trading adventurers" could first and peaceably plant the red cross flag, there the royal authority of England would, *ipso facto*, give legality and protection to their acquired possession.

COUNTER EFFORTS OF THE FRENCH AGAINST THE ENGLISH COLONISTS.

Even this plain and inoffensive reading of the Charter was not acceptable to the French colonists, who had hitherto felt themselves secure in their right to trade in all the territories included in that vast country then known as New France, and especially northward of Canada. One or two overland expeditions were sent, consequently, in 1671, from Canada, to reconnoitre, and a third time to take formal possession of the soil in behalf of Louis XIV. One of these expedi-

tions is spoken of by Governor de Courcelles in his letter to Colbert, of the 26th October, 1671, as consisting of "three Frenchmen, with a Father and some Indians," who were sent off "some five weeks since" to go to the Saguenay, and "to proceed thence northwards in quest of Hudson's Bay." The other expedition and its objects (which may be the same as that referred to by M. de Courcelles) are thus referred to by the Royal Intendant, Talon, in his memoir to the King, dated the 2nd of November, 1671. He says: "Three months ago, I despatched with Father Albanel, Sieur de Saint Simon, a young Canadian gentleman, recently honoured by His Majesty with that title. They were to penetrate as far as Hudson's Bay; draw up a memoir of all that they will discover; drive a trade in furs with the Indians, &c. * * * Since their departure, I received letters from them three times. The last, brought from one hundred leagues from here, informs me that the Indians whom they met on the way have assured them that two English vessels and three barks have wintered in the neighbourhood of that Bay, and made a vast collection of beavers there. If my letters in reply are safely delivered to the said Father, the establishment will be thoroughly examined, and His Majesty will have full information about it. As those countries have been long ago (*anciennement*) originally discovered by the French, I have commissioned the said Sieur de Saint Simon to take renewed possession in His Majesty's name, with orders to set up the escutcheon of France, with which he is entrusted, and to draw up his *procès verbal* in the form I have furnished him." M. Talon further refers to a proposed expedition by private "adventurers" by sea of a "bark of sixty tons" to Hudson's Bay, to which, if it "subjects the King to no expense," he promises "some mark of honour if they succeed, besides indemnifying themselves from the fur trade which they will carry on with the Indians."

M. TALON'S PREDICTIONS OF FRENCH GREATNESS ON THIS CONTINENT.

The conclusion of M. Talon's memoir is so remarkable for its aspiration and predictions of French greatness on this continent, that we cannot forbear to make an extract from it. We do so especially as it exhibits in a striking manner the singular state of public feeling in Canada at that time, and the views of a very able man in regard to a pre-eminence which was even then being silently overshadowed by the Colonies on the sea-board, which he affected to despise. He says: "I am no courtier, and assert, not through mere desire to please the King, nor without just reason, that this portion of the French monarchy will become something grand. What I discover around me causes me to foresee this; and those colonies of foreign nations, so long settled on the

sea-board, *already tremble with affright*, in view of what his majesty has accomplished here in the interior within seven years. The measures adopted to confine them within narrow limits, (by the taking possession which I have caused to be effected,) do not allow them to spread without subjecting themselves, at the same time, to be treated as usurpers, and to have war waged against them; and this, in truth, is what they seem, by their acts, greatly to fear. They already are aware that the King's name is spread so far abroad among the savages, throughout all those countries, that *he alone* is there regarded by them as the arbiter of peace and war; all detach themselves insensibly from the other Europeans, and with the exception of the Iroquois,* of which I am not yet assured, we may safely promise ourselves to take up arms whenever we please."

In our next and concluding paper, we shall trace the further efforts of the French colonists to prevent the intrusion of the English into Hudson's Bay, and give a summary sketch of the succeeding events which culminated in the entire transfer of the disputed territory to the crown of England.

PERSONAL SKETCHES; OR, REMINISCENCES OF PUBLIC MEN IN CANADA.

THE HONOURABLE F. HINCKS.

The subject of this sketch is now, so far as regards Canada, beyond the reach of flattery or calumny, and we can well afford to draw his character, as read by one who knew him well, without laying ourselves open to the charge of either undue impartiality or hostility. If there be much to blame there is also much to admire, if he had among us many bitter political opponents, he also left many warm friends and admirers. His measures are to be judged by the circumstances which called them forth as well as by the effect they have had upon the prosperity of the country, not from a mere party point of view; and it must also be borne in mind that to him was entrusted the formation of a

* A very significant exception; for the Iroquois were, in fact,—and not the King,—as M. Talon asserts, the arbiters of peace or war between the rival colonies.

financial scheme, under a change of circumstances perhaps unparalleled in financial history, so that before coming to any decision as to his political acumen, we must examine what the state of Canada was in 1841, when he took office.

The very limited improvements which had been undertaken in the Upper Province had involved her in debt, the English market was almost closed against her, her trade was fettered by Imperial regulations, and her supplies were, of necessity, drawn from Montreal; while her revenue was not only very trifling but was collected in a most careless manner. Large fortunes were amassed by smuggling, and the country was annually deprived of large sums through the carelessness, if not worse, of collectors. This system had grown in strength, and as the chief places were held by the relatives and friends of persons high in executive power, any attempt to change it was naturally looked upon with great disfavour, so that it required no little courage to enter on the task.

Lord Sydenham, no mean judge in such matters, sought for some person qualified to aid him in a re-organization of the system, and Mr. Hincks, then, if we mistake not, managing the affairs of "the Farmers Bank," was selected. We know not what particular circumstance brought that gentleman under his Lordship's observation, but we happen to know that from the very first interview the governor general placed the most implicit reliance in the financial talents of Mr. Hincks and in his capability to assist him.

For the position which he then assumed his education and experience fully qualified him; he had evinced these qualifications in investigating the affairs of the Welland Canal company when Mr. McKenzie attacked the management and brought charges of misconduct against Mr. Merritt. He was afterwards manager of the Farmers' Bank which, however, had but a short existence. This may be accounted for by the shock which all our monetary institutions received by the outbreak of 1837.

The intimacy which existed between Mr. Baldwin and Mr. Hincks laid the latter open to the charge, that he was cognizant of the intended revolt, and that if he did not actually encourage, he certainly did not discourage it. That when he first arrived in Canada, Mr. Hincks leaned to the conservative side we have little doubt, for even in after years, when he acted with the purely radical party, there was always, more particularly in the later years, a strong dash of conservatism in his arguments.

When Lord Durham's mission kindled new hopes in the radical ranks, Mr. Hincks very materially aided them by the publication of "The Examiner" newspaper, in which some of the articles were written with great power and force, but often in a very reprehensible style,

which drew down upon him bitter retorts and violent denunciations, which he certainly was not backward in repaying with interest.

In 1841, Lord Sydenham formed the first Executive Council of United Canada, in which he brought together as great a body of discordant material as can well be conceived, and in it the post of Finance Minister was assigned to Mr. Hincks, who, in the general election, was returned for the County of Oxford. His first care was to investigate the affairs of the Customs Department, to introduce a more efficient system, and to change the method of paying collectors and other officers. The investigation, then instituted, brought to light many abuses, but we are willing to admit that much partiality and, in many cases, even personal ill feeling was evinced; however, the whole system was placed upon a better footing and much good done. Between Mr. Hincks and Mr. Baldwin a rupture took place, in which the latter gentleman declared that confidence once broken could never be restored. This, however, was soon healed, for in the administration of Sir Charles Bagot, of Sept., 1842, we find them acting together with the greatest sincerity. This administration, in the Session of 1843, attempted to pass a highly unconstitutional act, which greatly incensed the people of Upper Canada, and was one of the leading causes of their retirement, the whole of the ministry going out with the exception of Mr. Daly who retained his place as Secretary. The circumstances attendant on this resignation were such as to wonderfully excite popular prejudices; the most strenuous efforts were made on both sides to insure success; the most powerful revilers were enlisted, and they were not very scrupulous in the use of their weapons. In the Upper Province the conservatives were victorious and returned a large majority of their candidates; the leading radicals were defeated, among them Mr. Hincks, who lost his seat for Oxford, giving place to Mr. Riddle, a relative of the Vansittart family, which had great interest in the county.

The absence of Mr. Hincks from the house was a positive gain to the ministerialists as it left their financial policy without a check. It would be out of place here to do more than allude to the difficulties which were encountered in the formation of the Draper Cabinet; every effort to induce the Canadians to coalesce failed, and the very dangerous attempt was made of throwing open seats in the council chamber to known enemies.

Mr. Hincks, finding himself excluded from Parliament, started a paper in Montreal "The Pilot" in which all his talents were exerted to heap obloquy on his opponents, in it appeared the most violent articles, these attacks led to recrimination and the whole tone of the leading journals was becoming vitiated by personal abuse. The great object of Mr. Hincks and those who acted with him at this period was to detach the

Irish Roman Catholics from the conservative party with which up to that time they had generally acted, and assisted by Mr. Drummond, whose style of oratory well fitted him for the task, he succeeded, and from thence forward the Irish have remained steady supporters of the party.

It was made a serious charge against Mr. Hincks that he scattered the seeds of religious animosity, that he made polemics the point on which all arguments turned, and that having great influence he used it to conjure up the most hideous demon that can be let loose on society. We are not aware that he ever met the charge. The circumstances of the times were peculiar; Mr. Hincks had been placed in a false position, no man in the Province had ever been more wantonly attacked, or assailed with greater virulence; he felt and felt deeply those attacks upon his character, and with a mind constituted as his, it would be expecting more than human endurance to suppose he would not retaliate.

The retirement of Mr. Draper and Mr. Smith in 1847 rendered a reformation of the administration necessary; during the session of the year the ministry were reduced to the smallest possible majorities; they were becoming unpopular in Upper Canada, and unfortunately the revenue was in no very favorable state. Our customs duties had decreased—and we merely state the fact without inquiring into the reasons or the policy—when we assert that business men throughout the Province without regard to party politics, began to look to Mr. Hincks as the only man who could remedy the evil. One appointment above all others prepared the way for the defeat of the Sherwood-Viger Cabinet, that of Mr. Turcotte to the Solicitor-Generalship East. Had the government sought for the man most distasteful to their party in Upper Canada they could not have been more happy in their choice, so that when in December, 1847, contrary to the advice of their best friends, they determined to go to the Country without one single question which could be made a rallying point; as may be expected, they were defeated at the polls.

The returning officer for the County of Oxford, acting on erroneous advice, and grounding his decision on some alleged informality in the qualification of Mr. Hincks, returned his opponent Mr. Carroll although in a minority; this return the House not only set aside but addressed the Governor General, praying he would be pleased to remove Mr. Vansittart from certain offices which he held.

No sooner was he sworn in as Inspector General than Mr. Hincks turned his attention to the Tariff, he abolished as far as possible the specific duties imposed by Mr. Cayley, substituting *ad valorem*, he at once instituted a more perfect system of customs house accounts and returns, and rendered defalcation all but an impossibility. Our whole

finance system underwent revision, and things were beginning to assume a quiet aspect, when the whole province was set in a ferment by the passage of the Bill for the payment of rebellion losses. It is difficult to say how far Mr. Hincks' private opinions were in union with this measure, he bore his full share of the odium, nor did he attempt to shirk the responsibility; the scenes which followed the 25th April, 1849, are too well remembered and need not now be alluded to. In 1851 Mr. Baldwin retired from the Cabinet on the plea of an adverse vote regarding the Court of Chancery, and Mr. Hincks took his place as leader in union with Mr. Morin; hitherto the leader of the Upper Canada section had been the Attorney General. This arrangement may have arisen from accidental circumstances, but in the case before us the change was made without any dissent, and we believe was in great measure brought about by the instrumentality of the present premier, Mr. John Sandfield Macdonald, who was then Solicitor General, and naturally hoped to supply Mr. Baldwin's place; but Mr. Richards having received the office Mr. Macdonald resigned and Mr. J. Ross became Solicitor General.

About this time public attention began to be directed to the construction of a great line of provincial railroad, and Mr. Hincks proceeded to England to enter on the preliminaries. The Grand Trunk Railroad was the fruits of this negotiation, and in connection with it Mr. Hincks' name must remain, be that connection for good or evil; many accusations have been brought against him, even so far as to be made the subject of parliamentary enquiry, but nothing was elicited to impeach his honesty; the committee of the Legislative Council, most completely exonerated him from all blame.

In 1854 Mr. Hincks, seeing that his Cabinet was in a tottering condition, having been much damaged by the late Session, sought to withdraw, and took advantage of a trivial defeat to resign, together with Mr. Morin, and the first coalition ministry was formed under the guidance of Sir Allan N. McNab and Mr. L. T. Drummond. This cabinet adopted all the measures and policy of the Hincks-Morin administration, the chief of which were the abolition of the seigniorial tenure, the settlement of the Clergy reserve question, and the change in the constitution of the Legislative Council. During the debates of the Session Mr. Hincks generally supported the ministry, though on some questions he opposed them very strongly. But setting aside his own particular case, the greatest political victory he ever achieved was in the address voted to Lord Elgin on his retirement from the government, in favor of which we find recorded the names of Sir A. McNab, Mr. Cayley, Mr. John A. Macdonald and the present Sir Henry Smith.

In 1855, Mr. Hincks was appointed governor of the Leeward islands;

from which he was promoted to British Guiana. In the former he exhibited that energy and decision of character for which he was noted ; he was much respected by all parties, and his departure was sincerely regretted.

We have no desire to become either the panegyrists or accusers of Mr. Hinck's policy, but we believe the good he did will far outweigh the bad. He acted on the motto so much favoured by a certain school of political economists that natural debts are not a disadvantage, and in our case there cannot be a question that the great public improvements which the last few years have produced, could not have been accomplished without great sacrifices, and the incurring of responsibilities which must affect the interests of the country. The sudden transition from the expenditure which attended our public works, to a state of comparative stagnation, was severely felt, and the more as the executive and departmental expenditure was constantly being increased. The most reprehensible measure introduced by Mr. Hincks was the Municipal Loan Fund, but that may be considered as forming a part of our rail-road system, and was in fact the only way by which our municipalities could have been induced to contribute to the construction of subsidiary lines.

To fully appreciate Mr. Hincks' character it was necessary to know him in private life, to meet him free from the cares of office and surrounded by his family and his friends. In public intercourse he was hasty, imperious, and often gave offence, restless, and impatient, and could ill bear contradiction or debate. His opinions were formed apparently on the spur of the moment, and he was not the man to forego an opinion he had once conceived. To those who knew him much of what was called bad temper appeared as if feigned and assumed, as a protection against intrusion. In the discharge of his departmental duties he was very just and very considerate, and we have heard those of his subordinates, who were most opposed to him in politics, speak of him in the highest terms, he was always ready to defend them, and often assisted them. In his own house he was hospitality itself; of that genuine Irish quality he had more than average supply, and few had a greater facility in making themselves agreeable; his information was extensive, and when he did unbend he had a happy turn for wit and could enjoy a joke, even at his own expense. He and his great political opponent, Mr. Abraham of the Gazette, frequently met at the table of Mr. Derbyshire, and then when the strifes of politics were left outside their conversation was extremely pleasing.

As a friend, Mr. Hincks was kind in the extreme; like most men of the same temperament, his feelings were strong, whether of dislike or the contrary; those who sought assistance at his hands seldom met a refusal.

THE ACCUSER AND THE ACCUSED.

BY MRS. MOODIE.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER II.

THE JUDGMENT.

George Leatrim's first thought was to go to his mother, but she was ill, and happily unconscious of what had taken place. Besides, she might, like his father, believe the evidence of Ralph, and he had not the fortitude to bear that. As his passion subsided, he had leisure to recal the painful occurrence of the past hour, to acknowledge that the circumstances in which he was placed, were suspicious enough to condemn him in a court of law. Struggling with the shame and agony of his position, he could not recognize this before, or admit, that both his father and the old man might be deceived.

He had never felt the severe corporal punishment during its infliction, his mind was in too violent a state of agitation to care for bodily suffering, but now that he was alone, the pride that had kept him up gave way.

He remembered how his father had spurned him from him, had branded him as a thief and a liar, had witnessed unmoved the infliction of a degrading punishment, and had sent him from his presence without one word of pity or affection.

He felt that he had not deserved this severity, and the tears which had been kept back while writhing under the sense of intolerable wrong now burst forth in a torrent, and he wept until the lamp of life flickered to extinction in his panting breast.

The mother, whom he would have saved from a knowledge of his guilt, awoke from a short and disturbed sleep. She heard the suppressed sobs and moanings in the next room, and recognized the voice of her son. The next moment saw her seated upon the bed, her arms around the weeping boy. He laid his aching head upon her faithful breast—he wound his trembling arms around her slender neck, and breathed into her sympathising ear, the cause of his sufferings, the tale of his wrongs.

How he had been falsely accused, and made to submit to a degrading punishment. How he had been tempted to rebel against his father's

authority, and curse the hand that smote him, to hate where he had once loved with a fond idolatry.

The good mother listened attentively, and weighed every circumstance. The frankness of his unreserved confession convinced her of its truth, and when all the sad tale was told, she took him in her pitying arms and told him that though all the world should pronounce him guilty, she believed him innocent from her very soul.

“God bless you, dearest, best mother,” sobbed the poor lad, covering her hand with kisses. “I will never give you cause to be ashamed of me. But my father—it seems unnatural, monstrous, that he should condemn me at once. I shall never get over it. It crushes my heart, it presses out my life. If I could only prove to him my innocence, I could die in peace.”

“Don’t talk of dying, George. Leave your cause to God. He will bring to light the hidden things of darkness, and make the black shadow that now envelopes you, clear as the noon day. Let me go to your father; I think I could convince him that you are innocent, that he has acted hastily.”

Exhausted as he was, George grasped his mother’s hands and held her fast, “Stay with me, mother, I could not see him again, while this conflict is going on in my mind, while he considers me a felon, a disgrace to his name and family. The brand must be removed from my brow, before I can meet him face to face. I want to love him as I once loved him. I feel as if I never could love him again. Let us lift up our hearts to God, my mother. Pray with me—pray for me, that I may bear this cross with christian fortitude, and be taught to forgive my enemies. Yes, as He forgave them,” he continued, reverently folding his hands together, “and gave his life for sinners like me—and died the just for the unjust.”

They prayed long and earnestly, that sorrowful mother and son. A light broke over the pallid face of the youth, he raised his head slowly from her supporting arms, and gazed into her tearful eyes with a look of unutterable love—“Mother, the agony is over. I feel calm and happy now. Our prayers are accepted. That divine peace which Christ bestowed upon His disciples—His last best gift is filling my heart. The anger I felt towards my poor father is lost in love and pity. My sorrows are over—his, alas! are to come. To you, dearest mother, I leave the task of reconciliation. You will vindicate my memory, and teach him to respect me in death. And that miserable old man—tell him to deal kindly with him for my sake. Tell him I forgive him, that he must forgive him also, and lead the sinner back to God.” A shade passed over the noble face of the youth; an universal tremor ran through his

slight frame. He paused and panted for breath, which now came in short gasps."

"George!" cried the terrified mother, "you are ill, let me send for Dr. Aldis?"

"He cannot heal a broken heart. Don't weep, beloved mother; it will soon be over. God is dealing very gently with me. Let the thought console you that you will have a son in heaven. To you it is a heavy trial. But my dear unhappy father; may God comfort him."

"Let me call him."

"It is too late! The world grows dark—I cannot see your dear face—but all within is joy and peace. Lord Jesus receive my spirit."

A shriek! A loud piercing shriek rang through the silent house. Dr. Leatrim started from his knees and rushed up stairs. The next moment he was standing beside the bed of his son. His wife was sitting upon the bed, with the head of the dead boy in her lap. The Dr. staggered like a drunken man, and held to the bed post for support. At a glance he comprehended the awful truth, but the conviction was too terrible to receive at once. The scene floated before him like the vision of a dream, and he strove in vain for speech to break the ghastly illusion. He, too, had poured out his soul to God—had felt that his condemnation had been too severe. That kindness would have done more to bring his son to repentance than the violent course he had pursued. He had just made up his mind to adopt his Saviour's gentle admonition to the sinner, "Neither do I condemn thee, go and sin no more," when that horrid cry wrung from a mother's breaking heart closed the doors of mercy forever.

"Merely!" he gasped out. "Do not say that he is dead. It is but sleep and exhaustion. It cannot be that he is dead."

Mrs. Leatrim was quite calm now—with a sad smile she pointed to the beautiful face of the dead. "The seal of God is upon that brow. Your severity could only kill the body. The soul has returned to God who gave it. I cannot weep for him. He is happier than his parents. Can you look in that face, George, and believe him guilty?"

"Oh, woman, great is your faith," groaned the unhappy father. "The proof—how can I get over the proof of his guilt?"

"Leave that to me—I have a duty to perform for my murdered boy. May God give me strength for the task. Call Ralph Wilson—but do not tell him what has happened."

Humbled and subdued, but still believing in his son's guilt, the doctor left the room, and returned followed by the old man.

Mrs. Leatrim motioned for him to approach the bed. Rigid and immovable, the doctor resumed his place, still grasping the bed-post to keep himself from falling. His wife spoke slowly and with some effort,

but her words fell upon his ears as distinctly as the tolling of the death-bell.

“Ralph Wilson, this is your work.”—

“I! my lady! I did not kill him. I did not strike him hard enough for that. It was master that ordered me to beat him. I begged him to have mercy on the lad. Oh, Lord! who would have thought of his taking it so to heart,” the old man blubbered aloud.

“A slanderous tongue is sharper than a two edged sword. To noble natures like his, it strikes home to the heart. You are an old man, Ralph, standing upon the verge of the grave. You have accused my son of theft, have declared upon your word of honour as a christian that you saw him commit the robbery.”

“Yes, my lady; a dreadful business, my lady—but too true.”

“I demand in proof of this, that you lay your hand upon the dead brow of your victim, and swear by the living God, by your hopes of salvation through the blood of Christ, and as you wish to escape the fires of hell—that you saw him do it.”

The man made a few steps forward. His face suddenly became livid, large drops of perspiration broke out upon his forehead, his teeth chattered together, an ague fit of fear convulsed his whole frame.

“You dare not do it!” said Mrs. Leatrim, pointing to the calm majestic face of her son. “To witness against him now were to lie in the face of God.”

“I have murdered him!” said the old man, turning from the bed, and sinking on his knees at his master’s feet—“It was I stole the money.”

“You!” and the doctor tried to shake himself free from the withered hands that clutched his garments. “Alas! my poor injured boy.”

“I did it,” continued Ralph, in a tone of despair. “The devil tempted me, as he did Judas to betray his master. I have been a villain all my life! I loved gold! I worshipped it! I lost no opportunity of obtaining it—and it has destroyed my miserable soul.”

“But why did you lay the robbery of the box on George?” asked the doctor. “You were safe from detection. I never suspected you.”

“But *he* did,” returned the old man bitterly—“I saw it in his eye, I knew it by his manner. He believed me to be a rogue, though he dare not say so before your reverence, and I hated him because he knew my character. To ensure my own safety I denounced him.”

“And what do you think of your work?” and the doctor turned the old man’s face towards his dead son.

“Mercy! mercy!” shrieked the wretch. “I would rather suffer eternal punishment than look in that face again.”

“You will have to meet it once more, and that before long, Ralph

Wilson, to answer for this foul murder, at the judgment seat of Christ."

With a heavy groan the old man fell down in a swoon at his master's feet.

"Deal gently with Ralph," said a faint voice from the bed. "George made it his dying request. He forgave him, and charged you to lead the sinner back to God. My dear afflicted husband," continued Mrs. Leatrim, "let us be thankful to the heavenly Father that he has cleared the stain of guilt from the memory of our beloved son, and placed him beyond the power of sin and temptation for ever."

"That night Mrs. Leatrim died. Her son's tragic death brought on a fatal attack of her old disease, and one grave contained the mortal remains of mother and son.

"And what became of that wicked old man?" said I.

"When he heard of Mrs. Leatrim's death, like Judas, he went out and hung himself.

"What the doctor's feelings were, at this unlooked for desolation of all his earthly hopes, one can only imagine, it would be impossible to describe. It was some years after the occurrence of this domestic tragedy, before I visited West Cliff. Time had softened the anguish of the wound, but it was still unclosed. The traces of a deep incurable grief were still visible in my uncle's face. He had become a drooping white haired man, still at his post, a faithful and zealous minister of the gospel. Sorrow had worn smooth all the hard angles in his character, and made him simple and affectionate as a little child. He had borne the cross and worn the crown of thorns, and purified by suffering, had found love a more powerful weapon than fear, in bringing souls to Christ.

"The whole parish had sympathized with him in his affliction. Sorrow had endeared him to his people, and he had become their christian teacher, in the truest sense of the word.

On the anniversary of the day when George and his mother died, the doctor holds a solemn fast, and excludes himself from every eye, spending the long hours in meditation and prayer.

One fine summer evening I was strolling through the church-yard, and found him reclining beside the turf that covered the beloved remains. He called me to him.

"This tomb contains all that was once dearest to me on earth. My heart rebelled against God when my treasures were taken from me. I thought myself a christian, a wiser and better man than many of my flock. The death of my wife and son undeceived me, taught me to know myself, to realize the divine love shed abroad in the gospel of Christ, and made me a humble servant of my blessed Lord. I can now feel—

aye, and with the deepest gratitude, that the blow was dealt in mercy, that its very severity was necessary to eradicate the pride and ambition that lay hidden in my heart."

I went up to the monument. It was a simple urn of white marble, standing upon a polished grey slab, and surrounded by beautiful flowery shrubs, planted by the hand of love. The inscription that recorded the death of his son, made me start, it was so characteristic of the noble truthfulness of the doctor—"George Leatrim, who died at the age of 15, of a broken heart, caused by a false accusation, and the severity of his father."

"I made no comment. I saw that my uncle was watching me with eyes full of tears. He told me the story I have just told you, sitting beside that grave in the dim twilight gloom. How I respected the undying anguish of his faithful heart. After concluding the sad narration he said, in a cheerful, hopeful voice,

"I have reason to rejoice that God gave me such a son. He died like a true christian martyr, forgiving his persecutors."

THE WREATHERS.

BY REV. H. F. DARNELL.

I.

'Tis Christmas! the old church tower
 Is draped in drifted snow;
 The broad-faced clock chimes out the hour
 With solemn voice and slow;
 Glistening and white the ivy leaves
 Which wrap the ancient wall—
 Icicles hang from the mossy eaves,
 And the frost its silver filigree weaves
 On panes where the sunbeams fall.

II.

By the gray old porch is a band
 Of old and young and fair,

And a wide-wheeled waggon brought to a stand
 With its goodly burden there ;
 These are the wreathers come away
 A mile o'er the frozen sod,
 To deck with holly and laurel and bay,
 On the whole year's best and brightest day,
 The hallowed courts of God.

III.

Thank God ! our nation's faith
 Is not a thing of to-day ;
 Our sleeping sires were true to the death,
 And we would be as they :
 We deck the shrines which they arrayed,
 We sing the strains they loved,
 We pray the very prayers they prayed,
 By the sacred spots where their bones are laid—
 In the courts in which they moved.

IV.

Merrily now they twine
 The bands of glistening green,
 Whilst here and there the berries shine
 Blood red and white between ;
 Up and down the dim old aisles,
 Pulpit, pillar, and wall,—
 Never, I ween, in its palmiest day,
 Had that hoar old church been drest more gay,
 They wreathed them one and all.

V.

Brightest 'mid that bright band
 Whose busy fingers ply,
 A group of three little wreathers stand,
 Labouring earnestly ;
 She with the dark and flowing hair—
 She with the laughing eyes—
 She with the golden ringlets, where,
 Nestling still, and soft, and fair,
 A sunlight ever lies.

VI.

Whilst you are busy here,
 Fair little wreathers three!
 With light and shade in another sphere
 Is wreathing your destiny:
 You may call it an idle dream,
 A vision, or what you will,
 A glimpse of your future life I seem
 To catch by the aid of this loitering beam,
 From this moulded window-sill.

VII.

She with the sunny hair,
 And pale and dreamy brow,
 Shall deck no more with fillets fair
 A mouldering fane below:
 Away—away in the spirit land,
 Ere another Christmas shines,
 I see her one of the sainted band,
 With fadeless palm in deathless hand,
 In heaven's holier shrines.

VIII.

She with the laughing eyes—
 The sweet and singing voice,
 Bidding, like song from summer skies,
 Earth's wearied ones rejoice;—
 I see, I see the bright eyes dim,
 Dim with the welling tears,
 Yet full of the heaven-born joy which springs
 From the depths of earthly sorrowings,
 In the gloom of after years.

IX.

She with the darksome locks,
 And calm and earnest gaze,
 With a faith unmoved by a thousand shocks,
 Looks back on those young days;
 She gave to her God her green young life,
 With its wealth of yearning love,
 Now, a grey-haired woman—a widowed wife,

Weary and worn with the lengthen'd strife,
He cheers her from above.

x.

Wreath on in faith and love!
'Tis not for you to know
What fate is wreathing for you above,
Whilst you wreath on below;
But the daily deeds your hands may do,
The paths your feet have trod,
May gloom or glory bring to you
Above, and 'neath the sod;
Here, in Life's fair, but checquer'd scene,
See that each heart be drest and green—
A temple meet for God.

 VOLUNTEER REVIEWS.

Three years ago the English nation was roused into activity by the warlike preparations of the despot, who, for the time, rules over France—Day by day he added to the number of men under arms, day by day he laboured to increase the strength of the strong marine which lay in his ports. Untrustworthy, unscrupulous, none knew where he might employ the immense force he had gathered together. To all he was an object of suspicion; to those upon whom his blows might fall, an object of dread. Remembering that eternal vigilance is the price of liberty, the English people, “the nation of shop-keepers,” “the sordid plodding, soul-less money makers,” threw away their yard sticks and measuring tapes, and took up arms. Soon one hundred and sixty thousand men were banded together, and once more Britain felt secure. Other people would have left it to their government to do all the work, to have filled the ranks of the army by conscription, while they grudgingly and grumblingly paid the tax necessary. But these Englishmen, by a spontaneous effort of their own free will, placed in the field an army sufficient to convince “whomsoever it might concern” that to attack their independence in the hope

of destroying it were a bootless task. The military governments of Europe saw, with surprise, a nation refusing to submit to forced levies of men, but at the same time accomplishing results, which, in other countries the conscription alone could have attained. They wonder and they envy; though they cannot imitate, they are forced to admire.

A better example Canada could not have had for imitation; and well has she profited by it. We cannot say of our neighbours that we know not wherefore they arm, but there are not a few amongst them who tell us, that as soon as the contest with the Confederate States is ended, they will turn their faces northward. It is in vain to plead that there is no cause for alarm—to assert that their own interests, and their sense of right will prevent any aggression. If their interests would stand in the way of war, the South would have been left to quit the union she so much hates, in peace. And as for the “sense of right spoken of,” we shall better appreciate its strength, when we see any manifestation of its existence. We hope, rather than believe, that a contest will not occur. We cannot conceal from ourselves that we may have to fight for our liberties, though we would fain be left alone. Like the English people we perceive that the arms of our neighbour may be turned against ourselves, and like them we seek in our own energy the means of defence. It may be, considering the smallness of our population, the vast extent of country over which it is spread, the little private wealth there is amongst us, and the exposed character of our frontier, that our government should have done more than has been done towards providing for defence, but that question we do not propose to discuss. The freedom which we have enjoyed, the self-dependence in which we have been reared, has taught us to put great faith in our own exertions. At the moment of need our young men have hastened to the front with an alacrity and a zeal, even superior to those of our mother land. With a population ten times greater than ours, she has placed a volunteer army in the field five times larger than that which we have raised. If she deserves praise therefor, surely some may also fall to our lot. True, England has a government force to back her volunteers, but the men found in her regular army are not of that class, who, without hope of remuneration and reward, have banded themselves together for their country’s defence. Each force is taken from a separate element in the population. Both elements exist here, but among us, that from which a regular army like that of England could be raised, to an extent very limited in proportion to our population. Few men in Canada would be willing to enlist for thirtcen pence half-penny a day. But the other element, answering to that which in England has supplied the volunteers, has been roused into full activity. We provincials, in fact many claim that our copy is at least as good as the original; that if the men of Britain have given renewed

assurances of their country's safety, we have struggled to the same end with equal patriotism, equal vigour. Sure are we of this, that no force the conscription could have raised would have given our possible enemies so convincing an assurance of the stubborn resistance they would meet, should they venture an invasion, as the thirty-five thousand volunteers who have gathered round the standard of our Queen.

The volunteer movement gives fair promise of doing much towards the accomplishment of an object which many thoughtful men have esteemed peculiarly desirable. The circumstances under which this Province has been settled have contributed little to that unity of sentiment which is an essential element of patriotism. It is not enough that we have a fertile country, noble rivers, and a population with innate elements of greatness; the human mind yearns for something more, something which shall be an assertion, and at the same time a representation of our strength, something tangible which we can look upon with pride, something which will summon all our patriotic feelings to its support, something which every single element of our population will delight to honour. This desideratum we think is to be found in our Volunteer Militia. Scattered as the *corps* throughout the country have been, drilling in bodies of forty and fifty men each, it has been difficult to arouse any enthusiasm on their behalf. All the preliminary work of organisation and drill has been as dry and as uninteresting to the men themselves, and the public at large, as the exercises the boy has to practise at school while ignorant of their bearing and value; a perpetual declining of nouns and conjugating of verbs without any of the pleasures of translation. But when the men were brought together at the late reviews which we have seen, enthusiasm was aroused. Let the thousands and tens of thousands who visited Toronto and Brantford bear witness to that. There is something mysterious, reason about it as we will, at the intense desire to witness military displays, manifested by our quiet agricultural population. Their pursuits are those of peace; their thoughts run not on war and slaughter. They ask nothing better than to be allowed to live in the undisturbed enjoyment of their labour's fruit. "They have heard of battles," but there are few Norvals among them who crave a chance to leave their fields and flocks, "to follow to the field some warlike lord." Yet, no sooner do they hear that a few thousand volunteers are assembling for the purpose of going through the movements of a fight, than some chord is touched in their natures which strangely stirs them. Pugnacity is a characteristic of manhood. Reason, civilization, and christianity give it rightful direction, but those who have it not in their compositions are fit subjects for servitude and oppression. To this long dormant element in our nature the gathering of armed men appealed. In them the people have found a representation of their strength, and at the same time an em-

bodiment of their patriotic feeling. Here is the "something" around which we can all gather, in which we can all delight. Here is the visible, tangible incarnation of our nationality.

That the holding of reviews will prove a means of cultivating the military taste of the people, we believe to be another good thing about them. Hitherto we have not had a sufficient sense of our responsibility as a community of free-men. Long years of peace had caused all thought of possible war to leave our minds. We had laid aside our arms, and by common consent agreed to eat, drink, and make money. But an epoch has now arrived, when we can no longer give ourselves up entirely to the pursuit of pleasure or of gain. Whatever be the result of the civil war in the United States, whether the South be conquered or whether she be enabled to preserve the independence for which she is now fighting, a large standing army will long be a necessity with our neighbours. If our existence as a British people be worth maintaining, if we are not ready at the first hostile menace, humbly to beg permission to take service under the stars and stripes; if we are not ready to furnish the most shameful and dishonourable instance in the world's history of mean spirited submission; we must place ourselves in an attitude which will enable us, at least, to fight for our freedom. No people, however weak, have yet submitted to the foreigner without a blow; shall we be the first to disgrace our manhood? The universal answer will be "no;" yet, for the causes named, we are unable to appreciate at once the necessities of our new position. We are growing towards a realization; and to that growth, as we believe, the holding of reviews will practically tend. None can have mingled with the throngs gathered together at Brantford and Toronto, without noticing the interest taken by the people in the troops. In that interest we have earnest of future good. In it we have proof that the people would be willing to make larger sacrifices on behalf of our citizen soldiers. Nothing has contributed more to the popularity of our volunteers than the reviews, and that being the case, the plain duty is to continue them. If the development of a military spirit be esteemed desirable, this is the mode, or at any rate one powerful mode by which to gain the end in view.

The appearance of the volunteers, as assembled at the late reviews, proved this, that most of the qualities necessary to the soldier they possess in abundance. Physically, finer men can nowhere be found; broad-shouldered, well set, muscular, active, resolute looking fellows; had Canada the pick of the world, none could be selected to whom she could commit her defence with more confidence than to those, her own sons. Fighting for their own soil, for all they hold dear, they would stand to the last man. Thorough bred British bull dogs once closed, death alone could loose their grip. One thing, however, they much want

—better discipline. That they must have. For the most part, they were well up in company's drill; but of those movements necessary when men are called to act together in large masses, many of them had little knowledge. While this is the case, it must necessarily be, that the utility of reviews will be greatly restricted. It is presupposed when they are held, that the troops need brigade, not battalion drill. While the rudiments of the art are not known, it is impossible that the art itself should be practised.

Of the difficulties in the way of isolated companies learning battalion drill, we are well aware. The question is, not as to their existence, but as to the mode by which they may be mitigated or overcome. And we submit it is better to consider this in the light of actual facts, rather than by proposing plans by which the object might be attained, were the Government of the Province disposed to institute, and the people to support, a complete organization regardless of expense.

In the cities the different companies composing battalions are enabled to meet for battalion drill with comparative ease. It is in the country that the chief obstacles are to be found. There the men, for the most part perhaps, cannot assemble in the evening, but are compelled to devote a whole day to the work. To find the time, for reasons into which we need not enter, is no easy task. Now, within the last few years it has become the custom for the Mayors of the cities, and some of the towns, to proclaim, once at least each year, a holiday. In this they have been unanimously supported by the community. We believe there is no instance in which the chief municipal magistrate, having shut up his shop in obedience to his own request, has been mortified by finding himself the only idle man in town. But the salutary example thus set has not been followed in the country districts. Why should it not be? Let us extend the application of the question. Why should not holidays be proclaimed upon which the volunteers in each battalion district would meet for drill? As we find the people of Toronto and Brantford were willing to extend pecuniary assistance to the volunteers, not only from patriotic motives, but also on account of the profit to be derived from the large numbers who visited those places to see the review; so we may legitimately suppose that the same would be the case upon a smaller scale in the country districts. Or the volunteers of several districts might combine, and visit alternately those towns in their neighbourhood which would make them the best offers; the municipal magistrate proclaiming a holiday for the occasion. The town or village selected for the review would be a central point at which the holiday-makers might gather, and enjoy themselves according to their inclinations. Once put in practice and it would be looked forward to as a gala-day which might not be dispensed with. It must be remem-

bered, too, that the Minister of Militia, at the close of the last session, announced that the Government intended at the next meeting of Parliament, to propose the payment of the volunteers. This done, the money received will go towards reducing the expenses of the *corps*, which, under the present system, press so heavily upon the members; and thus render them the better able to carry out the proposition we submit, or one cognate to it. We do not anticipate that the result would be all that could be wished, that in one, two, or three days, in which the companies might meet for battalion drill, that they would obtain the proficiency of regular troops; but they would certainly be better soldiers than if they never came together at all, and when massed in brigades would be all the more competent to the duties of a regular field day.

It has been suggested, and we think with great plausibility, that sufficient spirit exists both among the volunteers and among the people at large, to secure during the coming year the organization of a camp of at least 5000 men for a week's time. The proposition is one worthy of consideration, and if possible should be carried into effect, both in the Upper and Lower Province. Here of course the element of expense enters into consideration. But whatever pay it is decided next session to give the volunteers, they will certainly be required to drill a specific number of days for it. There is no reason why the time spent at the camp should not be taken into consideration. The Imperial authorities, we presume, with the liberality which has always characterised their dealing with our militia, would readily loan the necessary tents and equipage, and there is not a city in Canada which, for the sake of having the volunteers for the time named, would not be willing to contribute a large sum towards defraying the expenses.

Concerning the proportion of the cost which should be allowed to fall upon the volunteers themselves, there is of course very great difference of opinion. On the one side, those who consider themselves the peculiar friends of the Force insist that its members are ill treated whenever they are compelled to put their hands in their pockets to defray any of the necessary expenses of the organization. If this be a correct view, we reply that it would be better to discard the use of the term "Volunteer" and to take that of "Regular" at once. The volunteers must always recollect that their organization is permitted and encouraged upon the supposition that they will from patriotic motives do much at their own cost. For this reason they enjoy immunities and have privileges accorded to them, from which, were they not a volunteer force, they would be debarred. If the province is to pay them an adequate remuneration for their loss of time, if it is to indemnify them for all expenses to which they may be put; there is no reason at all for maintaining the force in its present shape. It would be better and cheaper at once to organize a

militia upon a strict military basis, from which the volunteer element would be altogether excluded; except in so far as men were allowed to enlist into its ranks, as they are allowed to enlist into those of the regular army. On the other side there are those who contend that the state ought to pay nothing and the volunteers everything. Theoretically this position is a sound one. Practically it is not. It is impossible in this country for a large volunteer force to be sustained without assistance from the public funds. The volunteers have indeed no abstract right to payment, but if it be to our interest that they should exist, as none we suppose will dispute, it is worth our while to extend that amount of aid necessary to keep the organization together, and to enable it to attain requisite efficiency. Taking our stand, then, mid-way between those who hold that the state should do everything for the volunteers, and those who hold that the volunteers have no claim upon the state, we have a few remarks to offer upon the apportionment of the cost of the proposed encampment.

In the first place what would that cost be? From the best data we have been able to procure, we find that the average cost of conveyance to the men who attended the late reviews was two dollars. It is the opinion of military men that the cost of rations would, each day, be about fifty cents *per* head. To this may be added one dollar *per* man for the week, for the purchase of beer and other superfluities. The estimate framed upon this basis would stand thus:—

Cost of conveyance for 5000 men	\$10,000
Rations or equivalent in money	15,000
Allowance, \$1.00 per head	5,000
	\$30,000

We thus have a total of \$30,000. How is it to be met?

First as to the travelling expenses; ought the volunteers to be required to pay them? We think they ought. We are aware that there is much difference of opinion upon this point; but we will state our reasons. When the volunteers joined their several companies they did so; first, because they believed the country needed trained defenders; and secondly, for the gratification of an honourable desire to gain some acquaintance with the duties of the soldier. If they had no interest at all; if they had no desires to gratify; then the whole expense necessary to the attainment of proficiency might appropriately be placed upon the shoulders of others, as it is they must take some portion upon their own. They cannot call upon the public to carry them altogether—only to help them along. But there is another consideration which would act as a reason for, and an inducement to the payment of their travelling expenses out

of their own pockets. It is right to presume that the camp would be formed in the neighbourhood of one of the cities of the Province. The volunteers are all young men. Many of them who would join the camp are residents of the country. Under ordinary circumstances a visit to "the city" is attended with great expense, so great indeed that very many are debarred from making it. A week's stay would commonly involve a cost beyond anything the conditions of their finances would permit. Yet, those who are acquainted with the ideas of our rural population, must know that a stay of a few days in Toronto or Hamilton, in Quebec or Montreal, is an object of common desire. Volunteers residing in the midst of large centres of population are unable to understand the longing of their country cousins for the sights of a commercial metropolis. But that that longing does exist is past dispute. Now, the formation of a camp would afford a better opportunity for its gratification than in the ordinary mode of travel. Prophecies to the contrary, we are sure the chance would be eagerly embraced by thousands, who otherwise would remain in the back country, with only a passing glimpse of the great world. For these reasons we are justified in coming to the conclusion that volunteers would themselves pay the cost of their own conveyance.

The next item is the \$15,000 for subsistence. We would not give them as the absolute figures. That the men might be kept for the sum named is certain; that it might be increased is equally certain. It is not probable we suppose when the Minister of Militia, next session, proposes to pay the volunteers; less than 50 cents per day will be named; but we think the public opinion of the country would sustain the administration in adding to this a *bonus* for drill in camp. It would give great encouragement to the meetings of the kind, and would in fact warrant the law in being so worded as to compel the whole volunteer force to turn out for at least six consecutive days in each year. But proceeding upon the assumption that fifty cents alone would be given, we have here the \$15,000 necessary to the maintenance of the proposed 5,000 men. The sum we offer is a fair set off on the part of the state to the travelling expenses of the volunteers themselves. The next item is the \$5,000 for extras. That amount might be raised from a vote of the municipality and the contributions of the citizens in whose neighbourhood the camp was formed. It would be desirable in this particular to imitate the example set by the managers of our Provincial Exhibition, and to go where the best terms were offered. The immense number of people who would visit the volunteer camp, and, as a consequence, the large trade which would be done, would certainly secure very liberal contributions from the tradesmen of any city or town in Canada. If more than \$5,000 were raised, the surplus might be devoted towards the indemnification of the volunteers for any necessary expenses they might have incurred. The

subject is yet to a great degree a new one. To ensure success of the plan proposed, it is imperatively necessary that neither the soldier nor the civilian should insist upon his ideas being carried out to the full. There must be mutual compromise, mutual concession. This done and very many things become practicable which otherwise would be impossible. It must needs be that in the course of the discussion, which is certain to ensue on the matter with which we have dealt, new ideas will be evolved, new light thrown. If we have done anything towards clearing obstacles in the way, or towards affording incentives to action, our purpose will have been fully served.

THORNHAUGH.

A DIARY.

April 23rd.—Lady Knollys is gone. She had yesterday a letter from her son, to say he should be home in three weeks, and she hurried off to prepare for his reception. Fanny flushed up at the news, but she did not sink into the low spirits she would have done before my comforting words. Her confidence with me has done her good. Her ankle is well enough now to allow of her coming down stairs, and she was in the drawing-room when the announcement of Mr. Knollys return was made, and had to bear all the allusions and inuendoes it called forth; but she did so with more presence of mind and composure than I expected. I do not know what Lady Knollys thinks of the engagement. She has never spoken to me on the subject, and of course I have never mentioned it. If her son is so clever as she represents him, I should think Fanny is not the wife to suit him; but in these matters one can never tell, men choose so strangely sometimes.

May 20th.—Nearly a month since I wrote a line here; a month of calm and quiet, without an event of any kind to excite us; a time to gather strength against the season of need. Have I done so? Alas! I know not! My wonted calmness has forsaken me; my mind is in con-

fusion, my brain in a whirl. My heart cries out, "How shall I bear it? how go through the trial in store for me?"

I have just left Fanny's room, where she took me when we came up stairs, "to show me something," she said. She had seemed in an excited state all the evening, I could not tell why, but it was accounted for by her telling me there had been a letter from her aunt Knollys to say she might expect her cousin the next day. "I did not see the letter," said Fanny. "Mamma seemed annoyed, and would not let me read it, but she gave me this; it's a new fashion they have in Paris now; he had it done on his way home," and she held out to me a small portrait on card.

Had she suddenly subjected me to the whole force of a galvanic battery the shock would have been less great; there looking straight into my eyes, was *he*, the one whose every lineament was graven on my heart—Malcolm Everard, my once betrothed.

How I looked for a moment I cannot tell; my senses reeled, and I could not have spoken had my life depended on one word. When I recovered recollection, I found that Fanny was busy with the braids of her long hair, and had not noticed me, for she spoke in an indifferent tone,

"Well, what do you think of my worthy cousin? Does he please you?"

"And so that is your cousin! Why did you never show me his portrait before?"

"For the best of reasons; because I had none. There used to be one here, but aunt Everard took it away. Do you think him handsome?"

"Yes—no—passable," and ashamed of my rudeness I stopped short.

"Yes—no—passable," laughed Fanny. "Upon my word you are complimentary. It is well I am not in love with him, or I might not approve of such very faint praise. How pale you are! does your head ache?"

"Yes, dear—good night."

"Good night. You must be well to-morrow, to help me. Oh, Grace! I am so nervous! I know there will be a dreadful scene with mamma; and if Everard keeps to his word, I don't know what I shall do, except that I won't marry him, I'm clear on that point. I think I'll get him to fall in love with you—make you play and sing and talk fine—you are just the person to suit him; far better than little giddy me."

Glad to escape, I hurried off, and took refuge in my own room. Here I sit, trying to compose my thoughts; thoughts which will not be composed; which utterly refuse to be brought to order, and perform a witches dance through my brain, to the never-ending and wildly sweet tune, "Coming to-morrow!"

Coming to-morrow. Is it so? Am I to see again the face, hear once more the voice, that I believed were never to greet my ears or eyes again?

Yes, and my whole heart leaps with delight. We shall be together again. We shall meet once more! He is to come to-morrow!

Peace, dreamer! Put aside thy folly. Return to every-day life, and common sense, and consider what is to be done.

Done? Nothing. At least *I* can do nothing. Had I had any notice whatever, I might have left Thornhaugh, and avoided the meeting; but now it must come. He is expected in the morning; I should not have time to leave, even if I told all, and proposed to do so. But why should I? Why should I give up my home for him? The pain of the meeting will soon be over; then it is but to keep out of his way.

Just the person to suit him! Fanny's words ring in my ears. Ah! how sincerely I once thought so! how fondly, in my heart of hearts, I think so still! but I must learn to put away the remembrance of him. I am thankful now for the quarrel that divided us before it was too late; before I found myself introduced into a family by whom I should have been looked on with contempt; before I was deceived beyond repair.

Yes, he deceived me; that thought is bitterest of all. The motive is dark to me, unless he feared I would not marry one so far superior to me in fortune; but whatever was the motive, the fact remains the same. He wooed and would have wedded me, under a false name; would have imposed on me, and left me to discover the truth too late.

And yet I love him! I remember the strain in which I talked to Robert Knollys six weeks ago. Why do not the same lofty feelings influence me now? Alas! they have but small weight. I know it is but my own pride that would save me, did Malcolm still love me. Did *he* utter such words as Robert spoke, what would my answer be? Not high minded and conscientious desires of right and fear of wrong—not reminders of his duty to his parents and to me—but, "Malcolm I love you; love you so well that I would be your wife in spite of all; in spite of our unreconciled quarrel—in spite of the difference of fortune between us—in spite of your having deceived me when I trusted you wholly—but I cannot marry you to be despised by those nearest and dearest to my husband, next to me."

Enough of this—what need to think of what never can happen now? He is henceforth nothing to me, or I to him, and it is well. Let me go to rest, and gather strength for the trial that is to come to-morrow; when I and he I love so well shall be under the same roof, and yet as far apart as though an ocean rolled between.

May 22nd.—I will make one more entry here, and then close and lock the book. The last night I sat here I was sick at heart, and des-

pairing ; mourning the past, dreading the future, and finding in the present neither comfort or hope. To-night I see the world through a rosy veil ; Fate and Fortune smile, and my life spreads fair and bright before me.

Yesterday—who can tell what I suffered ? How wildly did my heart beat at every sound ! How did the sight of a carriage in the avenue send the tell-tale blood to my cheek, and then back to my heart in a suffocating rush ! but there was no need. The morning passed, and the expected visitor did not come ; we dined, we went for our afternoon walk, evening came, and we were assembled in the drawing-room, still no arrival. All had given up expecting him ; the children were on the balcony, Mrs. Knollys, with closed eyes, professing to listen to a sonata I was playing, and Fanny deep in piquet with her father, when, without our hearing a sound of warning, the door was thrown open, and the servant announced “ Lady Knollys and Mr. Knollys.” Seated at the piano, I did not see the visitors enter ; for a moment I lost presence of mind ; I believe greetings were interchanged, I heard the general’s voice, and saw Fanny blush and grow pale ; then recovering recollection, my one thought was escape. I darted through the open window on to the balcony passing the children as they came running in, and down the stone steps into the garden below.

Here, in the safe shelter of a secluded laurel walk, I paused, and tried to think. How long I paced up and down in the deepening twilight, I do not know, but a considerable time must have elapsed, when I was roused by feeling two arms close round me, and a shower of kisses on my lips.

What I felt may be imagined. I turned, and confronted Everard, his mouth curved into smiles, his eyes dancing with delight, and his hand still on mine, as he murmured, “ Have I found you at last, my darling, my love ! ”

And I—I drew my figure to its full height as I said, “ You have strangely forgotten yourself, Mr. Knollys. Though only a governess, I am yet a woman, and entitled as such to respect.”

He laughed, “ Did I not know it ! Did I not foresee the reception I should have ! I own it was a bold thing to greet you as I did ; but *you* have forgotten, my darling, that you are my own, my affianced wife.”

“ You are mistaken, Mr. Knollys. I was engaged to Malcolm Everard, the poor artist ; with Mr. Everard Knollys, I have, and can have nothing to do.”

“ It is no use, my dearest. I know your pride, Grace, and I knew how you would receive me, having discovered who I was ; but you are

also a slave to your word, and as I hold you to your plighted faith, you cannot break it."

"You released me long ago, by not answering my letter."

Letter! What letter?

"The letter I left for you, when I quitted Rome."

"I have received neither word nor line from you since the day we parted. I returned to Rome to find you flown, no one knew whither, having left, as I was told, neither letter nor message. I searched Rome in vain, and as a last resource came to England in the hope you had returned. Do you think, now I have found you, that I will let you escape again?"

Ah! how my heart bounded at his words! what joy thrilled every nerve at the idea—he loved me still! How hard it was to crush back the words that rushed to my lips, and make my uttered speech cold and proud.

"I do not see that it alters the case. It cannot make you again Malcolm Everard the painter; it cannot change the facts that you deceived me as to your position in the world; that you wooed me under a false name; and that while making love to me you were engaged to another."

"Upon my word, I am much obliged to those who disposed of me without my own consent! I see you too have been made to believe that story. With regard to my engagement, as you call it, with Fanny, the facts are these. Before I ever knew you, my father wrote to me to say he had been planning with my uncle a marriage between Fanny and me; that it was a project near his heart, and one he hoped to see accomplished. Well, I did not like to seem averse to it; had I known you then my answer would have been very different; but I said that if, when I came home, Fanny and I liked each other, and neither of us saw any one we liked better in the meantime, I should have no objection; but I made an express stipulation that she was to be told nothing about it. Well I saw you, and forgot all about everything else; and I find now, to my utter astonishment, that I am considered as pledged to a girl I have never seen since she was a child; one who, as it turns out, is over head and ears in love with another man, and who, in consequence, has learned to hate my very name; and all this without a word to me! You must allow that this is no engagement."

"I am glad you do not love Fanny. One or both of you must have been wretched if you had. But that does not lessen the distance between the son of Sir Everard Knollys, and Grace Norton the governess."

"Ay, there's the rub! But for my knowledge of your pride in that respect, I should have told you all long ago; I never meant to deceive you, Grace. You would have known who I was long before you were my wife. But for that and one other reason—I ought not to have delayed I know—Grace do you love me still?"

The sudden change in his tone startled me. The passion in his words thrilled me. My heart cried out, "I love you! I love you!" Ah, why would not my lips say so too?

"I have listened to you too long," I said. "Did I love you as woman never loved, I could not be your wife. I know the sentiments of your family. I have neither birth nor wealth to recommend me to their notice; and I would sooner die than marry to be looked on by the relations of my husband as they would look on me. This is our last interview Mr. Knollys. Let me beg of you while you remain here not to seek me again. Farewell."

I was turning away, when he suddenly caught my hand, and drew my arm in his. Without giving me time to think or resist, he led me to the house, and we entered the drawing-room together. He took me at once to his mother and said, "Mother see what you can do. She says she won't have me."

I really doubted whether he was in his senses, but I endeavored to be calm. "I have told your son, Lady Knollys, what I repeat to you, and what I hope you will do me the justice to believe; that when I formerly accepted his addresses, I was ignorant of his position in the world."

Lady Knollys looked at me lovingly. "My dear, I know it; and I knew what you would say to Everard, it makes you the dearer to me, and you are the more worthy to be his wife. It is not he alone who asks you; but I, his mother, and his father through me."

Was I dreaming? No, the words were plain, and plainer still the kiss and the clasp of the hand which accompanied them. I was sensible of the presence of others in the room, which preserved me from making any ridiculous demonstration; but when Lady Knollys said, "Do you make the same answer to us as to him, dear child?" I could think of no better reply than to place my hand in that extended so readily to meet it.

"Rather a public place for a love scene," said the voice of the General. "I don't quite understand it yet, or how my nephew has changed partners so suddenly. But I congratulate you Miss Norton."

His politeness, and the frigid looks of his wife restored me to myself. I replied with composure, and received in silence Fanny's kisses and shy whispers, and was glad to escape, accompanied by Lady Knollys, to my own room.

Here, quiet with the kind and gentle creature, I learned all. How the engagement with Fanny was as Everard had told me, but now the ambition of Mrs. Knollys for her daughter, and the General's too easy acquiescence with his wife, had represented it in a very different light, how Everard had told every thing to his mother, and she had recognised

in her son's lost love, the girl whom she had lately honoured with her notice and affection. She liked me for my own sake, she was good enough to say ; but as Everard's choice I was doubly dear. "Whom he loves, I love also."

Emboldened by her kindness and my own happiness, I ventured to ask why Everard had concealed his real name.

"That is the one thing remaining to tell. He went to Rome to study ; and for that purpose dropped the name which might have led to his being considered more as an amateur than as an earnest student of his beloved art ; and to avoid having to enter much into the society he would, in his own person, have been expected to frequent. He was of course introduced to you under the name by which he was known in Rome, though his loving you soon gave you the right to know the truth. He delayed the disclosure of his true name and position, from a romantic desire to be sure that you loved him for himself alone ; but he had no intention, my love, of deceiving either us or you. But for that lover's quarrel of yours, he would have told you before he left Rome."

She paused. I was too happy to break the silence.

"There is one thing more, dear child. You said that Everard's fortune was the bar between you, you need not consider it such. His bestowing it on you is but an act of reparation."

I looked at her in surprise, and said I did not understand.

"He to whom your father owed his ruin was my half brother. You have never heard him mentioned here for the shame his wrong doing brought on me, and through me on those with whom I was connected, has caused his name to be a forbidden sound. But it is none the less true. Everard does but restore to you, that which, through his uncle, your father lost."

"And Fanny?" I ventured to enquire.

"I do not think you need be anxious on Fanny's account. The General is an indulgent father, and against Charlie nothing can be said, except that he is not very rich ; if that is the objection made perhaps you will not object to Everard's increasing Fanny's portion in order to obviate it."

My answer may be surmised ; and I saw by Fanny's soft smile and moist eyes, and her whispered, "Charlie's to come here next week," that the matter was settled. But that was later in the evening, after Everard and I had had our own explanations. He exacted penance, in the shape of a long interview, for my final speech in the garden ; penance which, (though I would not tell him so,) I was nothing loth to do.

And this day has added to my happiness. Mrs. Knollys is somewhat reconciled, the General kind, and Fanny delighted and affectionate ; but all those are but little compared to the knowledge that Everard's

own parents are willing to receive me, and glad that I should be the choice of their son. Yes I am very happy—in Everard's love—in the approval of my own heart—in the fair fate that lies before me. In a few days I go with Lady Knollys to Caddismere henceforth my home. I have not been unhappy here, for I have received great kindness ; but at Caddismere I have now a dearer right. And so I close this slight record of my life at Thornhaugh, and lay aside the pen.

I LOVE THE SEA.

BY I. W. DUNBAR MOODIE.

I love the sea, and I would dwell
 Where wild winds blow and billows swell,
 A holy calm steals o'er my soul
 Where curling waves in grandeur roll,
 There's music in the solemn roar
 Of waves that lash the rocky shore.

I love the sea, for when a child,
 I drank its music—sad and wild,
 As mingled with my nurse's song
 It sped my happy days along,
 Bless'd days of innocence and joy,
 Oh! would I were again—a boy.

I love the sea—thoughts will not sleep
 While lonely standing by the deep—
 Peace, peace, my heart ; I'm old and gray,
 But tears will sometimes have their way ;
 Oh, God! how many dear ones sleep
 Beneath the vast and ruthless deep.

I love the sea, the great wide sea!
 Rolling for ages ceaselessly!
 Sublime and boundless!—let it be
 An image of eternity ;
 When life is o'er, and I am free,
 O! lay me by the dark blue sea.

A SKIFF VOYAGE ON LAKE HURON.

Some eight years ago the returning Spring found me living in the city and getting heartily tired of it. I had been accustomed to "a life in the woods," and as each day the weather became finer and the streets muddier, I soon resolved on going somewhere but prudently deferred the selection of the place until I had selected my companions and consulted their views. I did not want a party such as is usually organized for the Bush, I was going for amusement and had no money to waste, therefore I decided that four including myself would be enough, and that we should do every thing that had to be done ourselves, instead of hiring a cook as I had done on former occasions. My three companions were soon found, and I shall now proceed to introduce them to the reader. We were all young enough for such work, *i. e.*, between twenty and thirty, and in nationality we represented the British Empire and the "dependencies thereof," for we respectively acknowledged England, Ireland, Scotland, and Canada as our birth places. The Englishman whom we shall christen Samuel Henry which is a playful transposition of his real patronymic, was a very jolly little fellow, he sang beautifully, ate a great deal and when his mouth was not engaged by one or other of these occupations, was, unless asleep, sure to be smoking. The Scotchman was of course named McDonald, but whether with a little d. or a great D. or whether his surname was one word or two, I never knew and probably never shall. However he was a good fellow (this is to be understood of us all) but awfully lazy. He liked to make himself as comfortable as he could, to do as little work as possible, and although perhaps the least experienced, to "boss" the rest of the party. The Canadian, Robert Anderson was the life of the camp; he had been in a few years an engineer, a farmer, a surveyor, a sailor, and I know not what besides. He knew the country and everything about it, he did not mind work, in fact I rather think he liked it, and his good humour was perfectly proof against any provocation. He possessed a vivid imagination, so vivid indeed as to make his friends doubt the exact accuracy of many of his stories and his yarns *were* wonderful and endless. In fact, and I grieve to say it, our friend did tell most awful stories, harmless ones however, only intended to amuse, for a kinder hearted or more honourable man there could not be, in any matter of consequence. As to the Irishman who is your most devoted servant, I can only say that he got on very well with his companions and hopes that they were as well pleased with his efforts to promote the general enjoyment, as he has reason to be

satisfied with theirs. My nation gives me a name "Pat" by which I was distinguished during the expedition, and the modesty inherent in my countrymen generally, prevents my introducing myself more particularly to the readers of the *British American Magazine*.

The waters of Lake Manitoulin (I love to call that splendid sheet by its ancient name) lay clear and placid glittering under the slanting rays of the rising sun, when on the 10th of May our little boat, a skiff with cotton sails, started with her crew of four, anything but "able seamen" from the wharf at Collingwood bound on a cruise around the wild Indian Peninsula, to terminate somewhere about the Saugeen on the East shore of Lake Huron which was then the most northerly settlement. We left it to chance as to what we should do when we got there, as we had but three weeks to spare and of course we could not calculate upon how long it might take us to reach our journey's end. We expected to do it comfortably in about ten days, a long time for so short a distance, but then we did not purpose working very hard or moving at night, and besides our boat could not stand much of a sea, so that we had to follow the bends of the coast pretty closely, as we dared not trust ourselves far from land in so small a craft at such an early season of the year. We had bread and flour, pork and tea, a few bottles of fish sauce pickles, and such small relishes, and a couple of bags of potatoes, we had a knife and fork for each and one or two to spare, a tin cup and plate a piece, two frying pans, two tin pails, known in the Bush as kettles, a few tin dishes, and boxes made with the cover fitting tight to hold our salt, pepper, tea and salaratus, an unlimited supply of matches and also some good flints in case of accident. Our wardrobes were not extensive, a spare flannel shirt and pair of woollen socks each, being about all. We took two double guns (there is never any use in having many, seldom more than two go out together) and some trolling lines with *trap* spoons which I have always found the best for salmon trout; we also had fishing spears and plenty of powder and shot; we had a good supply of blankets, for the nights are cold in May, and a couple of light axes. Now for our Log.

The evening of May the 10th found us but about 30 miles on our journey, still we had not done badly. The light breeze with which we started had soon died away, and we were compelled to row during the greater part of the day; we wasted some time too in chasing a Loon, we might as well have hunted a "Will o' the Wisp;" surely the man who invented the expression "a wild goose chase" could never have engaged in a Loon hunt. It is one of the most provoking undertakings that I ever knew. You get quite near your bird sometimes, take deadly aim at him as he sits quite still on the water, you see the shot strike all around him and are certain that he must be killed, but in a few minutes

time you see him swimming about quite jolly, probably half a mile off. This has always been my experience and I never mean to try again unless I have the luck that Anderson declares he had of shooting one sitting on a tree! which astonishing fact he communicated to us as we abandoned our chase; we did not believe him and in fact were rude enough to tell him so—he offered to produce witnesses, but as that could not be conveniently done as they lived some hundred miles off, we agreed to postpone the discussion. We stopped for lunch at pretty Thornbury, it was then Beaver River, Henry tried the stream for a trout but got nothing; too early in the year, and the water was still too cold and high. All this took up time, and besides, we started with a firm determination not to commit suicide through over exertion, and we stuck manfully to our resolution. Well, about sundown we landed in a small bay, pretty tired, for the day had been warm and we were unused to work, so we tied our boat to a stick of drift wood that lay on the beach and pitched our tent. The lake was so calm that we did not think it necessary to haul the boat out as we should have done, for the sun was setting behind an angry looking cloud. We soon got our fire burning, and as we had sufficient food ready cooked to last us for the first two days we had not much to do; so we ate our supper and postponed the consumption of a magnificent salmon trout that I had caught on a troll, until next morning. Henry then sang us a song and fell asleep almost immediately afterwards, with his pipe in his mouth, some fire fell from it about his beard which awoke him, he then applied to me as an agent to insure him, but I declared the risk was extra hazardous and as we had no chance of communicating with the Directors, his application could not be received; so he solaced himself with some of the contents of a black bottle labeled *eau de*—well not Lake Huron, with which he had secretly provided himself, and then proceeded in the most approved style to “treat all hands.” Anderson offered to tell us a story assuring us that it must be true, because he was himself the hero of it, which McDonald declared was the very best reason possible for doubting it. We passed a vote of entire confidence in him, the Scotchman however dissenting, but resolved that the recital should be postponed until the following evening. We then having made a good bed of hemlock boughs, (Anderson culled) spread our blankets and soon were fast asleep. And now that I sit sad and weary of office work, never more hoping to feel myself lulled to sleep by the murmur of the waters and the sighing of the winds, near and around the lonely camp fire, my mind turns to the delights of a night in the bush. The hemlock bed more refreshing than eider down, the waving boughs which like spectral arms seem to mesmerize one into gentle rest, the glittering stars that seem to gleam more brightly and then to fade, again to re-appear as if in dream land,

whilst sleep steals upon the watcher; all this is now vivid to my mind, and I sigh to think that to me it can only be a memory. Yet there are unpleasant duties that must be performed in the bush, and one that I always particularly disliked was having to make up the fire during the night. This in the Spring and Fall must be done as no fire will burn the entire night without being replenished, and towards morning the air becomes very cold. We made an arrangement that whoever woke should get up and put on fresh wood, which we always left in a convenient place before lying down, and during the trip the duty generally under these conditions devolved on Anderson or myself. As to Henry I believe he would have allowed himself, at all events, partially to freeze before he would stir.

May 11th.—The Lake a mass of foam. The sun rising red and angry looking; the trees creaking and the wind howling; spray drifting over our camp and even the water of our little bay rising in white topped waves. No chance of making any progress to-day, our boat would not live an hour outside our harbor, so we resigned ourselves quietly to our fate, which, after all is not so hard. We made a good breakfast, salmon trout cut in blocks and fried, hot cakes on which McDonald exhausted his national skill, fried pork and roasted potatoes will suffice to keep up the vital spark, even though they are washed down with tea boiled in a can, and drank out of tin cups, without cream or sugar. About these tin cups there is one great disadvantage, they get so very hot when filled with tea that one cannot touch them, and as the contents cool faster than the vessel, you have to get at your drink by stratagem, or else burn your lips; some one should invent something that could not be broken, and still would not get hot. It is unpleasant too eating one's breakfast near the Lake shore in a storm; you open your mouth intending to deposit in it perhaps a piece of that delicious salmon, it is instantly half filled with ashes or probably with sand; you turn to speak to your neighbour or to get your cup filled and lay your tin plate upon the ground; on returning to it you find that your food has become a strange mixture of sticks, flies and cinders. Still if you keep your back to the wind, and devote yourself to the task as a man eating his meals in the woods should do, you will have no reason to regret the china plates and damask cloths that you left at home. Breakfast over we lit our pipes, one *must* smoke when camping out, and strolled along the beach. Where is our boat? exclaims the canny McDonald, and as we could give no answer we all asked the same question, for "sure enough" as my countrymen say, the boat was gone. On turning our eyes to seaward however, we soon had the pleasure of discovering our craft with all our grub and many articles of value on board, quietly drifting out into the Lake. Here was a mess, and what to do I could not say—Henry took

it into his head that he could swim to her, and accordingly rushed into the water until it reached above his waist, a wave then knocked him over, and he was glad to get back if not a wiser certainly a wetter man. He had gone about 30 yards, the boat was at least 400 from the shore; he maintained however that he nearly reached her, and that he could have done so if we only had had the pluck to help. He did not condescend to explain how we could have rendered assistance, but took his pipe and tobacco from his pouch and finding both very wet went off grumbling to dry himself at the camp fire. At this crisis our good genius appeared in the shape of Anderson, who, I forgot to say went on a stroll in search of partridges immediately after breakfast. To him we recounted our doleful tale and showed him the "United Empire,"—our craft was distinguished by this modest appellation—bobbing up and down as the distance between her and the shore gradually increased. Anderson told us that he had met some Indians who had made their camping a short distance from ours, and that they had a boat and a bark canoe. To them we hied, and by the promise of a piece of pork, induced two "untutored savages" to follow our boat. They took their canoe and launched forth; it was really beautiful to see that tiny vessel with its little white sail fly over the seething waters guided by an Indian hand. The bark canoe seems in a storm hardly to touch the surface, she is so light that no waves can break over her stern, none offer resistance enough to her prow to drive it under, and the dexterous Indian with an occasional stroke of his paddle guides his little vessel with a certainty and force, impossible to any rudder suited to her size. Our red skinned friends soon returned with our boat in safety, and left us, happy in the possession of a lump of fat pork, which I have no doubt they proceeded to devour without delay. During the rest of the day we did not do much, Anderson went out again and got half a dozen partridges, Henry dried himself, I collected some wood for our fire during the night, and McDonald who had an undeveloped talent for cooking made a supply of bread to last for three days. Then we had a grand feast on Anderson's partridges, which, roasted before the fire and basted (I think that is the correct word) with fat, were excellent. We should probably have kept them for a day, only that the weather showed signs of moderating, and we did not expect to have time to cook them to our satisfaction when once again under way, besides cold partridge for breakfast is capital. Being tidy house keepers we washed our dishes and plates immediately after dinner, (it is always easiest to do it at once) then lit our pipes sat around the fire, and announced to Anderson that we were prepared to listen to his tale—which he gave us in words to the following effect:—

Some six or seven years before, he made one in a party of four young men on a hunting expedition in the neighborhood of his uncle's place,

somewhere I think on the Eastern shore of Lake Simcoe; as the weather was cold, (it was the beginning of December) they established their head quarters in an old log barn which had never been used or in fact finished, it was on his uncles property and near the water. I believe it was built by some former settler who also made a small clearance round it; however, the present owner chose a site for his house and farm buildings in quite a different place, in fact, on a lot separated from the one on which the old barn stood by three or four miles of bush and a small arm of the Lake. Old Mr. Anderson and his family were almost the only inhabitants of the Township, and the country was an unbroken forest for miles around. Having taken possession of the old building the party proceeded to make it comfortable, they put up a temporary roof of split cedar and made a sleeping place or "bunk" on the warmest side of the barn; this bunk being in fact a bin or big box into which they all intended to tumble together. These arrangements being all made and found to answer, the other members of the party started early on the second day in pursuit of game, leaving Anderson at his own request, to lay in a supply of firewood and to finish the internal arrangements of the mansion. This he did very much to his own satisfaction, and having filled the bunk well with brush so as to make it comfortable he arranged a rack at the head for the guns to stand on and placed his own, the only one then in the shanty, in the place prepared for it. By this time the day was pretty well spent and our friend Anderson was pretty well tired, he cooked his supper, made himself he *says* only one "horn," and taking it for granted that his friends had, as they expected to do, got on a bear track (for these animals had not as yet retired into winter quarters) which led them too far for them to return that night, he retired to rest. He was soon asleep rejoicing in his *soft* and roomy couch, dreaming of bears and perhaps of still more formidable visitors, when he was suddenly awakened by a loud noise which he could not describe but which he declares was the most wonderful that ever proceeded from a creature in a man's bed, as on this occasion it most certainly did. He lay for a moment perfectly appalled, he could hear the brute or whatever it was, breathe, nay sometimes he even felt the warm breath upon his cheek, at length he put out his hand and felt, he soon laid hold of a shaggy hide, it was a bear! this fact was plain; one jump and Anderson had cleared the body of his unwelcome bedfellow and stood upon the floor, he rushed from the shanty in a state of fright that he declared he never knew before and stood shaking and shivering in the night wind expecting an immediate pursuit.

As is often the case with these rude structures the ends of the logs which formed the walls projected, and up these he ran and perched himself on the highest, there, his very short garment, in fact only a flannel shirt, waving in the breeze he must have presented a picturesque

appearance, he says that he always regrets that there was no one present to take a sketch. He did not select such a roost with any idea that the bear could not follow him, but only in hopes that he might there escape observation (though he must have been a remarkable spectacle) as his enemy quitted the shanty; after a few minutes he thought he heard bruin move, he gathered up his legs, tucked in his streamers and made himself as small as possible; a false alarm however, the garrison made no sortie. Then he got very cold and at length began to think that perhaps the beast had left without his seeing him during the excitement of his own sudden exit, so he determined to reconnoitre, accordingly, quitting his lofty perch he cautiously descended and must have found it pleasant work picking his steps with bare feet over the crispy snow, presently he hears a sound within—less time elapses than it takes to record it and he is again sitting on the house top, his teeth chattering from cold and a wild feeling of desperation rising in his breast. His gun though loaded could be of no avail, as to reach it he should actually get into the fatal bunk, if he even had matches he might at all events strike a light and see his foe, for though the night was clear without, the barn was dark within. Something however must be done, his choice lay between facing the beast inside or freezing to death upon the roof, so again he descends, this time determined to do or die. He cautiously peeps in and then on tiptoe he enters, he hears the bear *snoring* in the bunk, in *his* bunk in which he so highly gloried; a bright idea strikes him, the pile of wood that he had cut lay within the entrance, he grasps the largest sticks and with such energy as he never used before, flings them into the bunk fast as he can lift them; the heavy pieces of wood rain on the devoted beast and presently his struggles can be plainly heard, still Anderson keeps up his attack and to his own great astonishment seems to be getting the better of his enemy, for he only had hoped to frighten him and expected that scared by the blows the bear would rush out without observing his assailant; however he did not quit the bunk which was soon pretty well filled with heavy wood. Having at length transferred the whole pile to a place he certainly had not designed for it, Anderson felt about for his coat, in the pocket of which he knew there were some matches; having got them he lit the lantern, donned his trousers, and surveyed the scene, he then started a fire and deeming it prudent not to interfere with his unbidden guest at present, he sat quietly by it till day break; at first he heard occasional sounds from beneath the wood, but after a short while they ceased altogether. At length the sun rose, light streamed into the shanty through the open door, and Mr. Anderson proceeded to exhume his bear. He first took his gun, saw that the caps were all right and laid it ready cocked by his side, and then went to work to remove the wood. He did not complete this task at

all so speedily as he had done in the night, and he paused occasionally to listen for any movement beneath, as he could hardly believe that he had knocked every spark of life out of so tough a brute as a bear. At length the last sticks are reached and under them he finds the lifeless corpse of his uncle's beautiful newly imported Durham CALF! Poor Anderson declared that he felt like a murderer as he sadly carried off the body and scraped a shallow grave in the frozen ground in which to bury it, he prayed that snow might fall and hide all traces of his guilt, nor had he recovered his serenity when his friends returned laden with the meat and spoils of a real bear.

This was the story of Anderson which he declared that he never told before, we doubted him on this point however. There was "racing and chasing" in search of the lost calf but Anderson says that it was not discovered and that he went unwhipt of justice, although it seems to me that sitting on a rough log on the top of a house without clothes in the cold December wind was punishment enough even if he had killed a cow as well. The story told, we proceeded in a body to the beach and found that the sea was fast subsiding, so we determined on turning in at once so as to be prepared for an early start in the morning.

OUR CANADIAN VILLAGE.

BY JOHN READE.

There is a solemn inclusiveness in this little possessive pronoun "our," which gives a deep significancy to every word with which it is joined. Very early do we learn its mystical importance. "Our" family, whether of noble or churlish blood is a very important one; "our" friends are remarkable in more respects than could be told; "our" Mary and "our" Tommy have a meaning that simple nomenclature could never give; "our" uncle John has nepotal weaknesses that we would be jealous to see any other uncle John afflicted with; "our" house has countless associations connected with it; "our" garden is quite a horticultural miracle; "our" horse is not an ordinary animal of the equine species, and the vehicle that he draws has a uniqueness of appearance and workmanship that might

escape the observation of those who can only attach "their" to it; "our" dog and "our" cat have canine and feline habits that would be the world's wonder to any unprejudiced natural historian; "our" school and "our" college wear a peculiar interest that schools and colleges unostrified wear not; "our" class is the reunion of all the graces of modern life; "our" church is *the* church, in or out of Christendom; "our" political creed is the only orthodox one; "our" country is the centre of civilization all over the globe. A philosophical writer, who gives me great delight, says that the Latin words "Consul Romanus" always had for him a solemn and appalling sound, as most emphatically representing the majesty of the Roman people. This may be only a scholar's fancy, but allowing this, I think that in solemnity and majesty they are equalled if not surpassed by the "*patrum nostrorum memoriä*" of Cæsar and other Latin writers. It would seem almost impossible for a man who had disgraced his "patres" in any way to use those words, so often used in the old days of Roman pride. To return to our English language, I repeat that there is a solemn inclusiveness in this little pronoun. You will say, my reader, that it is a selfish little word. I do not deny that, but I say that it contains the secret that even for the most selfish, self is not sufficient. Was it not the same authority that said "it is not good for man to be alone," and that taught us to say "*our* Father, who art in Heaven"?

Well, then, my reader, will you accompany me "our way," to "our" village, and let me as I conduct you thither, entertain you, as well as I can, on the subject of villages, in general. It may be that you, being city-bred, may have a feeling slightly contemptuous, (but which your *urbanity* enables you to conceal) for us, poor villagers, who stare with rustic simplicity, at your fashionable dress and polished manners, your "*savoir-faire citadin*" Well, we know that, though we bear it very calmly, and treat you well, (though not slavishly) when you come among us, and thank you in our hearts for all the news you bring us from the city and repay you in *bucolics* and *georgics*, in which, I may as well tell you, you are not very wise. Now, I think you are very wrong, *civil* reader, in despising us. In doing so, you forget that your great city was once a village itself, just as surely as you were a girl or a boy and had a mamma. It is true, it may be a long time since your juvenility, but, if you have any sense, you do not on that account treat incipient men and women with contempt. Indeed, the first city that ever was built, was called after the *grandson* of a fine old gentleman of an old school, as if out of respect for its youth; and as the Nod people were not numerous at the time of its foundation, I am inclined to think that we of this great age would have called it a village. I might mention a good many interesting facts about the origin of cities from Enoch to the last civic growth of British or American enterprise, all tending to prove, that cities are only adult villages,

but I will take it for granted that you know them as well as I do, and that your contempt for us is not *founded* on anything contemptible in us, but arises merely from your excessive *civility* to yourself. Let me also call to your mind the sacred memory of some dear little villages that died in infancy, as it were, or were cut off by decline in the very adolescence of city-hood. The question was once asked "can any good thing come out of Nazareth?" What an infinity of reply does the question suggest now! You have not forgotten the wedding of Cana of Galilee honoured by the Presence of all Presences; nor the loving household at Bethany; Bethany where "Jesus wept" for his friend; Bethany where he left His farewell blessing. That blessing was for hamlet and for city; for the fields through which He loved to walk as well as for the streets, that heard at one time "hosanna," and at another "crucify Him." On the strength of that blessing we are all equals.

Here we are! Joe cracks his whip as though his horses were kicking up olympic dust, and sounds a "reveillé" that may be the precursor of joy or sorrow, for ought he knows to many a heart; there is a rushing to doors, a flattening of noses against window-panes, an occasional interchange of ideas on the weather and the roads between Joe and pedestrians; a brief curricular rivalry on the part of boys; a little canine music and wo-o-o, here's the post-office. "No great beauty here," I thought, as, three years ago, I entered "our" village under the same Josephine guidance. It was a dark, drizzly day in September, and our village beauty had her veil down, being in the use of this appendage, just the opposite of most feminine beauties. But when the sun gently moved that veil aside and, looking warmly on that beauty, lit it up with smiles, the more I saw it, the more I loved it. I have seen it since then in all its dresses, in green, in white and gorgeous multicolor; at noon of day and noon of night; in the hush of the Sabbath, in the hum of business; in joy of heart and in sadness of spirit; till it has become a picture in the brightest chamber of my heart. But, now, let there be no darkness, no drizzliness. Let it be a still summer evening, a few hours before sunset; let the air have that refreshing coolness that is more welcome than "spicy breezes" after a sultry Canadian day; let there be a few clouds just to blush farewell to the sun when he goes away after a while, otherwise, let the sky wear its matchless Canadian blue; let labor and care and sorrow be forgotten; let the heart be clear and peaceful, or, if there be any cloud in it, let the glow of hope touch it into beauty, even as those floating masses will by and bye give to the heavens a brighter loveliness.

There is a mountain with a peninsular lawn in front of it; both clad in richest green of tree and grass. Around this lawn there is a mysterious fringe of water,—mysterious, for you cannot tell whence it comes nor whither it goes, whether it be river or lake, were it not for the dash and

the roar, and the struggle, that, not very far off, tell that its course, like that of true love does not always run so smooth. Opposite this mountain, a little above the level of the lawn, and generally parallel with the margin of the river is a group of human habitations, and this group forms the centre of our village. Above and below this point, the houses have avoided each other, as much as possible, nor have they deemed it always convenient to follow the windings of the river. A little on this side of the fall, there is a bridge, guarded on either side by two rather castellated-looking structures; that on the village side being the house of a very early and influential settler, who holds the rank of colonel in the militia; the other, I have heard, owed its erection to a "north-wester," all whose family have long left the place, and, though partially occupied, it was till lately, chiefly used as a drill room. From this bridge downwards to the mill, the river describes a beautiful curve, and as the houses in the interval are quite close to it, their appearance when they are well lighted and the night is dark is that of a spangled crescent. Across this bridge the road leads to the high lands on the north-western declivity of the mountain; far away, till it touches the sky is the dark waving forest. Up the river, distant respectively, one and two miles from the mill there are two other bridges. Each of the three is distinguished by the name of the owner of the house that is nearest to it. Imagine one long street from the highest bridge to the mill, having the summit of the mountain facing its middle point, and at unequal distances from the river, and you will have some idea of the extent of our village. It must not be supposed, however, that I use the word "street" here in its ordinary but in its literal sense, which does not suppose two continuous, parallel lines of houses. I might have said collection of terraces, but there are too many isolated houses to allow of this. Well, occupying this line of "two" thousand paces," bound together by the bond of a common choice or a common destiny are men, women and children, from many a clime, of many a dialect, gentle and simple, learned and rude, rich and poor, a compendium of humanity, a miniature of the world. Every link in this chain has its own separate, inalienable existence, yet utter a bold truth, sing a good old song, tell a tale of sorrow, do a noble deed and from heart to heart will pass the touch of sympathy, that, in spite of Babel tells us that there is still to men *one* language and one speech. There is no emotion that some soul here has not felt; no passion that has not here its victim or its victor. Do they love in the great world without? They love here too. Do they hate there? They hate here too. Envy? And here too. Are there ambitions, strivings, jealousies abroad? So are there here. There do disappointments, losses, sickness, lay low the heart that was once so strong? Just so is it here. Do men in crowded communities rob each other of fame, of fortune and of friends? Such thefts

are committed here too. Here woman teases, and worries and wounds, but I know also that she heals and caresses and loves. Here are cliques political, religious and social; here are the types of the warrior, the philosopher, the poet, the painter, the orator, and the statesman. Here there are men who undertake the cure of soul, of body and of estate. Here is the merchant, the farmer, the mechanic; here there is the daily laborer, and here too, there is the homeless wanderer, the Gibeonite and the Ishmaelite of our rustic commonwealth. True, you can see no old castle that carries the mind back to the days of chivalry and crusades, but may not that mountain have been once an altar to the Great Spirit? Does it not wear on its brow a pride of antiquity that is far grander than the massiest remnant of feudal architecture? Are there no legends to be gathered from its rocks of mighty upheavings and convulsions long ago, aye, when yet man was not, when the first-created of Omnipotence helped to make it what it is?

It is well to be able to appreciate the feeling of reverence that men have experienced, in gazing on the monuments of generations that have passed away; to admire Gibbon amid the ruins of the Imperial City meditating his great task, or Byron calling from their graves the shades of Grecian heroes, to touch with their forgotten fire the torpid breasts of modern Helots. But is there no sublimity in those fastnesses of nature in which our country abounds, where the spirit of God has dwelt alone for ages, where the "forest primeval" has smiled in its Creator's face, far away from man's cries of sorrow, of turbulence and oppressions, where rivers have sung their songs of gladness and carried their embassies from lone secluded sources to the great ocean-monarch to whom they all pay tribute. Is there no sublimity in the contemplation of these? Can we not also bring before us God's simple children, roaming through these wilds, led by their Father's hand, when His voice was heard in the gentle breeze, in the tempest, in the thunderings; when His breath breathed life into flower and tree; when His spirit nursed and fed the infant earth; when "blessed presences" haunted every hill, and stream, and wood? It is true, God is the same in all ages, in all places of His dominions; but, I only mean to say that if there is sublimity in contemplating the fallen works of fallen man, there is sublimity infinitely greater in contemplating the earth almost fresh from God's fingers, and little changed, at least, by man, since the almighty fiat went forth, and this round world grew "under His forming hand." I may say, I think, with truth, that we, the Canadian people, are too fond of what is not ours, to the disparagement of what is, or at least if we are not, that we carry our courtesy too far. Every flower we smell must be exotic; all our luxuries and some of our necessities must be ultra-marine or ultra-linear; all our books must have a foreign paraph to them; and in "our travels" we

skip very lightly over the land that we profess to hold so dear. Yet, we are patriotic. Of this I have no doubt. In the true Canadian mind there is a quiet noiseless depth of feeling that strangers hardly understand, and I will be the last to charge my compatriots with the most terrible of wants—especially now; but I mention these facts, as facts, to the best of my knowledge, and when I see them controverted, I will be the first to rejoice. We are patriotic, but let us have a little more honest pride in ourselves, our history, our scenery, *our place among the nations*. To resume what I put aside, for the sake of relieving my mind of a little weight, I think that classic taste is often justly disappointed in trying to read the former life of any of the great old countries of the earth, in the epitaph that time has written over them. To attempt to realize Sicyon, or Argos, or Tyre, or Carthage by going to their graves, is about as wise as to try and recall the youthful faces of any of our great elder brethren of Adam's family by going to their graves. It is in the *spirit* of modern manhood that we realize the nobility of old Greece or Rome. It is by the living that we learn to appreciate the dead. We imagine an Alexander, a Socrates, a Pericles, or a Demosthenes, if we have known a warrior, a philosopher, a statesman, or an orator in our own days, or if we have in our own breasts any touch of eloquence, or prudence, or wisdom, or heroism. So, if we want to see what were the child-features of any old Grecian or Roman settlement, if we make allowance for human progress, we shall come nearer the reality, by looking carefully into the features of some of our rising backwoods communities, than by making a tiresome, expensive, often insipid "tour" into lands famed in ancient story, but whose modern aspect "floors" your imagination and digests your taste. It is with these associations that our village is or may be surrounded, but there are other than these. What one of these houses has not known its joys and its sorrows, its christenings and its marriages, and its mournful gatherings around the last scene of mortal vicissitude? Are they not all haunted by memories that, though unchronicled, are as real as those that keep our eyes fastened on the pages of history? Has not the maiden heard within these walls the first sweet words of love? Has not the woman gazed with tender eye on her first-born? Has not sickness wasted and want maddened here? Have not household cares been pondered over around every hearth? Have not children listened on winters evenings to tales of other days and other climes? Have not tears fallen on every threshold when some young manly form went forth to battle in the field of life? And have not other tears consecrated the same threshold when the wanderer returned, penniless, it may be, but oh! how welcome! Has not the cry of the wounded heart burst through those walls when the little feet that lately went forth so gaily, have been carried home wet and stiff and cold for ever? Has not our village

its shadow, its Necropolis, where names may be read that are graven deeper in the heart by sorrow, a sorrow that often is "not without hope" as for those who "sleep in Christ?" Are these associations nothing? What more has humanity than these, triumph and defeat, peace and war, plenty and want, hope and regret, love and loss, mirth and sadness, sickness and death? And these are all here. Shall we pause to decipher them, or shall we pass them by for something older, grander, nobler? No, there is something old, grand, and noble in all that relates to man's heart. Eve's sorrow is old; Cain's passion is old; Isaac's meditation is old; Joseph's goodness is old.

"From yon blue heavens above us bent,
The grand old gardener and his wife
Smile on your claims of long descent:

How'er it be, it seems to me,
'Tis only noble to be good,
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And gentle faith than Norman blood." —

FAIR PLAY FOR WORDS.

IF any person in a certain condition of life, that is to say, any one who has received a fair education, were to be told that some other person could address him in such a way, using such words that he should fail to discover his meaning without the aid of a dictionary, and that yet all the words used should be plain English, of the mother tongue, and be perfect sense, that person would be fain indignantly to deny that he could possibly be in such a state of ignorance, and demand, most probably, to be put upon his trial.

He would very soon discover, however, unless he were well up in his Latin roots, that he could be as fairly non-plussed for the noncé, as if he were addressed in a foreign language with which he had very little acquaintance.

Anyone taking up a dictionary will easily perceive the truth of this, for he will find that there are scores of words in it, which, conveying the same sense as other words used instead of them, and having as much

right to be used as those other words, are yet as completely lost sight of as if they were not.

For instance, would any one understand such a sentence as the following: "I am in great '*tweague*' as to what your '*existimation*' would be respecting the '*scrimmer*' of whom I am taking lessons."

Here in this short sentence are three words, to understand which many would be puzzled, and yet these three words are surely as good as the three other words which would as a matter of course be used instead of them, and one of them, *scrimmer*, giving the same meaning in half the letters as the two words, fencing master.

Again, fancy writing to a lady as follows: "Dear Madam,—I fear you will undergo some '*perpession*' when you learn that your husband has met with an accident through which he will always have a '*claudication*' in his walk, but I trust you will bear this with sufficient '*ataraxy*.'"

Or, again, inviting a gentleman to become "*prolocutor*" at this "*synaxis*."

What servant would understand if you asked her for your "*pantables*," or told her that the "*manubrium*," of your tea-cup was broken?

Would you fair maid comprehend my meaning if I told you that you were an "*exornation*" to society, or should I stand a chance of obtaining what I wished if I asked you for a "*tuz*" of your hair, or rise in your estimation if I ventured to address you as my "*pigsney*?"

Would not the ordinary reader of a sensation novel pause in dismay if he came upon such a description of a person as this: "*Procere*" of stature, with a high "*frounceless*" forehead, and an "*orgillous*" bearing; he could never be mistaken for a "*protetarian*" person? And yet why should he not know that "*procere*" is tall, "*frounceless*" un-wrinkled, and "*orgillous*" haughty? Why should not the before mentioned words be used as often as their fellows?

Who knows that a "*kibe*" is a chilblain, a "*posnet*" a little basin; that a "*gemel*" means a pair, that "*ludibrious*" is another word for ridiculous, that to "*glaver*" means to flatter, to be "*oscitant*" is to be sleepy, to "*sneap*" and to "*sneb*" to reprimand, to be "*marcid*" to be lean or withered?

Whoever says that children "*twattle*" and birds "*twire*," or says a rose-*knop* instead of a rose-bud; "*knop*" and "*sneb*" and "*sneap*," are not quite so pretty to the ear, perhaps, though we must allow something for custom, but why should they, with so many other words, be forever unnoticed, and condemned to remain in the columns of the Dictionary, without attaining the distinction that other words do, of being ordinarily used in daily speech, and appearing in the novels, pamphlets, and essays of our writers?

Why do we never vary our phraseology and say a "*roynish*" instead

of a mean fellow, a "*tom-rig*" instead of a tom-boy?

Again, why should some words, not in themselves bad words, nor conveying any evil significance, nor involving any of the delicacies of life, have yet become too rude for ears polite?

Why should *stink* be a more offensive word than *stench*? or why should it be ill bred, or slangy, to talk of a *buss* and not a *kiss*.

The decline of some words and the rise of others in place of them is a study which might be well worth pursuing.

Who now ever says a *ditty* instead of a song, a *posy* in lieu of a nose-gay, or the still more eloquent, bouquet; *sweethearts* instead of lovers, *hostel* for inn?

These words are banished to the realms of poetry, and, perhaps, in days to come, words which we have now in daily use may likewise become obsolete, and some of the supplementary words whose claims I have brought forward come into fashion in place of them.

To step for an instant into the province of names, how is it that Solomon, Ebenezer, Josiah, Jeddediah, Miriam, Keziah, and a hundred other old, honoured names, should have come to be looked upon with distaste, and Charles, Reginald, Algernon, Edith and Florence, be more favoured?

I close this paper on our vulgar (?) tongue with a query, "Has it ever been decided, and by whom, whether a rose by any other name *would* smell as sweet?"

HOLME MOSS FARM.

A TALE IN SIX CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

WHAT THEY WERE DOING AT HOLME MOSS FARM AT FOUR O'CLOCK IN THE AFTERNOON ON THE TWENTY-FOURTH OF JUNE.

The twenty-fourth of June at Holme Moss Farm was one of those glorious days when from early sunrise to evening's dawn, no cloud appears to dim the bright horizon. The midsummer sun had been shining

almost before the birds awoke, and it had kept on showing its brilliant dazzling face, till it had so increased in glare and intensity, that to look upwards into the spanless blue skies, was a blinding impossibility, whilst the light was so vivid that you might descry the country far around, and distant objects could be plainly seen standing out clear, and distinct, unobscured by haze or mist. It was the hottest day of the year, and so great was the heat that none but those who were obliged to bear the brunt of it, came willingly out of what shelter they could find from the sun's rays.

The watch dog in the yard, too lazy almost to bark at a stranger, had long ago given up the attempt to catch the gnats and flies, as an effort far too fatiguing under such circumstances, and the sheep dog in the field had ceased from tyrannically worrying the sheep, and had crawled away and lay down to sleep under the hedge. The very birds were silent, except the skylark, whose song resounded far up in the heavens the whole day long, and none but it and the red poppies blazing out in the adjoining corn fields, with emulating brightness, seemed able to withstand the exceeding fierceness of the sun.

The mowers, too, as they mowed down the grass, and with it the golden crop of buttercups, appeared well nigh overcome by its almost scorching intensity, for they paused ever and anon in their work to draw their shirt sleeves across their brows and wipe off the great drops of sweat that gathered there thick and fast. They had thrown off every portion of surplus clothing, and with loosened braces and bare throats and chests, they tried in vain to court some cooling breeze.

The women, as they toiled up and down the large undulating field, raking and forking, and gathering into cocks, could scarce sustain the burden of the heat, and unswathed by shawl or kerchief, and with bonnets picturesquely tilted crown upwards in the endeavour to obtain some relief and shade from the burning rays that came down from the great resplendent face above, had long ago left off their pleasant talk.

Three times already they had rested from their labour, and men and women had gathered together under the spreading arms of a giant oak, to take their humble fare of bread and cheese, and beer, and to enjoy a little necessary repose. It was now nearly time that they should do so again, and soon hearty, broad-faced Farmer Tinley, in whose service they were toiling, cheerily hallooed out loud enough for the whole field to hear,

“Four o'clock beaver, lads and lasses, come on all of ye.”

“To this invitation they were right willing enough to respond, and carefully setting up scythes and hay-rakes, they betook themselves once more to the friendly oak, under whose sheltering canopy they might

for a while get relief from the glare and blaze of the great undiminished face.

They formed a pleasant group as they sat there, those rugged sons and daughters of toil, with sunburnt faces, and horny hands, each one of which had done the best part of a good honest day's work, but none looked pleasanter to the eye than the burly, broad-shouldered, red-faced farmer, free with his words and free with his cheer, and none were gayer or lighter of heart, or merrier in look, than fair Lottie Tinley, the farmer's daughter, as she served out to all-comers the cup of new milk, or the can of home brewed ale.

Such a scene one may well linger to gaze upon without need of excuse, and so seemed to think a young man who appeared at this juncture at the stile, over which you had to climb from the lane which led across the footpath through Farmer Tinley's field into the village.

After leisurely dusting his shoes with his pocket handkerchief, he seated himself upon the top rail of the stile with the air of a man who, having found a comfortable resting place, and is in possession of unlimited time at his own disposal, feels inclined to dawdle away an hour or two in any kind of pleasurable indolence that may suit him. He had not been seated long, however, before he caught the farmer's eye, who with a friendly nod called out to him,

"Anyways inclined for a mug of beer, young man?"

"With all my heart, farmer, for its confoundedly hot, and I've walked a goodish step since morning," saying which he swung himself down off the stile and made for the group under the oak tree. He lifted his light summer hat and bowed to Lottie as she handed him a frothing jug of beer, and said, "Here's to your health, miss, and friends all," looking round upon the seated group, and then dropped down in a careless attitude by Lottie's side on the grass, evidently prepared to enjoy himself with as much careless, luxuriant ease, as he had done in seating himself upon the stile.

He was soon as friendly with the farmer as if he had known him for years, and he had so much to say for himself, so many good stories to tell, and could discuss crops, the weather, and the merits or demerits of beasts from a horse to a pig, with such knowledgeable intelligence, that Tinley sat under the tree smoking his pipe a good three-quarters of an hour longer than was warrantable, in such busy time as the hay season.

At last, however, the farmer took up his fork and went off to work, and the stranger and Lottie were the only two left under the tree. If he had made himself agreeable to the farmer, he certainly did so to his daughter, and Lottie was in no hurry to rouse herself to collect the cans and mugs as they lay scattered about on the grass, and quite forgot for a long while that she had two more cows to milk, and her favourite lamb

to feed. Ah! pleasant was the time under the old oak tree that glorious, unclouded, midsummer afternoon, and joyous and never ceasing as the skylark's song was the talking and laughing that the two made whilst the hay makers went on with their work.

Lottie Tinley thought she had never beheld such a handsome man in all her life before. Davie Bolden, her cousin, was taller; and the smart artillery sergeant who was recruiting in the village and lodged at the "Fox and Goose" was certainly worthy of admiration; but they were neither of them like this young man, neither of them to be compared to him, as she mentally decided. He did look handsome, it must be confessed, in his light cool looking suit of summer clothes, and his soft felt hat on the top of his curly head. His hair was fair to a Saxon whiteness, and his long whiskers and moustache just of one shade darker, hung in a tangled mass of silken fringe from his face. There was no mistaking his English look and his English blue eye, and as Lottie, in her simple straw hat and blue patterned cotton dress, with hair and eyes much like his own, sat by his side, no fairer types of English beauty could have been found than they.

And so no fairer type of an English home could be found than Holme Moss Farm. The pretty gabled cottage, or farm house, over which red and white roses bloomed so freely, and round whose rustic porch were clusters of sweet smelling honeysuckle, and clematis; with its trim garden in front, in which was a pyramid shaped close shaven yew tree, and its outlook over the village green over which stray donkies roamed, and where was the now unused saw-pit, and where the geese wandered at their own free will, bathing and ducking in the pond; and with its surrounding woods, which stretched near and far off, was a living place where one might shake off the dust of unrest, and learn to despise all other glories but those of nature's creating.

Inside the house all was clean and neat, and the well stocked farmyard at the side, and the many out lying fields at the back, gave token of a well to do prosperous in possession of them.

○ If the house-place was uncheered by the light of a wife's loving, careful eye, and if only one, instead of many children's faces was there to stimulate the farmer's industry, to crown the parents life with gladness, and in due season to become the prop of old age and declining strength, still it was essentially an English home, and a happy one.

Farmer Tinley was a prosperous man. Every one said so, and everyone agreed that he had a tight little sum of money to leave by will at his death, or to give in dowry if he chose, to his daughter.

He was, as we have said before, free in his speech, and free with his hospitality. Every labourer who toiled for him was counted worthy of his hire, and as he stinted not, so his corn, and wine, and oil increased.

A man more liked than jovial, broad shouldered, loud-voiced Farmer Tinley was not to be found, and a prettier, or saucier lass than Lottie, there could not be, as more than one of the village swains thought.

The four o'clock beaver had long since passed. Lottie had at last remembered her cows and her lamb, and assisted by the young stranger had gathered up the beer-cans and milk jugs, and carried them into the house.

The quiet of evening was creeping on, and with its approach the brilliant, blazing face was sinking down to its rest, giving at last some respite from its burning rays. Lottie had taken a rake and was helping the women to rake up the last of the hay into cocks, and the young man had thrown off his coat and was aiding the farmer and his men to throw up into the cart, the last load that would be carted that night. But now it was twilight and time to leave off work, so one by one the mowers and the women went home, the horses were led to their stables, all the busy working sounds were hushed, and blended harmoniously with the evening stillness, and the farmer after smoking a pipe in the porch before his door, prepared to seek that sleep which comes so sweetly to those who labour.

It was yet early,—for the long twilight had scarce yet deepened into the solemn stillness of night—early, that is for those whose pleasures do not begin till darkness falls over the land, early for those whose deeds must be done in the night gloom, but late, quite late enough for those who arise when nature awakes, and whose day is half spent when the yawning pleasure seeker rouses himself.

But early or late, Farmer Tinley was going to bed; the young stranger, who had not yet left them, was preparing to go, asked the farmer if he knew where he might get a lodging for the night, “for,” he added, “I am a stranger in these parts.”

Then out spoke the hearty old Englishman: “We’ve a bed to spare, and you’re welcome to it, if you’ll stay; but we’re homely folk, Lottie and I. ‘Early to bed and early to rise,’ that’s our motto.”

So he gave his thanks and accepted the kindly offer, and slept between the white sheets of the best bed at Holme Moss Farm, with the song of the nightingale for his lullaby, and the opiate perfume of the honeysuckle and roses heavy in the air.

CHAPTER II.

UNDER THE BIGARON CHERRY TREE.

The young stranger dropped into the home circle at the farm as naturally as some well known friend or son, who, after an absence, comes

back to pay a visit to the old home, and is received there with that shy politeness and restraint, mixed with the old ease and friendliness, which a separation of any length causes between even the nearest and dearest, but which soon wears off as the absentee falls back into the old habits and ways so well known and remembered, and uses the familiar speech that is his wont.

It was thus that he stayed on there with the farmer and his daughter, day after day eating of their bread and drinking of their cup, with all the familiarity of an old inmate of their home. And it did not seem at all strange to them that he should be there. He had taken his place with all the ease of resumption, rather than with the gradual growth of admission; and as he stayed and stayed on, no thought that he had come there as an utter stranger, a mere chance wayfarer, seemed ever to cross the farmer's mind; no idea of parting troubled either of the three. He had joined them as naturally as a diverging stream, lost for a time to view, flows again into the parent river, without interruption or noise. Day by day he would throw off his coat and work for a while in the hay-field, or would wander off, with Lottie for a companion, down to the brook to fish; and he was so ready with his tongue, so dexterous with his hands, so winsome in his looks, so willing to do a spell of work, and so listlessly graceful—combining all the polish of the gentleman with the skill of the labourer—that the farmer came soon to look upon him, and use him, as he might have done his son, had he had one. If the wife and mother had been there, with the anxious and quicker perception of the woman, she might have warned her help-mate that he had admitted, for aught he knew, a wolf into his sheep-fold; but the blunt, free-hearted farmer had offered his hospitality and his friendship, unsuspecting that perhaps harm might come of it.

It is not to be supposed that during all this time Tinley had never asked his name, or some portion of his history; but, indeed, the young man had forestalled such natural promptings of what was curiosity rather than caution, and had told them his name, and how and where he had been living.

His name was Frank Thornhill, and he had spent, he said, most of his life in Australia, whence he had but just returned. He had no parents, and was alone in the world. It was at a sheep farm out there, where he had once been for a short time, that he had picked up what agricultural knowledge he possessed; but he had lived chiefly in Melbourne and Sydney, he told them, and he had come to England to get a sight of the old country, to see what she was like, having quitted it when quite young.

"I guess, then, you've made some money out there in those diggings, as they call 'em," asked Tinley, in a sort of mocking interrogation; for the farmer had a contempt for all other countries than England, and

always stoutly maintained that if money was to be made, this country and this exclusively was the place to make it in.

"Ah! no sir. I am afraid I never stuck there long enough, for though I tried one or two of them, and dug down till I might have been digging into the infernal regions, the deuce a bit of gold dust did I ever find."

"I thought as much," said the farmer, who scornfully ridiculed the idea that gold could be dug up out of the earth; the gold that he and other men worked so hard for in the sweat of their brows, to be brought up in shovelfuls, and got for nothing, by any one who chose to go for it. "Preposterous idea! and one he'd never believe unless he saw it with his own eyes. I thought as much, as if gold was to be dug up with a spade like potatoes. They'll say they sow it, and weed it, and pick it, next, I suppose, and expect us to believe that," and he laughed a good, hearty Ha, Ha, at his own shallow wit, and was inclined to think better of Frank Thornhill in that he had not enriched himself.

The hay was nearly all cut now, and there only remained that in the orchard field, close by one side of the house, to be mowed down. This field was principally a cherry orchard, and not usually allowed to stand for hay. The cherries hung from every bough in ripe luxuriance. One tree in particular, handsome for its size, and loaded with fruit, was remarked by all as having an unusually fine crop. It was under this tree that Frank and Lottie seated themselves after a whole afternoon spent in romping gaily about the field. Lottie had climbed up into one of the hay carts, and then, when Frank was underneath, had slyly thrown down over him a whole shower of hay, under which he was for a moment invisible. This was the commencement of hostilities, and Frank in revenge had soon after caught Lottie, and buried her beneath one of the very largest cocks, by which treatment he was supposed by her to have materially damaged, if not entirely, spoiled her appearance for that afternoon, but, nevertheless, she looked pretty enough as she got up and shook herself free, and went and seated herself under the cherry tree.

Of course as she went, Frank went too, and soon he was up in the tree raining down the large pink and white fruit in showers upon her, till she called upon him to stop.

"Oh! Frank, do come down and help me eat these, there are such lots lying on the ground."

"I'll come if you'll promise to give me the best I can find anywhere," answered Frank.

"Come and choose for yourself," said she.

Thereupon Frank came down and was just going to make choice of some that he thought best, which were yet uncultured, upon Lottie's cheeks and lips, when she hastily murmured:

"Oh! don't, pray don't, Frank, here's Davie coming."

"The plague take Davie, and who's he?"

"How stupid you are Frank, Davie Bolden, my cousin Davie."

"I wish he were at the bottom of the Red Sea," mentally ejaculated Thornhill, but by this time Davie Bolden was close to them.

The two men, as different in outward appearance as they were in character, looked at each other for a moment—the one from his seat on the grass, the other as he shook hands with Lottie—and in that moment they each made a mental appraisal of the other's qualifications.

Tall and broad chested, with closely shaven face, and short-cut deep brown hair, Davie Bolden was as great a contrast as could be found to the slight fair-haired Thornhill, and as he was different in appearance, so he was in manner; the one gay, facile, and of undisturbed equanimity; the other grave, to a certain extent, slow, and never very ready with his tongue.

The one might be compared to a hedge, green but slight, the other to a stone wall, rough but strong, and secure against any storm that might blow.

Davie sat down with them under the cherry tree, but Lottie was very cruel to him, for, after the first salutation were over, she scarcely took any notice of him, but went on laughing and talking with Frank, eating cherries and throwing the fruit in prodigal waste about the field. As for Thornhill he treated him with a listless indifference as if it were matter of no importance to him whether Davie Bolden were there or not, or whether or no there were such a person in the world.

Davie could not but feel irritated at such a contemptuous mode of treatment, although there was nothing in Thornhill's absolute words by which, even had he been so inclined, he could have picked a quarrel; but there was enough, quite enough to add to the dislike which we must confess he had taken to Thornhill from the first moment that he saw him, and which, added to Lottie's behaviour, made him feel in no pleasant mood. He was angry with Lottie for the innocent freedom with which she treated Frank, and when in playful mirth she took up a handful of cherry stones, and, unseen by Frank, slid them into the pocket of his coat, he felt inclined, angrily, to seize her arm and chide her for levity. Presently Frank sauntered away, unconscious of the trick she had played him, and then Davie broke the long silence he had preserved, and asked her—

"Who is that fellow?"

"Oh! Davie how cross you are," she replied, not giving him any answer to his question.

"Cross, am I, Lottie," he responded, softening a little as she came nearer to him and pouted out her pretty lips, "Well I didn't mean to be cross for I've got some goods news to tell you; at least I hope you'll think its good news.

As Lottie still went on eating cherries and made no answer, Davie after a pause continued. "You remember Lottie what I asked you ever so many months ago, and what your father said to me when I asked his consent? Well I've nearly got the sum of money he named; in a few days I hope to have it all and then—oh! Lottie what answer will you give me?"

"Can't you wait, Davie, till then. I hate making up my mind so long beforehand."

How cruelly the bee, though laden with sweets, can sting.

"You put me off before Lottie and now you want to do it again, but it will only be a fortnight—maybe not so long, before you *must* give me an answer——"

"*Must* indeed," she broke in with a little toss of her head, and he went on passionately, carried out of his usual gravity by the earnest intensity of his love.

"Oh! Lottie, think how I've loved you all these years, ever since you were quite a little child, and I carried you about in my arms; say just one word, my darling, whisper it ever so soft in my ear, just one little word," he pleaded, and in his earnestness he had taken her hand fast in his, and was waiting for her answer, when Thornhill's voice sounded behind them.

"Your father is calling you to milk the short tailed cow, Lottie," and glad enough to escape, she hastily jumped up, and accompanied by Thornhill went to the cow-house.

A flush of anger passed over Davie's face, of anger that his interview with Lottie had been interrupted just at that important moment, and more especially that Thornhill should have been the one to break in upon it and carry off Lottie.

But then as he still sat there a softer feeling gradually stole upon him, and he thought of Lottie, not as she was when the cruel show of indifference had been upon her, not as she had been that afternoon, but as he fondly remembered to have seen her often before with a thousand winning ways of her own, and so thinking of her, he stooped down and picked up some of the cherry stones, which she had thrown from her, and carefully wrapping them up in a piece of paper he put them into his pocket.

His love for her was very deep, and in his tenderness he desired to possess something that she had touched.

CHAPTER III.

TALKS ABOUT DAVIE.—RELATES HOW DAVIE'S AUNT SAVED MONEY AND MADE IT; ALSO HOW TWO YOUNG PEOPLE MADE LOVE.

Who could look at David Bolden—Davie as he was most often called—and not feel some admiration for him spring up in their mind, an admiration not called forth perhaps by any decided beauty of countenance, for he was not what is termed handsome, but by the tall strong built frame and the intelligent face which showed a working-thinker.

Davie had begun life as a humble village lad, and having no father or mother, his aunt, a shrewd old Englishwoman, had brought him up and given him such education as a village school affords. At fifteen he had been apprenticed to a carpenter; but having a strong inclination to improve his mind, a taste for drawing out plans, and a good sound head with some brains in it, he had gradually emerged from the condition of the carpenter and threw off the flannel jacket and paper cap, and was at the present time in a situation requiring greater skill, and certainly a great deal above that he had previously occupied.

He was now foreman at the new railway that was being made, having men under him, and great responsibilities resting upon him. Moreover his salary was good, and this was some consideration to Davie who had a certain project in view which money would help him to effect.

Had he had a mother, she must have taken a pride in this son of hers, who by his own industry and talent, had already won for himself a better position in life than the humble one from which he had started, and who, possessing the confidence of his employers, the respect of his fellow-men, and above all the *will* which works steadily onwards, bid fair to gain a yet higher place in the world.

But Davie was motherless, and he had lived almost ever since he could remember with his aunt, a woman of a strong independent mind, much good, common sense, and who was possessed of a small property, which for a woman in her station constituted riches.

How she had managed to acquire this, she told to Lottie and Frank Thornhill one afternoon when they went down to her cottage, which stood in a lonely place on the outskirts of the village.

The old lady, still endowed with health and activity, was proud of the little house which she could call her own, proud of the furniture which it was her daily delight to rub and polish, and honestly proud of the fortune which by her own industrious activity she had slowly managed to acquire, and which now sufficed to maintain her in comfortable independence.

“Well then, now I'll tell ye how I saved,” (with a pronunciation of

safed rather than saved), "my money" said the garrulous old lady, as she paused in the operation of ironing out some lace for a clean cap, "Well then, when I was a little girl not more maybe than ten years old. I used to go to the Bury—that's were the great folk live ye mind—to fetch buttermilk. I would go into the kitchen and see the cook standin' or sittin' by the fire with her bonny red cheeks, as comfortable as you please, and I used to say to myself 'when I get a woman won't I be a cook, that's all!' and it was then that I first thought if I could save a hundred pound how rich I should be. I was so set on gettin' this hundred pound and bein' a cook, that the idea never left me day nor night, though its little I then thought of the months and years t'would take to scrape together such a sum of money."

"Well," she continued, after an interruption of a minute's duration, whilst she put down her cold iron and took up a hot one, "Well, when I was fourteen I went out to service, and I got four pound a year, from that I went to eight, after that to twelve and then right on to twenty. Now, when I went to London and got eight pounds a year, I says to myself 'You made four pound a year do in the country and you can make four pound a year do in London,' and so I did, and saved eight pounds in two year," and she glanced round upon her auditors with a look of triumph.

"After that I went on saving just the same, and if I said to myself I would save so much out of my quarter's wages, I saved it, no matter what I might hanker after," and she set her iron upon the stand with a firm bang, as much as to say "I gained the victory over myself, and crushed out my desires, thus!"

"It took me a long while, oh! a mighty long while, to save the first hundred pound, but when I got that I soon got on. Then I took a little shop and there I made all the rest of my money, what I've got, and now I'm reapin' the benefit of it; but its what took me all the best of my years to work for, all the best years of my life and strength."

"But did you never marry?" asked Frank.

"No, no, not I. No husband never had my money to spend—the money as I had worked so hard for," and she shook her head, as much as to say "I'm not such a fool as most of the women."

"No," continued the old woman, "I never wanted no husband, and I've had my sisters three children to do for and partly bring up. Two of 'em I sent to Australia ten years back to their aunt, on the father's side, who wrote for 'em to come. Ah! poor things, I mind well how I left 'em on board-a-ship. The youngest cried sore and begged hard to be let sleep with his brother—the two little beds was one a top of the other, you understand—and so then I stepped behind and made believe to speak to the captain, and I came back to the little fellow and told him

the captain said he'd alter it on Monday. This was just to quiet him a bit, you see; but I knew it was no good to speak to the captain in reality, for they wouldn't likely alter things for my children more than others. Then I left 'em and slept at Gravesend that night, and the next morning when I woke the ship had sailed," and the old woman heaved a sigh at this recollection.

"And what became of the two nephews?" asked Frank.

"One, the eldest, died at sea, and the other, I fear he was a bad boy, he ran away from his aunt soon after he got there, and no one's never heard of him since. Ah! me, but I did it for the best, I did my best by 'em," and she wiped a tear off her spectacles. "Now I've only Davie left, and I'll not say but he's a good boy (he was two and thirty) quiet and steady. But he is so grave and still like, not a bit the same as that young brother of his I've been tellin' you of, who would be about two and twenty now, come the twelfth of next month, and who had such a merry heart and careless way with him."

The old woman sighed over the remembrance of this lost one who had evidently been her darling, and scapegrace as he had proved himself, she yet yearned over him with a tender remembrance which would have forgiven almost any fault, and with a love far surpassing that which she bestowed on her much more worthy Davie.

Rousing herself from these memories of the past she asked her visitors to look over her house, which, to her, was as much a source of gratification as is a noble mansion to its possessor.

So, to please the old lady, they looked into all her rooms, one of which was Davie's, filled with books, and on the table papers and plans, with various other paraphernalia strewn about in the careless confusion which betokens a busy mind.

The old lady never entered this room without longing, as she expressed it, "to clear up all that litter, but he'd maunder at me finely"—meaning Davie—"if I so much as touched it," she informed them.

As they walked home through the fields, Lottie asked Frank if he had observed the black oaken chest which stood upon the top of a cupboard in the old woman's bedroom, and in which, she laughingly told him, the old lady kept a store of gold and bank notes.

She little thought how nearly that revelation would concern her at a time not very far distant. Alas! with what blindness we sometimes lay the train, which, bursting, shall burn and scorch us.

The farmer was away to market on that day, and as he usually stopped in the market town to smoke a pipe and drink some ale with his friends he would not arrive home until late. So the two had the house-place to themselves.

They were happy in their youth, and joyous in this spring time of

their life ; and the gates of the future opening before them were seen but through a golden haze of hope, whilst the paths of the vallies which their feet must tread, or the steep hill-tops o'er which they must climb, were alike hid from their gaze.

How gradually and calmly the veil of the *great to-come* is drawn aside for some, revealing to them a glorious prospect of the wealth of happiness which shall be theirs, whilst for others it is suddenly and cruelly rent in twain, and the sharp rocks and the rugged paths which shall hurt their feet, and bruise their spirit, are at once rudely disclosed to their view, and over which they must at once commence their painful march.

As they talked together, making music with their pleasant voices, like to the merry babbling of some little brooklet, twilight came upon them, and in that soft mysterious hour, when the flowers give forth a breath of sweeter scent ere they close their perfumed petals against the darkness of the night, when the day is sinking away to its rest, and the night bird trills out the sweet notes of her love song, then Frank whispered words to Lottie which she heard with a strange, trembling admixture of joy and fear. Their hands were clasped, and her soft hair mingled with his and flowed in a rippling mass over the clematis tangle of his whiskers as he drew her to him and their lips met in a long kiss, the fond seal of love.

With heads bent, and eyes that sought out each in the other the depths of the love that was stirring them, they murmured out impassioned words and ardent vows, like the rhythm of a melody with love ever the key-note—such a melody as only young hearts make in their virgin passion, dying away into the sweet silence of a communion higher than sound.

And thus they remained till the stars shone out, and the hushed twilight passed into the solemn stillness of night.

WET BLANKETS.

BY H. F. D.

In submitting this valuable paper to the public, I feel it necessary to preface its contents with two observations which I trust will be considered somewhat relevant to its subject matter. In the first place, then,

allow me to state that I am not in the woollen trade ; and consequently am not particularly interested in the sale of blankets. I am not taking this opportunity to puff these indispensable articles, or to draw your attention to a superior kind of blanket impervious to damp, and available either for the human or equine race. Neither do I appear as an advocate of the water system. Being in no way connected with any of the world-renowned Hydropathic establishments on this or any other continent, I am not about to dilate upon the comfortable and curative results of the encasement of the human form divine in saturated blankets, until it resembles an animated mummy. No, gentle reader, this paper is neither to be commercial nor hygienic. My sage remarks are not to be circumscribed within any such narrow limits as these. I am about to treat of a grievance.

I come not, then, with honied accents to plead for blankets, wet or dry. Expect not at my hands a glowing description of their quality or utility, or an earnest recommendation in favour of their more frequent use or application. I am here as the determined adversary of *wet blankets* ; with the avowed purpose of exterminating them, if possible, from this young and promising country, and rooting them out from the midst of that society which they have already well nigh paralyzed.

Were I speaking of broccoli instead of blankets, I might be tempted, like a second Nero, to wish that they had but one head, that I might destroy them at a single blow, though at some risk as regards my personal safety. But, inasmuch as it is no part of true courage needlessly to multiply foes, before the woollen trade commences its bleatings or the hydropathic pumps and pipes are put in operation, it may be well that we come to an understanding as to what I mean by "*wet blankets*." It may be, after all, that the woollen traders and hydropaths are as much interested as I am in their destruction, though at first sight it may appear otherwise. We learn from the ancient incident of the gold and silver shield that an object does not always present the same appearance from different points of view, and that things sometimes have two sides. And so it is with terms. A certain term may not convey the same idea to every man's mind as it does to mine, (*vide* Lock.) When I use the term '*wet blanket*' you may imagine I mean one thing, when I understand by it something quite different ; and yet both ideas may be contained in the term used. If you tie me down to Walker, or Worcester, or Webster, of course I should not be justified in attaching the signification I do to this expressive term. From these sources I could make nothing more of it than 'a loosely worn cloth, saturated or moistened' for some purpose. But what dictionary, even a year old, ever contained all that was needed ? especially in this presumptuous age when every one seems to keep a private mint, and coins his words as fast as he wants them ; when the Royal effigy is con-

sidered perfectly unnecessary ; and when, notwithstanding the trenchant articles of the Dean of Canterbury, men will still persist in speaking and writing their own English instead of Her Gracious Majesty's

Dictionaries, like summer friends, proving faithless in my hour of need, I am compelled to rely solely upon my own powers in explaining what I mean by a '*wet blanket*.' The interpretation I put upon it is not the philological but the familiar. The '*wet blanket*' I refer to is not the inanimate but the animate. Not that which you can divest yourself of when you please ; but that which will persist in hanging about and clinging to you, and subjecting you to its humid and depressing influence whether you will or no. The '*wet blanket*' I am bent upon tearing into shreds is the human '*wet blanket*.' The individual who has about him all the other characteristics of humanity but these which are most to a man's credit, cheerfulness, energy, perseverance, and philanthropy. The man who not only refuses to lend a hand to set the stone a rolling, but who, when others with much effort have succeeded in doing so, will sit as a dead weight on the top of it, telling you "it is sure to stop before long."

Now I maintain that these embodied '*wet blankets*' are fair game for mine or any man's pen ; and that whoever can manage to squeeze even a few drops of their deadly moisture from them is deserving of public honour. They are the pests of society. They are stumbling blocks the path of human progress. They are drags upon the wheels of the triumphal chariot of civilization which is endeavouring to circle the globe with belts of light. Wherever they are suffered to remain stagnation and blue mould reign supreme. They have a terrible tendency to increase and multiply when left undisturbed, till the swiftest wheels in the human machinery of the world are impeded or come to a stand still, and the most enterprising localities sink into insignificance.

These '*wet blankets*' are not only physically, but morally injurious. They put to a continual trial the patience and endurance of every active and energetic mind. They are perpetual provocatives to anger. They have smothered in their very infancy some of man's loftiest aspirations ; princes pent in the prison house of wet blanketism. They have quenched the generous fire of patriotism and philanthropy in a thousand noble breasts. They have marred and well nigh rendered ineffectual some of the grandest enterprizes, and most benevolent schemes which the human mind has conceived or human effort achieved. Each generation has doubtless had dealt out to it its proper proportion of '*wet blankets*' ; and, when we take into due consideration their stagnating and retarding effect, it is only surprizing that so much that is good and great has been accomplished in the world. From the earliest period until now mankind have laboured under this incubus, and must do so, it is to be feared, unto

the end. 'Wet blankets' were plentiful in the days of Noah, I have not the least doubt, to discourage his efforts and impede him in his work; and had he not possessed the patience and perseverance, as well as the faith, of a true saint, the erection of the Ark would have extended not only over the space it did, but would have been in course of building at the present time. The history of the great Empires and Kingdoms of the world are as much records of the triumphs of the '*wet blankets*' as they are memorials of the mighty deeds and thoughts of heroes, statesmen, philosophers, and poets.

The only merit of a '*wet blanket*,' (if merit it be under these circumstances,) is his consistency. He is always true to himself and the characteristics of his order. He is *always wet*. At home or abroad; in the vestry or the corporation; in the senate or the camp; he is ever ready to throw his dead weight into the scale, against any proposed undertaking; or, by his melancholy forebodings and prognostications, to quench as much as possible of the fire and spirit which are ever needed to ensure its triumphant success. Ordinary minds can scarcely fail to be both affected and infected when exposed to such an influence.

'*Wet blankets*' may differ to a certain extent from each other, but the difference is not so much in kind as in degree and method of application. The '*wet blanket*' *proper*—he who, perhaps, has the best title to the term, contents himself simply with remaining stolidly immovable and indifferent as regards every attempt at progress. He is satisfied with extinguishing every spark of enjoyment, energy, or public spirit with which he comes in contact. In his sight energy is a crime which ought to be put down; and enterprise a most dangerous element which ought to be smothered at its first appearance. Cheerful conversation, innocent and recreative enjoyment, outbursts of youthful vivacity, have, as he considers, an injurious tendency, and should therefore be effectually damped.

Again, there is the '*wet blanket*' of a somewhat more active and spiteful temperament, who will even go out of his way to quash any attempt at motion on the part of those in his neighbourhood. His opposition is of a more demonstrative character. Every effort in the way of improvement, however well digested and matured, is "a dangerous innovation, a rash experiment, an unwarrantable proceeding, full of flaws, fraught with the most disastrous consequences, and certain to be a failure." Amid the social circle, or on a pleasure trip, he is not satisfied, as others of his kind, with merely looking, like the skull at the banquet table, the embodiment of everything that is gloomy and depressing. He must needs busy himself with recalling all the railway and other accidents, and all the dreary or disastrous terminations to a day's pleasure within his memory; to which misfortunes probably he mainly contributed. So successful usually are his endeavours in both spheres of operation that he

rarely fails to divide and discourage the little army of progress to which he is opposed; and to destroy, or at any rate to dilute, the enjoyment of that ill fated excursion in which he finds a place.

Other varieties of '*wet blankets*' will doubtless readily present themselves to the minds of those who have mingled much with the world and studied men and manners. It is not necessary, therefore, that I should particularize them here; nor indeed is it advisable, inasmuch as it would be a sure way to defeat the object which I have in view. To be wearisome, I am fully aware, is often to be unsuccessful; and many in undertaking to cry down a grievance have on this account utterly failed in their attempt, and been pronounced by a discriminating public a greater grievance than that which they deplored and combated. This fate I would, if possible, avoid. I trust I have already said enough concerning the prevalence of the evil which I desire to remove, and its injurious effect upon society, to fully justify me in the tirade I have entered upon against '*wet blankets*.' Lest, however, I should have it thrown in my face that "it is one thing to inveigh against a grievance, and another to point out a remedy," I shall endeavour not to leave my work half done, and will briefly, and with all humility, proceed to suggest the following prompt measures for the decrease and demolition of '*wet blankets*.'

Before dealing with those already among us, it is necessary to put a stop as far as possible to their augmentation from without; I would, therefore, first recommend that a prohibitory notice be posted at every port of entry, forbidding their introduction into the province under pains and penalties. Let all suspected '*wet blankets*' be examined and tested by a competent and duly authorized official, before being allowed to pass. Let those containing above a certain degree of moisture, (unless willing at their own expense to be subjected to either of the undermentioned modes of treatment,) be immediately re-shipped to their respective ports of embarkation. With reference to these already circulated through the country, I would further advise that, on the falling through of any important and desirable measure for the general welfare, a searching enquiry be at once instituted; and that any or every '*wet blanket*,' to whose influence such could be fairly attributed, be at once apprehended and dealt with after the following manner:

Recognizing, as I do, in the object of all judicious punishment the reformation and not the demoralization or mere destruction of the offender, the treatment I advocate would be of a corrective character. Mercy I would allow to temper justice; and inasmuch as public opinion is at the present day somewhat divided as regards this matter, and even a criminal in some cases should be permitted the luxury of a choice, I would grant, even to a '*wet blanket*,' a preference as to whether he would be treated Homœopathically or Allopathically. Should he affect the former, ani-

mated by the belief that "like cures like," I would have him sentenced, (according to the aggravated circumstances of the case) to three or six months sojourn in a water-cure establishment, under a thorough course of treatment; in passing which sentence upon him the learned and sympathetic judge might express the charitable hope that, "having experienced in his own person the effect of cold water, he would be less inclined for the future to dispense it with such freedom." Should the offender, however, be of the good old school, and a scornful repudiator of these newfangled ideas, then I advocate that he be treated Allopathically; and, as from recent advertisements nothing seems to be more admirably suited to the purpose of expressing moisture from any substance than the patent wringing machine now before the public, I would have him '*wrung*.' Half an hour's '*wringing*' in a machine of this kind, (adapted to the circumstances,) would be considered, I imagine, even by the most enthusiastic Allopath a sufficient purging; and I venture to say that any '*wet blanket*' who has once been subjected to it would guard, with the utmost caution, against any future accumulation of this obnoxious moisture in his system.

Would it be taking too presumptuous a liberty with the wisdom of the country if I further suggested that a bill founded upon the above remarks be brought before the Provincial Parliament, during the next session, by some honourable member to whom it could be worthily entrusted; one who never, under any circumstances, whether on the ministerial or opposition benches, whether it was mooted by friend or foe, acted the '*wet blanket*' to a measure that was manifestly for the good of the country or mankind at large? There might be some few difficulties and technicalities to remove or surmount, and some small alterations might be made in committee, if found desirable, but if the house were in earnest there is no need that the bill should be delayed or marred to any great extent.

I have done. My recreative hour has expired, and your patience is exhausted. The Editor, as our neighbours would say, "looks like clipping." Will my efforts be in vain, and my time lost? I will not believe it. Some few individuals, at least, not altogether lost to a sense of public duty, will peruse this paper. Impressed with its contents, and weeping over the injuries they have inflicted upon their country and the community of which they are members, they will resolve that henceforth their native or adopted land shall find in them patriotic, zealous, and enterprising citizens, and no longer number them among those retarders of her growth and prosperity—'*wet blankets*.'

THE FIRST BATH.

BY JAMES M^CCARROLL.

Once more God leans against the purple bars
 That close the rosy portals of the day ;
 Till, slowly through a mist of fading stars,
 Before His shining shoulder they give way,
 And outward rolls His Treasurer, the sun,
 Unpacking gold upon the mountains' height,
 And binding splintered glories into one,
 Till all the pure, young earth is filled with light.
 While wonderful, changing webs of jewelled gauze
 From out his great, round coffers of the sea,
 Far up the heavens, with lustrous hand he draws
 To turban up his eastern majesty.

And now they drape him through the sultry hours,
 Lest all his splendors, in their noontide glow,
 Should fall too fiercely on the new-made flowers
 That bless him with their dewy thanks below,
 Where work the hidden harvest's golden moles
 In tender shoots and still unconscious buds ;
 Until, at last, the secret treasure rolls
 Through amber vales, or gleams in mellow woods.

But, see !—beneath his warm, declining beam,
 One comes, in beauty flashing with surprise,
 Superbly naked, to a crystal stream,
 The first that ever met her radiant eyes ;
 And as, with lips apart and quickened blood,
 She sudden pauses in the bright retreat,
 She sees an angel in the silvery flood
 With emerald sandals on her pearly feet.

A moment, and amid the mirrored skies
 That seem commingled with the starry sands,
 She steals, and, bending in her whiteness, tries
 To catch the water spirit in her hands.
 Strange, sparkling splashes meet her eye and ear ;

And, now, with fevered innocence, she sees
The angel stooping, too, within her sphere,
With diamonds rippling round her snowy knees.
Nearer and nearer still, the trembling pair
Approach, half smiling and all eager-eyed ;
Until, at last, their forms of earth and air
Melt into one, within the dazzling tide.

LEAVES FROM THE LIFE ROMANCE OF MERNE DILLAMER.

BY H. T. DEVON.

CHAPTER III.

THE DILLAMERS OF DILLAMER MANOR.

When old Mr. Dillamer of Dillamer Manor wrote Merne the rather severe letter we have seen him receive at Prospect Hill, he did so with the idea of promoting his daughter's happiness, by seeing her comfortably settled in life, before his death. For, as he grew older, he became aware that his steps toward the valley of shadows shortened with every successive year of his life, and he felt unwilling to leave Maude unprotected and alone, in case of anything suddenly happening to himself; and the old gentleman was the more impelled to force himself towards bringing about this long matured consummation of the hope of his declining years, since Maude had of late given him a good deal of secret uneasiness—for he fancied she was growing strangely petulant; and whenever Merne's name was mentioned, either created some excuse for leaving the room, or adroitly turned the conversation into another channel; and this singular conduct, puzzled Mr. Dillamer the more, since he remembered the time, when the reverse used to be the rule—when Maude was rather fond, in her cold indifferent way, of dilating on the future prospects of her expected union with Merne, and of expressing—though in a somewhat business-like tone—her entire concurrence in the wisdom and propriety of her father's views on her behalf, just as

a properly brought-up and dutiful daughter should. He was backward about questioning her as to the cause of this apparent change of sentiment, for he was at all times, and in all things, a proud, reserved man, not much given to expressions of affection or kind enquiries; qualities which the life of comparative isolation he led in his noble ancestral home—with crowds of slaves at his beck—tended to foster and magnify, rather than diminish, as the inevitable increase of years rolled over his head. Then, too, Mr. Dillamer had acquired through the long period of undisputed control over his vast estates, a commanding and slightly dictatorial style of speech, not much adapted to invite confidence; least of all, the confidence of a grown-up daughter. And he was further restrained, by certain misgivings of the mood in which his well-meant profections would be received, if he ventured upon their utterance; for well he remembered the torrents of fury which so unpleasantly used to assail him in former years, when for his temerity, he dared adopt a similar course with Maude's Cuban mother—for she was not the offspring of his first Canadian wife, but was the child of a daughter of a more impassioned clime, in whose veins flowed the pure blood of the hidalgos of ancient Spain, mingled with that of the lighter and more sprightly race of the Cuban colony.

After giving the subject what he supposed to be the benefit of a thoroughly shrewd investigation in his own mind, the old gentleman could arrive at no more satisfactory conclusion, than to let matters take their course for a while, so far as Maude was concerned; but in the meantime, he rather diplomatically determined on the practice of a little intrigue, in order to bring about the accomplishment of his wishes; and so the result of these sage cogitations was, the sharp letter to Merne, requesting him to name, without further procrastination, the time for his marriage: a request which, as we have seen, was not, nor was even likely to be complied with.

It was quite true—as her father thought—that Maude Dillamer was wonderfully changed; and the cause of this great alteration was—that she loved—loved deeply—furiously—madly; with an intensity that in her cooler moments she never dreamed herself capable of experiencing—with an earnestness that in former times she never thought for a moment her pride of lineage and birth would ever allow her to feel. The object of this delirious passion was one altogether her inferior, which made its existence more intolerable to her pride; one totally unworthy to mate with the proud daughter of the Dillamers; one on whose brow was stamped, though almost imperceptibly, the slave taint of ancestral negro connection.

There are some natures in which apparently the seeds of evil have been sown, but lie dormant, until the contact of some other nature, of a

stronger and infinitely worse, though kindred character, sympathetically draws forth a spark as it were, from the rankling pile which causes the whole to fire up; and then, the fierce passions, engendered by the collision, blaze in a way to astonish even their possessor: now, this was peculiarly the case with Maude Dillamer, who had passed her childhood and early youth under the influence of a vain, haughty mother, whose chief delight, when not engaged in the pleasures of society was to inculcate in the mind of her daughter, a proper appreciation of her position as the richest heiress in Maryland; with hints as to the propriety of keeping aloof from all but the most exclusive of the Southern *elite*, and of otherwise conducting herself, as became the daughter of so very judicious a parent; along with more advice and instruction of a like worldly character, which caused the young girl to grow up into an arrogant, disdainful woman; with a most unbounded opinion of her own consequence, and a very extensive knowledge of the complicated requirements necessary to give her distinction among the select few with whom she condescended to associate; but without a single idea of the more momentous claims of morality and religion. By most people, Miss Dillamer was considered an excessively proud, supercilious sort of girl, but still a most desirable acquaintance—as, of course, the very rich always are. Beneath her usually cold and imperious physique, an acute physiognomist might have detected occasional glimpses of a spirit, and passion, rather at variance with the young lady's assumption of the mild chilliness of aristocratic dignity. To ordinary observers, this slumbering lava of the soul was unnoticed and unsuspected: to these, she was neither better nor worse than most others; and this, in all likelihood, would have been her character to the end, had she married Merne, or even as it was, she might have supinely remained in that state of mediocre morality; but for the ugly chance which threw across her path, one who was ultimately destined to be the bane of her life—her fate—aye, her destruction!

This man was a Virginian—Edward Parpont by name. Of his antecedents, little or nothing was known; but he came to Dillamer Manor, highly recommended by many of Mr. Dillamer's oldest and most valued friends, in the capacity of general superintendent or overseer. Some said he was the illegitimate son of a gentleman, holding a high position in the old Dominion state: others declared him to be the offspring of a lady exalted in rank, and noble in lineage, who had demeaned herself by a disgraceful connection with some one of the menials belonging to a family at whose home she was visiting. The negroes under his supervision, unanimously pronounced him a devil. He had the manners of one conversant with the usages of polished society, and had a bold brusqueness of speech, not altogether displeasing in the familiarity of general

intercourse. It was only in his eye that you could detect the existence of the negro amalgam; for his hair was not even black—while his complexion was clear, and ruddy, as that of the fair-haired Saxon; but that eye, when in repose, had the peculiarly deep, dark, liquid tint, so characteristic of the Ethiopian race, which can never be mistaken for any other.

In person, he was gloriously handsome, with a strong, muscular, unspiritual, animal beauty. In disposition, he was a monster of sensuality. In character, his propensities ever drew him to the perpetration of the utterly unscrupulous; never to the practise of the just, and good.

This, then, was the man, whom Maude Dillamer loved; and he in turn, regarded her, with the fierce, jealous affection, and the unholy passion, of a nature vitiated and depraved, masked in hypocrisy, and reeking with sin.

How it came about she knew not: neither did he. He fascinated her with the glamour of his glance like the fabled serpent of old; from the first moment she beheld him, as she stood under the lofty Grecian columns of the portico, in front of the mansion, looking out upon the summer sea; when he came up in his hurried, impetuous manner, with some report to her father. She tried to avoid him: but the mesmeric influence of some secret power of invisibility, seemed to be at work, to impel these two to the familiar union of everyday contact; for they came together in ways the most unaccountable—under circumstances the most inexplicable.

In the white-washed cabin of the negro; in the halls of the neighboring gentry; galloping across the cliffs which overhang the ocean, or, strolling quietly along the beach by the sea-shore; they met, frequently, and by chance; and each of these encounters, served only to rivet the chains of fascination tighter, and stronger, around Maude Dillamer; until she began to lose her individuality—her pride—her modesty; until the strong subtle influence of this man's power drew her more affinitively to him, so that he dragged her round and round, a passive victim, bound helplessly to the chariot wheels of his unbridled licentiousness, into the giddy *maelstrom* of tumultuous passion; and she was fain to confess, that he, and he alone, was her master.

She had to live all this time a life of profound hypocrisy; with every nerve strained, every apprehension quickened, in order that her father might remain in ignorance of this disgraceful infatuation. She and Parpont would contrive secret interviews, after he had compelled her to acknowledge her preference, and had given him unequivocal proofs of her love for him; and then, she would receive him in what had once been an oratory, or perhaps a small chapel, in a distant wing of the spacious mansion, for the remote ancestors of the family were Catholics,

under Queen Mary of England, and kept their chaplain Priests in the Manor house. This room was now Maude's boudoir, and still partook in a measure of the ecclesiastical character of its origin. The walls were tapestried with scripture subjects, and ornamented at intervals, with niches inserted in the panelling, which were surmounted by crocket and finial, in carved oak. These, once devoted to the occupation of some saintly image, were now filled with copies in plaster of renowned statues. The stained glass in the large circular window, had been brought from Italy, and was imbued with sacred symbols, bordering some quaint gorgeously tinted monkish legend of mediæval art.

She would here dress herself in strange fantastic style, in submission to some idle whim of Parpont's, and then await his coming. One evening he came to her as usual, and was received with the most impassioned caresses, which, before they parted were exchanged for the less agreeable vehemence of mental torrents of fury and abuse—such quarrels between them were common. She taunted him with the disgrace of an atrocious falsehood he had told her, respecting a disgraceful intrigue in which he had lately played a conspicuous part; and then he worked himself up into a fit of ungovernable rage, and, with bitter imprecations, swore he would leave the place that night, and never see her more;—then she relented.

"Pardon me but this once," she implored, as she knelt at his feet, "and never again will I give you cause for displeasure."

"Begone, from me, serpent!" he cried with a bitter curse, as he spurned her from him, roughly, with his great strong hand, leaving her weary and crushed in the middle of the room, whither she had sunk exhausted on the floor, with the fever flush of unnatural excitement glowing on her cheek, and the wild fire of an unquiet spirit flashing in her eye. She lay there, moaning and neglected, while the setting sunlight stole through the painted window of the apartment, and shed its crimson beams around her form, as she sat prostrate and bowed upon a pile of cushions on the carpet. The rich black braids of her hair were confined by a jeweled serpent, coloured like nature, whose coils flashed in glittering folds around her head. Over the pale glimmering sheen of her satin robe was flowing a mantle of gossamer lace, silky and black, while round her arms and waist were twined ornaments of ruby and emerald, similar in snaky sinuosity to the life-like reptile, whose head stood erected, as though in defiance, over her brow.

She would, in all probability, have remained in the same position the whole night through, or even longer, so subdued was she, had not her old negro nurse come to her and noiselessly removed the baubles and clothing from her person, as she soothed her like a child to rest, and then sat by her for hours, until she regained something like her ordinary strength and composure.

Parpont came to her one day and said: "We cannot much longer conceal our intimacy; you must prepare to fly with me."

"How can I leave my father?" she asked.

"Your father be ——! and is your father as necessary to your existence as I am, I should like to know?" he savagely replied with a sneer, seizing her by the arm as he spoke, while he held her fixed by the fiery glance of his eye, and the iron firmness of his grasp. "But come, Maude," he added in a softened tone, as he saw a look of involuntary pain gather over her face, "we must leave this place, for reasons which you only too well know. There is no alternative. It would kill you to stay here, exposed to the scorn and derision of your proud associates—branded as everything that is vile in woman, as you inevitably would be if you remained here. It is more to spare your feelings than mine that I have concerted this measure; so get your clothes and jewelry packed to take away at any moment, for it will be wiser—since we have got to go—to leave before a suspicion of our intimacy gets afloat."

"Yes," she said, "it would kill me as you say. I could stand anything but that. You shall be obeyed,—I will go!" then, she went mechanically to making preparations for the journey. Her pride had all left her; she had abandoned herself to this man, body and soul; so she felt that she could do nothing but comply with all his demands. At times, a feeling of amazement would overtake her—amazement at herself; to think that she,—the representative of the proud Maryland Dillamers, could thus demean herself; but at length even this remnant of her once intolerable arrogance passed away, and left her as the sirocco leaves the desert—seared—arid—scorched; with nothing but the delirium of her love, and Parpont's strong indomitable will to sustain her.

This life she led, until the furious excitement of it began to prey upon her health; and she felt if it continued much longer that she must die. No human power could long stand this tension of the nerves—this overpowering conflict of emotion—so then—for she was afraid of death—but not finally, till then, she suffered herself to be persuaded to elope.

Parpont made his preparations with the usual caution and secrecy of the evil-doer, and in the grey dawn of a summer morning he came to fetch her away. The white folds of her drapery fell around her in long classical waves, as she stood tremblingly awaiting his coming, rigid, and erect like a statue.

"Is all ready?" she asked, in a hoarse unnatural tone of voice; as he nimbly pushed open the window of her apartment, and alighted at her feet.

"Come," he said, for he was agitated and chary of speech. Her valuables had been already conveyed away. She placed her cold fingers in his extended hand, as he led her mechanically to the door: there, he

flung around her a furred mantle, and actuated by some impulse of extraordinary tenderness, pressed her affectionately to his bosom. He then, took her carefully in his arms, and bore her softly out of the house to the carriage; which was waiting at no great distance, to convey them to Baltimore. And so, she left Dillamer Manor for ever: with no token of regret greeting her ear, but the sorrowful moan of the sea, as it dashed its breakers upon the rocks; and the sigh of the morning breeze, as it swept its measure of sound across her path.

She grew in time to be a bold bad woman. Parpont, she never married, for he deserted her in a year or two, or rather they parted, in mutual hatred, after he had contrived to secure as much of her immense fortune,—which had been left her by her mother and was entirely in her own control—as he could lay hands on.

She then went to Europe, after carefully securing—her child and Parpont's: there, she was at intervals heard of by her friends, as playing a conspicuous part in scandalous intrigues—as being with her youth, her beauty, and her wealth, the centre of evil attraction to dissolute princes, and immoral nobles; subject to no restraint; setting at defiance the rules of morality; a stranger to the laws of religion.

Mr. Dillamer was shocked—paralyzed with indignation, sorrow, and shame, at the disgraceful elopement of his daughter: stunned, and prostrated, by so appalling a blow to his pride. Mingled with these feelings, were not a few bitter reproaches at his own careless laxity of paternal supervision. Bowed with grief and humiliation, he wrote to Merne a letter full of piteous self-condemnation and apology, which was the letter that Merne received, but was too absorbed at the time to open, or even think of, when in Montreal: this, he left with his business agent to forward, and then, shut up the house at Dillamer Manor; and travelled in search of that peace of mind which is only to be found in the blessed consolations of Religion.

Chastened, and subdued; a more thoughtful, and a better man, Mr. Dillamer at length married again,—foolishly, according to general opinion whose verdict is always that, when an old man takes to his home a young wife. She brought him no dowry but youth and health. They had children, who were the blessing and the hope of their father's declining years. Maude, "poor Maude"—he used to say—he forgave; but he never again beheld her in this world.

CHAPTER IV.

CONCLUSION.

They were married, these two—Merne Dillamer and Blanche Murray ; and when the glory of an October calm was gathering over the landscape he brought her home to his Eyrie on the hill. She was delighted with the place, as well she might be, for it then appeared to its greatest advantage. The slumbering gorgeousness of Autumnal death and decay had embraced the woods ; that death which is more beautiful than life, as it stalks through the grim Canadian forest, fair and very lovely to the sight, wrapping it in a mantle of glowing colour, all crimson, and purple, and gold ; while the mysterious haze of the approaching Indian summer already began to veil the earth with its vapour. The peaceful influence of the season had its effect upon the mind of the young bride, who cheerfully accepted it as an omen of the future happiness of her married life.

Merne was like a young boy again, in the exuberant flow of his joy ; he laughed, he danced, he sung like one demented with felicity ; he would frantically catch his daintily dressed little wife in his great strong arms, and whirl her about the room in a giddy extempore waltz, or he would be guilty of a thousand absurdities which no properly disposed young man in his senses, without a charming little wife by his fireside, would ever dream of perpetrating.

An accomplished young artist visited them—one of Merne's English friends—soon after their marriage, and he painted them in the beauty of their blissful home. They are represented sitting beneath the blue sunny depth of a fair Canadian sky, upon the sloping steps of a foliage bound terrace. The branches of a Virginia creeper, its leaves slightly crimsoned by early frost, trail over a low columned wall to the right of the picture, while away to the left is a vision of delicious landscape, blue sky, resplendent foliage, water, smooth and azure, seen through the opening branches of a group of magnificent trees. An immense elm partially shades the group with its venerable boughs, and the graceful splash of a rustic fountain breaks through the air in the foreground. Merne's fair, handsome face is turned towards his bride, his hand is stretched out, his soul-lit eyes are fixed upon hers, and she—this young girl so beautiful in her dress of pure white muslin, with the scarlet berries of the mountain ash, twined among the braids and curls of her hair—sits at his feet, holding a branch of some climbing moss-like brilliantly coloured shrub in her hand, with her head gently turned upwards to the eloquent face of her husband lover. And so they went through life together—this man and

this woman—loving and loved, surrounded, in time, by healthy, god-fearing children, which were to them—as the Psalmist declares them to be:—“an heritage and gift that cometh from the Lord.”

Clouds there were, at times, to dim for a moment the brightness of their married life; but these passed away, leaving it if possible, more serenely calm than before: even as the summer sky is tranquillized and brightened after the passage of a fitful rain-storm.

It might have been six years,—perhaps more,—after his marriage; when a letter in strangely familiar hand-writing came to Merne,—he opened it, and to his inexpressible astonishment, found, that it was written by his cousin Maude: she was lying with a tedious sickness, ill, hopeless, and alone, in one of the Lower Canadian cities; and implored him—her only existing kinsman, she said—to come to her, and fetch her back to his home to die. To her father’s, she was ashamed to go: to pass away among utter strangers she was afraid. Merne went,—and brought her back to Prospect Hill; where in sorrow, and great tribulation, the stricken woman passed the remainder of her days.

Her little daughter was sent for; and on the evening of her expected arrival, Maude was wheeled to an open window, through which, the fragrance of the summer air was wafted, as it fanned her wasted cheek, and played among the still beautiful tresses of her hair. A book of devotion lay open upon her lap, and the light of a repentant spirit, shone, upon her face.

The child came, and approached her mother, who, begged Merne and his wife to lift her up, so that she might embrace the young girl: they did so—and as they gently raised her from the couch on which she reclined, they observed a slight contraction, like the dimpled smile of innocent childhood, pass over her face, while a look of peaceful joy, shone in the depths of her dark wishful eyes. They tenderly laid her down again, and then, they saw—indeed—what they had for days expected, that, she was dead—and they knew, by the holy calm which overspread her countenance, that at last her spirit was at rest.

As the author writes this, he stands near the spot where they laid this erring daughter of earth down to rest. Under a drooping elm-tree in the quiet churchyard, beneath this hill, is the lonely grave of Maude Dillamer. She sleeps well. Wild vines, and clustering garlands of sweet roses encircle her tomb. The breath of the summer breeze sighs through the forest trees scattered around, and the low subdued murmur of the waves can be heard, as they chaunt her requiem, in plashing echoes on the shore beyond.

The mansion at Prospect Hill, is now, in the march of improvement which of late years has swept over the land,—much less recognizable than when it occupied a more isolated position, in a less progressive

time ; while Mr. and Mrs. Merne Dillamer would be equally unrecognizable, from the description given of them in the bloom of their youth. Merne Dillamer, is now a decidedly magisterial looking, middle-aged gentleman, with an unmistakable tendency to corpulency,—very proud of his three extremely fine looking sons ; especially when they appear in bright new uniforms, as commander, and subaltern officers, of a company in a regiment of volunteers, over which, their father presides as Colonel. And, also very jubilant over his own prowess in the acquisition of military lore ; which, has within the last year or so, spread like an epidemic through his neighbourhood. Mrs. Dillamer, who has grown very matronly, and is still the perfection of neatness, is in turn equally proud of her four handsome daughters ; two of whom, made her a grandmother, as much as ten years ago : all of which sounds vastly unromantic and common-place, but is nevertheless true.

REVIEWS.

The Book of Praise : From the best English Hymn Writers. Selected and arranged by Roundell Palmer. Cambridge : Sever & Francis ; Toronto : Rollo & Adam. 1864.

A good deal of attention has been given of late to the subject of Hymnology, both at home and among ourselves. A wide-spread feeling has arisen that our devotional poetry has not kept abreast with the general advance in intelligence and refinement. The hymns most in vogue with the uneducated masses are observed to be, in too many instances, deformed with sentiments exaggerated and unreal, conveyed in language often uncouth and mean. We shall probably remember what was said by Foster in one of his well-known essays, of the religious phraseology of some fifty years ago ; how it formed a serious stumbling-block to the reception of truth by educated minds. "It gives the Gospel," he says, "too much the air of a professional thing which must have its peculiar cast of phrases for the mental recognition of its proficient, in the same manner as other professions, arts and mysteries have theirs. This is officiously placing the singularity of littleness to draw attention to the singularity of greatness which, in the very act, it misrepresents and obscures. It is giving uncouthness of manner to a beauty which should attract all hearts. It is teaching a provincial dialect to the rising instructor of

a world. It is imposing the guise of a little formal ecclesiastic on what is destined to be a universal monarch."

Very nearly the same words might be used of much of the religious poetry inherited from the last generation. A judicious sifting is necessary before this very important department of English literature can be made to meet the wants and tastes of the present time. It is interesting to observe how the free British mind, with its innate religiousness and instinctive restlessness, ever sets itself to work to get itself right in some manner, when it has discovered itself to be at fault. In the absence of any central authority to undertake the task, innumerable independent critics—some qualified, some not—commence making selections, and collections, and re-arrangements of the devotional poetry of the nation. Hymnals of every degree are developed in such profusion that British Christians, in addition to the many other perplexities into which the mental activity of the day is plunging them, are in danger of being brought into the situation of their Corinthian brethren of the apostolic age; each one of whom when they came together, had, in addition to a doctrine, a tongue, a revelation, an interpretation, a psalm of his own likewise.

The power of songs over a people is proverbial: they avail to strengthen or weaken, to elevate or debase the character of a nation. In like manner, hymns penetrating into farm houses, labourers' cottages, artizans' homes, affect wholesomely or unwholesomely the popular mind, and touch some of the most deep-seated springs of human action. It is important then that our hymnology should be watched; that it should be kept in harmony with an advanced and advancing civilization. The volume before us, however, is not to be classed among the hymnals. It is an exceedingly choice collection of devotional pieces intended only for private perusal and meditation. Here, among much that cannot fail to give exquisite delight to minds *en rapport* with the topics touched upon, there will be found nothing that will give a shock to the most refined taste. The book is wholly free from the offensive extravaganzas which so often damage a good cause.

The first two parts of the volume consist of pieces classified on the basis of the Creed and Lord's Prayer, as presenting in their simplest forms and in their natural order, all the fundamental points of Christianity, both objective and subjective. The third part consists of hymns distinguished chiefly from those of the two former classes by having a special reference to particular times and occasions.

In the fourth part are compositions intermediate between hymns for general use and private meditation—pieces which seem to breathe, upon the whole, the accents of particular, rather than general consciousness and experience. The sources from which the work has been compiled may be described as universal, both as to time and place. The poetic devotional utterances of Christian souls here manifestly bind together in one, periods ancient and modern, nations of various race and language, churchmen and non-conformists, churches reformed and unreformed. It is thus refreshing, as is well remarked in the Preface to the work itself, to turn aside from the divisions of the Christian world, and to rest for a little time in the sense of that inward unity which, after all, subsists among all good Christians, and which receives happy illustration from the contents of this "Book of Praise."

We recommend the volume to the attention of the reader, in every respect. As a specimen of typography it is exquisite, being brought out in the peculiarly dainty style adopted for the "Treasury Series" of Messrs. Macmillan & Co., and re-produced in perfect fac-simile by Messrs. Sever and Francis of Cambridge in Massachusetts. At pages 288 and 317 respectively are two hymns by Keble, previously published without name, but here acknowledged.

Tales of a Wayside Inn. By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. Boston: Ticknor & Fields; Toronto: Rollo & Adam.

The author of this volume has long since earned a high place among the most treasured poets of this century; and widely has he become known for his ample scholarship and European culture. To his earlier poems, however, his poetic reputation is mainly due. It is the intense humanity and the fine Christian feeling mellowing out in the "voices of the night," and in his early minor poems, so touchingly expressed, that has won for him the poet's wreathed laurel. His representative character also, as a New England bard, in his beautiful old Colony story of "Evangeline," and "Miles Standish," and as a transatlantic songster in his "Hiawatha," has endeared him to the people. But in his translations and in the tales before us, his success, depending on the skill with which they are rendered from the original, and the treatment of the verse in which they are re-clad, he has proscribed himself from the fields of imagination where his creative power would have won him a larger meed of praise.

Flowing in a calm and mostly in a melodious narrative, however, this new volume presents itself, and, in a variety of verse, are the simple tales shapen. Evidencing the varied culture of the author in the range of its studies, though displaying little trace of deep thought or originality.

To the Student and the lover of narrative poetry, from a master-pen, the volume will be highly acceptable, and if the reader be familiar with the sources of the tales, especially those from the Decameron, the Talmud, and King Robert of Sicily's legend, he will enjoy the new dress given them.

The lengthy tale from the Norse, "The Saga of King Olaf," we imagine, will be difficult to follow. It is so unconnected, and in the flights of wild verse it is no easy task to trace the traditions which are gathered round the martyr King in his efforts to plant christianity in 'grim Norraway.' The meeting of a band of friends at 'a wayside Inn, built in the old colonial day,' each narrating a tale, is the plan chosen by the author to build his book on, and the strange group, for they are of every clime, is with marvellous ease, beauty and simplicity sketched, while—

The fire-light shedding over all,
The splendour of its ruddy glow,
Filled the whole parlour, large and low,
Gleaming on wainscot and on wall."

Of these, the first is the landlord, 'a man of ancient pedigree' whose tale, "Paul Revere's Ride," is founded on an incident in the Revolution of 1775. Then follows 'a student of old books and days' who narrates "The Falcon of Ser Fedrigo" a charming story from Boccaccio. The next, a Spanish Jew, who, from the Talmud, recounts "The Legend of Rabbi Ben Levi." After an interlude he is followed by 'a young Sicilian' who recites "King Robert of Sicily," a legend of the Church inculcating humility even in high places. A musician, 'the blue-eyed Norseman,' next tells 'a Saga of the days of old' and who, in each pause of the story, plays upon a violin.

"As an appropriate interlude,
Fragments of old Norwegian tunes
That bound in one the separate runes,
And held the mind in perfect mood,
Entwining and encircling all
The strange and antiquated rhymes
With melodies of olden times;
As over some half-ruined wall,
Disjointed and about to fall,
Fresh woodbines climb and interlace,
And keep the loosened stones in place."

Now a Theologian is introduced, mourning the diversity of Churches and Creeds, and tells a fearful story, "Torquemada," a tragedy of the Spanish Inquisition. The Poet, the last of the company, with lithesome heart, now tells his tale, "The Birds of Killingworth." It is a graceful poem, with a world of meaning; and in it the author delights us with the description of this village aviary, the argument of the preceptor, as well as with the moral of the rural legend.

The feathered songsters are regarded by the farmers of Killingworth as marauders, and after a town meeting, convened in alarm at the loss of grain and other depredations, they are doomed to suffer a very St. Bartholomew of Birds. In the village preceptor, however, the birds have a friend, and he argues thus in their behalf.

"You call them thieves and pillagers; but know
They are the winged wardens of your farms,
Who from the cornfields drive the insidious foe,
And from your harvests keep a hundred harms.
Do you ne'er think what wonderous beings these?
Do you ne'er think who made them, and who taught
The dialect they speak, where melodies
Alone are the interpreters of thought?
Whose household words are songs in many keys,
Sweeter than instruments of man e'er caught!
Whose habitations in the tree-tops even
Are half-way houses on the road to heaven!"

But he entreats in vain, for

“The birds were doomed, and, as the record shows,
A bounty offered for the heads of crows.”

A contrast is finely drawn in the distress of the ruthless farmers, when, in the following Summer the fields and garden-beds were over-run by hosts of devouring insects and with no foe to check the ravage till neither leaf nor shade was left. Gladly they repealed the law that extirpated their best friends, and soon again the village was melodious with their song, or, as the poem closes—

Singing loud canticles, which many thought
Were satires to the authorities addressed.

With the Poet's song the Tales are concluded ; the guests disperse, leaving the drowsy squire—

“To rake the embers of the fire
And quench the waning parlour light,”

And the reader feels as if a sweet strain of music had been suddenly hushed, so melodious has been the 'nights entertainment.'

Appended to the volume is a string of thoughtful poems under the Author's happy classification of “Birds of Passage—flight the second, one of them, “The Children's hour,” we are sure will become a household favourite. “Weariness,” and “Something left undone,” too, are especially beautiful.

The History of Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy. By John Foster Kirk.
Philadelphia : J. B. Lippincott & Co. ; Toronto : Rollo & Adam. 1864.
Two Vols. 8vo. pp. 615 and 543.

Charles the Bold, the last of the Dukes of Burgundy, has found in the amanuensis of the late Mr. William H. Prescott, a writer of no ordinary ability. Schooled and disciplined under,—and afterwards the able assistant of Mr. Prescott—in writing his history of “Philip the Second” he obtained a familiarity with the history and languages of modern Europe. It is stated that he early conceived the idea of writing the history of Charles, and that throughout the whole of his researches in modern history, he never failed when opportunity occurred of procuring the material necessary for his cherished object. The result is now before us in two volumes, to be followed by a third at a future day.

In writing the history of Charles the Bold, it became necessary to introduce to the reader the state of Society as it then existed,—to give him a glimpse into the courts of France, of England, and of Germany, as well as

the Burgundian court; to familiarize him with the nature of feudalism and feudal tenure—and to point out what were the rights exercised over the feudal lord by his sovereign, as well as those exercised by the feudal lord over his vassals in times of peace, as in times of war. In performing this task there are abundant signs of Mr. Kirk's discriminating industry and of familiarity with the needed accessible materials. And though there is no want of acute and ingenious observations, there is no offensive parade of philosophy, no suicidal attempt to banish human will from the very theatre in which it has most splendidly exerted itself. A considerable portion of his first volume is devoted to this subject, and those of our readers who wish to become acquainted with the court ceremony and etiquette of the last two Dukes of Burgundy, "Philip the Good" and "Charles the Bold," and their sumptuous style of living will find in it a rich treat.

The Dukes of Burgundy exercised in their own dominions a sway that was virtually independent, they acquired territory and dominion, becoming sovereigns of foreign states, at the same time being themselves vassals of foreign sovereigns. Their establishments were the most costly in Europe, they were the then acknowledged heads of chivalry—the heads of a system in which—horsemanship and the use of the lance—contributed the most important branch of education. A system in which every service was in the nature of an act of homage. Every ceremony was symbolical, indicating the nature and the limits of that political tie which bound together the different classes of society. The bending of the knee was no abasement; the lord himself paid the like obedience to his suzerain. The attendant who waited obsequiously at his table, carved the viands or poured out the wine held perhaps the highest place in his confidence, and acted in war as his standard bearer or his lieutenant.

Philip the Good, though not a king, occupied a position there was no king did not envy. Yet his position was a strangely anomalous one. In the figurative language of Chastellain, "he held the safety of France in his keeping, and the tranquility of the Occident in his hand" his court shone with a magnificence unequalled by that of any sovereign in Christendom. His library consisted of the rarest manuscripts, and the earliest specimens of printed books splendidly bound and illuminated. Charles the Bold inherited the great wealth and vast possessions of his immediate predecessor; but in place of the wasteful expenditure, the unbounded gaiety, and festal profusion of the former reign, he introduced a severe decorum, a strict discipline, an exact outlay, a vigorous examination of service and compensation. Little influenced by others, he gave no exclusive confidence, no extraordinary powers to particular individuals. He presided at the council-board, where the business in hand was fully discussed and definitely settled. His daily life was one of pomp and publicity. The court of Philip the Good was one of voluptuous pomp and etiquette, characteristic of the dissolute Duke who presided over it. That of Charles the Bold while it retained the pomp and etiquette of the former, had also a precise conception of how a princely household should be conducted. Such in brief is the picture drawn by Mr. Kirk of Charles the Bold and his immediate predecessor. Let us now take a glimpse at his description of Louis of France.

Banished from the court of France, Louis was for several years a dependent of his uncle Philip the Good where he remained till called to the throne of France on the rather sudden demise of his father Charles VII. Whether from natural disposition, or the limited means placed at his disposal in the early part of his life, he acquired a penurious mode of living, which on his elevation to the throne he carried even to parsimony. His stile of living was free from pomp. He travelled without state—he avoided public receptions when entering towns, and generally preferred to take up his quarters with some private citizen or good ecclesiastic. He discoursed in a flattering strain of his desire to do away with the heavy burdens that oppressed his people; but as the sequel proved with little intention of fulfillment. The versatility of his disposition and the eccentricities of his conduct gave rise to a suspicion that he had not been too amply endowed with brain. ‘Fickleness’—proceeding from want of due discernment and reflection—was the quality generally ascribed to him. By others he is described as the very incarnation of intellect maliciously and even diabolically active. He is the compound of cunning and cruelty—a tyrant of the most detestable species gloating over the misery of his victims. Such was Louis the XI. of France the great rival of Charles the Bold.

The career of Charles may be divided into two periods. During the first he was chiefly engaged in attempts to undermine the French monarchy. The second period was occupied with efforts to establish a power which should rise beside and overtop that monarchy.

Mr. Kirk gives some new reading of Charles’s character, which tend to redeem him from the contempt and aversion which have often been lavished upon him. The title of “The Napoleon of the middle ages” he seems to think not unacceptable for him, and with great ingenuity, he succeeds in drawing a parallel quite as close perhaps as any other in which the genuine Napoleon has been made to figure. “The virtues for which he stood conspicuous among princes—his continence, sobriety, unequalled laboriousness, rigid economy, strict impartiality, inaccessibility to sycophants and parasites, openness to every appeal, and promptness to expedite every affair,” says Mr. Kirk “have been readily acknowledged, and his harshest critics, and bitterest enemies have seldom been willing to deny his sincerity.”

In the compilation of these volumes a vast amount of research among the publications of Royal Commissions and learned societies, written in various and often obscure dialects, appears to have been made, in his notes also will be found much to admire, as well as a good deal to condemn. When the author finds it necessary to make statements at variance with other writers, he is careful in giving the names of his authorities on all occasions, indeed he is scrupulously exact in naming them. This is no less wise than conscientious, for no history, without merit absolutely unique, can hope long to retain the regard of judicious men, when it is not frank enough to meet a cross-examination, and not generous enough to offer the use of its own to those who wish to travel on the same road. We cannot however, but admit with caution, statements at variance with Philip De Commines, Sigismund, Hallam and Lord Macaulay.

Mr. Kirk has a copious vocabulary, sometimes we think too much so for

the best effect. Possessed as he is in a high degree of all the elements of descriptive power, and masterly as is his use of them in numerous cases, he is not invariably equal to himself. With uncommon command of expression, and a large fund of illustration, he carries too seldom to condense his descriptions. His pictures are too communicative. They do not always give us the few representative traits, which are so much more telling than the whole. They rather fill than prompt the mind.

With the progress of the history, the interest steadily increases, and we shall anxiously look forward to the publication of the third volume, which in this respect is not likely to fall off.

Husks. Colonel Floyd's Wards. By Marion Harland. New York : Sheldon & Co. ; Toronto : Rollo & Adam. 12 mo., pp. 526.

The writings of Marion Harland are marked by great purity of sentiment, truthfulness of description, just appreciation of character, and in general sound morality.

Husks,—a reprint from Godey—is an admirably written story, being well conducted from beginning to end. The same can be said of *Colonel Floyd's Wards*. In both of these works we notice that the plot turns, and the catastrophes are brought about, by misunderstanding, or the want of a clear and frank expression of the truth on the part of one lover, or of both. Such things may occur in actual life ; but we are inclined to believe that most women if they love a man, and he loves them, are able to find some means of letting him know it, without any breach of delicacy ; and we think that Mr. Alexander Lay could have contrived some way to let Helen know the position in which he stood, and thus have rendered the murder useless. The author is a native of Old Dominion, and throughout both these stories it is easy to perceive a mind imbued with the ideas usually held by slaveowners. Colonel Floyd does not regard his negroes as men but as animals, to be beaten when he is in bad humour, and to be used as instruments of his vices or his crimes. We cannot forbear however, to add, that the author has an admirable appreciation of character, and draws her pictures with great truth and beauty. We notice especially the characters of Lucy and Phillip, in *Husks*—also Sarah and Aunt Benson.

THE BRITISH QUARTERLIES.*

THE LONDON QUARTERLY.—OCTOBER.

This number contains some very excellent and valuable papers,—*On the Progress of Engineering Science.*—*Life and Writings of Thomas Hood.*—*Antiquity of Man.*—*Japan.*—*The Church of England and her Bishops, &c.,*
Of the Progress of Engineering Science we glean the following :—

Recently a new application of water-power has been effected by the inventive genius of Sir W. Armstrong. He first applied it at Newcastle, where the general level of the town is very much above that of the wharves of the harbour, and the waterworks in consequence provided a very tall column of water at the lower levels. Of this he availed himself by applying the pressure so obtained to force a piston along a watertight cylinder, and with a simple multiplying gear the cranes on the quays were made, by the mere turning of a cock, to raise any weight their construction could support. By applying the water power alternately on both sides of the piston, and acting on a cranked axle—as done in the steam engine—a water-engine was next invented, capable of exerting any amount of power that could be obtained from the height of the column of water and the amount of supply. When a sufficient head of water is available, or where the work is intermittent, this is certainly one of the most successful applications of water-power yet invented. At Great Grimsby Dock and at Birkenhead pipes are laid under the pavement from a reservoir at the top of a tall tower, to every part of the dock premises. At the foot of every crane, under the piston of every hoist, at every dock-gate, unseen and noiseless the power lies dormant; but a woman's hand applied to a small handle will set in motion a force sufficient to raise a mass weighing fifty or one hundred tons, and either to place it in the hold of a ship, or deposit it in any spot within reach of the arms of the crane. With equal ease the gates of locks one hundred feet in width are opened or shut, and the smallest as well as the heaviest works of the dock-yard done without a stranger being able to perceive what it is that sets everything in motion.

As an accumulator of power Bramah's hydraulic press surpasses anything that has yet been invented, and may be carried to any extent that the strength of the metal will stand. The presses which were used to raise the tubes of the Menai Bridge when worked by a 40-horse power engine were capable of exerting a power equal to that of 14,200 horses, and raised one-half the tube, or 900 tons, slowly but steadily, through the 100 feet at which they were to be placed above the level of the water.

Air is, perhaps, too elastic to be ever practically used as an accumulator, but as a transmitter of power it nearly succeeded in the Atmospheric Railway

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



in superseding the locomotive, and might have done so if engineers had been able to make a durable airtight valve ; and if they ever do so now it may again come into play. In the meanwhile a most ingenious combination of the working and transmitting power of air is employed to carry out the great tunnel through the Alps, which, without its aid, would be difficult in the extreme.

The tunnel under Mount Cenis is to be rather more than seven miles and a half in length, and as it is one English mile below the summit of the mountain, no air-shafts could be sunk from above ; and the first difficulty was to ventilate a cul-de-sac that at one time, at least, must be nearly four miles in length. This has been accomplished most successfully by M. Sommeiller the engineer, availing himself—on the Italian side—of a stream of water eighty feet above the mouth of the tunnel. This is used to force air into a chamber, where it is kept at a constant pressure of six atmospheres by a stand-pipe 165 feet (50 metres) in height. From this it is conveyed in pipes to the innermost end of the excavation, where it is set to work to bore holes in the face of the rock for blasting purposes. There are eight perforators, each of which sinks ten holes three feet deep in the face of the rock in six hours. It takes some time to dry each of these, and to charge it with gunpowder ; and it takes four hours to clear away the débris and to make all ready for commencing another set of perforations. So that practically only two sets are bored in twenty-four hours, and the progress is consequently six feet per day. At each blow on the head of the jumper a portion of the compressed air escapes, as steam does in a high-pressure engine. Its expansion is sufficient to cause a draft outwards, and keep the place perfectly ventilated ; and even immediately after a blast the tunnel is freed from the products of the explosion very rapidly, and no inconvenience felt. By improvements in the machinery the engineer hopes to bore one set of holes in eight hours ; and as the more work it does the more air it blows off, not only will the work be expedited, but the ventilation improved by the more rapid working.

To any one accustomed to the noisy activity of most marine or manufacturing engines, nothing can be more remarkable than the sleepy quiet of those of Cornwall. The fire-bar area is so great, and the boiler arrangements so roomy and so carefully appropriate, that all the fuel and all the smoke are consumed, and none issues from the chimney. In the engine-room nothing is seen but one great cylinder, hooped with wood, and looking more like a beer-vat than a part of an engine, and almost as cool to the touch. A few slender bright rods extend from the roof through the floor, and to these are attached some delicate bright handles, of rather fanciful forms, but these suffice to open and shut its valves and to regulate its expansion. As the stranger enters, all is quiet and at rest ; no burst of smoke, no smell of oil, no escape of steam, and no noise ; presently there is a click-click among the handles, the great beam lazily raises itself and lifts 100 or 200 fathoms of heavy pit work some ten feet upwards, and then as quietly drops it again into its place. Having done this giant's work it goes to sleep again for ten to twenty seconds, as the case may be, till called upon to make another effort. This it repeats at stated intervals during the whole twenty-four hours, week after week, or for months together, without rest or intermission.

Contrast this with the express engine, rushing past at a speed of 50 or 60 miles an hour, making 1000 or 1200 pulsations in a minute, consuming coals with reckless wastefulness, and casting its vital heat and life's blood to the four winds at each beat of its valves. Nothing that man has done comes so near to the creation of an animal as this—even the most unimaginative can hardly help drawing comparisons between the steam-horse and his quadrupedal competitor. There is indeed more in the comparison than appears at first; especially when we see the monster fed with great spoonfuls of cooked black vegetable food, from which it evolves its vital heat in its capacious lungs, which, after circulating through its tubular veins, is launched into the air with the waste products of combustion.

There does not seem to be any theoretical limit to the size of a cylinder of a steam-engine, or consequently to the power that may be given to it, but, practically, it is generally found more expedient to use two or more engines to do a given amount of work than to increase to any very great extent the powers of one. Pumping-engines with cylinders 100 inches in diameter, and with 10 feet stroke, are common in Cornwall, and those used to drain the Haarlem lake were 144 inches in diameter; and in the 'Warrior' and 'Achilles' the pair of engines are nominally 1250 or 1300-horse power, but really work up to 5000 or 6000-horse power.

With Whitworth's gauges and measuring machines, quantities may be appreciated and worked which the human touch cannot feel, and the eye cannot mark, without instrumental or microscopic aid; and any one who has realized what perfection of workmanship it requires in order that a locomotive or a screw engine should pulsate with such enormous rapidity, without loose joints or heated bearing, well knows that this accuracy is no idle exercise of ingenuity, but constitutes in reality the principal source of power in modern engines. With the same dimensions this perfection of workmanship has doubled their effective work as compared with those in the beginning of the century, and is as characteristic of the machinery as of the power that drives it.

An immense impulse was also given to the improvement of vessels by the discovery of America, and of the passage round the Cape, and since then the progress has been rapid and steady; but it was not till propulsion by steam cleared the problem of all extraneous considerations of weatherlyness, steadiness, and handiness in manœuvring, &c., that marine architects fairly grappled with the subject.

In order to explain the problem the shipwright has before him, it may be necessary to state that a vessel, for instance, of 1500 tons, 36 feet beam, 250 feet long, and with 20 feet draft, displaces 20 tons of water for every foot she moves forward, and the question is what is she to do with this? If she heaps it up before her as the old bluff-bowed vessels did, she has not only to climb over it, but she has wasted an enormous amount of power in lifting what she might have left lying.

The progress already made in this direction will be understood if we take for instance the resistance of a square box as our unit. By simply rounding off the corners, the power requisite to force the box through the water is diminished by one-third; by introducing such lines as were usual in the best

ships thirty years ago, the resistance is lessened by two-thirds. Whereas now, in consequence of the improved lines which are mainly due to the long scientific investigations of Mr. Scott Russell and his coadjutors, the resistance is only one-twelfth of that of the box first mentioned; and this fraction may before long be reduced to one-twentieth or even one-twenty-fourth.

Already twenty miles an hour has been reached, the Holyhead packets working steadily at that rate; and even an armed despatch vessel has just left this country for China, which, with all her armament on board, can do as much, and that without any extraordinary exertion.

Another mode of constructing piers for breakwater has recently been engaging the attention of engineers, and promises satisfactory results. It is in fact a revival of the idea of De Cessart of building a breakwater in circular masses on the shore, and floating them to the spot where they are required, only carried out in stone instead of wood. It was attempted at Sheerness in 1812, by Sir William Bentham, with fair success, and has been done on a smaller scale elsewhere. Though it may at first appear paradoxical, there is no more difficulty in building a stone ship, especially if shaped like a circular tower, which is the form wanted, than there is in building an iron one, nor in making it of sufficient strength to float across a harbour, and when sunk in its place and filled with concrete it ought to form as stable a pier and as cheap as any yet executed.

As a single work the great Float at Birkenhead far surpasses anything on the opposite side of the water, or indeed any work of its class that has yet been attempted anywhere. The area of water in this one dock is 121 acres, and it is approached by three great entrances, one of which has a sluicing apparatus, intended to keep the low-water entrance basin free from sediment, and which is constructed on a scale never before attempted; but whether it will attain its proposed object is very much doubted. The principal entrance has gates with a clear opening of 100 ft.; the largest ever constructed, which would admit the 'Great Eastern' if divested of her paddle-wheels, and will admit the largest screw-steamer or sailing-ship that the wildest imagination has yet conceived.

It is difficult to convey a correct idea of the magnitude of such a work as this, for even its money value does not tell the story of its difficulty. It may, however, help us if we recollect that St. Paul's Cathedral cost about 800,000*l.*, and this was more than the expense of any of our mediæval cathedrals. The Parliament Houses cost two millions; and if we take the Great Pyramid of Cheops at a shilling a cubic foot, which is about the price at which a contract could be obtained, it would cost a little over four millions. As before hinted this dock will cost six; but as two millions, at least, were wasted in doing and undoing, it is probable that a contractor might be found to undertake this Float or the Great Pyramid at about the same lump sum.

The Docks of London are about equal to those of Liverpool in extent; that is to say, they contain about 270 acres of water-surface, and taking into account the expense of land and the amount of warehouse accommodation belonging to them, they probably cost as much money; but being dug out of the dry land, they presented none of the engineering difficulties encountered on the Mersey, and have none of that cyclopean grandeur of masonry which is so impressive there.

In modern times the bridge over the Dee at Chester is the largest arch that has yet been attempted in stone. It is 200 feet span, with a rise of only 42 feet; and Brunel built a bridge of brick over the Thames at Maidenhead of two elliptical arches, each 128 feet span, with only 22 feet rise.

The boldest and grandest application of this principle is the bridge constructed for railway traffic by Mr. Roebling, just below the Falls of Niagara. So rapid has been the progress of engineering science, that if any one had proposed twenty years ago to throw a railway bridge over a chasm 800 feet wide and 245 feet above such a foaming torrent as that of the Niagara, he would have been looked on as a madman. Yet this has now been accomplished, and by very simple means. The bridge consists of a rectangular tube 20 feet deep by 26 feet wide, or rather two floors 18 feet apart—the upper carrying the railway, the lower the roadway for ordinary traffic. These are connected together by a series of wooden posts, braced together by diagonal iron tie-rods. By bracketing out from the rocks, the free length of the tube is reduced to 700 feet, and it is then suspended from towers 821 feet apart from centre to centre by four wire cables of 10 inches section, and each containing 3640 separate wires. These are further assisted by numerous braces radiating from the towers, and a multitude of ingenious minor contrivances.

We have become so familiar with these wonders that it is curious to look back on the interest and excitement caused by an attempt to carry a roadway under the Thames, and still more to turn to what occurred less than one hundred years ago (in 1766), and mark the incredulity and the ridicule which were displayed when Brindley proposed to cut the Harecastle Tunnel in Staffordshire. Yet this was only nine feet wide by twelve feet high, and 2880 yards long; and as the highest summit of the hill through which it was cut is only 190 feet above the tunnel, it could be and was worked by means of fifteen shafts from above. Even this tunnel took eleven years to execute, and at times its daring projector almost despaired of success, nor did he live to see it completed. Compare this with the great tunnel under Mount Cenis, nearly five times its length,* and at a depth of an English mile (1600 metres) below the summit, so that shafts being impossible it has to be worked wholly from the ends, and so far as can be ascertained through hard rock the whole way; yet there is no reason to suppose that it will take longer than Brindley's tunnel to execute. But the remarkable fact is that no one seems to doubt the success of the undertaking, and any one attempting to ridicule its projectors would only render himself ridiculous. Yet though none doubt the practicability, many doubt the expediency of the undertaking; the truth being that since it was commenced railway engineering has made such progress it is by no means clear that it would not have been better to keep on the surface of the earth and climb the pass, steep though it might be, than to excavate a tunnel so unavoidably expensive as this one must prove,

It may appear a strange assertion, but it is nevertheless true, that timidity

* The tunnel is to be as nearly as may be 40,000 feet long, and is estimated to cost 50*l.* per foot forwards, or two millions sterling.

is the cause which has hitherto most retarded the progress of railways. Men hesitated long in employing them, because they were afraid that the smooth wheels would not have sufficient hold on the smooth rails to enable them to draw. They were afraid to join their rails for fear the expansion would cause them to rise and twist; but the most curious thing is that long after the introduction of the present system they were afraid the locomotive could not climb gradients so steep as 1 in 100.

At last they tried—and now any one may see the locomotive coming from Oldham to Manchester, dragging very heavy trains up an incline of 1 in 27, which is about the slope of Ludgate Hill; and in America, in some of the mountain passes of Virginia, they rise in 1 in 17 and 1 in 20, the latter being the slope of Holborn Hill, which tasks our local traffic so severely; more even than this, it is asserted that the locomotive has actually scaled an incline of 1 in 10 with a load greater than its own weight.* This is probably a steeper slope than any turnpike road we have.

But it is now proposed to cross the Simplon by a railway, and before long Innsbruck will be connected with Verona—so that it can hardly be said that any mountain chain which has been traversed by roads is inaccessible to the steam horse. Even the Himalayas might be so traversed; and if a hundred years hence some unborn Brunel be called upon to make designs for the Lahore and Ladak Junction Railway, and find himself forced to tunnel through the ridge—it will not be that the engine could not climb a pass even 18,000 feet above the level of the sea, but that the perennial snows of those regions would form so unsuitable and so unsatisfactory a foundation for his permanent way.

Wonderful as many of the things are which have been alluded to above, perhaps the most wonderful thing of all is the electric telegraph. And it seems destined to have about as much influence in bringing the ends of the world together as even steam-navigation or the rail. It is, however, the youngest of engineering inventions, and consequently the least perfect.

Hardly more than twenty years have elapsed since the first little experimental line from London to Slough forced itself into notice by assisting in the capture of the murderer Tawell, and since then what progress has been made? Not only is it easy to converse with every important place in England, but messages can be sent to every capital in Europe, and answers received in an incredibly short space of time. Once it was possible to communicate with America, and it probably will be so again before the year 1864 changes its index. Already the Atlantic Telegraph Company have received tenders from eight different firms, any one of whom is competent to the task, and some of these tenders are so favourable that one of them will, no doubt, be accepted; if so, London and New York may be within speaking distance again before twelve months are over, and this time with every chance of their connexion being permanent, so great has been the improvement in the manufacture of submarine cables, and so extensive the experience of the mode of laying them. While this is being debated, a cable has left England

* 'Minutes of Proceedings of Institute of Civil Engineers,' vol. xviii. p. 51.

which is destined to unite Calcutta with London, and which in all probability will accomplish this object ere long. But communication with any point in the North American coast must embrace also New Orleans, and the whole of that continent ; our communication with Calcutta extends by an easy link to Singapore, and from Singapore to Canton and Batavia ; and from the latter place there is no difficulty in reaching the Australian continent. It may thus be that before many years are over we may see recorded in the morning's 'Times' events that happened at Sidney, or Shanghai, or San Francisco on the previous day. Surely this is a wonder and a triumph of scientific skill if anything ever was ; and surely the men who do these things are giants !

Life and Writings of Thomas Hood.—Sydney Smith was a tolerant man, yet he confessed to one little weakness—a secret desire to roast a Quaker. Hood also was tolerant, but he too had his weakness ; he would roast the Pharisees and the 'unco guid' in their own conceit. But he held sacred all that was high and holy. He was none the less religious because he hated cant and warred against it ; because he had no sympathy with that Scottish clergyman who was horrified at seeing people walking the streets of Edinburgh on a Sunday, smiling and looking perfectly happy. There was no blasphemy, no unbelief, no *wanton* wile in the wit of Thomas Hood. The last lines he ever wrote show us an aspect of the man facing eternity, and lead us to believe that he had found his exaltation on the cross of suffering, knowing that of all this world's highest places it could lift the spirit highest heaven : and when he felt the hand of 'one standing in shade' was upon him, he likewise felt the transfiguring touch of One standing in light.

' Farewell Life ! My senses swim,
And the world is growing dim ;
Thronging shadows cloud the light,
Like the advent of the night.
Colder, colder, colder still
Upward steals a vapour chill—
Strong the earthy odour grows—
I smell the mould above the rose.

' Welcome Life ! The spirit strives !
Strength returns, and hope revives ;
Cloudy fears and shapes forlorn
Fly like shadows at the morn,—
O'er the earth there comes a bloom—
Sunny light for sullen gloom,
Warm perfume for vapour cold—
I smell the rose above the mould.'

THE BRITISH MONTHLIES.*

GOOD WORDS.—DECEMBER.

American Slavery. Mr. De Pass, surgeon to a Michigan regiment, Tennessee, says that out of six hundred negro recruits whom he has examined, one in five bore the marks of severe flogging, "scores showed numerous gashes that you could not cover the scars of with one and often two fingers," whilst in one case he found more than 1000 marks of from six to eight inches in length. Think of the benevolence of that labour system in which one working man in five has to be flogged till the scars remain! But this estimate probably falls far short of the truth. Mr. De Pass' report is of very recent date (I find it quoted in the "Spectator" of Sept. 5), and belongs to a period when it must have been pretty well known amongst the coloured men what disabilities would exclude them from military service. Earlier reports tell a far worse account. An officer, writing from Louisiana to the Boston *Transcript*, stated that not one recruit "in fifteen is free from marks of severe lashing," and that "more than one half * * * are rejected," (the rejections being themselves more than half of the number that offer), "because of disability, arising from lashing of whips, and biting of dogs on their calves and thighs;" whilst Mr. Wesley Richards, a surgeon, writing May 25, 1863, to the Cincinnati *Free Nation*, after examining about 700 recruits, says that "at least one half bore evidence of having been severely whipped and maltreated in various ways;" some "stabbed with a knife, others shot through the limbs, some wounded with clubs until their bones were broken;" and others had their hamstrings cut to prevent their running off. And General Saxton, in command of the Department of the South (comprising South Carolina, Georgia, Florida), on being examined before the "Freedmen's Inquiry Commission," stated that there was scarcely one of the negroes whose back was not "covered with scars." East and west, it will be seen, the testimony is the same.

Now it may surprise many who have known what it is to be chastised even severely in their childhood, and who have retained not the slightest trace of the correction, that scars should be constantly referred to as the result of the flogging of slaves. But we must not confound the patriarchal slave-owner's corrections with those of a Dr. Busby. McMillan, a trustworthy contraband examined before the Commissioners, will explain the difference. The slave is stretched out on his face, with his arms and legs tied to bolts or rings, and then—a firm, resisting position being thus secured—lashed till the flesh is

* The British Monthlies, including *Blackwood* (American reprint), *Cornhill*, *Temple Bar*, *The St. James' Magazine*, *Good Words*, *London Society*, *The Churchman's Magazine*, *Macmillan*, &c., &c., can be procured each month at Messrs. Rollo & Adam's, Toronto.

laid open. But this is mere routine punishment. A more refined instance of our slave-owning patriarchs' reformatory discipline is where the slave is buried in a hole in the ground just large enough to receive his body, a door put on the top, and he is thus kept for two or three weeks, or even for a month—if life, of course, so long hold out. Another punishment, which is said to have been several times inflicted, is so indescribably filthy, that I can only hint at it by saying that it consists in turning men into living cesspools, with the application of artificial means for increasing the amount of sewage. Of a Port Royal woman whom Mr. Nordhoff saw, he says "She has suffered treatment so inhuman that I cannot describe it here; I will only say, that not only her back but her breasts bore deep scars, the marks of unmerciful and brutal flogging."

But Solomon Bradley, a blacksmith by trade, who, for his superior intelligence, had been appointed chief steward, at \$30 a month, on board a Federal transport, and resigned the situation to enlist, when he could only receive \$11 a month, because he "could not feel right as long as he was not in the regiment,"—Solomon Bradley describes the following as the most cruel punishment he ever saw inflicted, by one Mr. Farraby, owner of one of the largest South Carolina coast plantations, near Port Royal. Attracted by the noise of fearful screams in Mr. Farraby's own yard, he went up and saw a slave-girl stretched on the ground on her face, her hands and feet tied fast to stakes, her master standing over her, beating her with a leather trace from a harness, every blow of which raised the flesh if it did not gash it, and now and then kicking her in the face with his heavy boots when she screamed too loud. When he had become exhausted by this benevolent exertion, our "patriarch" sent for sealing-wax and a lighted lamp, and dropped the blazing wax into the gashes; after which, finally, his arm being rested apparently, he switched the wax out again with a riding-whip. Two grown-up Miss Farrabys were all this while watching the humane series of operations from the upper windows. And the offence of the girl was burning the waffles for her master's breakfast.

The Rev. William Taylor, in a pamphlet on the "Cause and probable Results of the Civil war in America," relates the following:—

"A dear friend of mine, in my native county, in the Shenandoah Valley, Virginia, was passing the house of a neighbour, and saw in the barn-yard, suspended from a beam * * * a coloured woman hung up by her hands. She was nearly naked, had been whipped till she was unable to moan aloud, and had an ear of Indian corn stuck in her mouth as a gag. In that condition she was left hanging till her master should take his breakfast, and have family prayers. My friend went in to see him, and remonstrated in vain to have her taken down, till after the family devotions were over. * * * This pious (?) family I knew well, and their three children, William, Arthur, and Adeline, were taught authority between the ages of five and ten years, by being set to whip the said poor woman at will, and she was beaten and scarred up so as to present a most unnatural and hideous appearance."

In the real South, the lash is evidently a regular daily element of the institution. "I am residing," writes Mr. Aughey, "on the banks of the Yoochanoohany. * * * In this vicinity there are large plantations, cultivated

by hundreds of negroes. * * * Every night the negroes are brought to a judgment seat. The overseer presides. If they have not laboured to suit him, or if their task is unfulfilled, they are chained to a post and severely whipped." Of these overseers, the writer has just said: "I never knew a pious overseer—never. * * * Overseers, as a class, are worse than slave-owners themselves. They are cruel, brutal, licentious, dissipated, and profane. They always carry a loaded whip, a revolver, and a bowie-knife." Such are the dispensers of the Southern slave-owners' justice. Of course the terror they excite is extreme; and the writer says he has known an instance of a woman through fright giving birth to a child at the whipping-post. It need hardly be said that it is at the option of the overseer to strip the slaves to any extent. "In Louisiana, women, preparatory to whipping, are often stripped to a state of perfect nudity." Black women only, perhaps some aristocrat of colour may think. "There is a girl," said one Col. H—, a member of Mr. Aughey's church, to the latter, "who does not look very white in the face, owing to exposure; but *when I strip her to whip her, I find that she has a skin as fair as my wife.*" It is thus evidently the habit of these Mississippi patriarchs to strip and whip women as white of skin as their own wives. And the slaves are so fond of the system that "every night," Mr. Aughey tells us, "the Mississippi woods resound with the deep-mouthed baying of the bloodhounds."

Reminiscences of a Highland Parish, (concluded).

The Two Generals. A Christmas story of the War in Kentucky. This is a sad tale of two brothers, who, at the beginning of the present American Revolution, entered, one the Federal, the other the Confederate armies. In the second year of the war both met, and recognized each other on the battle field, just in time to prevent the life of the younger being taken by the elder.

A Dutchman's Difficulties with the English Language. Steven Van Brammelendam, a Dutchman, went to London on a visit to a friend, and brought with him a letter of introduction. When the train arrived at London Bridge it was 10:30 P.M., he at once proceeded to the office of his friend at Cornhill. He rang the bell—rang again—and continued ringing, until Mrs. Jenkins, the housekeeper, in a frantic state of excitement hurriedly opened the door.

No sooner had she opened the door, than Steven, presenting his letter of introduction, said: "Is my gentleman Dobson to house?"

"Pray, sir, I cannot read," answered Mrs. Jenkins, returning the letter.

"Is my gentleman Dobson to house?" Steven repeated.

"Sir?"

"Yes, Sir Dobson."

"What about Sir Dobson?"

"Is he to house?"

"What house? I don't understand you."

"Give this letter to your gentleman," said Steven, in the kindest tone he could assume.

"There are no gentlemen here," answered Mrs. Jenkins, rather indignantly; "call to-morrow at ten;" and the door was shut upon the benighted Brammelendam.

A cabman now came to the rescue. With some difficulty he succeeded in making Steven understand that he would have to take a bed at a *hinn* for the night. Then after having crossed some four or five streets he put him down at the entrance of a gin-palace, whose splendid lanterns promised "chops, steaks, and well-air'd beds" to travellers. The landlord, observing two big portmanteaus and a hat-box on the top of the cab, had no objection, of course to take in the late visitor.

"What am I guilty to you?" Steven said to cabby, pulling out his purse.

"Guilty?" cabby repeated with a smile; "don't know, unless you run away without paying me.

Steven understood the word "paying."

"Yes, I will pay the load. How much?"

"Half-a-crown."

"What is half-a-crown?"

"Why, its two-and-six."

"Frightful!" Steven exclaimed! "Twenty-six shillings only for riding me such a short end!"

Cabby, who fortunately was one of the better stamp, could not help laughing at this mistake, which certainly was something out of the common. After some further explanations, Steven, much to his satisfaction, saw John off with his two shillings and sixpence.

After having seen his luggage taken up to his bed-room, Steven entered the tap-room, which consisted of twelve boxes, six on each side.

"Where is the coffee-room?" asked Steven.

"This is the coffee-room," the landlord replied.

"What! This?" Steven exclaimed. "This is a place for horses. There is precisely room here for twelve horses. Do you put men into horse-stables in this country?"

"The landlord gave no reply. Steven, perceiving that no choice was left to him, took a seat in one of the "horse-stables," and ordered his supper.

"Give me a butterham with flesh, and a half-bottle wine."

"No bread?" the landlord asked.

"Natural," Steven replied, not knowing the English expression "of course."

The landlord smiled and shook his head. He brought up some butter and a few slices of ham.

"Which wine do you take, sir, sherry or port?"

"None of both. Give me *Bordeaux*."

"Don't know that wine," the landlord replied, shrugging his shoulders.

"I aim at red wine."

"Why, that's port."

"No port. Port is too heady to me."

"Perhaps you mean French wine?"

"Mean French wine!" Steven exclaimed. "No; French wine is not mean. It is drunk by kings and princes. Pour me a glass.

While the landlord fetched a bottle of claret, Steven murmured within himself: "Those conceited Englishmen! Everything which is not English, is mean in their estimation."

"Where is the butterham?" Steven asked, while the landlord put down the bottle.

"Why, it is before you," the landlord replied, pointing at the plates.

"This is the butter, and this is the ham."

Steven burst out laughing.

"Oh yes, natural!" he said. "This is butter *and* ham. But I ordered a butterham. I aim at bread for smearing the butter upon it."

With such difficulties as these Steven struggled, till at length he had got his wants supplied, and thought of retiring for the night. Not being in the habit of shaving himself, he thought it might be as well to order a barber for the next morning. Remembering that the name of the instrument which the barbers use is called a razor, he said to the landlord: "Can I be razed to-morrow?"

"Raised?" the landlord repeated, smiling, "yes, to be sure you can."

"Will you then send up a man to raze me?"

"I will raise you myself."

"Ah, very well. At nine o'clock, if you please."

The next morning, punctual to time, the landlord knocked at Steven's door.

"Within!" Steven cried, and the landlord entered.

"Where is your knife?" Steven asked.

"My knife. What for?"

"Well, to raze me."

"Why you *are* raised."

"I am *not* razed. You must raze me with a knife along my visage."

With these words Steven passed his hand to and fro over his chin to imitate the operation of shaving.

"Oh, I see," the landlord cried in a fit of laughter. "You want to be shaved! But I am not a barber, sir; you must go to a shaving shop."

The landlord directed him to a barber's shop, which it appears he had some difficulty in finding.

He walked up the street, looking carefully to right and left, but no shaving place could he see. At length, after having turned down half a dozen streets, he noticed on a window the inscription, "Savings Bank."

"Ah," he said to himself, "this is it. Here is a bank upon which people are placed to be saved."

It did not escape his notice that the landlord had spoken of *shaving*, and not of *saving*, but he surmised that this difference was owing to the innkeeper's cockney pronunciation, which always likes to squeeze in an *h* where it is not wanted.

He entered the savings bank. A young man was standing at the desk, apparently engaged in some calculation.

"Can I here be saved? Steven asked.

"I'll attend to you in two minutes," the clerk answered.

Steven looked round the place. It was a magnificent office. A large set of mahogany desks seemed waiting for half a dozen clerks who had not yet made their appearance. Steven perceived that he was mistaken. "Still," he thought, "I will ask this young man to help me on my way."

“Well, what can I do for you?” said the clerk to him.

Now, Steven wanted at once to tell him that he perceived he was wrong, but he did not know the word “wrong.” What is *verkeered* in English? he asked himself. He translated the word into Latin, and giving it an English termination, said :

“My gentleman, I see I am perverted. I wish to be saved.”

The comical face with which Steven said these words called up an equally comical expression on the face of the clerk.”

“What? Are you perverted?” he asked, contracting his brow with a queer look.

“Yes, I see I am here on the perverted place, but perhaps will you be so good of to help me on the way.”

“Do you want to deposit some money?” the clerk asked.

“Yes, I have money,” Steven answered, producing a handful of coppers from his pocket; “I must be saved with a razor along my visage.”

The clerk laughed uproariously, and so did some of the other clerks who had now come in, until the whole office echoed. Steven, perceiving the oddity of the case, heartily joined them. The young man then took him to a barber’s shop, where he soon got what he wanted.

The Victoria Military Hospital, Netley. A full description of this vast establishment, the first place visited by HER MAJESTY after her retirement from seclusion.

CORNHILL—DECEMBER.

Marriage Settlements.—The English law is, that, upon marriage, the husband becomes absolutely entitled to his wife’s personal property, and entitled to the profits of her real property for her life, or, if a child is born alive of the marriage, for his own life. On the other hand, the wife is entitled to a third of his land for her life, and on his dying intestate, she takes a part of his personal property, varying according to the state of his family. The law as to dower has practically been rendered obsolete by Acts of Parliament and conveyancing subtleties; but, as regards personal property and the real property of the wife, it is still in full force. Such being the law, it is obvious that every marriage settlement evades it, to the prejudice of the husband. Instead of getting his wife’s property absolutely, he gets at best only a life-interest in it. Hence the law of the land and the tenor of marriage settlements stand in direct opposition to each other. If one is right, the other must be wrong.

The French law of marriage, and of the effects which marriage produces upon property, is set forth in the *Code Civil*. The provisions which apply specially to the present subject are contained in the 5th title of the 3rd book, Articles 1,387–1,580. These articles, of course, enter into many details which it would be out of place to mention on the present occasion. The most general and important of them are as follows:—According to the French law, people may make any arrangements they please as to the effect of marriage on their property so long as they are not immoral, and do not interfere with certain fundamental principles—for instance, the personal

rights of the husband over his wife and children. They may, however, declare in general terms that they marry either upon what may be called the partnership system (*régime de la communauté*), or the dower system (*régime dotal*). The partnership system constitutes the common law of France.

According to the partnership system, the fact of marriage makes the husband and wife a firm, the capital of which is composed of all the moveable property possessed by the parties at the time of their marriage, all the moveable property which they acquire during the marriage by succession or gift, and all the immovable property acquired during the marriage. Each party, however, may receive gifts, legacies, or devises separately. The liabilities of the firm consist of all personal debts owing at the time of the marriage, of debts incurred during the marriage by the husband, or by the wife with his consent, and of certain other charges, especially the food of the married persons, and the education and maintenance of their children.

The husband alone manages the property of the firm. He can sell, alienate, or mortgage it, without the consent of the wife. He cannot, however, gratuitously give away landed property, nor the whole, nor a proportion of the moveable property, except for the advancement (*établissement*) of the children of the marriage. The partnership is dissolved by natural or civil death, or by a separation, which may be either a *séparation de biens*, or a *séparation de corps*. The *séparation de biens* may be sued for by the wife if her property is endangered, and if the disorder of her husband's affairs gives reason to fear that his property is not sufficient to satisfy his wife's demands upon him. After such a separation as to property, the wife must contribute to the expenses of the household and to the education of the children, but, subject to this, she manages her property herself, though she may not alienate her land without the husband's consent. The *séparation de corps* resembles the judicial separation known to our own Divorce Court.

Upon the dissolution of the partnership the accounts are taken according to a set of rules prescribed by the code. Each party—the wife first—is repaid the amount to which they were originally entitled. If there is not enough to satisfy the wife's claims, she may charge the separate property of the husband, though he may not charge her separate property, obviously because he, as manager, is responsible for any loss. The surplus profits of the transaction, if any, are divided equally. The husband's liability to debts is, in like manner, greater than the wife's.

This partnership system may be varied in any way that the parties like. Some of the commonest forms of variation are enumerated in the code. They vary the amount to be brought into partnership, and the degree of liability to be incurred. The marriage may also be contracted on the terms that the parties shall be "*séparés de biens*." In this case the woman retains her property and the full control of it; she is bound, in default of special agreements, to contribute a third of her income to the expenses of the household.

Under the dowry system the dower (*dot*) is defined to be "property brought by the wife to the husband to support the expenses of the marriage." The husband has the management of the dower, though neither he nor his

wife, nor both together, can alienate land constituted as a dower, except in two or three specified cases, unless in the marriage contract power to do so is reserved. On the dissolution of the marriage the husband or his heirs may be called upon to repay the dower. In the case of a marriage on the dowry system, the property which is not included in the dower is called "*biens paraphernaux*," and is the separate property of the wife, though she cannot alienate it without the husband's consent.

All the relations between husband and wife in England are founded on the notion which is embodied in the maxim that husband and wife are one person in law, as explained by the equally quaint but strictly correct proviso—"and the husband is that person." This fundamental doctrine is so rigorously applied in practice, that a married woman in this country would have no proprietary rights at all but for marriage settlements, and the rights which they secure are exercised under the control and supervision of trustees. This constitutes the fundamental difference between English and French marriage settlements. The settlement in England is a device for getting the husband to give up for the sake of his intended wife some of the odious powers which the law confers upon him. The wife says in substance, "Marry me if you will, but I will not be married unless you agree to give up some of the powers which the law gives you, and unless you consent to give third persons the right to hold you to your bargain, and prevent you not only from using your lawful powers, but from abusing the natural influence of a husband to my money prejudice." The French law, speaking broadly, does not merge the wife in the husband, but considers marriage, in so far as its effects on property are concerned, as a contract like any other between two independent persons, each of whom retains his or her rights against the other, or against the world at large, after the marriage has been contracted, subject only to the general or special terms of the contract, as interpreted either by the law of the land or the wishes of the parties.

The first and most striking difference between the two documents is, that an English settlement has trustees and a French contract has none. This difference gives the colour to the whole tenor of each document. Upon a marriage in England the husband surrenders the control, except within very narrow limits, over a part of his own property, and gives up most of the rights which he would otherwise acquire over his wife's property, to third persons, selected for the purpose, who are interposed between the husband and wife for their own benefit, as it is supposed, and for the benefit of their future children. The trustees prevent the married persons (the word *époux*, which has no English equivalent, is very convenient) from investing their property except in certain specified ways; they prevent them from trenching on the capital except for specified purposes, such as the education and advancement of the children, subject to the consent of the trustees; and finally, they preserve the prospective interests of the children when they marry or come of age. In a French marriage there is nothing answering to this. The parties contract directly with each other, without the intervention of trustees (who are almost, if not altogether, unknown to French law), and the contract is enforced by the ordinary tribunals, as in other cases.

In a word, the French marriage contract is an instrument designed to

apply the general law to the particular case. The English settlement is an instrument devised for the purpose of withdrawing the particular case from the general law, and putting it under a different law made for the occasion.

A man in England may marry and may settle every shilling he has in the world on his wife for her separate use. He may live handsomely, or even splendidly, on their common income, no human being knowing to whom it belongs. On the credit obtained by the appearance thus kept up he may speculate as recklessly as he pleases, and having refreshed himself in the bankruptcy court he may inform his creditors that he owns nothing at all, that he is supported entirely by his wife's charity, and that he hopes that their wives are equally charitable and equally rich. How far such an arrangement would be possible in France we do not profess to know, but, speaking broadly, the French law seems to be wise in not favouring such schemes. If a woman marries a man in business, there is no reason why her fortune should be embarked in the business, and it may be very right to enable her by a simple declaration to protect it from his engagements; but why should she and the common children of the marriage be protected from the natural effects of the husband's imprudent management of his own fortune? The fact that a man is in a speculative trade, the fact that he is in trade at all, the fact that he is rash or imprudent, may be a very good reason for refusing to marry him; but to want to marry a speculator without suffering for the failure of his speculations, a trader without sharing to some extent the vicissitudes of his trade, an imprudent man without being injured by his imprudence, is to wish to play at the game of "heads I win, tails you lose;" it is to try to eat your cake and have your cake.

Colours of the Double Stars.—If the stars be observed on a clear night, it will be seen that they shine with different colours. The most noticeable hues are red, white, and yellow; no stars exhibit a distinct blue or green colour, though some have a bluish or greenish tinge. In our Northern latitudes, where the air is scarcely ever free from haze and vapour, this diversity of colouring is not, perhaps, very striking; but in Southern climes, and especially in inland regions, where the air is less humid, the effect is far greater: the whole vault of heaven seems set with sparkling gems. The difference of tint we have mentioned, is perceptible to the naked eye, in our clime, only among stars of the first and second magnitudes.

We append a list of some of the most remarkable and beautiful binary stars within the reach of telescopes of moderate power. The number following the name of each star expresses its magnitude. For the convenience of those of our readers who may desire to view these objects, and who possess charts of the heavens, or celestial globes, we give the position of each star, on the figure representing the constellation to which it belongs.

♄ Cancri (5), in the northern claw. Orange and purple.

♂ Herculis (4), on the eastern arm, near the body. Light green and red.

24 Comæ Berenicis (6), near the northern wing of Virgo. Orange and green.

61 Cygni (6), near the southern foot. Both yellow.

♄ Monocerotis (4), on the nostril. Gold and lilac.

κ Bootis (6), on the northern hand. White and blue.
 ζ Ursæ Minoris (3), in the Bear's tail. White and light green. Distance 14". If this star (Mizar) be observed with the naked eye on a clear night, a faint companion (Alcor) will be observed close beside it. The distance between Mizar and Alcor is no less than 720", yet from observations of their proper motions, which are found to be identical, astronomers conclude that they form one system; a triple one, since Mizar is a double star. On the other hand, a fourth star, nearer to Mizar than Alcor is, is found to have a different proper motion, whence we may conclude that its association with Mizar and Alcor is not physical, but merely optical.

β Scorpii (2), a bright star in the Scorpion's head. White and lilac.

β Cygni, Albireo (3), on the beak. Yellow and blue.

η Cassiopeiæ (4), on the waist. White and purple.

γ Delphini (4), near the eye. Yellow and green.

γ Arietis, Mesartim (4), at the tip of the western horn; the first double star detected by the telescope. White and grey.

ϵ^4 and ϵ^5 Lyræ (5), a quadruple star, on the stand of the Lyre. A very low power resolves the star into a double one, the distance between the constituents being no less than 210". Each of these, when closely observed with higher powers, is found to be a double star. The distance between the first pair is 3.2"; the colours are white and pale red. The distance between the second pair is 2.6"; both are white.

It has been suggested that the diversity of colouring of which we have given these illustrations may be merely the effect of contrast. It is well known that in the neighbourhood of any brightly coloured object, other objects, less bright, appear tinged with the opposite, or complementary colour. Thus, if the scarlet curtains of a window, through which the light of the sun is pouring, be drawn close, objects in the room, not actually under the glare of the red light thus produced, appear green; even the blaze of a bright fire assuming that colour. Where one star is large and of a decided colour, the other small and of the true complementary colour, this explanation is not only plausible, but probable. But the reader cannot have failed to notice in the above list of double stars, many cases in which the colours of both constituents are decided, yet not complementary. In some instances both stars are of the same colour, or very nearly so. Here, then the suggested explanation altogether fails.

Thus far, then, we seem driven to the conclusion, that the colours observed in binary, triple, or multiple systems of stars, are inherent in the separate members of those systems; that either they differ in their original constitution, or have arrived at different stages of modification and development. We can have little doubt that these systems, and the stars generally, are engirdled about by planets, which, in their turn, are the abodes of living creatures. Without entering here, at any length, on the vexed question of the plurality of worlds, it may, we think, be safely said, that no trick of logic will convince the reflective mind that the myriads of bright orbs visible to the eye, or revealed by the telescope, or the myriads on myriads that no eye of man has seen, or shall ever see, speed in their orbits through a gigantic solitude—

that from no spot in the illimitable universe but the speck that we inhabit arises the voice of adoration or of prayer. Imagine then, if possible, the effect of the diversity of colouring we have described, on the inhabitants of the planetary members attending on these systems. Or rather, agree with the younger Herschel, that "it may be easier suggested in words than conceived in imagination, what a variety of illumination two stars—a red and a green, or a yellow and blue one—must afford a planet circulating around either; and what cheerful contrasts and grateful vicisitudes (a red and a green day, for instance, alternating with a white one, or with darkness) must arise from the presence or absence of one or other, or both, from the horizon." What should be the nature of beings inhabiting such planets, what the material constitution or products of those planets themselves, it were beyond the faculties given to man to imagine. It is sufficient that we know that their Almighty Creator has, with infinite wisdom and mercy, adjusted their nature and their powers to the situation in which He has placed them.

M. Doppler, supposes that all the stars are white, or nearly so; that, in fact, they differ little from our sun in their original constitution and present stage of development. Where a star appears to be coloured violet, indigo, blue, or green, he conceives that, owing to its orbital motion, its proper motion, the motion of the solar system in space, or these combined, it is approaching us, with more or less velocity, according to its apparent colour. If this colour is violet, the velocity of its approach is greatest; if the apparent colour is green, this velocity is least. On the other hand, when a star appears to be coloured red, orange, or yellow, he conceives that, from similar causes, it is moving with more or less velocity from us,—a star that appears red having the greatest velocity from us, one that appears yellow the least. On this supposition, we could readily understand why the members of double systems would exhibit a greater variety of colours than the single stars. The latter would owe their apparent colours to their proper motions only, the former to the combination, in different ways, of their proper motions with their orbital movements. The complementary colours of so many double stars would also be easily accounted for. These colours would simply imply, according to M. Doppler's theory, that the two members of such a system were moving in opposite directions, with respect to the observer on earth. But we have already shown that, in many cases, this must necessarily happen. The theory offers no explanation of the absence of colours from the blue end of the spectrum, in single stars, and the prevalence (on the whole) even among double and multiple stars, of colours denoting separation, over those denoting approach; unless we are to suppose an expansion, or, as it were, an unwinding of our galaxy, to be taking place, at so vast a rate as to produce a velocity of separation (on the whole) among its members equivalent to the observed prevalence of colours from the red end of the spectrum. It may be suggested as a possible explanation, that light from the blue end of the spectrum suffers more by extinction or absorption, in traversing our atmosphere, and (probably) the other occupying space, than light from the red end of the spectrum. The reader is, doubtless, already familiar with this property as the received explanation of the blue colour of the sky, and of the beautiful hues of twilight.

At present, astronomers are quite unable to determine the real direction of the motion of any star. It requires the utmost delicacy of modern instruments to detect and measure the apparent motion of a star on the celestial vault. But this is only a portion, in many cases but a small portion, of the star's real motion. The other portion—that is, its motion directly from, or towards, the observer—it is utterly hopeless for him to attempt to measure by the most delicate instrument. The nearest and brightest star presents no appreciable disc, in the most powerful telescope yet made; and supposing, even, that we could discern the disc of any star, yet any change in its magnitude, or the brilliancy of the star's light, must be so excessively minute, save possibly in one or two exceptional cases, that the most delicate instrument would fail to detect, and far more to measure it.

Life in a Country House.—An interesting account of country high life in England, with some of the inconveniences attending it, of which the following may be taken as a specimen:—

Although visiting in the country may be the most enjoyable form of social life to the initiated, yet the vicissitudes to which the novice is exposed will appear from the following, which befel a young churchman, whose knowledge of society was confined to Cambridge. Appointed to a rural curacy, and his future abode not being quite ready for his reception, he was invited by the lord of the manor to spend the interim at the house of the latter, which was to be full of company at the time. When our hero reached his destination, he was ushered into a drawing-room where were many ladies, and greeted by the mistress of the house.

Yawning with hunger, he marvelled why nothing more substantial was offered to him by way of refreshment after his journey than some tea, of which the fair band were then partaking, and some very thin bread-and-butter. "Oh!" thinks he, "people eat so heartily at their early country dinners, I suppose they can't get up fresh appetites by tea-time." Presently one lady leaves the room, soon followed by a second and a third; and in a few minutes he is left alone, with the information that he will be conducted to his apartment whenever he shall please to ring the bell. "Well," says he to himself, "this is a strange welcome certainly, but doubtless they keep pristine hours in the country, and men are so exhausted by hunting or shooting, that they are glad to retire early: I shall see them to-morrow." So, finding there is nothing for it, he rings the bell and betakes him to his room.

He had not been asleep long, before he was startled into consciousness by a tremendous ringing. His course of action is instantly decided upon, and he rushes into the passage, *as he is*, screaming "Fire?" at the top of his voice, just as all the ladies are sweeping by, full-dress for dinner!

TEMPLE BAR.—DECEMBER.

Country Newspapers.—Let us briefly glance at the weekly journals of London. There is the *Saturday Review*, sardonic and emasculate; the *Spectator*, outspoken and liberal; the *Examiner*, also liberal, but scarcely so brilliant as of old; the *Press*, a journal expressly dedicated to Toryism. There are a couple of weekly periodicals devoted to criticism, and a couple more devoted to comicality. These have all their audience, some greater, and some less; but any attempt to imitate them elsewhere inevitably results in failure. There was once a *Liverpool Lion*, something after the fashion of *Punch*; there was once a *Manchester Review*, whose conductors intended it to be trenchant and incisive. The former disappeared when the brothers Brough, its chief supporters, were attracted by metropolitan magnetism; the latter came to an end through sheer dullness. It seems clear that Liverpool and Manchester, famous towns though they are, do not possess the power of retaining and occupying literary men of a high class. And this is more the case now than at an earlier period. More than one of our provincial cities had formerly a claim to some distinction, literary and theatrical. York and Bath are cases in point. It might, of course, be expected that the position of Edinburgh as the capital of a kingdom would have a manifest influence on its literature; and few circumstances are more singular than those connected with the literary history of "the gray metropolis of the north." When the Whig literati of that "energetic and unfragrant city," as Sidney Smith called it, started the *Edinburgh Review*, with its terrifying motto, *Judex damnatur cum nocens absolvitur*, a new era began in criticism. Any thing like scientific analysis was previously unknown to periodical literature. The *Review* was often truculent, personal, prejudiced; but it did great service in politics, to the Whig party, in literature to the public at large. Curious enough, the Edinburgh Tories possessed two writers, Wilson and Lockhart, able and willing to surpass even the *Review* in truculence and personality. Hence *Blackwood's Magazine*, whose first few numbers were mild and insipid, became in their hands a terror to its opponents. Mr. William Blackwood was his own editor, and often rejected the articles of his two chief contributors on account of their extreme severity. He had easy business as a driver, his sole difficulty being to "hold in" his team. His successor on the box, I suspect, would be glad to encounter such a difficulty. It is remarked that the *Edinburgh Review* and *Blackwood* have long been London periodicals in everything but name. Their ancient feuds are over; they have become decorous, not to say dull; and their connection with the capital of Scotland is a thing of the past.

In the same way *Chambers' Journal*, the excellent precursor of the cheap weekly miscellanies now so numerous, has its home in Paternoster Row. The attractive power of London is so great, that it becomes absurd in such cases as these to maintain the pretext of provincial publication. The writers are magnetised by the great metropolitan loadstone; the reviews and magazines, if they would exist, must follow.

If a country newspaper could any where resemble a London newspaper, we might expect such resemblance in the capital of Scotland. It is not found

there. The journals of Edinburgh have that unpractical provincial tone which is discoverable every where save in the London press. Their editors indulge in a little personal fighting occasionally, and make reference to each other's peculiarities. This has lately been the case to a considerable extent, editorial pugnacity having for some reason been aggravated. The cause of all this doubtless is, that the chief London journals are absorbed by the great questions of the day, and cannot condescend to petty squabbles; while the country paper, whose judgment of those weightier matters is superseded by that of its metropolitan contemporaries, can only command interest by getting up a storm in its own local pond. Place of publication is not the sole cause of the difference; for journals like the *City Press* and the *Clerkenwell News*, devoted to the interests of a certain London quarter, are just as trivial in their scope and style as the most insignificant of the country newspapers. They are, in fact, designed to supply what London heretofore allowed to pass unnoticed—the mere local gossip of the town or parish or district which they represent. We have no proof that an alderman of the City is a superior being to an alderman of Lancaster or Norwich, or feels less pleasure in seeing the announcement that “Mr. Alderman—and his lady entertained a select and distinguished party at dinner yesterday.” And there are little parochial squabbles in Clerkenwell and St. Pancras which would never be thoroughly fought out unless there were newspapers to do it. The same provincialism is noted in the colonies. A copy of any colonial journal always astonishes a London reader by the crudeness of its style, the pugnacity about trifles which it shows, its tendency to ignore great questions. The *Melbourne Argus*, for example, the *Times* of Australia, might be expected to take a higher tone; but it is entirely devoid of all the qualities which distinguish a first-class London journal. As to the Indian papers, the hot climate seems to make their editors more irritable and bellicose than any others of the species; and a few numbers of two opposition journals completely exhaust the uncomplimentary epithets of the English language. Remoteness from the heart of the Empire appears to lessen men's interest in important questions, and to quicken their irritability about trifles. The editors of Indian journals are generally English literary men of some standing, so that more might be expected from them; but the Australian and Canadian newspapers read as if they were conducted by self-taught geniuses, similar in kind to those who edit the journals published in the smaller towns of England. Coleridge used to say that men seemed to take to journalism because they had failed in shoemaking or some similar trade. This, in his day, was true of even London papers, and is still true of many which are published in the country and the colonies.

AMERICAN PERIODICALS.

ATLANTIC MONTHLY—DECEMBER.

Internal Structure and Progression of the Glacier.—It is believed that renewed observations will satisfy dissenting observers that there really exists a net work of capillary fissures extending throughout the whole glacier, constantly closing and reopening, and constituting the channels by means of which water filtrates into its mass. In Professor Agassiz' work upon glaciers, it is stated that infiltration experiments were chiefly made at night, and he chose that time because he knew the glacier would not readily admit an additional supply of liquid from without, when the water formed during the day at its surface and rushing over it in myriad rills had ceased to flow. The movement of the glacier is most rapid where the greatest amount of moisture is introduced into the mass, and there must be a direct relation between these two facts.

But it is plain that the various causes producing motion, gravitation, pressure, infiltration of water, frost, will combine to propel the mass at a greater rate along its axis than near its margins. His experience after many summers' observations on the glacier of air, show that in the higher part of the glacier, especially in the region of the *névé*, the bottom of the mass seems to move more rapidly than the surface, while lower down, toward the terminus of the glacier, the surface, on the contrary, moves faster than the bottom.

Physicists seem now to agree that pressure is the chief agency in the motion of glaciers. No doubt all facts point that way; but it becomes a matter of philosophical interest to determine in what direction it acts most powerfully. By a series of experiments it has been ascertained that the onward movement of whatever be its annual average, is accelerated in spring and early summer. The average annual advance of the glacier being, at a given point, at the rate of about two hundred feet, its average summer advance, at the same point, will be at the rate of two hundred and fifty feet, while its average rate of movement in winter will be about one hundred and fifty feet. This can be accounted for only by increased pressure due to the large accession of water trickling in spring and early summer into the interior through the net work of capillary fissures pervading the whole mass. The unusually large infiltration of water at that season is owing to the melting of the winter snow. Careful experiments made on the glacier of the air, respecting the water thus accumulated on the surface, penetrating its mass, and finally discharged in part at its lower extremity, fully confirm this view. The simple fact that in the spring the glacier swells on an average to about five feet more than its usual level, show how important this infiltration must be. It is admitted by all, that the waste of a glacier at its surface, in consequence of evaporation and melting, amounts to about nine or ten feet in a

year. At this rate of diminution, a glacier, even one thousand feet in thickness, could not advance a single century without being exhausted. The water supplied by infiltration no doubt repays the loss to a great degree. Indeed the lower part of the glacier must be chiefly maintained from this source, since the annual increase from the fresh accumulations of snow is felt only above the snow line, below which the yearly snow melts away and disappears.

But where direct observations are still so scanty, and the interpretations of the facts so conflicting, it is the part of wisdom to be circumspect in forming opinions. This much, however, is believed to be already settled: that any thing which ascribes the very complicated phenomena of the glacier to one cause must be defective and one sided. It seems most probable that, while pressure has the largest share in producing the onward movement of the glacier, as well as in the transformation of the snow ice, a careful analysis of all the facts will show that this pressure is owing partly to the weight of the mass itself, partly to the pushing on of the accumulated snow from behind, partly to its sliding along the surface upon which it rests, partly to the weight of water pervading the whole, partly to the softening of the rigid ice by the infiltration of water, and partly, also, to the dilation of the mass, resulting from the freezing of this water. These causes, of course, modify the ice itself, while they contribute to the motion. Further investigations are required to ascertain in what proportion these different influences contribute to the general result, and at what time and under what circumstances they modify most directly the motion of the glacier.

THE CONTINENTAL MONTHLY.

The Nation. By Hugh Miller Thompson.—Buckle, Draper, and a Science of History. By E. B. Freeland.—Diary of Frances Krasinska.—The Sleeping Soldier. By Edward N. Pomeroy.—My Mission. By Ella Rodman.—Letter Writing. By Park Benjamin.—The Year. By W. H. Henderson.—The Great American Crisis. By Stephen Pearl Andrews.—Was He Successful? By Richard B. Kimball.—Dead. By Anna Gray.—Reconstruction. By Henry Everett Russell.—Virginia. By H. T. Tuckerman.—She Defines her Position. By Eliza S. Randolph.—Whiffs from my Meerschaum. By Lieut. R. A. Wolcott.—Literary Notices.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

F. T. J., Toronto.—Your communication received with thanks. Your problem appears below.

PHILO.—They shall be examined. What is the objection to the names of the players appearing?

J. G. D., Kingston.—A reply has been forwarded by post.

A CODGER.—The proper move in the position sent is P. to Q. B. 4th.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM No. 3, by "Brampton Chess Club." "Clara," and "F. T. J." are correct: all others are wrong.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM No. 2.

WHITE.

1 Kt. to K. 4 ch.

2 P. or Q. mates.

BLACK.

R. takes Kt. or K. moves.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM No. 3.

WHITE.

1 Q. to Q. Kt. 6

2 P. to Q. B. 4

3 Q. to K. Kt. 6 mate.

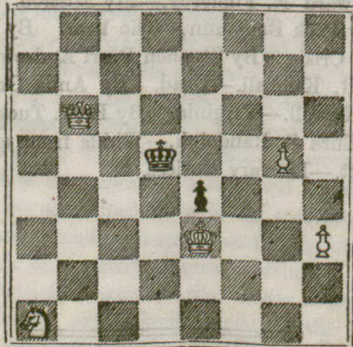
BLACK.

K. to K. 5

K. to K. B. 4

PROBLEM No. 4.—By F. T. J. OF TORONTO.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.