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STEWART'S LITERARY QUARTERLY
 MAGAZINE,

DEVOTED TO

Light and Entertaining Literature.

OCTOBER.

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GEORGE STEWART, JR.,

EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

VOL. II.

SAINT JOHN, N. B., OCTOBER, 1868.

No. 3.

MOONLIGHT ON THE TROSACHI.

BY PROFESSOR LYALL.

How glorious in the midnight sky
Travels the moon her wayward round!
While stars in dreamless slumber lie
Within the blue profound.

A stainless splendour rests on all,
On rock and valley, far and near.
As if a very carnival
Of Heaven and Earth were here.

Here surely may the moonlight fays
Hold royal court, or merry meeting,
Their footsteps tread the airy maze,
To starry music beating.

And here may blessed spirits light
From happier worlds, to tell
Of all that is serene and bright
Where holy beings dwell.

For surely never scene outspread
More lovely to the gazer's eye,
And never holier influence shed
From rock and tree and sky.

How softly do the moonbeams fall
On every trembling leaf and stem,
Converting every coronal
Into a diadem.

And far across a slumbering lake
A radiant line of light extends
Like life's bright tissue, soon to break,
Which every passion rends.

How dark against the azure deep
These mountains rear their giant forms!
While gloomily their shadows sleep
Amid reposing storms;

Like shadows of the mind, which lie
Amid the storms of passion laid—
Reflected in the memory,
Or by its mellow lustre made.

Here Silence must have built her court,
 Her throne that lofty mountain peak ;
 While Echo* waits upon her sport
 With many an airy freak.

O stillest moonlight ! blessed calm !
 Which seems almost to breathe with life :
 I feel upon my heart thy balm
 Amid abounding strife.

I feel thy calm, thy potent sway,
 Thy more than tranquilizing power ;
 O ! that it e'er should pass away,
 The trance of such an hour.

And these the scenes which classic pen
 Could hardly more enchanting make ;
 Yet, can we e'er forget that strain,
 The " Lady of the Lake ?"

Aye, this is Scott's own haunted ground,
 And his the more than magic light,
 That pours on every object round,
 And makes a serener night.

*" Jocosæ imago."

PEN PHOTOGRAPHS.

By DANIEL CLARK, M. D., Princeton, Ontario.

CAIRD.

It will be remembered by many that Mr. Caird—once of Errol, Scotland, now of Glasgow—preached before the Royal Family at Craithie, Balmoral, some thirteen years ago, and that his sermon, "The Religion of common life," was published by the request of the late Prince Consort, while at Balmoral in the year 1857, where the writer had the pleasure of hearing him preach the second time before Her Majesty. Since then, he has acquired a world-wide reputation as one of Scotland's most eloquent divines. He was at that time spare in body and of medium height. His hair was coal black and straight. His temperament is what "bumpologists" would term nervobilious. A narrow, long face with high cheek-bones—thin lips and large sunken eyes, was nature's stamp of his Doric Origin. His text was "All are yours, &c." When he rose to read the Psalm he was visibly agitated. His voice trembled a little, but it was sufficiently firm to give distinctness to his syllabic utterances. His reading was not good ; it partook too much of that nasal dolorous monotony—without emphasis, without vivacity and *vim*—so orthodox among a certain class of pseudo-pulpit orators. It was plain that he read after the style of some antiquated defective model and yet lacked not taste nor had he any apparent impediment in the vocal organs. He read the chapter more like the semi-chant of a cloistered monk, than like the elastic and distinct reading models of to-day, and were it not for the mournful cadences of a fine tenor voice, superlatively soft, though somewhat muffled, the soporific effects would have been overpowering. His prayers were full of faithful extracts from the Episcopal prayer book. He stooped somewhat at first, but as he warmed to the work he unbent himself and stood straight

as an arrow. The nervous in weakness was fast disappearing before the nervous in strength. He began to have confidence in himself and in his powers of persuasion. No drawling and negligent accentuation now, but the words came forth sharp and distinct as the crack of rifled guns. The choice language—the neat illustrations—the beautiful imagery, yet terse and cogent reasoning of the orator had a wonderful mesmeric effect upon the congregation. A solemn stillness pervaded the little parish church. The slightest rustle of silk or satin, or movement of shoe or elbow, was unbearable and an outrage on the domain of hearing. To listen and catch every word seemed to be a fullness of joy and to lose one syllable was to drop a link from the chain of ineffable delight. Ever and anon his fine dark eye flashed fire and passion, not in affectation and mere silly sentimentalism, but with genuine earnestness and evident forgetfulness of congregation, place and occasion, in the delivery of his Master's message. His voice mellowed into tenderness as he described the struggle for life—its toils and pains—its losses and gains—its defeats and victories—its hours of despondency and its hours of exultation with all the sunshine and clouds of a chequered life. He carried us far into the regions of the great Unknown. He pointed out to us panoramic views of the Future—photographs of the sublime—indelibly written on the page of Inspiration. The *camera obscura* was the dark valley. Death, as drawn in profile by Caird, was horrible. The word portraiture was that of a master mind, which was familiar with the fell-destroyer in all his multifarious manifestations. The peroration was fine because effective. It was not mere verbal symphony. The soul was there. It was not the lifeless skeleton, beautiful even in *lifelessness*, but the living, breathing and ecstatic joy or hallowed sadness of a terrible earnestness. The hearers of Cicero always said "How pleasantly he speaks!" His classic productions were admired but they excited no emotions and stirred up no latent passions. The audience of Demosthenes, when he hurled his fierce phillipics against the Macedonian King, had no thoughts of admiration as such, the Greeks cried out "Let us go and fight Philip." Caird is a minor Demosthenes. His sermons dwell not simply upon the ear as sweet and pleasant melodies, but rouse to acts of moral heroism and christian daring. Royalty and loyalty, Queen and Princes, lord and subject, felt the Divine afflatus during that precious and sacred hour. The blanched face, the tearful eye, the eager gaze, and the quivering lips were unequivocal homage not only to the preacher, but to the day of holy inspirations and sweet reminiscences. How such invective, satire, pathos, solemnity and cogent reasoning crush by one fell blow all the sophistries of a well defended infidelity of the Colenso school of sceptics! and how true are the words of Bryant:

" Truth crushed to earth shall rise again,
The eternal years of God are hers;
But error, wounded, writhes in pain,
And dies among her worshippers."

GUTHRIE.

Thomas Guthrie has all the elements in his composition of a tragedian or a comedian. A Kean, a Macready, or a Forrest, with all their training in the school of drama or elocution could not portray in more forcible delineations the varied passions of the human mind by the muscular action of the countenance, than the recent occupant of St. John's Church, Edinburgh. Nature has blessed him with a most ungainly and uncouth body. He is long in

visage, plus long arms reaching down to his knees, with long legs to stand upon and long grey hairs to adorn a well developed cranium. In short, the contour of the whole man may be summed up in the one word—*elongation*. The unwashed *gamins* of Edinburgh called him, in their patois and *sotto voce*, "lang Tam." We heard him preach the most of the sermons now contained in a book called the "Saint's Inheritance." His style of delivery is unique. He can have no successful imitator. We cannot compare his preaching and composition to any one of the writings of the living or the dead. His sermons abound in apt illustrations drawn from nature. The composition is epigrammatic and classic, with an occasional Doric word thrown in, to give some struggling idea point and unction. He does not wade through long and weary sentences, with relative clauses in such redundancy as to puzzle a Murray or a Bullion. Short, simple and concise is his motto. We never heard from his lips such nauseating technicalities as "Hypostatical Union," the "tertium quid," the "ego and nonego," the "Hypothetical realism" and "cosmothetical idealism" of philosophers. He eschews such as he would Diabolus. His delight is in hoary ruins—sad relics of the past,—in the sea and in all that is beautiful in the external world. Illustration after illustration is drawn from the rolling billows—the roaring breakers—the rugged rocks of the ocean—the proud ships or the dismantled wrecks—the cry of the wild seamen, or the

"Solitary shriek, the bubbling cry
Of some strong swimmer in his agony."

He carries you away among the ivy-covered relics of by-gone glories—where tempests howl on cold hearth-stones—where weird snowflakes dance a fairy reel round dismantled towers—through sloping loop-holes, in dark and winding passages, where weeped the solitary prisoner and where his moans echoed in unison with the booming waves of his sea-girt prison, or where the banquet was spread for the mailed warrior grim and stern, or for the gay bridal cortege gladsome in melody and song. With the master hand, by word picturing he takes you among the most sublime objects of nature—by the roaring cataracts—on the rugged mountains—into the wonders of the great extinct, stratified and petrified in the rocks of the primal ages. His magic wand like Arabian wizard, transports you to celestial scenes and starry wonders and through sidereal zones whose stars have never yet been numerically distinguished. His power lies in pictorial parallel which teaches truth and entrances at the same time. Guthrie's style of delivery has more of the *fortiter in re* than the *suaviter in modo*. It is true that a current of pathos runs through the subject matter of discourse, but it is the thunderings as well as the wooings which display the man. When he is roused he performs actions the most grotesque, awkward and ludicrous of which the beholder is not cognisant until the overpowering effect of the matchless oratory of the "old man eloquent" has been mellowed by the hand of time. I well remember the bending and bent form becoming erect as climax after climax was reached,—the long hair smoothly parted on the brow danced about the eyes—the long arms swung in circles and semi-circles round the tapering shoulders, like flails thrashing out the stubborn grain. The short truncated swallow tails of a dress coat would occasionally burst the barriers of a Geneva gown and perform strange gyrations in the air. The wide sleeves of the cloak—like bat's wings—would fly in never ceasing voyages, now around the head and anon around that detestable conventional barrier called a pulpit. But who could even smile? Onward rushed the tumultuous thoughts on the tiptoe of ex-

pectation until the finale brought us back to the world again. Caird drew us after him by a *puissant* intellection, but Guthrie by the cords of awe or heaven kindled sympathy and love. He is one of the kindest and best of men. There is no cabin, lane or alley or street too mean or filthy for him to visit. We have met him times without number in the Grass Market, Cowgate, St. Mary's Wynd, Carruber's close where he was gathering into his ragged schools "ones more unfortunate," like a guardian angel. How could the founder of such schools be other than the first of philanthropists? Although now by reason of ill health his voice as a preacher is seldom heard, yet as the author of "The gospel in Ezekiel," "The City, its sins and sorrows," "Seed time and Harvest," and as the Editor of the "Sunday Magazine," his name will live and the chaste religious literature which has and will flow from his prolific pen can never die as long as the Anglo-Saxon tongue exists and as long as its vigor and beauty are justly admired by succeeding generations.

SPURGEON.

London is full of good preachers; I speak of them in comparison to the ministers of the provincial and rural districts. The metropolis gathers into its omnivorous maw the intellectually great of the nation. Great minds, by a sort of centripetal power, gravitate towards each other. It is in the Capital where the representative powers meet, and from whence pulsate in a never-ceasing stream the virus of scepticism, the mockery of materialism, the rapid sentimentalism of a depreciated christianity, or the high-toned spirituality of a living gospel. Yet, in all these phases of modes of thought, the lower stratum of mind was to a great extent overlooked. The pulpit dissertations of the London divines were generally of a kind not to excite the interest of a degenerate and ignorant populace; I speak of the lower classes. The beautiful and chaste style of a modern Blair had no heart in it to throb in unison with theirs. The abstractions of Lynch only delight the giant minds of the mammoth city. The sermonizer who illustrates his dogmas by geology, mineralogy, botany and astronomy, unless he has the descriptive and analytical powers of Dick, the philosopher, or good "Old Humphrey," will never impress deeply the lethargic mind of the constant and ever bowed down son of toil, who struggles fiercely day by day for his daily bread. Spurgeon filled the breach. We had read the first series of his sermons and thought them trashy; but we were anxious to hear him on account of his popularity. We had landed from a Dutch steamer at the St. Catherine docks on Sabbath morning, and hastening through rain and fog to Surrey Music Hall, procured a ticket for one shilling sterling, just as we would have done to attend a theatre. It admitted us before the throng which, at half-past nine o'clock, was literally crammed before the iron gates of the garden. The ticket admitted us four Sabbaths, and "must be given up on the last date." "Service to commence at a quarter before eleven." The ticket was signed by Thomas Olney. Olney & Son, 139 High Street, Borough, brought Spurgeon out—so to speak. They spared no pains by the press and their influence and money to herald him as a counterpart of Whitfield. Their early estimate of his powers was just and true. He fell like a living shell among the Londoners and took them by storm. When I entered the fine hall the seats on the floor were crowded. The first gallery was full, and I thought myself fortunate to find a seat in the front of the second gallery. The platform or orchestra was also occupied by hundreds. It is half an hour ere the service begins and the ticket holders still pour in. Where will the masses, now surging to and fro

in mud and under a pelting rain, find room? When the gates are opened by the police the rush is as impetuous as the storming of a Bastile, or the taking of a Malakoff. A subdued hum of conversation fills the building. On my right are two well dressed young men discussing the politics of the day. On my left sits an old man with sweat-bedewed bald head and spectacles on nose, intently reading the "Times." Behind me are two ladies, apparently mother and daughter, in earnest criticism about the relative merits of the performance of Madame Grisi, Piccolomini and Mons. Julien, at the grand concert held in the Crystal Palace at Sydenham, where had been recently sung the sublime oratorios of Handel by 3000 performers. My heart beats "fast and furious" when memory, ever dear, recalls the "I know that my Redeemer liveth" of the Messiah, the war notes of "Judas Maccabeus," or the soul-stirring variations of the "Creation." The dual behind me were evidently artists in the musical sphere. The murmurs of debate and conversation filled the house with discordant notes. The whole audience seemed to be straining propriety, in order that it might cheat "father time." It shocked a stranger to observe the utter want of reverence in a professedly devout congregation on a Sabbath morning. My reflections were suddenly cut short by the mellow, deep, bass voice of *some one* filling to completeness the large hall with the words of the hymn beginning—

"Stay, thou insulted Spirit, stay!"

The slow, distinct pronunciation—clear as a silver bell—struck my ear like a pleasant melody. At first, so completely did the sound fill the house, I was not able to trace the direction from whence it came. Intuitively I turned my face to the platform, and there on the verge of it—in the midst of a sea of faces—stood Spurgeon. He seemed to spring from the midst of the crowd as if by magic. Did you happen to meet him in the country dressed in *Hodden* grey, you would suppose him to be a well-to-do farmer. He is square-built and muscular. Had he been a sparring, sturdy pugilist of the "fancy," instead of being a soldier of the church militant, woe betide the poor wight who might happen to get his head in "chancery" (under his arm). His features are round, and his forehead medium height and full; but, overshadowing the eyes greatly, detracting very much from their prominence. The eyes have that undefinable twinkle of *fuminess* about them which is a sure indication of the possessor having a fund of humour, and a keen sense of the ludicrous. The teeth are very large, white, regular and prominent: even when the lips are shut they cannot be concealed. The head is set down closely upon the shoulders, as if the isthmus of a neck had been contracted by paralysis. His dress is plain and fits him badly. At first sight he is far from being prepossessing; but when he smiles or speaks the antipathy vanishes. When he speaks the words have no serrated edges or burr about them; they come forth "fat, full, round and free." It has been said that the secret of his success lies in three things: 1st, voice; 2nd, the sublime; 3rd, the ridiculous. It is not the whole truth, for many preachers in London command these three marks and yet are not popular. Spurgeon possesses, besides these, also, pungency of expression, cutting irony and burning satire, and that, too, in very few words, but they sear like a red hot iron. He was asked to preach against the homœopathic bonnets then in fashion; but, said he, "the savage who told me to do so thought I could change the fashions: but, my dears, I see no bonnets to preach against." They were then worn on the *shoulders*. No man could copy him in the grotesque without being himself the butt of ridicule; and the solemnity with which he utters the most ridiculous things

gives no encouragement for the time being to laughter or smiles. Spurgeon is like a bee: he will draw sweet illustrations from the most poisonous sources. He will now and then cull them from the *Billingsgate* of the fish market, from the slang of the fraternity in the thief's kitchen, from the cabman's *patois*, from the green grocer in Haymarket, and from the nomenclature of the herbalist, the chemist and the apothecary. These quaint illustrations are seldom published. Thus he catches the multitude by consummate strategy. He does not hesitate to take for his text Du Chaëllu's "Gorilla," if so be he can lure the people to hear him. He has before him notes of his sermons, which he fills up extempore as he preaches; and a reporter generally sits by his side, who writes down the words as they fall from his lips. His gestures are few. Occasionally he will raise his right hand and will toy with a white pocket handkerchief; but there are no violent contortions of the face nor body. On Monday morning his sermon can be bought printed for two pence. Nearly a million of them have been published, and some of them in the pagan tongues of Asia. Doubtless he will wear well, for there is too much originality in the composition of his mind to be ever exhausted. No one can tell the wonderful amount of good such a man will do until the sum total is reached; and when the sun of Spurgeon sets in death London will seldom "see his like again." Human wisdom says, what a pity that thus

"Star after star declines,
Till all have pass'd away."

DR. CUMMING.

On a cold Sabbath afternoon I was sauntering about the skirts of St. James' Park, on my way to Westminster Abbey—the mausoleum of Britain's illustrious dead. I said to myself, "this is my last Sabbath in 'old England;' I will spend this day in meditations among the tombs. It will be ample food for reflection in after years, when the days that are past will roll before me with all their deeds, as I stroll among the primal beauties of Canadian landscape. A thought strikes me: why not go and hear Dr. Cumming? Yes; let the dead rot and be forgotten in the rock-built sepulchres of the old sanctuary: I will go and hear one of the living great." A few minutes' sharp walking brought me to Crown Court, Covent Garden. In a street anent an arched gateway stand a row of carriages. On the panels of a few are emblazoned the emblems of nobility. Postilions and footmen are lounging on the pavement. They had no need of ministrations, for *such, we presume, have no souls*. To the wheels hung bundles of rags, the pith of which were a few anatomical structures called bones. These were covered with wrinkled skin, and were samples of the scum of London, or the *gamins* of Paris. To all appearance these had no souls either, if neglect, obscene language, aptitude for and proficiency in every species of wickedness, and no seeming moral sentiment, are evidences of want of responsibility and christian charity. Much is being done by a few devoted christians for them; but, so far, it is like checking the Atlantic tide with a broom. All honours, however, to the forlorn hope! As the shark follows the bounding ship, so do these shivering atoms of unfortunate humanity cling to the chariot-wheels of nobles. They are watching for prey. I entered a dirty court-yard and found myself *vis-a-vis* with an ugly building, guarded by a stiff elder, with sufficient white lineu about his neck to make a shirt for one of the dirty urchins outside. The interior of this square building was comfortably filled with pews, and I may add with hearers, too. It could lay no claim within or without to architec-

tural beauty or design. Dr. Cumming, when I entered, was "giving out" the psalm with great unction. His accentuation was good, and his voice a mellow falsetto. He is tall and gaunt, with considerable firmness about the lips, and a flash of conscious genius about the eye. He is a clever controversialist, and well acquainted with aught appertaining to Romanism. His debate, of many days' duration with an eminent London lawyer, on catholicism, at Hammersmith, is well known to the literary and theological world. He is a rabid millenarian. I heard him on his favourite subject, and it plainly demonstrated to me that there is a small spice of the monomaniac, or a good deal of craftiness in seeking popularity, in the mental composition of this intellectual giant. He insists on a literal interpretation of the Scriptures when it suits his pet theories; but is not a severe hermeneutist when the existence of some creation of his brain is in jeopardy. His works read well, both on account of the chaste style, beauty of expression and elegance of diction, and also because of unusual vivacity of thought. His "Great Tribulation" sold well, notwithstanding the pun hurled at it by the "jolly" and obese *Punch*, who announced it as follows: "A new work, the Great Tribulation, is *Cumming* upon the earth." In the more recent works which have come from his prolific pen, he has modified and changed his views; still, at that time, he insisted that Scripture pointed to some great change in the moral, physical, and political status of the world, A. D. 1867. That year was a focus towards which all other events terminated. *Punch* slyly hinted that he had rented a house for twenty years—that is, he would be a lessee nearly ten years after the "final consummation" of all things. Poor Cumming pleads guilty; but with lawyer-like craftiness says that, by renting the house for twenty years, he obtained it much cheaper than if he had rented it for ten years; thus, the transaction resolved itself into a mere bargain of prudence and economy. When I heard him he contrived, by a series of comical deductions, to mix up the scenes and events of the millenium with hoop-skirts and fashionable bonnets. His definition of a lady dressed *a la mode* was, that "she was the centre of a grand circumference;" the dandy was "the quintessence of fashionable frivolity." The supreme present, with its novelties, is mixed up in the phantasmagoria of his brain with the conditional and absolute of the future and the unrecalled past. The last *outré* fashion or invention, from the infinitesimal bonnet, or the theory of perpetual motion, to the last patent churn perfectionism, are all "signs of the year of jubilee." He is often so logical and literal in all his interpretations of what is and must remain in time a mystery, as to set all practical deductions at defiance. Had he the eloquence, earnestness and devotedness of Edward Irving, I have no doubt we would have a class of fanatical religionists called Cummingites, as well as Irvingites. He no doubt exercises considerable influence for moral good among the Scottish Presbyterian nobility of London. Many of the *elite* of the northern aristocracy are his ardent admirers. He is intellectually great, but not greatly useful among the classes that need so much the counsel and advice of his kind. He is a quaint curiosity, whose thesis may excite to curious and speculative enquiry, as to the future of this world and our race; but when the abstractions of his powerful and erratic mind shall have ploughed their devious furrows over the sea of human thought, the bubbling waves may hiss and foam and sparkle for a moment, from the momentum of the flashing thoughts, but soon oblivion shall bury them in the fathomless abyss of the past. The fleeting meteor is sending out coruscations which "lead to bewilder and dazzle—to blind;" but which will at last burst into fragments from its own repellent

elements, and leave the foolish midnight gazer wearied and lost amid the bogs of faithless uncertainty. We love the bold and fearless thinker who follows no *ignis fatuus*, but, while the many shrink from launching into the *magnum mare* of unexplored thought, will not fear obloquy as he casts aside the debris of worthless investigation, and pushes onward without fear and without reproach into the new sphere of glorious intellect, conscious that there, to all humanity,—

“No pent up Utica contracts his powers;
For the whole boundless continent is ours.”

F. X. GARNEAU, THE HISTORIAN OF CANADA.

A few months only have elapsed since the reading public of the Dominion have had an opportunity of perusing the stirring address pronounced at Quebec over the tomb of the late F. X. Garneau, the Historian of Canada, by the Premier of the Province of Quebec—the Hon. P. J. O. Chauveau, one of the earliest literary friends of the lamented deceased. A committee, presided in the first instance by Sir N. F. Belleau, had organized a national subscription to raise a monument to the memory of Mr. Garneau. The appointment of the Gallant Knight to the Lieutenant Governorship of the Province of Quebec, left in the hands of J. M. Le Moine, Esq., of Quebec, who succeeded him as Chairman, the honor of giving effect to the wishes of the most respectable citizens of the ancient Capital by collecting funds and designing the Monument, which graces the new cemetery of Belmont, on the St. Foye road. Mr. Le Moine, widely known by his *Canadian Sketches*, under the name of *Maple Leaves*, has furnished us with the following summary of his literary friend's career as the first of his contributions to the *Quarterly* :—

Under the shade of lofty pines, close to the famed battle-fields of the past, in view of his native city, now rests all that remains to us of a noble minded retiring man of letters. There lies a true son of Canada, though the influence of his writings was felt far beyond the limits of his country. From the muse of history did he receive his inspirations,—by her, his name will be inscribed in the temple of fame with those of Prescott, Bancroft, Parkman, Jared Sparks, Sargent, and other kindred spirits of the neighbouring republic. Like them, Garneau, will continue to light up the path of literature, teaching love of country, marking out the path of duty to generations unborn.

Our author was eminently fitted for the task of historian. A lover of labour, painstaking to excess, born with a mind remarkable for its enquiring turn, of a breadth and liberality of views rarely to be found, the historian of Canada was withal so retiring that he uniformly refused the offers made him to take part in the politics of the country. We will pass over the early part of his career, marked like the rest of his life by conscientiousness and the strictest integrity.

It was in 1840 that Mr. Garneau, after having contributed several light poetical effusions to the literature of Canada, some of which grace the pages of Huston's *Repertoire National*, began in earnest his great work. The three years he had spent in England, France and Italy had afforded him unquestionable facilities by searching the public archives—in Paris, especially—to collect materials, new and reliable for the history of the Colony. Later on, he went to Albany to study the contents of the valuable state papers which Dr. O'Callaghan, of Canadian celebrity, had been charged by the State of New York to compile, with the permission of King Louis Philippe, in the French archives.

Several men of ability, since this country became an English colony, have devoted themselves to write its history. The first by order of date, was Wm. Smith, son of the celebrated U. E. Loyalist, and historian of the Province of New York. His history, in two volumes, appeared in 1815. We may also mention the narrative of Mr. Bibaud and *Cours d' Histoire du Canada* of the late Abbé Ferland, the political history of Robert Christie, and a most elaborate work now in process of publication in Paris, *Histoire de la Colonie Française en Amérique*, by the Abbé Faillon late of Montreal. McMullen's *History of Canada*.

These writers are entitled to our gratitude for the time, research and capital expended by them in revealing to us the primitive, as Lord Elgin called them, the *heroic times* of Canada; but to none of them has been awarded by a grateful country the title of *National Historian*. This distinction was reserved to the late Mr. Garneau, though there are many points treated by this distinguished man on which subsequent writers will throw new light. One of the most honourable, the most pleasing testimonials conveyed before his death to the late historian is contained in the few following lines of a letter addressed to him by Commander de Belveze, Capt. of the French frigate *Capricieuse*, sent to Quebec by the Emperor in 1855, to establish commercial intercourse with Canada:—"It is mainly to your book, Sir, that I owe the honour of being this day in Canada. * * * * * It forms the chief basis of the official report I am preparing for the French Government on the commercial resources of your fine country." In thus saying that the literary labours of Mr. Garneau obtained recognition not only in America, but also in Europe, we are merely reminding the reader that several eminent French and American historians, by the copious extracts they made from them showed the value they set on the Canadian writer as a truthful narrator of events. Foremost, let us mention the Abbé Ferland (1), Bancroft (2), Parkman (3), Sargent (4), O'Callaghan (5), Rameau (6), Dussieux (7), and last, though not least, the learned and voluminous French historian Henri Martin (8), whose noble sentiments we regret to have to forego through want of space.

The singular veneration in which Mr. Garneau's memory is held, can only be an enigma to those who, unversed in the language in which his works are written, or acquainted with them merely through the travestie and the truncated English version recently published, cannot therefore understand the hold which he had taken of the popular mind amongst French-Canadians. No lines written by him will convey a better idea of the spirit which animated him, than the concluding reflections of the third volume of the *Histoire du Canada*. Mr. Garneau, a French-Canadian, does not of course forget the proud race

(1) *Cours d' Histoire du Canada*. (2) *History of the United States*. (3) *History of the conspiracy of Pontiac*. (4) *The History of an expedition against Fort Duquesne in 1755, under Major-General Braddock*. (5) *History of New Netherland*. (6) *La France aux Colonies*. (7) *La Canada sous la domination Française*. (8) *Histoire de France*.

from which he sprung, but, though hailing from the Bourbons, he is unlike them; *he has learned something*, he has learned to appreciate the wisdom of the English constitution; he calls on his countrymen to shape their conduct on English precedents, English parliamentary usages. Hark to his stirring appeal; listen to the sentences of this believer in monarchy, at a time like the present when the elect of the people, our leading statesmen, are striving to perpetuate monarchy amongst us.

“Our pen has written the history of some French emigrants landed at the most northern part of North America, there to build up the destinies of their offspring. Like leaves detached from their parent tree, the winds have blown them to a new world, to be tossed about by a thousand storms; the baneful breath of barbarism,—the scourge of merchantile greed,—the tempest caused by a crumbling monarchy—the storm of foreign subjugation. Scarcely a few thousand souls, when this last disaster befel them, they ought now not to be too bitter, against their ancient mother country, since the loss of this noble colony was one of the decisive causes of the (French) revolution; the world knows what dire vengeance, this polished and proud nation sought at the hand of all those connected directly or indirectly with the Ministry who abandoned Canada to its fate in the hour of danger.

“Notwithstanding Canada’s past trials, a few hundred French colonists, (we fear being guilty of exaggeration in saying a few thousand), had reached, at the era of the conquest, to the figure of 60,000 a population small in numbers for an European State. To-day, (in 1849), after ninety years, these figures have reached 700,000, and the tree has branched out of its own accord and without external help—strong in its faith—strong in its nationality.

“During one hundred and fifty years this small community has done battle against the New England colonies, thirty or forty times more numerous, without receding a step, and the pages of this volume show what its conduct has been on the battle field.

“Though neither affluent nor rich this people has proved that it still retains something of the great nation who gave it birth. Ever since the cession (1703), without listening to the captious arguments of the would be sages, to the dicta of those writers who obtain the ear of men in large cities, the nation has built its politics on self-preservation, the only true bases of national policy. She has concentrated herself in herself; she has rallied all her children round her, fearing to drop a usage, a thought, nay, even a prejudice, venerable by age, in spite of the scoffs of neighbours.

“The result has been that down to the present day the nation has preserved its faith, its language; nay, more, a foothold for England in America in 1775 and 1812. This result, though pernicious it may appear to the extension of the American Republic, has not been accompanied with the sequence it might have entailed. The banner of monarchy, floating on Cape Diamond at Quebec, has compelled the young republic to be grave, to act with prudence, to expand gradually, and not to rush headlong like a fiery steed in the desert. The result, we say, has been that the United States have become great—a living example to the whole world.

“The Canadians are to-day an agricultural people, living in a severe climate. Theirs are not the elegant and pompous ways of the men of Southern climes; theirs is not that idiom—the offspring of a light, inexhaustible nature, unknown in the high latitudes of the globe. But they have in their character earnestness and perseverance. They have shown it since they are in America, and we are convinced that whoever will read the history of this people, in a

spirit of justice and good faith, will confess it has shown itself worthy of the two great nations to whose destinies it has been or is still linked. Nor could it have been otherwise without being recreant to its origin. Hailing from Normandy, from Brittany, from Touraine, and from Poitou, the race descends from those who marched behind William the Conqueror, and who, striking subsequently deep roots in England, helped to make of that small island one of the greatest amongst nations. The race comes from that France which heads European civilization since the fall of the Roman Empire—that country who, in her bright or in her dark days, is always respected: who, under her Charlemagne, as well as under her Napoleon, dared to challenge in fight coalesced Europe; but chiefly has the race sprung from that Vendee of Normandy, of Brittany, of Anjou, whose unbounded devotions for the objects of her royal or religious sympathy will ever command respect; whose admirable courage will ever wreath in glory the flag which it has raised amidst the French revolution.

“Let the Canadians be true to themselves; let them be prudent and persevering; let them turn a deaf ear to the dazzling novelties of social or political theories. They are not strong enough to venture alone and carve out for themselves a new course. They can acquire fresh liberty sufficiently in their sphere. For us, a portion of our strength comes from our traditions; let us depart from them, but slowly. We will find in the annals of the metropolis, in the history of England, good examples to follow. If England should be great to-day, she too has had to encounter awful storms, foreign conquest to overcome, religious wars to subdue, and a thousand other troubles. Without pretending to a similar destiny, wisdom and union amongst us will soften many trials, and, in awakening interest towards us, they will render our cause more holy in the eyes of nations.”

FUGACES LABUNTUR ANNI.

BY W. P. D.

FLED are the golden hours: Time's ruthless hand
 Hath swept mild beauties from sweet Nature's face,
 And softer summer hues again give place
 To deep autumnal dyes on sky and land:
 The cruel power no tender blooms withstand,
 In chilling breath of northern winds we trace;
 Cold-gleaming stars tell of its hastening pace
 Over the prostrate year to assume command.
 'Mong leafless trees soon all the songs shall cease;
 Ice-bound, the streams no longer laughing flow;
 Soon crystal tears of Heaven, falling in peace
 From wintry clouds that sullen hang above,
 Shall mantle the sad earth,—o'er graves we love
 Spreading a light-laid pall of vestal snow.

EVENTIDE WHISPERS.

BY MARGARET GILL CURRIE.

Tw'as in the summer's early bloom,
The hour was early eve :
I walked with sullen, sad intent,
O'er withered hopes to grieve.

"Tell me," said I, "thou crescent moon,
Those gorgeous clouds above,
Can love forget?—can human heart
Yield up its early love?"

The fire-flies glanced from shrub to ground—
The southern wind swept by
And rustled with a silvery sound
Among the headed rye;

And with a sad, prophetic voice,
As of an injured seer,
It spake amid the leafy boughs
Of forests standing near.

It told of summer storms to fall
Ere many days were fled,
And whispered to my heart a fear
Of storms more wild and dread.

From the grey shore a murmur came—
The murmur of the waves—
Kissing the scattered rocks that bound
The hill of lonely graves.

Perchance a spirit in the wind
Whispered that thrilling strain
That stirred my waking passions so,
And smote my heart with pain.

It sounded in the headed rye
And through the forest near,
"What dost thou now with earthly love
Or hate or hope or fear?"

Before the mower fills his arms,
Or he who bindeth sheaves
Upon the fields embrowned and shorn,
The scattered gleaning leaves—

Before the leaves, so shining now,
Shall fall in autumn day,
At beck of wild and hollow winds
Upon the angry spray—

Thy flesh beneath its kindred sod
Shall find a tranquil rest.
Seek that thy spirit with its God
Be blest—forever blest."

A SKETCH OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

PERIOD 1ST.—TO THE REFORMATION.

BY PROFESSOR. LYALL.

LITERATURE is a department of thought by itself, and may be distinguished from at once Philosophy and Science. In a certain point of view it is comprehensive of these, or it may take cognizance of the productions of the writers in these departments; and, accordingly, Hallam has included these in his historical review of the literature of the fifteenth, sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. But literature has properly to do with writings that are of a more general cast or character, and are not included within the departments of Science and Philosophy. The "Principia" of Newton, Locke's "Essay on the Human Understanding," we would not characterize as literary. We may extend the term so as to include these; but they more properly take their rank as philosophical or scientific works: belong to the domain of science or of metaphysics. Some works, again, occupy a kind of intermediate place between the philosophic and merely literary: such as do not set themselves so professedly to discuss philosophical questions,—that do so rather by the way. Such are the essays of Hume, or the critical and even metaphysical essays, or dissertations, of Price, of Alison, of Jeffrey, of Southey, of Coleridge, of Mackintosh. The reviewers of philosophic works, although philosophic, belong to the department of literature. If we look at works, too, for their style, or the character of their thought, we consider them under a literary aspect, and with a critical and, therefore, a literary reference. Thus, even philosophical works may be regarded in a literary point of view. So may the writings of the great Divines, such as Barrow, or Tillotson, or Howe, or the modern Hall. It is thus, too, that the oratory of the great Statesmen may be included within any literary survey, and their orations be read as literary productions, or for literary purposes.

Poetical works, of course, come under the class literary, or belong to literature. The essays of the *Spectators*, the *Ramblers*, the *Idlers*, are referable to the same department. So are the prose productions of a Cowley, a Dryden, a Johnson, a Swift, a Goldsmith,—the miscellaneous works of Scott, and the critical and editorial writings of Campbell. We need not say how near Johnson's works approach to philosophy; how Swift's are often within the domain of the state-man or the politician; how Goldsmith ranges over the fields of history, poetry and philosophy; how Scott is the biographer and the critic, the historian, the novelist and the poet. Then we have Landor's "*Imaginary Conversations*," and Southey's Dialogues in the "*Doctor*"; which treat alternately of almost every subject that can come within the range of reflective thought: and there are Charles Lamb's exquisite "*Essays of Elia*,"—a kind of minor philosophy—not even the philosophy of the *Spectator*,—a philosophy *sui generis*: and we have the famous "*Noctes*" and "*Recreations*" of Christopher North. All these belong to literature. History, too, may be classified under this department, although it may fairly challenge to be a department by itself. Carlyle's writings belong to the category of literature; but is he not at once the philosopher, the historian, the critic, the almost dramatist.

and withal the archæologist and the statesman? Novelists make their story the vehicle of philosophic, political and religious discussion, and the ground-work of historical representation and poetic description. So many-hued, so multifarious, is literature.

Literature includes all those writings which give expression to the varied thoughts and musings and feelings of the mind; and there is no limit almost to the mode in which these will find expression. They will utter themselves in poesy—in its graceful modulations, in its pleasing fictions, in its lyrical cadences, in its sublimer epics, in its dramatic representations, in its didactic stanzas. They will take the vehicle of prose, of the brief essay, of the longer and more elaborate dissertation, of the critique, the epistle, the novel, the descriptive sketch or narrative.

We accept the definition of Schlegel: he comprehends under the department of literature “all those mental exertions which have human life, and man himself, for their object; and which, without requiring any corporeal matter on which to operate, display intellect as embodied in written language.”

Coleridge thus faintly indicates his acceptance of the term literature, in contrasting the literary and scientific character with that of trade and commerce—the two great impulses, as he calls them, of modern times:—“As the one has for its object the wants of the body, real or artificial, the desires for which are for the greatest part excited from without; so the other has for its origin, as well as for its object, the wants of the mind, the gratification of which is a natural and necessary condition of *its* growth and sanity. In the pursuits of commerce the man is called into action from without, in order to appropriate the outward world, as far as he can bring it within his reach, to the purposes of his corporeal nature. In his scientific and literary character, he is internally excited to various studies and pursuits, the ground-work of which is in himself.”

According to this view, a nation or community will not be long without a literature, or some symptoms of literary development. Mind will seek expression, and it will not be contented with the evanescent forms of spoken discourse or oral communication. It must leave a record of its thoughts, of its speculations, of its wisdom, of its imaginings; or it will describe the deeds, and portray the manners of the age, or of past ages: it will convey in history an account of events that have been transacted, or that may be transacting, on the stage of time, or express in vivid portraiture the character of the men that have been conspicuous for their achievements, or remarkable for their influence in any way upon the world. Homer and Hesiod did not write, but they recited, or sung, their verses soon after the heroic age of Grecian history. Orpheus, if he was not a mythical person, took part in the Argonautic expedition, an event which dates 400 years before the time of Homer. The seven sages of Greece wrote and taught about 200 years after Homer, at which period, also, Alcæus sung; and from that time Greece wanted neither its philosophers, nor its poets, nor its historians. Rome was longer of achieving a literature for itself; for the Roman mind seems to have been essentially constituted for conquest; or at least the projects of aggrandizement and of empire—of the Hegemony—superseded or prevented all other direction of energy.

On the very horizon of English literature appears the star of the venerable Bede, and not much in the ascendant, and almost mingling with its light—not to be too strict as to the consistencies of time and space in this instance—the twin star of king Alfred. Bede—a monk of Jarrow, not far from the cathedral city of Durham—composed in the Latin language, and chiefly

scriptural translations and commentaries, treatises on religion, and an Ecclesiastical History of the Anglo-Saxons. Alfred translated the history of Bede, with that of Orosius, the time-honoured fables of Æsop, and Boethius "On the Consolations of Philosophy." He also invented poetical fables or apologues of his own, and interspersed his translations with original commentaries and reflections. From the time of Alfred no writer appears till the Norman-French romancers and poets, subsequent to the Norman conquest, who were not so much English, as connected with the Norman court or nobility in England, or who, at all events, wrote not in the vernacular language, but in Anglo-Norman, and in the style of the Trouveres, or, as they were called in the Provençal dialect, the Troubadours.* These writers belong to our literature no more than as they contributed to mould the Anglo-Saxon tongue, which still continued to be the spoken language of the people. The Trouveres, or Troubadours, as all are aware, were the minstrels of the chivalric age, who sang or played in the halls of princes and the castles of noblemen, and whose theme was ever beauty and war,—the conquests of both, and that generally in the same field, within the tented lists of joust and tournament. Sismondi gives an interesting account of the Troubadours and their writings, with the condition of the age in which they lived, in his valuable "Historical view of the Literature of the South of Europe."

The "Rhyming Chroniclers" were a class of writers who flourished at the close of the thirteenth century, and whose object was to give, in metrical compositions, a history of their country, ascribing to it a very fabulous origin, and tracing events through a fairy land of invention, going up to Troy itself for an ancestry to England, and finding in the arrival of Æneas in Italy as true a source of English, as Virgil found of Roman, history.

A specimen of Robert of Gloucester's chronicle may be interesting, as showing at least that he knew nothing of *America*, or of a more western land than England, and that to him it was the finest land, as well as the "Ultima Thule," of the world:—

"Engelond ys a wel god lond, ich wene of eche lond best,
Y set in the ende of the world, as al in the west.
The see goth hym al about, he stont as an yle.

* * * * *

From south to north he ys long eighte hundred myle."

That, our readers will admit, is a good geographical description of England; but a volume of such couplets would not, we opine, be very attractive as poetry, or interesting to any one except the antiquarian. The "Chronicle" may be faithful, but the poetry hardly comes up to the idea of what that style of composition ought to be.

England was waiting for her Homer; and he was certainly not found in any of the "Rhyming Chroniclers." He was not, however, far distant; and

*The following from Spalding will be important in addition to what is given in the text:—"Before the close of the Dark Ages, there were formed in France, out of the decayed Latin, with some Teutonic additions from the Franks, two leading dialects.

In Southern France was used the Provençal, or tongue of Provence, named also the Langue d'Oc, or tongue of Oc, from the word in it corresponding to our "yes." It was liker to the Italian or Spanish than to the modern French. Its poets called themselves Troubadours, that is, Inventors; just as our old English and Scottish poets were named Makers.

The dialect of Northern France was known as the Langue d'Oil, or d'Oui. It became the standard tongue of France and has continued to be so. Its poets had the name of Trouvères or Trouveurs"

in Chaucer we have one of those planetary minds which take their place at once in the heavens, and revolve in stellar harmony and beauty round the centre of light and truth, uttering the unchanging symphonies of the human heart, and resplendent with the lustre of thought and poesy. He may not have been equal to Homer, and he was perhaps inferior, in point of grandeur and sublimity, to Dante and Shakspeare and Milton; but he takes his place among these magnates of song: he is one of that illustrious group. It is, perhaps, impossible to find any law that may account for the appearance of such minds at such distant intervals, and rising above all their contemporaries and successors by a pre-eminence that distances competition. Why should such minds be so rare?—and when so rare, why should they be found at all? Nothing in the nature of mind itself seems to explain this; and most likely it must be referred to a *fiat* of the Divine Will, and a purpose of the Divine Providence.*

Chaucer flourished during the reigns of Edward 3d and Richard 2d, 1328—1400. It is somewhat interesting to notice that England's first great writer, like the first great poet of Greece, was one who took his place in the very highest ranks of poesy; who ranks with Homer himself, with Dante, with Shakspeare and with Milton. There has been no equal to these, as yet, in any age and in any country. It is worthy of notice, also, that Chaucer was the first to put an arrest upon Norman-French as the dialect of the Court and of polite life, and who established the Anglo-Saxon in its place, as the language of the nation, which it has ever since maintained, and from which it is not likely to be dislodged. Hence his style has been called by Spencer—no mean judge,—“the pure well of English undefiled.”

One describes in Chaucer the nameless characteristic of genius—of every writer of original power such as Chaucer was. There are those combinations of thought and expression, that exact phraseology, those lights and happy strokes of imagination and fancy, which individualize his characters, convey his thought in no feeble language, and delineate his subject with life-like reality. He especially excels in graphic delineation, in the touches of quiet humour, in the shrewd observation and portraiture of life and manners. His characters have always exactly those peculiarities which we might expect to find in actual life. Those little particulars of description, too, are never forgotten which show not only a minute but a loving observation. We almost thank the poet for being so particular and specific for our sake. Chaucer exhibits a fine love of scenery, and his descriptions are always minute, clear and hearty, as if the country air was around him; but evidently his chief delight is in depicting manners, the peculiar modes of life, the different ranks and professions, from the highest to the humblest; all which he does so truly, even

* Cowper, in his *Table Talk*, has finely embodied something like the above thought:—

“Age; elapsed 'ere Homer's lamp appeared,
 And ages 'ere the Mountain swan was heard:
 To carry nature lengths unknown before,
 To give a Milton birth, ask'd ages more.
 Thus genius rose and set at order'd times,
 And shot a day-spring into distant climes,
 Ennobling every region that he chose;
 He sunk in Greece, in Italy he rose;
 And, tedious years of Gothic darkness pass'd,
 Emerged all splendour in our isle at last.
 Thus lovely halcyons dive into the main,
 Then show far off their shining plumes again.”

to the characteristic faults and failings, which are accurately but kindly touched, that it is as if we lived in the very times, and were ourselves conversant with the manners and characters delineated.

No subject could be more happily chosen than that of Chaucer's principal poem—*The Canterbury Tales*—to allow scope to his peculiar powers; and he was probably directed to the choice both by the characteristics of the age, and by his own predilections. Certain pilgrims to the tomb of the famous Thomas à Becket, at Canterbury, to which already pious pilgrimages had long been established, meet at a certain hostelry—the Tabard Inn at Southwark—and agree to travel in company to the shrine of their common devotion. As pilgrimages, however, in these times, and especially in merry England, were no very gloomy affairs, and the very tension of such works of supererogation and penance, if there was such tension, was supposed to entitle to a corresponding indulgence and relaxation when it was once performed, it is proposed by the worthy landlord, who probably had a shrewd view to his own interest in the matter all the while, that to beguile their way the pilgrims severally should treat each other to a story, and that the palm of merit should be awarded to him who should tell the best, that to consist of an entertainment given at the expense of the others at the Tabard, from which they set out. Such is the groundwork and plan of Chaucer's poem, and it will be perceived at once how such a plan allows of such grouping of parties, and their meeting in such numbers, and of such varied and motley character, as affords the best opportunity of varied description and effective delineation; while the oneness of their object gives a unity to, or so far amalgamates, the points of contrast in which they differed. The stories told are the celebrated "Canterbury Tales," which still detain the fascinated reader over their pleasing delineations, their fine scenic descriptions, their pathetic recitals, their chivalrous and romantic adventures. A different idea is now entertained of such pilgrimages; and à Becket, it must be admitted, was rather the able prelate than the true priest. Chaucer, no doubt, estimated at their proper value such pilgrimages, and his faith in any shrine could not be very devout when its virtues and attractions could afford the subject of such a sketch.

Of Chaucer's minor pieces his *Troilus and Cresside*, the *Flower and the Leaf*, and the *House of Fame*, are the best known. The former is partly a translation, with much that bears the stamp of his own genius in the execution. The latter are allegorical compositions, and have been modernised by Dryden and Pope respectively, without perhaps improving upon the originals.

Chaucer was intimately connected with the more stirring events of the period. He accompanied Edward the third in his French wars, and may have been witness to the prowess and chivalry of Cressy and of Poitiers: his fortunes, suffering some vicissitudes in the reign of Richard II, became bound up with those of the "time-honoured Lancaster," and the Bolingbroke, of Shakspeare. John of Gaunt married the sister of the poet's wife; and Henry of Bolingbroke, on coming to the throne, saw to a suitable provision to him in his older days. It was in the evening of his day—that he wrote his principal poem, and it bears all the evidences of that larger wisdom, and riper knowledge, which years and experience such as his could not fail to impart. It is not the production of a recluse scholar, or of a youth in years or experience, but of one who had seen life in all those more picturesque phases which the age presented, and who could weigh the principles of action, while he depicted faithfully the scene and the actor. He takes a view of life from an eminence which removed him from all turmoil and

distraction, and permitted that wide survey and large contemplation which embraced every character, every situation, and every motive of conduct. He was obviously possessed of an exceedingly cheerful and genial temper which allowed him to describe life, not without sometimes a vein of satire, but always, even when he was called upon to be most severe, with a lenient and gentle hand. He could chastise sins and follies, but he loved at the same time to contemplate and pourtray the finer and the more amiable virtues. He painted the darker, but he liked also to present on his canvas the brighter, aspects of life.

Gower was a contemporary of Chaucer, and although much inferior to him in all the characteristics of the true poet, he still wrote in a manner not unworthy of his association with the great Father of English Poetry. His descriptions have the touches of the true observer and painter; and it was the vein of serious reflection pervading his writings that procured for him the epithet, kindly given by Chaucer, of the "moral Gower."

Lydgate, a monk of Bury St. Edmonds, wrote at the close of the 14th and the beginning of the 15th centuries. His compositions are numerous, and on the most varied subjects; but it is only in scattered passages that we find anything of superior excellence, while he is for the most part diffuse, verbose, tedious. He exhibits the spirit of the genuine monk: and in passing from the works of Chaucer to his, it has been said, "we feel as if we were turning aside from the open highway into the dark and echoing cloisters."

In England, from the time of Chaucer till the reign of Henry VIII., a period of nearly two centuries, we have no poets of any great and signal merit. The muses would seem to have transferred their seat, during that interval, to the neighbouring country of Scotland, where they generally have had their favourite haunts.

So long an interval during which no great poet, and indeed no very distinguished writer of any kind, appeared—it is as if no eminent name adorned the period that has elapsed from the time of the second Charles to our own day—may perhaps be accounted for by the distracted state of the country, the contests of hostile factions affording no favourable opportunity for the cultivation of letters, or for the indulgence of literary tastes. That a single mind, now and again, should arise, notwithstanding the most unfavourable circumstances, is not so wonderful; but it is in a state more quiet, and in times more peaceful, than civil wars allow, that we may expect any number of literary writers. Nor had the revival of learning yet exerted its influence to that extent to render mind independent of surrounding circumstances. The wars of the Roses, too, were for no principle that might awaken or develop mind, but only gave scope for the indulgence of the fiercer passions, in party feud, and the projects of personal ambition.

And yet it was during this time, probably, that some of those simple and touching ballads were produced which are among the choicest and most prized relics of our literature; showing that mind was not altogether dormant, but that it existed in retired lurking places, like birds in their leafy coverts, whose song is the sweeter for the surrounding shade and the unexpected melody. Now and then, too, a note of stronger compass was heard, a martial melody rose upon the blast, whose echoes have reverberated ever since, and are reverberating still. The ballad of "Chevy Chase," for example—that ballad which Sir Philip Sydney said stirred him like the blast of a trumpet—is referred to the reign of Henry VI. The "border minstrelsy," which so many have taken such pains to collate and edit, probably belongs to this time,

and to a period a little later. The authorship of these ballads is unknown: they perhaps had no single author, but were the joint product of different minds; it probably being the amusement of the peasantry, or better class of Yeomen, when not themselves engaged in any actual raids, to recount and throw into verse their common exploits, or the more signal incidents of border warfare, or scenes of love and gallantry. They thus grew, as has been said of the songs of Burns, "like clouds on the sky," or "came out like singing birds from the thicket." Scotland had its own share in these ballads; indeed, the greater number of them, and, admittedly, those of highest merit, are the product of Scottish soil. Hence it is that all that border land, and especially on the northern side of the Tweed and the Cheviots, is so classic, while it is in itself so picturesque and lovely.

The Scottish poets, Barbour, and Wyntown, and James I. of Scotland, belong to the period we have traced. Barbour was a contemporary of Chaucer, and wrote "The Bruce," intended to be a poetical recital of the exploits of "Robert the Bruce," the restorer of Scottish freedom. It is allowed to be authentic as a history, and is valued on that account; while it conveys a lively idea of the times, is graphic in its descriptions, and often characterized by a noble and generous enthusiasm. It is in that poem that we have the famous apostrophe to freedom:

A! fredome is a nobill thing!
 Fredome mayse man to haiff liking!
 Fredome all solace to man giffis.
 He levys at ese that frely levys!

The poet goes on:

A noble hart may haiff nane ese,
 Na ellys nocht that may him please,
 Giff fredome failythe: for fre liking
 Is yearnyt our all othir thing.
 Na he, that ay hase levyt fre,
 May nocht know weill the prepyrte,
 The angyr, na the wretchyt dome,
 That is cowplyt to foule thyrdome.
 Bot gyff he had assayit it,
 Than all perquer he suld it wyt;
 And suld think fredome mar to pryse
 Than all the gold in warld that is.

Such was the Scotch language about the time of Chaucer, and we see how nearly it approaches to the English of the same period. Indeed they are the same language, with only local variations; and hence it is that the Scotch and English literature are hardly separable, and must be treated together. The Lowland Scotch and English, however, diverged more and more from this time. The English gets perfected into the language of Shakspeare: the Scotch gets more Scotch, if we may say so; or it retains all the glories of the old Saxon, these taking a deeper tinge, and becoming more imbued with the peculiarities of the Scotch character, as it develops and becomes distinctively national, till we have all the difference that is between the national poetry of Scotland and that of England, between Burns and Shakspeare.

Wyntown was a little later than Barbour. He wrote an "Orygynale cronykil of Scotland" in verse, something after the manner of the 'Rhyming Chronicles' of England,—"valuable," it is said, "as a picture of ancient manners, as a repository of historical anecdotes, and as a specimen of the literary attainments of our ancestors."

“The King’s Quhair,” by James I. of Scotland, is allowed to be superior to any thing in Scottish or English literature since the death of Chaucer. The royal poet exhibits much of the graphic power of the elder English bard, whom he had evidently studied, abounds in fine, often touching, thoughts, ingenious turns of reflection, and imagery that is always pleasing, graceful and appropriate. The poem embodies the experience and musings of the youthful prince, unjustly detained a captive in Windsor Castle, at the instance of Henry IV. of England. His passion for a lady—a daughter of the Earl of Somerset, whom he afterwards made his queen,—beheld walking in the royal gardens of Windsor, is the inspiring cause, and forms the burden of the poem. Few poets could have had such a happy subject; taking into consideration his own rank and that of the lady—for she was of the house of Lancaster—the circumstances of his captivity, his prospects if he were free, and the regal precincts and stately gardens which environed him and bounded his view: taking all these into consideration, with all the topics associated, few subjects were more adapted to awaken all the emotions that go to constitute the fuel, or afford the pabulum, of poetry. Other compositions of a humorous cast are ascribed to James, but not, it appears, with any positive certainty. He was ruthlessly assassinated at Perth by some of his own nobility, perishing a martyr to his enlightened attempts to introduce something like order and a just administration into his kingdom.

The names of Dunbar and Gawain Douglas and Lyndsay—Lord Lyon, king at arms—especially the two former, take a high place among Scotland’s poets, and the writers immediately preceding the Reformation. Lyndsay is not so remarkable as a poet, as a writer of satirical verse, and his productions are generally ranked among the influences which brought about the Reformation in Scotland. They are expressly referred to as such by McCrie in his Life of Knox. They served the same purpose in Scotland as Ulric Von Hutten’s did in Germany; as satires upon the prevailing religion and the manners of the clergy. Douglas had more of the imagination of the poet, wrote what has been accepted as poetry of a high, if not the highest, order; and he has the honour of being the first translator into the vernacular of Scotland of one of the Classics, the *Æneid* of Virgil.

Dunbar, according to Sir Walter Scott, was unsurpassed by any poet that Scotland has ever produced. His writings exhibit high imagination, exquisite fancy, keen observation, with graphic power, a pungent satire, and touches of humorous description. He is chargeable with a certain coarseness, if not almost indecency, in his pictures, which, however, was the fault of the age, and induced very much, perhaps, by the subjects which he treated. His poem, “The Merle and Nightingale,”—a colloquy between these two inhabitants of the grove,—intended to set forth the merits, respectively, of earthly and spiritual love,—is pervaded by a fine morality, as well as distinguished by the highest style of imaginative conception and poetic thought. The conclusion of the colloquy, in which the Nightingale prevails over the Merle—anglice the thrush—is in these fine lines:—

Then sang they both with voices loud and clear :
 The Merle sang—Man, love God that has thee wrought;
 The Nightingale sang—Man, love the Lord most dear,
 That thee and all this world made of nought.
 The Merle said—Love Him that thy love has sought
 Fro’ heaven to earth, and here took flesh and bone :
 The Nightingale sang—And with His dead thee bought :
 All love is lost but upon Him alone.

Then flew thir birds o'er the boughs sheen,
Singing of love among the leavis small.

Douglas, a son of the Earl of Angus, held the high office of Bishop of Dunkeld. In that lovely region, and in the vicinity of some of the grandest and most picturesque scenery of Scotland, he had ample scope for indulging his muse and cultivating it to the utmost. Dunbar, educated at the St. Andrew's University, was at first nothing more than a begging friar of the church, in which character he both begged and preached over the greater part of Scotland and England, gathering, no doubt, in the peculiar capacity, much of the material which he afterwards wove into his verse; but, becoming disgusted with the mean arts which such a profession compelled him to practice, he abandoned it, and seems to have been employed by James IV. in connexion with some important embassies to the different courts of Europe. This was employment more congenial to his tastes, and afforded him the best opportunities of extending his observation, and the means of increasing his knowledge, and enlarging his powers. That he improved these opportunities, his different productions, in almost every vein of poetry, abundantly testify.

Howard, Earl of Surrey, in the reign of Henry VIII., wrote with great beauty; and from the correctness of his style, and the near approach of his language to the standard at which it may be said the English language became fixed, he is called "the first English classic." He died while yet young, under the tyrannical caprice of Henry, and a victim of the jealousy of the Earl of Hertford. His familiarity with Italian literature, of which he was a devoted cultivator, gave a character to his own style. He was the first to introduce the Sonnet, and blank verse, into our language. His verses are distinguished for their elegance, their simplicity and their pathos.

Sir Thomas Wyatt, more able as a diplomatist than skilful as a poet, also produced some elegant pieces at this time. He was the friend of Surrey, and possessed much of his genius. The Earl of Sackville, however, is the greatest name, and bears the greatest reputation, as a poet, immediately previous to the time of Elizabeth. His writings partake something of the character of Dante's *Inferno*, are in the allegorical style, and exhibit much of the beauty and affluence of Spenser himself. His power in allegory seems little inferior to that of the great master of allegorical composition, the author of the "Fairy Queen." He would appear to have had a still earlier model for his "Mirrour of Magistrates" in Lucian's Dialogues of the Dead. "He proposed," says Campbell, "to make the figure of Sorrow introduce us in Hell to every unfortunate great character of English History. The poet, like Dante, takes us to the gates of Hell; but he does not, like the Italian poet, bring us back again. Dismal as his allegories may be, his genius certainly displays in them considerable power."

The prose writers of this first period of English Literature are few in number, and not at all conspicuous in merit. It is worthy of notice that Poetry generally takes the precedence of Prose in a Nation's literature. This, at first sight somewhat strange, may perhaps admit of an easy explanation. Men indeed speak in prose, but when they first take the trouble to form their thoughts into anything like composition, it is in poetry. There would perhaps seem little use of doing so in prose, and just because they are able to *spea*k in prose. It is not till the exigencies of History and Philosophy—which are a much later growth than the utterance of the mind in song—that prose composition is resorted to. Orpheus and Homer wrote or sung hun-

dreds of years before the sages of Greece, and even some of these embodied their grand thoughts in Hexameters. The first writing indeed that we have any account of is in prose; but that was revelation. The book of Job, which is generally thought to be contemporaneous with the five books of Moses, was to all intents and purposes a dramatic poem.

The Norman-French Romancers do not belong to English Literature, as they wrote in a foreign language, though they belonged, for the most part, to the English Court, and many of them chose their subject in connexion with the events, fabulous or otherwise, of early English history—chiefly the exploits of King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table. Bede, as we have seen, wrote in Latin; but his history of the Anglo-Saxons is the grand authority with all our histories which go up to these early times. King Alfred, with that enlightened desire for the progress of his people which so distinguished him, translated Bede into the vernacular—the ancient history of Orosius as well, the fables of Æsop, and portions of the Scriptures, especially the Psalms, interspersing all with his own commentaries and observations, embodying his thoughts, and conveying his reflections, as they might occur to him. When we consider at what disadvantage all this must have been done at that early period, and amid his prolonged struggles for the independence of his kingdom, as well as the many cares of government after independence was achieved, we see what an enlightened and indomitable spirit Alfred must have possessed. The character of this favourite of English Monarchs indeed hardly admits of being overdrawn. It has transmitted itself through all the subsequent periods of English History, and it is the light, still shining from that early time, to which we fondly turn, and from which we catch inspiration.

Wickliffe flourished during the 14th century, but he was remarkable for something else than literary distinction. He was the first translator of the Scriptures into English, which he executed through the Latin vulgate. His controversial works had an important influence upon the age in which he lived, and still more on succeeding ages, but they are not to be estimated by their literary qualities; though even in that point of view they must have been characterized by no ordinary vigour and independence of thought. The “Morning-star of the Reformation,” as Wickliffe has been called, his influence extended to Bohemia and Germany, and had its effect even upon Luther’s mind in the direction which the Council of Constance gave, in that Reformation which was peculiarly his own. Thence it returned to England in greatly increased power, while in England itself the original impulse had never been spent. In Scotland, too, the Lollards were the first to catch the kindling rays which shot from Germany, and by their teaching and martyrdoms transmitted the light which we now possess, and in the blessings of which we now rejoice.

The first regular English prose author is Sir John Mandeville, who gave a gossiping account of his travels during a period of no less than 34 years, previous to 1356. With much of the marvellous, and exhibiting a singular power of credulity, his narrative also is allowed to convey a fair and impartial account of what he saw and observed, and to be imbued with an enlarged and liberal spirit.

We have Sir John Fortescue’s tractate on “The difference between an Absolute and limited monarchy, as it more particularly regards the English Constitution.” Sir John was Chief Justice of the King’s Bench under Henry VI., and always faithful to that weak monarch’s fortunes.

We have the writings of Caxton, the first English printer, chiefly translations. His "Game of Chess" was the first work printed in England.

Fabian and Hall are the names of the earliest writers in the department of History which our literature can boast.

The controversial and political tracts of Sir Thomas More are now chiefly important from the illustrious character of the man, and the nature of the times. His "Utopia," written in Latin, is the scheme of a model Republic, under the fictitious representation of an imaginary one, characterized by all the wisdom, justice, and liberality—all the perfection, in short, which is conceivable in theory, but has never been realised in practice. It has accordingly given a word to our language, the term "Utopian" being synonymous with whatever is visionary in conception but impracticable in fact. A letter of Sir Thomas to his wife—somewhat of a shrew—on the occasion of the loss of property by fire, has been regarded as exhibiting an amiable, pious and generous spirit, giving wise counsel in calamity, and apparently more concerned about his neighbours, lest they should suffer loss, than about himself.

Lord Chancellor of England under Henry VIII., and long his valued and trusted servant, he perished by the hand of the Executioner for his conscientious opposition to Henry in his repudiation of Queen Catherine, and his marriage with Anne Boleyn; ostensibly, for his refusal to acknowledge the King's supremacy. He carried his cheerful and facetious spirit to the scaffold, for when placing his head upon the block he bade the headsman stay his axe till he put his beard aside, for *it*, he said, never committed treason. Sir Thomas was a conscientious Roman Catholic, and never abjured his faith, which may have had something to do with his opposition to Henry in the matter of the divorce.

Passing to Scotland again the name of the celebrated George Buchanan arrests our notice; but his fame rests more upon his attainments as a scholar than upon any works which he has left behind him. He was the Erasmus of the Scottish Reformation, but he exhibited more decision and courage than the correspondent of Luther and the friend of Sir Thomas More. Buchanan wrote a version of the Psalms, and other poems, in Latin verse, with such elegance of thought and expression as to make it a matter of regret that his powers were restrained within the bounds of a foreign language. He also wrote a history of Scotland in Latin, but a great part of it is regarded as no better than fabulous tradition. Fabulous or not, the long list of Scotland's Kings, with their recorded wars, their vicissitudes and adventures, possess to the youthful mind all the charms of a romance—read of course in a translation. Buchanan was the tutor of James the Sixth, and while he made him a scholar, he could not make him a wise man.

It would be useless to extend our notice of this period by an enumeration of all the prose writers belonging to it. We have mentioned the most prominent, and our limits preclude us doing much more than simply mentioning them.

"TEARS THAT SPEAK."

In the old garden lingering, loth to part,
 I plucked a pure, white rose to give my dear,
 Wit emblem of my love and her sweet grace;
 Silent, she raised it to her glowing face,
 And 'mong its dainty leaves there fell a tear
 That shot a ray of light straight to my heart.

THE GREATER SPHINX.

BY CHARLES SANGSTER, OTTAWA, ONTARIO.

Truly hath the poet said
The Sphinx is living, and not dead;
No grotesque monster carved in stone,
But soul and spirit, flesh and bone;
Like nought above earth, or below;
Whom God alone can rightly know,
Or trace with searching eye the chart
Of life enfolded in his heart.

Creature made of rights and wrongs,
Each to him alone belongs;
Neither devil he nor saint:
Paint him black as words can paint,
Paint him white as whitest snow,
There he stands between the two;
Lost in shadow, hid in light,
Still he's neither black nor white.

Strange enigma! see him there,
Bowed, absorbed in needful prayer;
See him now, with face serene,
Shaving men on 'change as keen
As if heaven must needs be won
By some conjuring trick well done,
Wanting which his soul must wait
Whole cycles in the porch of fate,
Ere at great Nemesis' call
It can tread the banquet hall.

Filled with love, with hatred filled,
Thawed with warmth, with coldness chilled.
Seeking heaven, deserving hell
More than aught save he can tell;
Now a child resigned and holy,
Now a demon steeped in folly;
Happy as the airs that blow,
Sunk to depths of deepest woe;
Change on change succeeding fast
From his first breath to his last.

Strong as Atlas, weak as breath
Indrawn by the lips of death;
Tame as love, as hatred fierce,
Who his human mail can pierce?
Here to-day, to-morrow hence,
Deathless as Omnipotence!

Egypt's riddle, lo, how small!
Man's the greatest Sphinx of all.

GHOST STORIES: BORROWED AND ORIGINAL.

BY R. M.—HALIFAX, N. S.

IN the village of E—— lived an old Shoemaker who never passed the village graveyard at sunset without seeing ghosts. Sometimes he saw a woman in white, running, or rather flying, over the new-made graves, and pausing pensively over those of little children. The ghost at times stalked on enormously tall and wiry legs, his arms correspondingly thin, his face grim and ghastly, with one large eye in the middle of his forehead. Not seldom my old friend met spectral funeral processions, many of the faces being familiar to him. They generally marched in silence; but sometimes the tread of many feet, and the subdued whisperings of many voices, would be heard before he saw anything. The *seer* was a sane man, and, I believe, of average truthfulness. He believed that he saw and heard most, if not all, these things; but his imagination was somewhat more lively than his powers of reason were.

The following incident was related to me by a man of sound sense, of perfect sobriety, and of a strong mind:—He was travelling through the woods late at night about a mile from his own residence, thinking of wife and children at the quiet fireside. Suddenly there appeared on the road before him a multitude of living faces and forms of different sizes, at times standing firmly side by side; then moving backward and forward, rising in the air, flitting airily among the trees, advancing and receding, but not disappearing even for a moment. He was eager to go home, and suspected that the airy host were a product of imagination; but he could not go forward: his feet refused to do their office, and he sank exhausted on the ground. He rose after a few moments and retreated to a neighbour's house where he remained all night. I think my friend had overstrained his eyes about this period, and that the blame of this vision really rested with the optic nerve.

The following story was told to me repeatedly by persons incapable of inventing or retailing an untruth,—*eye-witnesses*, deeply interested in the whole matter:—Scene, near the shore overlooking the straits of Northumberland: time, a glorious autumn afternoon about two o'clock. The M—— family consisted of several sons and daughters, all pretty well grown up. The father was sick in the house: several members of the family were in the room with him. Suddenly all the window blinds fell down without any apparent cause, and the house was darkened. The inmates were startled and astonished; but as they could not explain what had happened, they attached no meaning to it. On the following week five of the sons went out a considerable distance to fish for cod. A violent storm came down upon them; but, being skilful oarsmen, they worked their way home safely in the teeth of the gale. One of the brothers had to manage the helm for the nine or ten hours of their struggle for life. The poor fellow was so chilled that next day he was attacked with deadly sickness, and in two days more he was a corpse. Then the window blinds were *taken* down, and the house was darkened as it was so strangely a few days before. The family always connected the two events together; and I confess my inability to furnish a rational account of the matter. I just tell it as it was often told to me.

There is a "haunted house" in C——, which was pointed out to me last

year. It is surrounded by a good farm; but there is an air of desolation about the premises, which may be either the cause or the effect of the ghost story concerning it. The neighbours often see the house brilliantly illuminated from cellar to garret. Suddenly it becomes dark again; and the illumination recurs several times in the same evening. The inmates know nothing of these wonderful illuminations, and deny their possibility. Sometimes there is the sound of a horseman galloping furiously to the door, where he dismounts and no more is seen or heard of him. Then it is a carriage that comes rolling up; but it, too, turns out to be a phantom. Then great noises are heard, as if a thousand cart-loads of stones were tumbled miscellaneously down a precipice. The inmates hear some of the noises, and are said to be seriously affected by them. The owner is anxious to dispose of the farm, but would-be buyers hear hints of the haunting and then fight shy of it. There are mysterious hints of dark deeds about the place, which I suppose are the work of the popular imagination.

I know another "haunted house," belonging to a clergyman of the church of England. Footsteps were often heard on the stairs when no living visible being was near. Doors would seem to be opened, when in reality they were not opened. These strange sounds were heard even by strangers, who knew nothing of the house being "haunted."

But I must not exhaust all my own little stock of ghost stories. Let me now tell very succinctly two or three others that may serve to throw much light on such stories in general. A writer in the *Princeton Review* tells us that the most celebrated ghost seers see the ghosts of living men, and justly asks—How can a ghost be in two places at once? It is still in its appropriate body: how can you see it out of the body? In some instances persons have seen their own ghosts, while they were themselves in the body and actually looking on. The celebrated German poet, Goethe, once saw his own ghost. He was riding on horseback in a narrow path, when he saw himself riding on another horse and in another dress, coming to meet him. As the figure approached him it disappeared. He knew it to be merely a mental illusion.

Cotton Mather, a most learned New England puritan, and a firm believer in witchcraft, tells of a remarkable event which startled the people of New Haven in his day. A thunderstorm passed over the place and was settling away in the south-western horizon, when suddenly there appeared on the cloud the figure of a ship, the sails all set, apparently approaching the harbour. It was visible for half an hour, in which time it seemed to encounter the storm, and to be totally dismantled and wrecked. Mather thought this phenomenon was a miracle; but the cause of it is now well understood. A vessel was coming from England which never arrived. It was approaching land when the storm caught it. The dark cloud was as a mirror to reflect its appearance, on the same principle that a man's figure is reflected from the wonderful Brocken in the Hartz Mountains. (See DeQuincy's account of the Spectre of the Brocken in *Opium Eater*.)

Old conjurers, by the exercise of the "Black Art," used to raise any number of devils to gibber and dance, and terrify simple souls. Sir David Brewster tells us that these horrid phantoms were mere optical illusions, produced by one or more concave mirrors or lenses. Smoke (incense, as they called it,) was always required. The conjurer's art availed him nothing without smoke. "The images of devils were formed from pictures in the air, directly over the fire, where not one of them could be seen till the smoke

began to rise and form a ground for them." "As soon as the smoke ceased they were no longer visible."

Every one has heard of lights being seen in church yards, and over newly made graves. Some of peculiarly keen sense can see a light, a "corpse candle," where another sees nothing but "darkness visible." These lights are said to be most brilliant over newly made graves. The explanation of this strange phenomenon is thus given by the reviewer already quoted:—"A buried corpse is subject to many and rapid chemical changes. Here are putrefaction, fermentation, decomposition, gasification, and a general play of chemical affinities; and it is not incredible that a phosphoric vapour may sometimes ascend which, in a dark night and to eyes of sensitive perception, may produce the appearances described. If this be admitted, we have a solution, on purely natural principles, of most of the spectres and goblins with which burial places have been thought to be haunted."

Optical illusions are, no doubt, the chief source of ghosts; that is, we make what we see. Sir David Brewster tells of a "Mrs. A." who used to see her deceased friends with the utmost plainness, and at last got so used to them as to be not in the least alarmed at their appearance. She knew that they were the growth of her own brain.

If the reader wishes to peruse a splendid treatise on ghosts, spirit-rapping, and all that sort of thing, let him turn to the late Count Gasparin on "*Science versus Spiritualism.*" Let me say, in conclusion, that I believe in ghosts—of a certain class. Every human being has a "ghost" in him which separates from the body at death. There are angels, good and bad. There are the "souls of the departed." The spirit-world is around us and above us; and if our eyes were keen enough it is quite possible that we might see "spirits," although, as we are now constituted, such a luxury seems an impossibility.

THE LIFE AND TEACHINGS OF PLATO.

BY I. ALLEN JACK.

AMONG the number of ethical writers, both of ancient and modern days, with perhaps the solitary exception of Aristotle, who, as the founder of a system and the classifier of inductive principles, occupies a very prominent position, no one stands higher in public estimation than the philosopher Plato.

In all the great European Universities where moral philosophy is studied, since the time of the scholiasts to the present day, the works of this writer have been read with avidity, and in America where physics are more popular than ethics, and the humanities have been somewhat superseded by natural science, the name of Plato is among the educated, a household word, and every man who has passed his responsions, or attended his first commencement, at least pretends to some little knowledge of the "*Crito*" and "*Apology of Socrates.*" It cannot be expected, however, that those whose educational advantages have been but limited, have ever studied the tenets of one who wrote in greek, and flourished centuries before our Saviour's time, and we are of a strong opinion

that there are at least a few among our classical readers, even amongst those who have donned the white ermine or scarlet hood, who will find something to interest them in the following pages. It may indeed be contended that a knowledge of the dead languages is not now an essential for one who wishes to study the Roman and Greek writers, and we are willing to grant, that thanks to Bohn's Oxford series in England, and to Harper's reprints in America, very great facilities are afforded to students who have only a limited portion of time at their disposal; but we regret to state, that even to those who trust in translations, the opportunity for studying Plato is exceedingly poor, as there is but one reliable translation of his writings and this we believe has not been reproduced in the United States. So far as this Province is concerned we can state from personal experience, that possessing a translation of only a small portion of his works, our copy, or as it would be called by college men, our crib, has served the purposes of more than one undergraduate when *coaching* for his degree, and we have been informed by the borrowers, that in their opinions no other is possessed in the Province. We ourselves cannot vouch for the truth of this supposition, but can state with certainty that no other copy does exist to our knowledge; although having only a limited acquaintance among the thousands comprising the population of New Brunswick, it is very possible that many volumes of the old philosopher ornament the shelves of private libraries in St. John and elsewhere in the Province.

Under these circumstances therefore, we do not consider it necessary to apologize to our readers even to those whose inclinations tend rather to novelties and modernisms than to antiquities, in bringing the present subject before their notice. The sight of Cleopatra's ear rings, or the shrivelled mummy of a Pharaoh, would awaken the interest of any educated mind, and so we believe will the writings of an ancient sage.*

Let us now glance for a moment at the political and social position of Greece, where Plato appeared upon the public stage.

The glory of Sparta was then in the ascendant; the descendants of the stern Lycurgus, with sword in hand, had traversed nearly the whole of Greece, and many brave and warlike tribes had bowed before them. Athens too, Athens whose heroes had driven back not armies alone, but dense and solid masses of soldiers, Athens too had yielded to their sway. But though the country had been overrun by ignorant, nay almost brutal soldiery, though the ancient fire and bravery of the cultivated Hellenes were well nigh quenched the intellectual ardour of this classic land was not yet dead. Here every river had its patron deity, every grove and forest their nymphs, their fauns and satyrs; while the beetling brow of mount Olympus bid all remember the great Zeus who reigned in heaven, and the bright circle of divinities surrounding the throne, and the peaceful dweller on Hymettus could not gaze at the clear blue ether of the happy day, or count the stars as they gleamed in the midnight sky, without recalling the brilliant memories of the past. Thus, though old Homer had long since glided in amongst his stygian ghosts, though Pindar and Anacreon had chaunted their last sweet measures, though the dulcet notes of Sappho with her sad and loving spirit, had passed away, the genius of poesy was not dead. Yet though not dead, the strength, the bright vital-

*We would here observe that if this article induces any one to examine the subject matter with a more critical eye, a very excellent treatise in two parts is published in the Dublin University Magazine for September, 1865, entitled "The Twilight of Faith or Foreshadowings of Christianity in the writings of Plato," from which we have borrowed largely.

ity of poesy was gone. No longer did the crowned victor recite his verses in the crowded theatres, no longer were the tragedies of Æschylus and Sophocles greeted with o'erwhelming plaudits; and the precursor of the heavier drama, the wandering band of minstrels with the goat, that enemy of vines, and the gaily dressed Bacchus, no longer delighted the villagers with quaint verses sung to quaint music. But the intellects of a highly cultivated nation, of a nation holding the very first place in the world of art, whose shrines were filled with the richest trophies of the chisel, whose temple walls were adorned with the most chaste productions of the pencil, could not remain long hidden; it was not destined that the waters of Lethe should drown forever the energies of a people, in whom the muses had inspired a love of the beautiful and divine. And so it came to pass, that when the buskin and cothurnus were laid aside, when the notes of the tibia were no longer heard on the steeps of Idus and the charming vales of Thessaly, a new spirit burst forth in Greece, a great desire took possession of their minds and men sought for knowledge of what before had been considered too sacred and too mysterious for investigation; and thus philosophy usurped the throne of mystic beauty. Forth from the academies and the schools came fervid teachers of metaphysical lore, the porticoes, the corners of the streets, but chief of all the gardens were filled with groups eager to catch the words they uttered. There amid the laurels, the arbutus and the sweet scented myrtles, youthful and ardent disciples learned the mysteries of varied creeds, and wondering heard of the movements of the heavenly bodies, the form of the earth on which they trod, and the conflicting opinions as to the relation of soul to body, of mortal spirit to the creatures of the unknown world; and the learning which warrior sages and exiled philosophers had gathered in foreign lands added fresh beauty and vigor to arguments based almost entirely on startling hypotheses. Thus the gloomy doctrine of fatalism was freely discussed; and the houris of Persia and the solemn deities of the Nile mingled in wild profusion amid the shifting dwellers of the philosopher's heaven.

Foremost among the great intellects of the time was he of whom we write, the good and learned Plato. This illustrious man was born in the year 430 B. C., just at the close of the Peloponnesian war, when, as states an eminent writer, "Athenian society was in its transition state; when men, despising the gods, lived only for the pursuit of pleasure, and when licentiousness, debauchery, and profanity were rife in their midst." His great master Socrates, having fallen a victim to envy and superstition, had in his dying moments impressed upon his followers the necessity of curbing inordinate desires, and of following wisdom as an only guide. In his very last words he exhibited a full consciousness of his duty as a citizen, and a knowledge of the second great precept of christianity. "I owe a cock to Æsculapius," he said, "see that it be paid," and then his spirit left its earthly frame, soaring towards the regions of immortality of which he had taught. The bulk of Plato's writings consists of dialogues between his beloved master, Socrates, and his disciples, or, skilful disputants known as Sophists; hence the author is considered by some a mere biographer, or a classic Boswell, whose sole object was to hand down to posterity the carefully gathered opinions of his teacher. Never was there a more erroneous impression.

It is indeed the marked peculiarity of Plato, that in the development of his philosophy, he keeps himself in the background, and that in all his works his own name is mentioned once, and that but incidentally.

It may be observed, however, that the work of Socrates was more the

sketching out the method of investigation, not so much the actual result of that investigation. Socrates never wrote a line, for a reason peculiar to himself and his type of mind. He held that a book was of little use in the way of instruction, because it could answer no questions. To Plato, therefore, was reserved this task, and when, in order to perpetuate the Socratic method of investigation, he committed his works to writing in the shape of dialogues, it was but natural that in the *dramatis personæ* he employed, the person of his revered master should be most prominent.

It is certainly somewhat humiliating to would-be believers in ethical development, that the writings of Plato, read even in the light of modern christianity, are master-pieces of moral piety. There is one feature in these works, however, which strikes us with special wonder; we refer to the attributes ascribed by the writer to the deity, which, in their resemblance to biblical delineations of the Almighty, are startling and marvellously vivid. Take, for example, the following:—"For there is no one," says the philosopher, "who is more the cause of living, both to us and everything else, than He who is the ruler and king of all." He is the beginning, the end, the measure of all things; He is a just God, and "distributes greater honours to those who are greater in virtue; but to those who have less of virtue, less honours, as being suited to each, according to reason." He cares for the least of his creatures: "But perhaps," says he, "it would not be difficult to prove this, and least that the gods are no less attentive to small things than to such as are pre-eminent in greatness."

Turning now for a moment to the Book of books, where will we find a more simple yet solemn utterance of a great and uncontrovertible dogma, than in the words:—"God is not a man that he should lie, neither the son of man that he should repent; hath he said, and shall he not do it? or hath he spoken, and shall he not make it good?"

To this we find the following almost parallel passage, which, with a proper feeling of reverence, we cannot forbear quoting as a beautiful conception of divinity on the part of our author:—

"God, then, is simple and true, both in word and deed; never has He changed Himself: nor does He deceive others, neither by visions, nor discourse, nor the pomp of signs, nor when we sleep or wake." Again he says, God is not the cause of evil. "But for our evils we must seek some other cause than God." In regard to the moral precepts inculcated by Plato, we may briefly state that he enjoins that men should forgive their enemies and love their neighbours: and that they should keep their passions and desires in submission. "For nothing else," he says, "but the body and its desires occasion wars, seditions and contests; for all wars among us arise on account of our desire to acquire wealth, and we are compelled to acquire wealth on account of the body being enslaved to its service;" and "while we live we shall thus approach, as it seems, nearer to knowledge, if we hold no intercourse or communion at all with the body, except what absolute necessity requires: nor suffer ourselves to be polluted by its nature, but purify ourselves from it, until God releases us Himself."

In this brief sketch it is simply impossible to give a correct idea or even an outline of the argumentative system pursued by Plato: of the rich beauty of his metaphors; of his propositions, so startling and yet so comprehensible to the acute Athenians. Nor are we able to give a just estimate of his keen perception of the faults and weaknesses latent in human nature, only perceivable by an intellect of the most searching and analytical character.

But the crowning exploit of reasoning, the nearest approach which unaided wisdom has ever made to revealed religion, is contained in the argument by which the doctrine of the immortality of the soul is maintained; and here the whole energy, the research, the power of observation, of the philosopher is wonderfully apparent. This argument it is impossible, for the reasons just stated, to lay before our readers; but we cannot refrain from giving a few extracts from the concluding part of the essay, where, having considered the proofs in favour of his hypothesis, he proceeds to comment upon the sublimity of the doctrine, and to state his views as to the condition of the soul after death. "But it is right, my friends," he said, "that we should consider this: that if the soul is immortal, it requires our care not only for the present time, which we call life, but for all time; and the danger would now appear to be dreadful if one should neglect it. For if death were a deliverance from everything, it would be a great gain for the wicked, when they die, to be delivered at the same time from the body and from their vices, together with the soul; but now, since it appears to be immortal, it can have no other refuge from evils, nor safety, except by becoming as good as possible." "These things being thus constituted, when the dead arrive at the place to which their guardian spirit* leads them severally, first of all they are judged, as well those who have lived piously as those who have not;" and "those who appear to be incurable, through the magnitude of their offences, either from having committed many and great sacrileges, or many unjust and lawless murders, or other similar crimes,—these a suitable destiny hurls into Tartarus, whence they never come forth." "But those who are found to have lived an eminently holy life, these are they who, being freed and set at large from these regions in the earth as from a prison, arrive at the pure abode, and dwell on the upper parts of the earth. And among these, they who have sufficiently purified themselves by philosophy shall live without bodies throughout all future time, and shall arrive at habitations yet more beautiful than these, which it is neither easy to describe, nor at present is there sufficient time for the purpose. But for the sake of these things which we have described we should use every endeavour, so as to acquire virtue and wisdom in this life; for the reward is noble and the hope great. To affirm positively, indeed, that these things are exactly as I have described them, does not become a man of sense: that however either this, or something of the kind takes place with respect to our soul and its habitation—since our soul is certainly immortal,—this appears to me most fitting to be believed, and worthy the hazard for one who trusts in its reality; for the hazard is noble, and it is right to allure ourselves with such things as with enchantments. * * * On account of these things, then, a man ought to be confident about his soul; who, during this life, has disregarded all the pleasures and ornaments of the body as foreign from his nature, and who, having thought that they do more harm than good, has zealously applied himself to the acquirement of knowledge, and who, having adorned his soul, not with a foreign but its own proper ornaments—temperance, justice, fortitude, freedom and truth,—thus waits for his passage to Hades as one who is ready to depart whenever destiny shall summon him."

With this beautiful sample of pure and lofty conception, expressed in language alike calm and trustful and reverent, without further note or comment, we close our quotations from this philosopher, and propose, in the remainder

* The word is properly *demon*, meaning, of course, a good demon, or, as we translate it, a guardian spirit.

of this article, to glance at a few collateral matters connected more or less with his history and his teaching.

It is a singular coincidence that the birth of Plato took place in the same year in which Malachi, the last of the prophets, died; and this has induced many persons to believe that the spirit of inspiration, which so long had dwelt among the Hebrews, was also vouchsafed to the Greek philosopher. This theory has been advanced by many of the fathers of the Grecian church, more especially by Clement, of Alexandria; and when we examine the purity of his doctrines, and their freedom from mythological superstition, we can easily pardon those who wish to place their illustrious author among the followers of the true God. Pantheology, however, was the great stumbling-block to earnest enquirers among the heathen; and, although Plato is considered by many to have believed in a single omnipotent deity, his writings will scarcely bear out this supposition. It is true that in many places he seems to hint at such a belief; but reference is made more than once to heathen deities by name, and in the majority of instances the Greek word used for God is in the plural. But when we consider the true policy of the mythology of Rome and Greece, we see at a glance the difficulties attendant upon a thoroughly pure belief, and can fully comprehend the trammels encumbering those seeking for wisdom and truth. The classical divinities were divided for the most part into two classes: those to whom their worshippers assigned certain attributes, admired and cultivated among themselves; and those who, having once been men, had by great and noble deeds gained a seat among the immortals.

Therefore, when at last the proposition was boldly stated that God was one—that in his person he united all the attributes of goodness, wisdom and power, the learned vented their feelings in sneering derision, and the vulgar shuddered at what they considered blasphemy of the worst description. But in proportion as one principle of mythology was hostile to revealed religion, so the other was of essential service in support of the great basis of christianity. “The doubts which spring up to the mind of later reasoners, in the immensity of the sacrifice of God to man, were not such as would occur to an early heathen. He had been accustomed to believe that the gods” (or at least many of them,) “had lived upon earth, and taken upon themselves the forms of men; had shared in human passions, in human labors, and in human misfortunes. What was the travail of his own Alcmena’s son, whose altar smoked with the incense of countless cities, but a toil for the human race. Had not the great Dorian Apollo expiated a mystic sin by descending to the grave? Those who were the deities of heaven had been the law-givers or benefactors on earth, and gratitude had led to worship. It seemed, therefore, to the heathen, a doctrine neither new nor strange, that an immortal had inhaled mortality, and tasted the bitterness of death.”*

And the time did come at last, when truth was revealed at Athens, and the sincerity of philosophers, and of all professing seekers after truth, received its test. Two centuries after the death of Plato the whole of Greece became a Roman province, and in the interval between those periods the true spirit of philosophy was gradually declining. Plato, it is true, had many disciples, but, after his disappearance from the public stage, they were enabled to accomplish little in the way of spreading his doctrines; the teachings of strict morality in truth are never popular, and men who live for the world and fashion are rarely virtuous. Yet even the gay and the dissolute boasted

* *Bulwer.*

a philosopher in Epicurus, who having advanced the pleasing doctrine, that a short and a merry life was best, that the gods had given them appetites in order that they should thoroughly enjoy the good things of the earth, soon found many willing disciples.

It is not our present intention to treat of the Epicureans, the Cynics, the Stoics, or of any of the numerous Grecian schools of philosophy; the subject indeed is tempting, but we have already made a digression for which we should perhaps account, and although it is somewhat the fashion of modern writers to wander freely from their text, we cannot convince our senses that such a course is either fair to the subject discussed, or to the reading public.

There is, however, a moral to be gathered from such contemplations as these, and we cannot resist the promptings which urge us to conclude our biographical sketch somewhat in the manner of a sermon.

At the present, and indeed during every period of the world's history, at least since men began to think at all, there has been, and ever will be, a class of minds which considers that man is a sufficiently rational animal to be guided by principles of right and wrong, emanating from his own unguided wisdom. The many unsuccessful experiments of philosophers of this class, especially during the revolution in France, have not, as one would suppose, induced them to abandon a false position; on the contrary, rationalism is if anything rather on the increase, and at the present day, when religious teaching has spread over such a vast civilized area, we find the press of every country sending forth broadcast over the land, books, and pamphlets, and essays, replete with its dangerous and unwholesome doctrines. We wish, however, to enter a most direct and uncompromising protest against that unfair and ungenerous use of Plato's writings, and that ignoble prostitution of his genius, which mark the productions of these self same rationalists.

Plato had no wish to be the founder of a school, nor did he desire that his own opinions, uttered in the true spirit of humility, should ever form the dogmas of a system; his advent, we might almost say, was premature; he came into the world as an apostle of piety, but without the aid of revealed religion: he tried his utmost to attain the stand-point of moral perfection, but his efforts were those of unaided goodness; his struggles were those of one who had cultivated the good and extirpated the bad qualities of his human nature, and it was only as an earnest spiritual gladiator that he gained his victories.

Had Plato stood upon Mars hill, amid that swarm of learned and fashionable Athenians, who cared far more for amusement than instruction; had he learnt from the saintly orator "those things which belonged to his peace;" had his earnest yearnings been guided to the unknown God, we doubt not for an instant, that he would have heard the word with joy and trembling, and that among the humble artizans and lowly rustics who owned the name of christians, he would have been foremost, ready, if God should so direct, to give up his life for that truth he had ever sought.

It is with a feeling akin to pity, that we read in one of his essays:—"But, my friends, we cannot know what things are true, unless it be revealed to us by a God." But our pity is soon lost in admiration for this earnest soul, hopeful and struggling amid the darkness of ignorance and superstition. Truly, we say, had Plato seen the light of revelation, he too would have been a christian apostle; and yet in these modern days of religious controversies and ritualistic revivals, of mass meetings in Exeter Hall, of foreign missions and sunday schools, amid all our boasted christian and social progress, how very few possess the aspirations and energy of a single pious heathen.

HOW I SPENT MY LAST HOLIDAY :
BEING AN ILLUSTRATION OF "THE PURSUIT OF LITERATURE UNDER
DIFFICULTIES."

By EVAN MCCOLL, Kingston, Ontario.

"There's no place like home"—
I doubt not, to some—
Especially such as the Deaf and the Dumb.
A bard, I opine,
Should at least be both these,
In a home such as mine
To feel much at his ease,
Though each one of the Nine
Sought her utmost to please.
Just fancy a house with a dozen or so
Of young hearty hopefuls, all train'd *a-la-Combe*—
A day to myself, and the muse all a-glow,
Some web, long bespoken, to work off her loom.

The breakfast is taken,—
As deskward I draw,
The young ones I beckon
Away with "Mamma;"
On silence I reckon—
My word being law.
All, right—so I think,—
Not the ghost of a sound;
The muse in a blink
At my elbow is found,
When—horror to hear!
Comes some ash-man's loud knock;
That man, it is clear,
Thinks our loor is a rock!
Anon, shouts the baker
"Bread wanted to-day?"
"The baby's awake here"
Cries Fanny to May,
While Betty—deuce take her!
Falls down with a tray.
A cry of despair
Is now heard up the stair—
'Tis Angie, who *will* not let Kate comb his hair,
And strikes in the struggle his head 'gainst a chair.

Anon, comes the blessing
Of silence once more;
My desk again facing,
I muse as before,
While Dan sits caressing
The cat on the floor.
Now Dan, if he may,
Will have his own way,
And Puss is not overly partial to play:
Her beard he would catch—
She gives him a scratch,—
Quick-causing a roar only thunder could match!
The baby its lungs
(Two minature gongs—)
Now worketh with energy fine;
The school is let out,
And now with a shout
Our quota are on us to dine.

Each tongue goes quick as an alarum bell;
 Mamma herself confesses—sooth to tell—
 The din of Babel imitated well!
 O mercy! mercy! how they ever go,
 In one unceasing flow!
 Not one there cares a jot
 Who listens or does not,—
 And yet they seem in keen contention hot,
 Till I could almost wish a mill-stone in each throat
 In vain with sudden tramp
 Upon the floor I stamp;
 In vain I hope for peace 'mid forks and knives,
 And hungry girls and boys
 Whose very heaven seems a noise,—
 I own that man is mad who ever wives!

The dinner over and the youngsters gone
 Once more to school—a riddance blest!—anon,
 With zeal redoubled I proceed anew
 The thread of some fond fancy to pursue,
 When—hark you there!
 I do declare
 That horrid kitchen-maid begins her scrubbing—
 A damsel with red hair who brooks no snubbing.
 Flop—slop,—
 Bucket and mop
 Splashing about till I swear she must stop.
 What now? Bless our lives!
 She's scouring the knives;
 You'd think—such the discord—a saw-mill she drives!
 Now plies she the poker
 Till I feel like to choke her;
 That woman would make a first rate steamboat stoker!

Provoked to a passion, I swear by the saints
 To go for the fashion of living in tents.
 Or choose me a cave, in some solitude far
 Where no such dread discords my musings may mar;
 And donning my hat in a terrible ire,
 I bolt from the house as if all were on fire,
 Convinced that if ever I finish that stave
 It can only be after I find out the *cave*.

THOMAS D'ARCY MCGEE'S HISTORY OF IRELAND.

BY REV. G. M. W. CAREY.

HORACE, in his lament to Virgil on the death of their common friend, Quinctillius, opens with these touching words:—

“What propriety or limit can there be to our grief for one so dear. Teach mournful strains, Melpomene, to whom thy father has given a melting voice together with the harp. Does then a perpetual sleep oppress Quinctillius? He died lamented by many good men, by none more lamented than by thee. Virgil.”

How applicable to the untimely end of Thomas D'Arcy McGee. He has

fallen midway in the journey of life. His "sun has gone down while it was yet day." His death is a public calamity; but most keenly felt by those that knew him best, and loved him most.

His generous heart beats no more in sympathy with human suffering; his eloquent tongue discourses no more in strains of sweetest music; his brain, the busy workshop of the soul, is cold and tenantless—nothing remains but dust, the kingly spirit is gone.

Alas! not the sorrows of his numerous friends on both sides of the Atlantic—not the grief of an admiring people throughout the Dominion of Canada—not the tears of his associates in legislative halls—nor the anguish of the precious ones, bound to him in the fondest and most sacred of ties, can avail him now, or undo the horrid deed, which consigned him in the prime of his manhood to the stillness of the grave. Had he sickened and died—with his loved ones, like ministering angels, around his bed, soothing him, and bending to catch his last whisper as he entered the dark valley—he would have been mourned as having too soon "gone over to the majority," as having too soon "joined the famous nations of the dead." But it intensifies our grief, and it deepens the shadows already resting upon fallen humanity, that *such a man, peaceful, inoffensive, talented, and much needed at this critical juncture of our Colonial History, should be foully assassinated, murdered in cold blood as he retired from the labours of the day in the Parliament of our New Dominion.* It darkens the light of our christian civilization, that a man has been found in our land capable of committing such a crime as that of shooting down the Gifted McGee. Another gloomy illustration is added to the words of the Dramatist, becoming too familiar in the progress of crime; and yet there is a mournful consolation in the thought when applied to the departed Orator, Poet, Essayist, Historian, and Statesman, great both in head and heart, that

" His virtues
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against
The deep damnation of his taking off."

Retribution must follow the perpetrator of this fearful atrocity,—if slowly, all the more surely: it cannot fail to overtake him at last.

It is not the design of the writer to discuss McGee's statesmanship. As an orator he enjoyed an unquestioned pre-eminence in the British Provinces. Well was it said of him by the eloquent gentleman who delivered the oration at the Encœcna of the University of New Brunswick, quoting from Dr. Johnson's epitaph on Oliver Goldsmith:—*Nullum quod tetigit non ornavit;* i. e., "he touched nothing that he did not adorn." Johnson's eulogy is no less appropriate when applied to Goldsmith's distinguished and lamented countryman.

As a specimen of his poetry, take the following from his stanzas, entitled "The Exile's Devotion," written after his first arrival on this continent:—

" I'd rather be the Bird that sings
Above the Martyr's grave,
Than fold in future's cage my wings,
And feel my soul a slave.

I'd rather tune one simple verse,
True to the Gælic ear,
Than Sapphic odes I might rehearse,
With Senates listening near."

The last number of the QUARTERLY gave his "*Requiem Æternam*" on the death of Lawrence Devany, and now it is just as applicable to the author himself as to his friend. They loved each other in life, nor were they long divided in death.

In writing he stands in the foremost rank; graceful and easy in style; clear and nervous in expression; his sentences are never involved: the thought is always mirrored in transparent words. It is like a full and beautiful river, that, with full and steady current, rolls on between flowery banks through rich fields and variegated landscapes to the sea.

As a Historian, he is candid, impartial, and fearless in stating what he conceives to be the truth. His History of Ireland should be widely spread among his countrymen, and frequently perused; for it would tend greatly to their enlightenment on many important points, to the removal of their prejudices, and the softening of the asperities of their nature. Here is his description of the introduction of Christianity into Ireland by the preaching of Patrick at Tara:

"The Preacher, followed by his trembling disciples, ascended 'the slope of the chariots,' surrounded by menacing minions of the Pagan law, and regarded with indignation by astonished spectators. As he came he recited *Latin Prayers to the Blessed Trinity*, beseeching their protection and direction in this trying hour. Contrary to courteous custom, no one at first rose to offer him a seat. At last a chieftain, touched with mysterious admiration for the stranger, did him that kindness. Then it was demanded of him why he had dared to violate the laws of the country, and to defy its ancient gods? On this text the Christian Missionary spoke. The place of audience was in the open air,—on that eminence, the home of so many kings, which commands one of the most agreeable prospects in any landscape. The eye of the inspired orator, pleading the cause of all the souls that hereafter, till the end of time, might inhabit the land, could discern within the spring-day horizon the course of the Blackwater and the Boyne before they blend into one; the hills of Cavan to the far north, with the royal hill of Tailtean in the foreground; the wooded heights of Slane and Skreen, and the four ancient roads which led away towards the four subject Provinces, like the reins of empire laid loosely on their necks. Since the first Apostle of the Gentiles had confronted the subtle Paganism of Athens on the hill of Mars, none of those who walked in his steps ever stood out in more glorious relief than Patrick, surrounded by Pagan princes and a Pagan priesthood, on the hill of Tara."

Is not this historical picture sketched by a master hand? Would it not be a fine scene for some painter to represent on canvas? Would that some one would make

"The tuneful page with speaking picture charm."

Patrick was followed by a goodly spiritual posterity, who made Ireland for three centuries after his death the home of Saints and Scholars. "Her schools were essentially free: not only free as to the lessons given, but they supplied free bed and board to those who resorted to them from abroad. They derived their maintenance, not from taxing their pupils, but, in the first instance, from public endowment. The prince and the clansmen of every principality in which a school was situated, endowed it with a certain share—often an ample one—of the common land of the clan. These seats of learning were almost all erected on the banks of rivers, in situations of easy access to the native or foreign student. The intellectual leadership of Western Eur-

ope—the glorious ambition of the greatest nations—has been in turn obtained by Italy, France, Britain and Germany. From the middle of the sixth to the middle of the eighth century, it will hardly be disputed that that leadership devolved on Ireland.”

This was Ireland's golden age; but the age of gold soon gave way to the age of iron. Patrick had rested from his labours; Columbkille no longer preached among the Hebrides, nor Columbanus beyond the Alps: Benignus and Adamnan had passed away; and Erin's best and brightest days were gone forever. How mournful the following:—

“We must turn away our eyes from the contemplation of those days in which were achieved for Ireland the title of the land of saints and doctors. Another era opens before us, and we can already discern the longships of the north, their monstrous beaks turned towards the holy Isle, their sides hung with glittering shields, and their benches thronged with fair-haired warriors, chanting, as they advance, the fierce war songs of their race. Instead of the monk's familiar voice on the river banks, we are to hear the shouts of strange warriors from a far off country; and for matin hymn and vesper song, we are to be beset through a long and stormy period, with sounds of strife and terror and deadly conflict.”

Passing by the Scandinavian, the Anglo-Norman invasion of Ireland is noticed. This took place in the year 1172. In order to facilitate the expedition, Pope Adrian IV, in the year 1155, granted his Bull to Henry II of England, authorizing the invasion of Ireland. Here McGee is very candid:

“The authenticity of that Bull is now universally admitted; and both its preamble and conditions show how strictly it was framed in accordance with the accusation of St. Bernard, whose eyes nothing escaped from Jerusalem to the farthest west. It sets forth that for the eradication of vice, the implanting of virtue and the spread of the true faith the Holy Father solemnly sanctions the projected invasion; and it attaches as a condition, the payment of Peter's pence for every house in Ireland. The bearer of the Bull, John of Salisbury, carried back from Rome a gold ring, set with an emerald stone, (very significant indeed) as a token of Adrian's friendship, or it may be, his subinfeudation of Henry. As a title, however powerless in modern times such a Bull might prove, it was a formidable weapon of invasion with a catholic people in the 12th century.” The people of England paid Peter's pence from the reign of Ina King of the West Saxons until the reign of Henry the 8th; the Irish began to pay tribute to the See of Rome in 1172 and that after they were subjugated by Henry the II under the sanction of Pope Adrian the IV.

Again “The number of Bishops in the early Irish Church was greatly in excess of the number of the modern dioceses. From the 8th to the 12th century we hear frequently of *Episcopi Vagantes*, or itinerant, and *Episcopi Vacantes*, or unbeneficed Bishops; the Provincial Synods of England and Gaul frequently had to complain of the influx of such Bishops into their country.” He proceeds to say that “The roll of all the early Irish monasteries and convents was framed upon an original constitution, which St. Patrick had obtained in France from St. Martin of Tours, who, in turn, had copied after the monachism of Egypt and the East.”

Again “The ancient Irish method of promotion to a vacant See or abbacy was modelled on the electoral principle which penetrated all Celtic usages.”

It appears, that Donald O'Neil, Prince of Ulster, showed a most determined opposition to the Anglo-Norman Rule in Ireland. With him no power in Heaven or on earth could sanction *invasion, murder and rapine*. This Prince

was famous for his celebrated *remonstrance* addressed to Pope John XXII (elected to the Pontificate in 1316) against the tyranny of the Anglo-Normans and the merciless warfare waged by them against the natives of the country. The Ulster Prince says :

“They oblige us by open force to give up to them our houses and our lands, and to seek shelter like wild beasts upon the mountains, in woods, marshes and caves. Even there we are not secure against their fury ; they even envy us those dreary and terrible abodes ; they are incessant and unremitting in their pursuit after us, endeavouring to chase us from among them ; they lay claim to every place in which they can discover us with unwarranted audacity and injustice ; they allege that the whole kingdom belongs to them of right and that an Irishman has no longer a right to remain in his own country.”

He concludes by appealing to the Supreme Judge to take just vengeance on their crimes, which he firmly hopes will sooner or later come to pass. It may be asked why was not a flaming Bull issued by the Holy Fathers, protesting against the outrage and wrong perpetrated by his Anglo-Norman children on the unfortunate Irish.

The Historian's opinion of the character and conduct of James II may be readily learned from the following extract :

“James proceeded openly with what he hoped to make a counter reformation of England, and to accomplish which he relied on France on the one hand, and Ireland on the other. In both cases he alarmed the fears and wounded the pride of England ; but when he proceeded from one illegality to another, when he began to exercise a dispensing power above the laws—to instruct the Judges, to menace the parliament, and imprison the bishops—the nobility, the commons and the army gradually combined against him, and at last invited over the Prince of Orange, as the most capable vindicator of their outraged constitution. The headlong king had a representative equally rash, in Tyr Connell.”

McGee's description of the “Siege of Derry” is written in a fine spirit and though brief is exceedingly graphic. “The true answer of the brave townsmen, when King James advanced too near their walls, was a cannon shot, which killed one of his staff and the cry of ‘no surrender’ thundered from the walls.”

The story of the Siege of Derry—of the heroic constancy of its defenders—of the atrocities of DeRosen and Galmoy—the clemency of Maumont—the forbearance of Hamilton—the struggles for supremacy among its Magnates—the turbulence of the townsfolk—the joyful raising of the siege—all these have worthily employed some of the most eloquent pens in our language. The relief came by the breaking of the boom across the harbour's mouth on the last day of July ; the bombardment had commenced on the 21st of April : the gates had been shut on the 7th of December. The actual siege had lasted above three months, and the blockade about three weeks. The destruction of life on both sides has never been definitely stated. The besieged admit a loss of 4000 men ; the besiegers of 6000. The want of siege-guns in the Jacobite Camp is admitted by both parties, but nevertheless, the defence of the place well deserves to be celebrated, as it has been by an imperial historian, “as the most memorable in British annals.” His description of King William's army is amusing :

“‘A strange medley of all nations.’ Scandinavians, Swiss, Dutch, Prussians, Huguenot French, English, Scotch, ‘Scotch-Irish,’ and Anglo-Irish.

Perhaps the most extraordinary element in that strange medley was the Danish contingent of horse and foot."

As a piece of beautiful writing it would be difficult to surpass his account of the Battle of the Boyne.

"On the last day of June, the hostile forces confronted each other at the Boyne. The gentle legendary river, wreathed in all the glory of its abundant foliage, was startled with the cannonade from the northern bank, which continued through the long Summer's evening and woke the early echoes of the morrow. William, strong in his veteran ranks, welcomed the battle; James, strong in his defensive position, and the goodness of his cause, awaited it with confidence. On the northern bank near to the ford of Oldbridge, William, with his chief officers breakfasting on the turf, nearly lost his life from a sudden discharge of cannon; but he was quickly in the saddle, at all points reviewing his army. James, on the hill of Donne, looked down on his devoted defenders, through whose ranks rode Tyrconnell, lame and ill, the youthful Berwick, the adventurous Lauzan, and the beloved Sarsfield—everywhere received with cordial acclamations. The battle commenced at the ford of Oldbridge, between Sir Neil O'Neil and the younger Schomberg; O'Neil fell mortally wounded, and the ford was forced. By this ford, William ordered his centre to advance under the elder Schomberg, as the hour of noon approached, while he himself moved with the left across the river nearer to Drogheda. Lauzan, with Sarsfield's horse, dreading to be outflanked, had galloped to guard the bridge of Slane, five miles higher up the stream, where alone a flank movement was possible. The battle was now transferred from the gunners to the swordsmen and pikemen—from the banks to the fords and borders of the river. William, on the extreme left, swam his horse across, in imminent danger; Schomberg and Callemotte fell in centre mortally wounded. News was brought to William that Dr. Walker—recently appointed to the See of Derry—had also fallen. 'What brought him there?' was the natural comment of the soldier-prince. After seven hours fighting the Irish fell back on Duleek, in good order. The assailants admitted five hundred, and as many wounded; the defenders were said to have lost from one thousand to fifteen hundred men—less than at Newtown-Butler. The carnage compared with some great battles of that age, was inconsiderable, but the political consequences were momentous. The next day, the garrison of Drogheda, one thousand three hundred strong, surrendered; in another week, William was in Dublin, and James, terrified by the reports which had reached him, was *en route* for France. It is hardly an exaggeration to say, that the fate of Europe was decided by the result of the battle of the Boyne. At Paris, at the Hague, at Vienna, at Rome, at Madrid, nothing was talked of but the great victory of the Prince of Orange over Louis and James. It is one of the strangest complications of history, that the vanquished Irish Catholics, seem to have been never once thought of by Spain, Austria or the Pope. In the greater issues of the European coalition against France, their interests, and their very existence, were for the moment forgotten."

Viewing it from the religious and national stand-point occupied by McGee, his estimate of William's reign over Ireland, especially over the Roman Catholic portion of it, is remarkably fair and charitable. He says:

"William's reign over Ireland is synonymous to the minds of that people of disaster, proscription and spoliation; of violated faith and broken compacts; but these wrongs were done in his name rather than by his orders; often without his knowledge, and sometimes against his will. Rigid as that

will was, it was forced to bend to the anti-Popery storm which swept over the British Islands after the abdication of King James; but the vices and follies of his times ought no more to be laid to the personal account of William than of James or Louis against whom he fought."

The historian closes with the memorable election of Daniel O'Connell in County Clare and the "Emancipation of the Catholics," pointing the passage of the Relief Bill, and beautifully terminating his work with the narrative of an incident, said to have occurred on the day the royal sanction was given to the "Act of Emancipation."

"A strange, but well authenticated incident, struck with a somewhat superstitious awe both Protestants and Catholics, in a corner of Ireland, the most remote from Clare, but not the least interested in the result of its memorable election. A lofty column on the walls of Derry bore the effigy of Bishop Walker, who fell at the Boyne, armed with a sword, typical of his martial inclinations, rather than of his religious calling. Many long years, by day and night, had his sword, sacred to liberty or ascendancy, according to the eyes with which the spectator regarded it, turned its steadfast point to the broad estuary of Loch Foyle. Neither wintry storms nor summer rains had loosened it in the grasp of the War-like Churchman's effigy, until, on the 12th day of April, 1829—the day the royal signature was given to the Act of Emancipation—the sword of Walker fell with a prophetic crash upon the ramparts of Derry, and was shattered to pieces. *So, we may now say, without bitterness and almost without reproach, so may fall and shiver to pieces every code, in every land beneath the sun, which impiously attempts to shackle conscience, or endows an exclusive caste with the rights and franchises which belong to an entire people.*"

This closing sentence, *manly and noble*, is worthy of being written in letters of gold. The fervent desire expressed here will draw forth a warm response from every *right-minded and true-hearted man*, be he Protestant or Roman Catholic. It is to be regretted that there are many in this the latter half of the 19th century who need to be enlightened on the inalienable rights and liberties of conscience. But it is not so much that there is a lack of the power of seeing things in a true light, as that the mental vision is blinded by passion and prejudice. The man who, taking two guineas, laid one on each eye and, looking towards the sun, complained of not seeing its brightness, was wilfully blind. It is to be hoped that the eyes of all will be opened, in these momentous times in which we live, to see that *liberty of conscience is the birth-right of every member of the human family*. No earthly king or court—no human legislature, necessarily imperfect—should claim the power of prescribing to the consciences of their fellow-men what they should believe and practice, under any penalty, great or small. *God's Word alone is the Statute Book, fairly, honestly and correctly interpreted; and God alone is Judge in the Court of Conscience. Here, God alone is authority,—"God alone is great."* The injunction of Christ to his disciples is pertinent to this point: "*Neither be ye called Masters: for one is your Master, even Christ; and all ye are brethren.*" It is right, it is the duty of every class of religionists to speak with unfettered freedom what they believe to be true; to show their authority and give a reason for the faith that they hold and desire to propagate; to appeal to, expound and spread the volume of Inspiration, which liveth and abideth forever; to teach all nations: and when they have done this, leave the result with God, and the issue to the disclosures of eternity: and not vault into the judgment seat to pronounce sentence, and inflict penalties upon their fellows for

a difference of religious opinion. Our age is one in which the masses of the people are "levelling upwards," and the few cannot much longer crush down the many. Men of clear heads, warm hearts and high resolves are striving for the right. The strife is a noble one, and the victory is sure. It may be truly said, in the stirring words of the laureate,—

" And even they who sit apart
And watch them, wax in every limb;
They feel the thews of Anakim—
The pulses of a Titan's heart."

The day is not far distant when the hope and desire of the lamented McGee will become a joyous fact and a possession forever, to be recorded and magnified by some future historian, to the surprise and gratitude of the generations to come. Already the east is blushing, the day is breaking, the hill-tops are becoming radiant; and the world and the entire family of man will be bathed in the glorious sunshine. The year will soon be ushered in when the bells will

" Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

" Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land—
Ring in the Christ that is to be."

The writer, as he lays down this fascinating history of Ireland, finds the same fault with it that an enthusiastic admirer of Nova Scotia did with that Province, when he said to his friend—" Ah! sir, the only trouble is there's not enough of it." Byron lamented that Thomas Campbell had written so little; the same lamentation may be made respecting Thomas D'Arcy McGee. It is to be hoped that his writings will soon be gathered together, and his complete works published in an attractive form, as a valuable addition and ornament to Canadian literature, and a desideratum in our public and private libraries.

A DOUBLE SCOURGE.

A REMINISCENCE OF THE SOUTH.

BY CLIFTON.

THE fascination of the gaming table is the most subtle of all allurements. The victim who has allowed himself to become bound in the meshes of that sin must, indeed, be strong in resolution to overcome it, and turn from its temptations with fortitude. But whatever commiseration may be felt for the infatuated mortal who frequents gambling halls from a love of excitement, there is little pity to be afforded for the professional gambler that systematically counts his victims, and whose greatest enjoyment is to "skin" the poor

dupe that falls into the trap laid for him. Fortunately for us our civilization is not of the order which tolerates the professional gambler.

In the New Dominion we are too puritanical in our notions to allow such an individual to exist without the finger of scorn being pointed at him. In the South, previous to the rebellion, the case was different. There the professional gambler was looked upon as a necessary evil, and his exploits at cards were as freely criticised by the citizens as the efforts of the politician or the actions of the general. Although compelled to associate only with his kind, except at the gambling table, his neat, faultless dress and courteous manners made him an object of attraction in the same light, to the masculine portion of the community, that a *demi monde* was to the feminine.

During the summer of 1858, the yellow fever raged with unusual severity in the city of Charleston, S. C., and also along the entire seaboard of the cotton states. Old foreign residents whom the scourge had spared for thirty years, and youthful natives whose constitutions were not sufficiently mature, had fallen victims. Hotel and boarding-house keepers closed their doors upon the adventurous traveller that had the temerity to visit the city at that time. Business of all kinds was suspended, and silence reigned in the streets, except when broken by the rattle of the hospital van or dead cart.

Periods of great public calamity seem ever to be the most lucrative and opportune for the gamester, when men become, from long familiarity with suffering and misfortune, callous to the nobler dictates of conscience, and rush headlong into vice, some to drown, perhaps, the remembrance of past happiness, or to consign to oblivion forms that will appear unbidden to haunt the memory; many to gratify an inherent love of excitement, and others to replenish exhausted coffers.

On a warm, sultry night in September, when the disease was at its height, a party of dark-visaged, well-dressed men were assembled in the upper story of a house in the very centre of a locality destroyed by the great fire of 1861. The rattle of ivory "chips,"* announced them to be deeply immersed in the mysteries of "faro." Around three sides of the table sat the players, on the fourth and next the wall, the banker, as the dealer was politely called, with the cards in a box, partially open at the top and sides, in front of him; fastened on the table, accessible to all, were the cards for the betters, on many of which were small and large piles of chips, and the tops of some were crowned with cents.

The countenances of all betrayed the excitement under which they laboured. A sickly pallor overspread the features of some; others tried to hide under the guise of levity the nervousness that was but too apparent; while others again expressed with oaths the disappointment they felt at an unlucky bet. The dealer alone seemed cool, and unexcited, quietly turning the cards before him, with a grace and ease, and peculiar turn of the hand, only attained by long practice. On a sideboard, the only furniture the room contained besides the table and chairs, stood several decanters, and the frequency with which it was visited, attested its benefits to the establishment. The only professional present was the dealer, who debarred others of his *confreres* taking part on that particular occasion.

Opposite the dealer sat a young man, apparently about five-and-twenty. His nervous, restless movements indicated the struggle passing in his mind.

* The currency used at faro-banks to facilitate the game. They are about the size of the old-fashioned U. S. cents, and represent various denominations of value.

as he watched, with bloodshot eye and eager glance, that told of sleepless nights, each card turned. His last chips had been placed on the table. With a graceful movement the dealer turned the cards and announced a "split." A ray of hope brightened the handsome features as he watched the dealer anxiously. Another turn and the dealer coolly swept into his drawer the small pile of chips that appeared to cause its possessor so much anxiety.

Dupree (for that was the young man's name) gazed at the dealer with a bewildered, incredulous look, at first almost idiotic in its expression; that soon gave place to one of most intense hate, as he rose hastily from the table and strode to the sideboard. Pouring out into a glass some of the fiery beverage contained in a decanter, he swallowed it. For a few moments he seemed undecided, then again advanced to the table.

"Welsh, you've robbed me," he hissed between his clenched teeth: "you're an infernal cheat!"

Welsh, the dealer, raised his snake-like eyes to the speaker's, and then resumed his cards with an air of *nonchalance* remarkable under the circumstances.

"Well, that's mighty cool," exclaimed an old rice planter, lifting his slouched hat, and wiping the perspiration from his brow with the sleeve of his brown holland coat. "I reckon, young man, you mean fight."

"Don't disturb the game," growled a negro broker opposite. "The banker can find time to attend to small matters after this game is through." And all again turned their attention to the cards, knowing full well that an insult so gross as that uttered by Dupree would not be allowed to pass unnoticed by Welsh. The faro-dealer's reputation as an honourable man was at stake; and the very meanest person present would consider him justified in defending it, and even might at some future time taunt him with cowardice if he did not do so.

Dupree still remained standing with his eyes fixed on Welsh, and hands clenched, as if ready to beat the faro-dealer into atoms. The last card had been removed from the box, the winnings swept into the dealer's drawer, and losses repaired, when Welsh arose, after announcing the termination of the game for that evening, and with the same coolness that had characterized him heretofore, demanded from Dupree that satisfaction to which, as a gentleman, he felt himself entitled.

"With all my heart," exclaimed Dupree eagerly, and seconds were immediately chosen, and a copy of "Wilson's Code of Honour,"* produced for their guidance. A hurried consultation was held by the seconds, and as both principals were anxious to settle the difficulty at once, the arrangements for the meeting were soon made. Dupree wished to select rifles, but as they were considered barbarous weapons, duelling pistols were substituted.

Some of the players loitered behind from curiosity, others left immediately supposing the affair would end in a reconciliation. But Dupree and Welsh were men of fierce passions, although each had a way peculiar to himself of expressing it.

Edwin Dupree, whom we have introduced so unceremoniously, was the son of a wealthy planter in — — District, S. C. Like all the children of the aristocracy of the Palmetto State, he had received a superior education. Possessed of great talents and a brave, courteous disposition, his parents be-

* The production of a notorious duelist, ex-Governor Wilson of South Carolina. In justice to the author be it said, that if his advice to principals and seconds was followed the occurrence of duels would be absolutely impossible.

lieved him capable of rising to the very highest post of political honour in his native State, and, therefore, lavished their wealth on him. A few years previous he had graduated from the University of Virginia with the highest honours, and had spent the greater portion of the time since wandering among the classic regions of Europe. In returning home, he sojourned for a few months in the North, where he became acquainted with a beautiful girl, the daughter of an Episcopal clergyman, to whom he became strongly attached, and in a short time married and carried her South with him. Before arriving at his home he received a message from his father pre-emptorily ordering him not to appear in the presence of his parents, as he had married without their consent. The message, together with a draft on a Charleston bank, was placed in his hand by Uncle Carolina, his old and faithful negro servant. This treatment threw a damper on Dupree's hopes, and all his young wife could do could not cause him to view his troubles in a rational manner. He therefore remained in Charleston, where he had met the messenger, concocting plans and erecting air-castles, but not possessing force of character sufficient to place them on a stable foundation. For a time his conduct was circumspect, but in an unlucky moment he had allowed himself to be drawn within the circle of a faro-bank, and his course downward from that time was rapid. All the intreaties of his wife and faithful Carolina were of no avail, until now he had reached the climax of a gambler's fame—a duel.

Out into the sultry street the party went, redolent with the fumes of cigars and Monongahala whiskey, to mingle their breaths with the noxious night air of the plague-stricken city, and to inhale its disease laden atmosphere. The moon threw its brilliant beams down, lighting up the streets with a brightness which rendered the gloomy alleys that intersected that portion of the city as light as mid-day; Old St. Michael's* time-honoured chime rang out, with a merry peal, the hour of midnight, and as the bell's music died away into a feeble cadence, the clarion voice of the watchman in the tower sang "All's Well." Alas! to hundreds of aching hearts within that city those words were but a cruel mockery.

Up Meeting Street the party hurried, passing, now and then, a solitary policeman on his weary round, or a physician hurrying to the bedside of another victim; dark-dressed Sisters of Mercy glided passed them occasionally on their errand of mercy, and the gallop of mounted guardsmen plainly indicated that the strict discipline kept up had not relaxed during that trying time. From many windows lights burned brightly, and dark shadows crossing to and fro, told of anxious watchers hoping against hope; low groans, and the still more agonizing shrieks of the delirious sufferers, were mingled with sobs and wails.

The eyes and ears of the party seemed callous to all sights and sounds, and they seemed only bent on gratifying their own vengeance. As they hurriedly passed a low, two-story old fashioned brick house, with a tiled roof, in the upper windows of which there appeared a light, Dupree

* The bells of St. Michael's, the gift of a pious English lady, were placed in the beltry of that church prior to the Revolution, and upon the city falling into the hands of the British, they were sent to England, but were returned at the conclusion of the war and hung unmolested, daily and nightly announcing to the negro population of Charleston the commencement and cessation of their hours of liberty, until 1862, when the city was again threatened, and the bells were sent into the interior. They hang again in their accustomed places, but their brazen tongues now ring out to the emancipated blacks peans of perpetual freedom.

paused and looked upward. At that moment there arose on the night air a cry, once heard never again to be forgotten, an Irish keene or death cry, so full of grief and woe, that even those desperate men paused and listened in awe, and a feeling of dread began to creep over Dupree, as he looked upward at the chamber window from which streamed the light, and where his young wife lay, alas! another victim to the direful scourge. But no power on earth could have kept Dupree from that bedside had he known that the dreadful malady had seized upon her frail form. His love for the guileless girl was pure and holy, unselfish in its every thought.

With an oath Welsh's second broke the spell that hung upon them, and Dupree, casting a lingering look upward at the window, went calmly to his doom.

The grey light of morning was beginning to break through the eastern clouds, and flocks of buzzards, filling the air with discordant screams, came soaring onward from their rookeries to perform their duty as city scavengers, as the party reached the suburbs, and passed into the race-course just beyond.

The loiterers who had followed dropped off gradually, until none were left now but the two principals and their seconds.

A mocking-bird began to carol forth its morning roundelay in a grove some distance from the track, to which the party repaired, and where ten paces were marked off by the seconds. The principals took their positions, and the seconds loaded the pistols.

"How will they fire," asked Burke, whose business it was to give the word, "by the raise, shot or drop?"

"Either," replied Dupree's second, "Wilson's Code admits both."

The pistols were then handed to the principals. Dupree seized his weapon with a quick, nervous clutch, as if doubtful of his capability to retain it, and then shot at his adversary a look from which all anger had disappeared, but instead a hopelessness pitiful to behold. Welsh received his pistol coolly, examined it carefully, and turned upon his opponent a glance of intense hate, fiendish in its every expression.

As motionless as two statues Welsh and Dupree stood looking at Burke, who had taken up his position between the two duellists, and about ten paces in front of them.

"Ready—fire—one—two—three," cried Burke deliberately.

At the word "ready," both principals raised their weapons horizontally and aimed; at "fire," the smoke curled from Dupree's pistol, and the report rustled gently the leaves in the grove; tantalizingly Welsh held his fire until "two" had been uttered, when the report of his pistol also broke the solemn stillness, and Dupree fell heavily to the ground, with the crimson blood flowing from a wound in his brow. Over him his second bent with a look of deep remorse, but the gambler's victim was beyond human commiseration.

The mocking-bird again resumed its varying song, unmindful of the deed of blood just committed within the very portals of its leafy bowers.

* * * * *

The room was large and airy, the furniture showed little pretensions to luxury, although an air of neatness pervaded the apartment, that the bright light of the lamp only tended more fully to reveal. On a large, old-fashioned bedstead, nearly in the centre of the room, lay a woman, with a flushed face and golden complexion, that told too plainly that the dreadful scourge of the tropics was then wrestling for the mastery. The pavilion hung in graceful folds around the bed, and the pale blue colour of the muslin cast a ghastly

shade on the spotless white covering of that humble couch. Around the room glided a quiet, unobtrusive woman, clad in sable garments, with a subdued, mild, penitential expression on her pale, sharp-cut features, and whose movements betokened her errand of mercy and love.

The door of the room opened gently, and a tall, venerable negro entered on tip-toe, and advanced to the bedside.

"Have you found him, Carolina?" eagerly inquired the sufferer.

"No, missus," was the mournful reply, "but I'll hunt more," and in the same cautious manner the faithful negro departed again on his fruitless search.

"Maria," pleaded the patient sufferer to her tender nurse, "look out again, perhaps *you* will see him. Oh! Edwin, will you let me die without one from you," and the small, delicately shaped hand was pressed against the flushed brow with all the energy of frantic despair.

"There is a party of men advancing on the opposite side of the street, perhaps he is among them?" replied Maria, with a look of pity at Agnes.

The footsteps came rapidly toward the house, and when opposite halted.

"There he is now. Oh Edwin," exclaimed the young wife in a paroxysm of joy, hope lighting up her beautiful features for a moment, and the lips murmured "thank God;" but the footsteps were heard going in an opposite direction, and fell fainter and fainter on the ear, till they died away in the distance.

"Oh, could he have deserted me," and the small hands were pressed together tightly, and the large blue eyes of the deserted wife met those of Maria, with a hopeless look of despair in their glassy depths.

"Agnes, my dear, put your trust in Him who never deserts the righteous," whispered her kind nurse. Agnes grasped the hard hand—hard from toil in the work of charity—and looked into the mild face, with a longing, ardent gaze. Over the fair sufferer Maria bent, watching the working of the pain-racked form, seeking to allieviate it, and pouring into the ear of the dying woman that consolation that comes from above.

Slowly the morning tints crept in at the window, dispelling night's sombre shadows, and lighting up the room with a halo of glory. At the bedside still Maria sat, holding the hand of Agnes in her own, while her ear was bent, ever and anon, close to the little mouth to catch the incoherent and broken sentences that were uttered, the hands were thrown wildly over her head, and then suddenly the young girl began to sing a solemn chant of the Episcopal Church in the same sweet musical voice that had so charmed Edwin Dupree in her father's rustic country church in the far North. Her thoughts had wandered back again to the pleasant little parsonage, embowered in trees, and beneath whose shadows her first love had been plighted to the man that should never again call her by the endearing name of wife.

Slowly and solemnly the chant swelled forth, and the kind nurse knelt at her bedside, until a choking cough stopped the strain, and from between the lips came the inky substance called "black vomit." The sunken cheeks attested that the king of terrors had asserted his power, and the spirit of the wife passed from a world of pain and remorse to enter the dark valley beyond the grave.

For some minutes after the spirit of the stricken wife had fled, Maria knelt at the bedside, motionless, with an expression of awe on her mild upturned features, the lips alone indicating the workings of the spirit within, when a low knock sounded at the door, that almost immediately opened, and two men entered bearing between them the body of the ill-fated Dupree. Reverentially

the gamblers uncovered their heads in the presence of the dead, and deposited their burden on the bed close to the wife.

The few preparations necessary for the burial in that plague-stricken city were soon completed, and the two coffins were followed in the city hearse, by a solitary mourner, old Carolina, and both were buried, side by side, in the Magnolia Cemetery, with no monument, but a rude cross, to mark their lowly resting place, the victims of a "double scourge."

HALLOWEEN.

As year after year passes away, so vanish slowly but inevitably the merry sports and pastimes of the olden time. In the "happy days of yore," the different holidays throughout the year were always greeted with joy by the populace then peopling the globe; but now the busy and bustling world have no time for pleasures such as these. It is all work and no play; and when the few holidays that we have *do* come round, little enjoyment accompanies them. There are now none of those genial sports that once were so characteristic of the season—no games nor dancing on the green. The round-table with its squires and knights, the large bowl of punch, all "reeking hot," and emitting its grateful fumes, are no more. The day arrives; but before it is half over everyone is heartily disgusted, and that the "day we celebrate was over" is the fervent wish of all.

This state of things is much to be deplored. It is a pity the young and rising generation are prevented from enjoying those hilarious scenes in which, one hundred years ago, our forefathers freely indulged. Those old people would rather have quitted the world "at once and forever," than have been without their customary holiday sports and recreations. And they were all the better for it. It served in a great measure to free their minds from care and sorrow, for that day at least old enmities were forgiven, and friend and foe alike drained the wassail cup at Christmas, or stole cabbages together at Halloween. What a cheerful sight it must have been to see seated round the genial hearthstone, the red flames shooting out like the fierce gleamings of serpents' tongues, an old farmer and his family on "All Hallow Eve:" the "good man" quaffing his punch and smoking his pipe, whilst the younger branches of the family were engaged in "working charms." Add to this view the grateful fire throwing round its generous warmth, and lighting up everything with a ruddy, fitful blaze, making the room look like the palace of an oriental necromancer, lit with gigantic golden candles, and ornamented with jewelled decorations of sparkling brilliancy. Well! that happy time is past, and but few relics of the by-gone age remain. Of the diversions of an ancient and modern era it is now our purpose to speak.

Halloween appears to have found most favour with our friends of "auld Scotia;" but other nations celebrated the day, or rather the night, though not quite with the same enthusiasm as the Scotch. In the early ages it was cus-

tomary to look upon this eve with superstitious awe and dread. At the terrible hour of twelve, when all on earth was dark and drear, figures in spotless white stalked forth. Sometimes other species of the genii hobgoblin—some with cloven feet, heads with peculiarly shaped horns and fire-lit eyes—would gaily dance the “witches’ hornpipe” on newly-made graves, or play at hide-and-seek among the tombstones. It was on such a night as this that an Aberdeen farmer, who had tarried too long at the village tavern, and was pretty much the worse for his potations in liquid delicacies, slowly sauntered homewards. His road lay through a graveyard: the hour was past midnight. As he passed through the burial-ground he came across three graves that had just been made, and were awaiting the occupants who were to fill them next day. Walking in a zig-zag way, as persons in his condition are apt to do, he stumbled into grave number one. Soon he got out and went a little further, when number two received his portly form. Out of it he got, but before he recovered himself he was the occupant of number three. Rubbing his eyes as he scrambled out, and probably thinking the “last day” had come, he muttered—“well, it’s my opinion they are all up and awa.” The story goes on to say that the spectres, returning from their nocturnal excursion, and finding Donald in possession of their graves, made away with him, and he was never more heard of. But of course we can believe just as much of this legend as we like.

Halloween was a great night, too, for the witches and witch-raisers. Little fairies and elfs, dressed in red, danced merrily upon the neighbouring hills until the cock crew, upon hearing which they all vanished. Even the fishes seemed possessed of the joyful news that Halloween was come, for they made the “babbling brook” babble still more, and woke the echoes of the calm, still lake with their noisy splashings to and fro. The loud bellowing of the cattle and bleating of the lambs, combined with the barking of the dogs, proclaimed that with these animals Halloween was a holiday also.

Sir Walter Scott tells us in his *Monastery* that a superstition once prevailed among the people to the effect that children born on “All Hallow Eve” were possessed of supernatural attainments, and held converse with spirits, hobgoblins, and gentry of like persuasions in the other world.

But as the world advanced in its ideas of civilization, and witches ceased to be hanged, save in Caithnesshire, the people grew stronger in their belief that ghosts visited not this land of ours. Then it was that the thirty-first day of October was recognized as the epoch for jollity and fun. Parties were given: the lads and lasses, “brimful of love,” mingled with each other and vied in paying their attentions.

With fear and trembling, a blythe young maiden, watching her opportunity to do it unseen, would place upon the bars of the grate, over the red-hot coals, two chestnuts. These were respectively named after herself and the young gentleman who possessed a share of her “hand and heart,” and the *denouement* breathlessly awaited. If the nuts jumped off together it was a sign that they would be married and enjoy a long and happy existence; but if one flew off alone, alas! her hopes were broken forever; for this omen was thoroughly trustworthy, and was never known to fail in its prognostics. We remember going through this trying ordeal about a year ago at a friend’s house, at a Halloween festival, (and a most enjoyable affair it was,) and the verdict was on that occasion, that forever and a day we should remain in single blessedness; for, do what we could, the chestnut obstinately refused to remain longer than a second on the hot bars. Young ladies will please take notice

and govern themselves accordingly, and not waste their sweetness on us, for the spell cannot be broken in anywise.

We should have given them one more chance, and not despaired altogether of getting a sharer of our joys and sorrows, had we not been subjected to another trial and shared the same fate. Three bowls were placed upon the table: into one was poured a quantity of clean water, into another some coloured water, and the third graced the table empty. The inquirer into the mysteries of Hymen was then blindfolded, the bowls, "all in a row," were put before them, and he was desired by about twenty young ladies, who all spoke at once, to put his hand in whichever bowl he choose. If it went into the one with clean water it was a bodement that his bride would be a maiden; but if the one which contained the coloured water received his fingers, he was destined to cast his matrimonial lot with what Sam Weller's affectionate progenitor termed a "vidder." The empty dish imparted the agreeable, or otherwise, information that he would be a bachelor.

This performance had to be gone through three times. After each effort of the "blind man," the bowls were shifted. Of course it happened that twice our digits entered the bowl that was full of nothingness, and the third time was worse than the others — *We were to marry a widow!* Burns, in his admirable poem, says of this ceremony:—

"In order, on the clean hearth-stane,
The luggies three are ranged,
And every time great care is ta'en
To see them duly changed.
Auld Uncle John, who wedlock's joys
Sin' Mar's year did desire,
Because he gat the toom dish thrice,
He heaved them in the fire
In wrath that night."

We are told that in the early times, if one wanted to catch a glimpse of that not very prepossessing individual, his Satanic Majesty, all that was necessary was to get bestride a broomstick and gallop round the town three times. The object to be gained by undergoing that equestrian feat being by no means an inviting one, very few people, history tells us, made the attempt.

Another diversion, which even to the present day is practised to some extent, is "pulling cabbages." A troupe of young ladies and gentlemen go blindfolded into a garden, and by hazard draw or pull up, entire, a cabbage. The appearance of it, whether straight or crooked, short or long, denotes the characteristic of the husband or wife in prospective. It is highly desirable that the earth, or appurtenances on the stalk, be retained, as these serve to throw light on the subject. The quantity of earth, if large or small, indicates the amount of wealth the lady or gent will get with the husband or wife. The taste of the heart of the stem denotes the temper of the "intended," that is to be. Lastly, the runts are placed somewhere above the head of the door, and the christian names of the people whom chance brings into the house are, according to the priority of placing the stems, the names in question. The spirit of the fun is greatly enhanced by having three or four good ghosts situated in the garden at convenient distances. Much surprise is evinced by the uninitiated at the sight of a large figure robed in white, standing in front of them, keeping guard over the "kails," as soon as the bandage is removed from their eyes. It is extremely ludicrous to witness the temporary fright that holds them captive for the moment.

Cabbage stealing in the city is happily "going out." It never was a refined amusement and frequently was attended with considerable danger. It is not altogether a desirable thing for a person to have ruined in one night by a gang of mischievous boys, a fine garden of cabbages. Occasionally the owners of these, choosing to take the law in their own hands, loaded their rifles with powder and rock-salt and in the "calmness of night," when creeping on all fours, they espied the "snake in the grass" busily engaged in removing a cabbage from its "native element," bang went the gun, a shriek, rivalling in shrillness the report of the firearm, would pierce the air, and, wounded and crestfallen, the garden thief huddled off, to return "not for a day nor for all time." Other vegetables, such as turnips, pumpkins, squashes, carrots, etc., used to be stolen, and the doors of the citizens pounded with them until some-one came to the door, when the servant usually received a blow in the face from one of these missiles. It certainly was time such freaks were stopped.

A similar annoying custom was prevalent among the boys a few years ago. A horn, and in some instances the stalk of a cabbage scooped out, was filled with oakum; in one end was a red-hot coal, over the aperture was placed the mouth, and to the other end the keyhole of a door. The process of filling the house with smoke then commenced. As one urchin's strength gave out, another took his place, and in an incredibly short time the smoke was nearly stifling, every room being tolerably full.

Diving for apples was a famous pastime. In the kitchen was placed a large tub nearly filled with water. Into it was thrown a number of apples with the stems plucked away. The divers, in turn, then began to bring up an apple. Not unfrequently he was shoved in from behind by some considerate friend and, all dripping with wet, would present a sorry plight. The best method to catch an apple is to run the head down and drive the fruit to the very bottom, then catch it with the teeth. The work only occupies a few seconds, and although it nearly smothers one it is but momentarily. Small silver pieces have often been taken from the bottom of a tub by expert boys and girls.

An apple—the larger the better—with a lighted candle on one side of it, is suspended from the ceiling at a convenient altitude. To secure it, it must have a "bite bitten out of it." Of course the "biter" generally gets "bit;" for, on account of its rapidly whirling motion, he very often gets struck on the face with the candle. It has been taken several times, however difficult the feat appears at first sight.

We find in some of the old traditions many spells which the good folks of that period employed to foretell them of their conjugal companions that were to be. A young girl of seventeen, just beginning to "look out for herself," and desiring above all things to have a beau, repairs on Halloween, alone, with a lighted candle and an apple, to a looking-glass. Before it she eats the apple, combing her hair all the while. Soon the spell begins to work; and as she gazes into the mirror the face of her future husband appears as if peeping over her shoulder.

Another spell was to "steal out all alone to the kiln, and, darkling, throw into the pot a clue of blue yarn, and wind it in a new clue of the old one. Towards the latter end something will hold the thread, and the person demands "who holds?" An answer will be returned from the kiln pot, by naming the christian and surname of your future spouse.

Again,—go out unperceived and sow a handful of hemp-seed, harrowing it

with anything you can conveniently draw after you. Say to yourself now and then,—“hemp-seed, I saw thee,—hemp-seed, I saw thee: and him (or her) that is to be my true-love come after me and pou thee.” Look over your left shoulder, and you will see the person invoked pulling hemp.

Once more,—alone, enter a barn, take the door off its hinges, and, with the winnowing machine, proceed to winnow the corn against the wind. After this is done the unmistakable three times, an apparition will pass through the barn. This figure is to be your future partner in life. We have yet another of these charms in which one person, alone, works it. The lad or lass must proceed unnoticed to a bean-stack, and fathom it three times round. At the last fathom of the last time, the person will catch in his (or her) arms the appearance of the future lover.

There were several other oracles; but we have given sufficient examples for our young friends to solve at the end of this month, if they have the desire to delve into the mysteries of the future, in regard to their matrimonial condition. All Hallow Eve, spent in playing at these games, or trying spells and charms, will afford much more pleasurable amusement than robbing gardens for cabbages or other vegetables.

REPLY OF LEONIDAS TO THE HERALD OF XERXES
AT THERMOPYLÆ.

Proud son of the Persian I know not the word,
Lacedæmon is dumb when she *renders* the sword.
Untaught are her legions to number the foe,
They sleep on the plain, or to victory flow.
Unstained are her banners, yon darkling flood
Shall show to the Spartan no recreant blood,
Far, far o'er the waters shall echo the cry,
Laconians! on! on! for your country die.
The shade of Achilles shall start from the tomb
Revived shall his valorous Myrmidons come
Forth, down from his seat in yon heavenly sphere
Patroclus shall leap with his death giving spear,
Atrides — but hark! from the Pythian brow
'Tis the voice of the prophetess muttering slow.
“ Discomfited monarch go fetter the sea
“ Leonidas sleeps, but Achaia is free! ”

S E Q U E L .

The strife is o'er; red sinks the sun,
Thermopylæ is fought and won,
Dark treachery hath drank the tide
Of life-blood from the Spartan's side,
And he is now the Vulture's prey
Who scorned submission yesterday!

The Persian vaunts, but let him smile—
Though vengeance slumbereth a-while,
Though nought but ashes live to tell
The sage where Pallas loved to dwell,
A day shall dawn, a *redder* day
Than thine deplored Thermopylæ!

COLOUR AS APPLIED TO LADIES' DRESS.

PART I.—BY J. W. G.

It is a well known fact, that many persons are deficient in distinguishing the harmony of sounds, and do not readily recognize one tune from another; while others are gifted with a quickness that is astonishing. Again there are thousands upon thousands who do not evince such aptness as the one, or such deficiency as the other.

A taste for music can be cultivated, and, what is generally called a correct ear, may be properly called a cultivated ear. And as harmony of sounds produce a pleasing sensation to the ear, so colour may be said to make music to the eye. And as the ear is cultivated and detects the slightest want of harmony, so when the eye is properly educated, it is capable of detecting the least defect or want of harmony in colour.

Harmony of sound and harmony of colour are so closely allied, that, like poetry and painting, they may be called twin sisters. Some of our best English and American poets, are so fully alive to the beauty of this association, that from it some of their finest passages are derived. Emerson, the American poet, most beautifully describes this twofold blending of beauty, when he says:

“I thought the sparrows note from Heaven,
Singing at dawn, from the alder bough;
I brought him home in his nest at even,
He sings his song, but it pleases not now,
For I did not bring home, the River and Sky,
He sang to my ear; they sang to my eye.”

Again, Wordsworth says:

“The light ash, that pendant from the brow,
Of yon dim cave, in seeming silence makes
A soft eye music of slow waving boughs.”

Among the manifold blessings conferred by God on man, there is none which calls forth deeper feelings than the sense of colour. The varied and countless hues of creation that deck the earth's surface, adorning it in a magnificent robe of beauty; lend to it a charm, for which man can never be too grateful. Strip this world of its beauteous colour, and what a barren prospect would be presented. Where would be the lighting up of nature's smile, her pleasing variety, and her endless beauty.

Addison observes, in one of his essays on the pleasures of imagination. “our sight is the most perfect of all our senses.” “There is nothing,” he remarks in another essay, “which makes its way more directly to the soul than beauty. Among the several kinds of beauty the eye takes most delight in colours.” And he even thinks “the idea of colours is so pleasing and so beautiful in the imagination, that it is possible the soul will not be deprived of them after its separation from the body, but perhaps find them excited by some other occasional cause, as they are at present by the impression of the subtle matters on the organ of sight.”

By experiment it is easy to ascertain how extremely sensitive to colour the eyes of some individuals are. Some slow; while others are apt to mistake

one colour for another. We have often observed this when testing them by the ocular spectrum. Place a small piece of red paper on a sheet of white. gaze at the red for a few minutes, and you will soon discover a green colour surrounding it, on removing the red a green spot is visible whence you removed it, and *vice versa*. Take the other primaries and the same effect is the consequence. Thus the primary :

Primary Colours. { Red calls up Green.
Blue " Orange.
Yellow " Purple. } Secondary Colours.

From the secondaries the tertiary colours are produced :

Citrine. Russet. Olive.

These are compounds from the secondaries, and as the secondary colours harmonize with the primaries, so do the tertiaries harmonize with the secondaries, thus :

Secondary Colours. { Green Russet.
Orange Olive.
Purple Citrine. } Tertiary Colours.

Blue and orange, or red and green, or yellow and purple, placed in juxtaposition, will increase the intensity of each. Thus blue appears brighter by the side of orange, and red by the side of green, and yellow by purple ; hence they are called complementary and contrasting. One fact must be borne in mind, that if you mix two of the primaries they produce a secondary, and the primary left out, and the secondary produced, become the harmonizing and contrasting colour.

Mixture of Primary Colours.

Blue and Yellow produce Green ; Red is the complementary.
Red and Yellow produce Orange ; Blue is the complementary.
Blue and Red produce purple ; Yellow is the complementary.

Mixture of Secondary Colours.

Orange and Green produce Citrine ; Purple is the complementary.
Purple and Green produce Olive ; Orange is the complementary.
Orange and Purple produce Russet ; Green is the complementary

Standing in the following order :

<i>Primaries.</i>	<i>Secondaries.</i>	<i>Tertiaries.</i>
Red	Green	Russet.
Blue	Orange	Olive.
Yellow	Purple	Citrine.

When speaking of these they are called hues, and may be diluted into tints by white, or deepened into shades by black. Black and white represent shade and light.

Yellow of all colours approaches the nearest to light, whilst its complementary purple is the darkest of all hues ; they contrast therefore as to light and dark.

Red is the most exciting and positive of all colours ; its complementary, green, the most grateful and soothing. Red and green are non-contrasting, as to light and dark, but they are contrasting as to their power of exciting the eye, and as to power of colour.

Blue is the coldest and most retiring of all colours ; its complementary,

orange, the warmest and most advancing. Their contrast is both as to hot and cold.

In the union of two or more primaries a new and perfect hue is given, and every mixture of the three has a tendency to neutralize or destroy colour. From this cause the tertiary compounds are far more neutral than the secondaries. The full neutralizing power of the primaries is in proportion of three yellow, five red, and eight blue: since so mixed, they completely destroy one another.

It should be remembered that any one of the primary colours, by mixture with either of the others, loses its purity, and becomes, in a degree, secondary; the secondary, which is complementary to it, must contain more of the remaining primary. Thus if red tends towards scarlet, which is an orange-red, (a red with yellow in it,) the green, to be truly complementary, should incline towards the remaining primary, blue, and be a blue-green; when the red on the contrary tends towards crimson, which is a purple-red (a red with purple in it,) then the complementary should incline towards yellow, and be a yellow-green, and the like rule holds good as to the other primaries. It is to be remarked that the material colours of the painter are only the representatives of colour more or less perfect yet still defective.

The three colours now in use by painters, and considered to be nearest to the prismatic rays, are Ultramarine, Rose Madder, and Aureolin.

To follow colour through all its contrasts and harmonies, is not only an interesting study, but a necessary one. So much does colour delight us, so much does it enter into daily use, in the manufacture of goods, house decoration and dress, that it has become essential to study the laws which govern it.

In these days, when so many excellent works on colour are published and placed within the reach of all, it should be free from all dogmas, and properly studied with reference to its laws. So well are those laws explained, so clearly its principles defined, and so rapid is the march of education among all classes of the present day, that its laws should not be violated without censure. Nothing should satisfy the eye but beauty and richness, the result of harmonious combinations, and chasteness and delicacy, the result of a fine feeling and a well cultivated taste. No gaudiness passing current for splendour, nor capricious strangeness for improved taste.

Very few are aware of the large sums of money expended yearly by manufacturers, to produce some new novelty in colour with regard to dress materials that will attract the eye and produce a quick sale. Experiment after experiment is essayed in the laboratories to perfect some new shade. The colours of nature are studied and reproduced with great care to meet the pressing demand for novelty. We have had the reign of Magenta, Mauve, Bismarck, and many others, and it has become a serious question with the fair sex, what colour will be worn next!

We often hear it said in regard to decoration, dress, and preference given for objects, "it is a matter of taste," "every one to their liking." A moment's reflection will shew any one the fallacy of this expression. Beauty of form and colour cannot be outraged without breaking the laws of either, and if they are guided by laws and the proper compliance with those laws produce harmony, the expression must go for nothing. There is a variety of tastes, which are owing to the different channels and degrees of cultivation, and are often the result of association. Seldom does a new colour become popular until we see it worn by some one we like. Fashions are generally regulated by the great, the opulent, or the distinguished. The influence of

these extends to others, and so it passes through all its gradations, for fashion has its gradations; no fashion can originate from the kitchen, but will descend to it from the parlour. We are creatures of imitation and are apt to follow in the path of those above us, seldom pausing to consider whether we violate a law of taste, but too often adopt what may be very becoming to them and very unbecoming to us.

Again, we are influenced by customs and associations, for custom has stamped a particular colour as expressive of some association in one country differing widely from the accepted notion of another. We, for instance, associate white with light and purity. The Chinese use it as mourning. Black to us is expressive of gloom. In Spain and Venice, it is the colour that designates the dress of the great. We associate purple with royalty. In China yellow is the imperial colour. Scarlet we associate with war, and a blind man has been known to liken it to the sound of a trumpet. Milton calls black "staid wisdom's hue."

We clothe youth in white, because of all colours it best associates with their age, and who cannot appreciate the beauty of a fair young maid clothed in white, needing no jewels to decorate her person, and we will offer no apology for introducing the following passage from "Tobin's Honeymoon," but recommend it to the attention of our fair young readers:

"I'll have no glittering gew-gaws stuck about you,
To stretch the gazing eyes of wonder;
And make men stare upon a piece of earth
As on the star-wrought firmament—no feathers,
To wave as streamers to your vanity,
Nor cumbrous silk, that with its rustling sound
Makes proud the flesh that bears it. She's adorned
Amplly, that in her husband's eye looks lovely,
The truest mirror that an honest wife
Can see her beauty in.

Julia.—I shall observe sir.

Duke.—I should like well to see you in the dress I last presented you.

Julia.—The blue one sir?

Duke.—No love—the white. Thus modestly attired,
A half blown rose stuck in thy braided hair,
With no more diamonds than those eyes are made of,
No deeper rubies than compose thy lips,
Nor pearls more precious than inhabit them
With the pure white and red, which that same hand
Which blends the rainbow, mingles in thy cheeks;
This well-proportioned form, (think not I flatter,)
In graceful motion to harmonious sound
And thy free tresses dancing in the wind
Thou'lt fix as much observance, as chaste dames
Can meet without a blush."

The advice given in the foregoing extract, is evidently intended for youth, and not for middle age, for as life changes so must our dress, if we wish to preserve harmony. We by no means wish to be thought advocates of black and white, but must confess to a love for colour, especially for winter wear. In summer we prefer light delicate tones of colour, as being both by association and harmony, more appropriate, for nature at such a season is full of colour to stimulate the eye and keep it from fatigue; but when the snows of winter are spread over the earth's surface, we dearly love and duly appreciate the warm bright colours worn by the fair sex. They gladden and refresh the eye, and show us what a pleasure we insensibly derive from colour; they

give warmth and life to the scene and relief to the eye by contrast with the cold white snow.

We observed one or two attempts, last winter, to use white as a dress material. They proved a failure as they must always do in our climate. White woollen goods cannot stand the test of the pure white of our snow. The dress by contrast becomes yellow.

In middle age, the dress must be brighter in colour and richer than in youth. And as we have called your attention to the picture of youth, modestly attired in white, equally pleasant is it to see an aged couple treading down life's path—everything, dress, manners, and pace—quiet, simple and dignified; all their surroundings in strict harmony with their years. The secret of dressing well is by no means to dress expensively, but may be summed up in very few words. The style of dress should be exactly adapted to the climate and individual; should be modest, quiet, and retiring, harmonious in colour and decoration, and of good material.

We do not agree with those who denounce dress as frivolous and unworthy of our attention. We dislike it as much as they do when it is devoid of good taste. Dress should be to the person what a frame is to a picture, subordinate, to help not to overpower or detract from the beauty of the human form. To a quiet observer of character, dress is often taken as an index of the tastes and habits of life, and has been termed "a species of body phrenology."

But the use of the body is not for the purpose of displaying dress as some people seem to think, but dress is for the body and should combine use and comfort, and by no means distort the human form. A proper knowledge of the beauty of which, should be studied on correct principles by every young lady, for when properly developed, it is beauty of the highest order. The superior softness and delicacy of their bodily frames, with the tender sentiments and sensations which emanate from their hearts, may be said to combine the highest degree of human, moral and physical beauty, and have been most beautifully touched on by our great poet:

"For contemplation he, and valour formed,
For softness she, and sweet attractive grace,
More fair, more winning soft, more amiably mild."

And while our fair readers are studying how to adorn the physical body, a proper regard to the cultivation of the mind should claim their first attention, imparting to it a moral beauty which is more to be desired than any adornment of the body, for few but will endorse the sentiment contained in the saying of Socrates "that when he saw a beautiful person he always expected to see it animated by a beautiful soul."

THE PHRENOLOGY OF CHURCHES.

BY REV. JAMES BENNET.

As you drive along the road you see what are evidently churches or chapels: but it is difficult to say what those other buildings are intended for,—possibly, school houses—may be, barns; but hardly places of worship. So it is in the city. The cathedral proclaims itself; the tall spire tells its own tale; but there are certain square, unornamented, ungainly structures that are of

forbidding look and uncertain purpose. They are suitable as coverings, and protection for whatever creatures or chattels as may need roofs and side-walls; but they hardly indicate a special purpose, and least of all a religious purpose. And yet, perhaps, if we look a little closer, we shall discern some mark or token by which they may be known as places of worship—synagogues, proskueháe or meeting-houses. In the country, a grave-yard may give you the clue; and in the town some ornamental porch or stray carving, as though under protest, will tell you that this place has a speciality, and that speciality is worship.

So it is with churches as with clergymen. However unlike "the Man of God," you will generally tell him by some peculiarity of the profession. This you may not always do. I have seen very shrewd observers deceived,—as once, in regard to a gay, smart minister who, in conversation, asked a chance acquaintance of travel what he would take him to be? The reply was—"I'd take ye for some Yankee spekiler!"

It is no wonder that we sometimes take churches for barns or stables, or other places of unclean resort; or, since we have churches in theatres, that the church should be mistaken for a theatre. We do not at present refer to the inside nor to the behaviour of the audience, nor to the style of teaching in the two places—fertile themes for one who has the courage to contrast them. We deal at present with structures, ecclesiastical structures, and these in one aspect only: not as the offspring of art, nor as complying with or violating its rules; but as indicating the sort of inhabitants, as the outer skull of the seething intelligence, that there praises, prays and preaches. We would deal, if it were possible, phrenologically with these meeting-houses, chapels, churches, cathedrals. And really we do think that there is oftentimes as much that is indicative about the house covering the worshipping inmates, as Spurzhein could find in the cranium of the intelligent, passionate, active soul, which for the time being used it for its purposes.

There are brains that are Gothic and gloomy; others are of Grecian mould, with a Doric massiveness or a Corinthian grace. This one is low, basilar, but wanting in the coronal sentiments: that one shoots upwards towards heaven as tall steeples. We have brains that are roomy and unfurnished, presenting cold quarters for wandering ideas; brains that are small but well filled. Here is a man who digs deep down for the foundation of knowledge, only satisfied when he gets to some rock—like DesCartes—determined to build on no less sure basis than "I doubt, or I think." Another takes for his foundation some yielding sand such as legend, or myth—running up his wooden structure, painted, varnished, and good for half a century. Then again you can see the man of cultivated tastes in paintings and statues and music—while you find the practical useful person has his likeness in the low meeting-house with a tight roof, high back pew and sentry-box pulpit. So might we go on comparing the brains or minds of men to the various fashions of churches. Can we not also reverse the similitude and find that probably the Ecclesiastical structures have all more or less their elucidation and origin in the kind of mind that planned, or the feelings of those who were to be the worshippers in the buildings.

This side of the comparison is more difficult. Sometimes the architect who plans has a very different kind of mind from the people who are to worship in the church of his construction. The consequence will be that we shall be led astray in our estimate of the congregational brain. Besides, in the present day especially, there is a great deal of eclecticism in church architecture.

The Puritan is no longer puritan in his ideas. The Episcopalian fell heir to buildings which were formed for masses and confessions. The Presbyterian, has changed since the time when Knox advised to pull down the rooks nests, and, while utilizing the old cathedral building in the rich emporiums of commerce churches vying with the past rise up in architectural grandeur. Utility gives place to taste, convenience now consults magnificence; still perhaps there are certain great traits which will be found to mark the tone and spirit of the worshippers in the various orders of the churches, distinctive of the sects, and also of the changes which have been quietly but surely taking place in the ideas and feelings of the worshippers.

There is another remark we ought to make, viz: that often the form which church-buildings have assumed is the result of necessity rather than from ideas of the fitting and the proper. The tabernacle of old was a necessity of migratory habits and of poverty. The temple was the result of a settled state and accumulated wealth. So in England Puritanism and in Scotland Presbyterianism in their poverty had of necessity to resort to plainer structures than their tastes would have allowed. This was especially the case with the secession bodies everywhere. The protestors have always been poor. The rich have generally held by the established and comfortable. The churches of dissent were temporary expedients, like log huts in the forest, but bound to give way to the frame house, and finally to the permanent brick or stone. Even the papist in his poverty had to renounce his ideal of the stately and roomy cathedral and worship in a poor, low, oblong chapel. Poverty thus produces striking likenesses in the structures of the sects, and so does affluence. The persecuted Cameronian builds steeples, and cultivates the gothic in the present day when commerce has filled his purse. He might, when he was unable to compete with other sects, praise the plain, denounce the magnificent and warn his brethren that they should take care of being carried away from spiritual worship by mere outside show. The poor man, if proud, will boast of rather than excuse the mean surroundings of his condition. Why not? But when he becomes rich, he will at least in turn aim at the magnificence of his neighbours. So it is with our various sects when they have grown wealthy, and why not? we say again. God has given wealth, and why should not the tabernacle give way to the temple, the upper room to the capacious church, the little Ebenezer, or Salem Chapel, to the pretentious buttressed gothic structure receiving its "dim religious light" through ground or stained glass, or with pillared porch and frieze, suggested by the temple of Minerva. God, who disdains not the humble heart, may yet dwell in the temple reared to express some slight idea of his greatness and grandeur, and meet with those there who would dedicate so him thank-offerings of worth and wealth.

Making all allowance for such adventitious circumstances as wealth and poverty, and of the anomalies produced by mere architects in contradiction of the real spirit of the worshippers, there are yet some important ideas which we may hold to be forthshadowed by the structures raised around us for the worship of God. The Roman Catholic ideas of permanency and universality are outshadowed in those vast piles with deep foundations, and room for a city full of worshippers. Rome builds for the centuries and for the sects. Whether these ideas are to be realized is another question. It may be that like other great speculations, her works shall pass for completion and use into other hands. But the existence and representation of the ideas we cannot deny. Look to the cathedrals with their associated palaces and schools and

alms houses of the most costly and lasting description, and you cannot fail to see the spirit of the church which says I am eternal, indestructible, and universal. Her structures also proclaim the idea of unity. One parish and but one church. Here is brought out another distinction between her idea and that of Protestantism. There is in the city of St. John proper but one Romish worshipping structure. How many Protestant places we can hardly count. Each sect has several. In their numbers we find a fault and an excellence—a fault in the over multiplicity and excellence in the number up to a certain point. Small churches are a weakness, overgrown churches are unwieldy and are inappropriate for teaching. As we have large schools, yet many—and these graded—so, if teaching and intelligent worship be sought the audience should not outgrow a certain bulk.

But Protestant churches fail to present the idea of unity. In doing this they indicate the interior dogma of Protestantism—the right of private judgment in matters of faith. Its multitudinous structures present this idea fully. They are the visible protest of men's right to think as God has given them the means of judgment. They also indicate that protestantism thinks more of instruction than of show and ceremonies; they bring out the idea that the church is a school where children of less and larger growth are to be taught. They are significant of freedom, of the working of intelligence, of the entirety of the individual brain. They are the proper accompaniments of science and philosophy. They belong to the age of enquiry and criticism. The vast Catholic cathedral is like a great boarding house, where the same table is spread for its hundreds of inmates. The protestant churches are like private houses where each family lives as suits their proper tastes and habits.

Then again, notwithstanding the fact that this age of imitation has produced misnomers of architecture, buildings which do not represent the ideas of the worshippers, we observe in the florid styles adopted by one party, and in the grave, sedate forms of structure or ornamentals of others the general ideas of their forms of worship. The Episcopal church stands about half way, as we should expect, between the Romish and the Puritan or Presbyterian. With the exception of those churches which came into the possession of Episcopalianism at the reformation and those of High Churchism after the Roman ideas, its structures stand in the middle rank. They are more grand, more ornamental, more solemn as a rule than those of the plainer faiths. They are in harmony with intoned prayers, grand music and a genteel audience. They proclaim a strong relation with the past. Here you may expect good taste and quiet sentiment, but not, except on rare occasions, any very intellectual utterances. Of course exceptions must be made in favour of such men as Butler, Sherlock, &c. But you will not generally get such grasp of mind in Episcopal as in Scotch or Puritan pulpits. In the former you have genteel well-bred utterances, in the latter, broad, forcible demonstrations. The subject too of Episcopal excogitation has more frequent relation to the formal. to the rites of the church; of their rivals to the essence of the gospel, or some general principles of deep meaning and importance. There is nothing in the plainer structure requiring, so to speak, the gentility and diletantism which seem at home in the grander building. To be enthusiastic in a cathedral would be almost an anomaly—though here we should not forget that Massillon, before a royal personage and a Parisian audience was impassioned. Great men overcome the difficulties of their positions. We only speak of general influences.

The churches of the various sects have not much that is distinctive from

each other. There are some peculiarities which we may note, The organ may be esteemed a part of the structure of some churches. It is indicative of the æsthetic of the controuling powers. We do not suppose that in catholic churches the people are all musically educated, but all feel the power of music. In Episcopal and other churches which have adopted it in aid of worship, there has been musical education. Those churches too whose people have so far eschewed this instrument, have done so, not because they were incapable of feeling or appreciating the power of music, but from, first, a desire to keep as far away from Popish observance as possible, and second, from an earnest desire for a more spiritual worship. It has been thought that an instrument for praise, was Jewish, carnal, and so forth. Generally this view seems to be vanishing before the musical education of the present day. The change in the ideas of these churches is indicated by the introduction of the organ as a help to the worship of praise. Here too we see how the church building is a sort of index of the intelligence within; a sort of phrenological chart by which we may grope out the character and culture of the worshipping people.

The change of the pulpit into a platform is indicative of a change of style of preaching and of the sentiments of men as regards the subject matter. The man is more now than he once was. He must show off more. He must be seen. He must exhibit his gymnastics. He must too be on a level with the people. The gown goes with the old pulpit, and pepper and salt coat, white vest, and coloured neck-tie are quite in keeping with the platform. The desk is a convenient place where the Book lies and some fly leaves to aid the memory, but from behind the desk the orator steps forth and does his elocution to the admiring audience. The subject too is more of a secular cast. In fact there is a sort of free-and-easiness about the whole of the platform arrangement which communicates itself to the audience who are quite prepared for a joke and a laugh—sometimes a cheer.

We have only noted some of the prominent characteristics of our ecclesiastical edifices. An acute observer, we believe, could from most of them derive the mental and spiritual peculiarities of the occupants. He would find in this one taste indicated, in that one logic dominant, and so with other faculties. Cushions, carpets, linings, paintings, pillars, desks, and so forth, will all furnish him a clue to the character of the people. So much is this the case that every thinking man will find himself on looking at or into a church speculating on the nature of the congregation. It were well that this should be remembered by church-going people and that their character is at stake in the way they keep their church.

LITERARY NOTICES.

EVAN MCCOLL, of Kingston, Ontario, whose "Mountain Minstrel" has already run through four editions, intends to issue during the coming winter a fifth edition of this popular volume of Poems, revised and corrected. As many of our readers in the Maritime Provinces have never seen this work,

we hope the news agents will order early their copies. The "Mountain Minstrel" is highly spoken of by the leading journals and reviews of Great Britain. Mr. McColl has also in press a new volume of English Verse, which will "come out" during the course of the winter. Our readers will have abundant evidences of Mr. McC's style as he is now a regular contributor to the *Quarterly* and will furnish us with one or more pieces every issue.

We received from Messrs. P. S. Wynkoop & Son, publishers of New York, *The Kingdom of Satan*, by Augustus Blaubeit. The author undertakes to prove that Satan exists in real flesh and blood, has his imps to do his bidding and is not what many persons believe—that the only devil against which we are to guard against is the devil in our own evil natures. We are told that no adherent of the word of GOD can believe in a personal Christ who does not believe in a personal Satan. The work is divided into ten parts and the subject is handled vigorously. It will be extensively read by Theologians.

INTERCOLONIAL TRADE: OUR ONLY SAFEGUARD AGAINST DISUNION, is the title of an able pamphlet by R. G. Haliburton, M. A. The subject on which it treats is handled in a masterly style and proves conclusively that our only hope rests with free trade among ourselves. We should like to see this *brochure* in the hands of the thinking and business community of the "New Nation."

We have read with much pleasure the excellent sermon of Rev. Father Dawson, of Ottawa, on the death of the lamented McGee. It abounds in eloquent passages and fine touches of genuine feeling. In it is given a short sketch of Mr. McGee's life which is very interesting.

From Toronto we received the Rev. Dr. Ryerson's Special Report on Popular Education. It is full of practical suggestions and statistics and on that account is very valuable. The education of our youth now demands considerable attention and the *best* method to attain that end should be selected. We commend this report to educationists.

Too late for review we have Chas. Mair's new volume of Poems, DREAMLAND AND OTHER POEMS. We shall notice it at length in January.

Heavysege's (a Canadian) beautiful drama of *Saul*, which was published by John Lovell, of Montreal, in 1859, is soon to appear from the press of Ticknor & Fields, as a companion volume to that admirable poem, *The Spanish Gipsy*, and issued in the highest style of typographic art. The work will be ready about Christmas..

THE MAGAZINES.

THE ATLANTIC for September has many good and valuable articles. Chief among them we may notice E. P. Whipple's Sidney and Raleigh, Oliver Wendell Holmes' poem, Bill and Joc, The Genius of Hawthorne and the Island of Maddaleua. The latter article by Bayard Taylor tells how that gentlemen did *not* see Garibaldi. The *Atlantic* for this month is to have an article by Whipple on Bacon. Ticknor & Fields, Boston.

From same publishers we have that capital Magazine for the little ones. "Our Young Folks." This periodical is only \$2 U. S. currency a year,—is illustrated and well up in juvenile literature.

EVERY SATURDAY continues to give us *la creme de la creme* of foreign literature. A new story is commenced by Anthony Trollope. The notes at end of each number are admirably selected and compiled with care. Same publishers, *Be on.*

PUTNAM'S MONTHLY for last month is up to the usual standard of excellence. The rigours of a Siberian winter are well portrayed in the first article by Geo. Kennan. The Bourbon story is again revived by Rev. F. Vinton in a paper entitled, "Louis XVII. and Leazer Williams: were they the same person?" Prof. Schele De Vere contributes what a friend of ours calls a *Rea-icitious* paper "on a very small subject." "The situation and the candidates," is a very able political article. Putnam & Son, N. Y., publishers.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.—A new volume of this capital publication has lately been commenced. The selections are still made with the same taste and good judgment. Any one taking LITTELL is sure of possessing a library of the best periodical literature extant. Littell & Gay, Boston.

HARPER'S BAZAR is as full of fashion intelligence as ever. It has some capital stories, too, and is emphatically *the ladies'* paper of America. Harper & Bros., New York.

PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL for September contains several articles of more than ordinary interest. The biographical sketches are always clever, and given from a phrenological stand-point, which greatly enhances their value. Fowler & Wells, New York.

THE LENNOXVILLE MAGAZINE.—We take pleasure in drawing attention to this fine Canadian monthly. It is issued at Lennoxville, Quebec, and edited with skill and power; is only \$1.00 a year, and should be "taken in" by every one who wishes to encourage home literature. Specimen copies 10 cents each.

THE RAZOR is one of the most spirited of the London comic journals. Its cartoons are unequalled, whilst the "weekly shavings" are inimitable. We wish the *Razor* a long and prosperous career, and would like to see it circulate largely in the Dominion. Any of our booksellers will order copies if desired.

The "Meteorological Table" and "Our Puzzle Department" are crowded out. They will appear in our next.

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