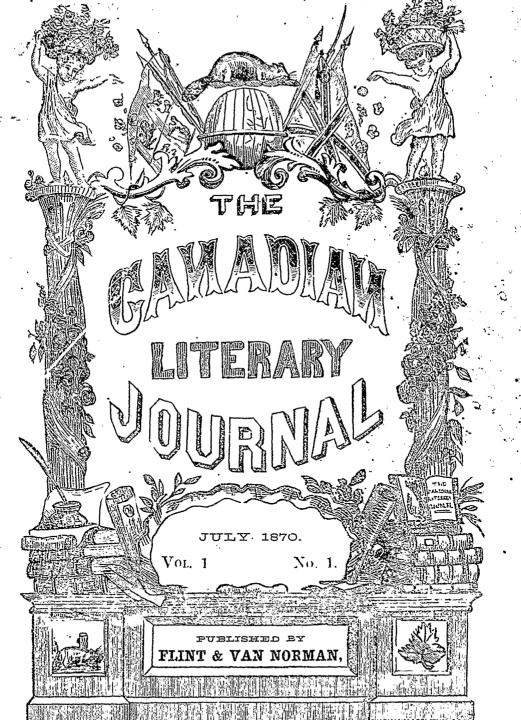
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THE CANADIAN LITERARY JOURNAL,

A

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AND THE

INTERESTS OF CANADIAN LITERARY SOCIETIES.

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SELECT ORIGINAL LITERATURE

AND THE INTERESTS OF

CANADIAN LITERARY SOCIETIES.

Vol. I.

JULY, 1870.

No. 1

(ORIGINAL).

KOLSEY HALL.

Along the south-eastern shores of the State of Maine, there ascends long series of huge rocks. In some places they rise to a perpendicular height of over a hundred feet, while in others they are broken, rugged and confused, rendering the shore strangely picturesque. The continual action of wind and tide along the base of these immense promontories has formed caverns which, combined with the interstices made by the falling rocks, form a wild rendezvous for the rushing waves, and thereby keep up a continued thundering roar. Where the rocks have not fallen beneath these high cliffs the sea rises upon a level beach, which may be gained by following a circuitous pathway through the immense crevices of the fallen rocks.

Upon one of the boldest of these promontories stands an old quaint looking Hall, by of the neighbourhood, when, one day in the whom built, or when, no one accurately latter part of June, several conveyances knows. Legend has it that it was constructed by some white pioneers about two merchandise arrived at Kolsey Hall, and name from an Indian Chief who was it

and very much improved. The apartments within are spacious, and bear traces of the crude style of architecture which was in vogue at the time when they were first constructed. Two or three large oldfashioned fire-places, surmounted by large mantel-pieces, adorn the walls of the apartments. For many years this sequestered Hall had had no occupant. The owner of the estate resided in Boston, but would sometimes repair to the old Hali to spend a few weeks in summer, but of late years he had ceased to give even this acknowledgment of his ownership of it. In June, 1852, however, a new tenant appeared to take possession of the estate. Mr. Vanners, a gentleman of Boston, purchased the property from the owner, Mr. Fenner, with the intention of making this lonely spot his place of residence. Varied were the surmises of the sturdy fishermen, who comprised the principal part of the population hundred years ago, and that it bears its with them a middle-aged, robust-looking man, accompanied by a young girl probably prisoned by these explorers shortly after its eleven years of age, beautiful and pleasant completion. The structure is uncouth, but looking, and a male and female attendant. rather picturesque. It is of an oblong Duly arriving at the massive old gate it was shape, two stories in height, with a tower flung open—the party entered, and prorising in the centre; the windows and doors ceeding to the door unlocked it and conveyed are rudely but firmly made, and were origin- the goods within. Five years previous to ally small, but since the date of the begin- this date, the neighbours recollected having ing of this sketch they have been remodelled seen this same gentleman, accompanied by same young girl, visit the Hall; but, after her friends, he acquiesced in her wishes, purhaving viewed it, almost immediately leave chased property and settled in that city. apparently quite dissatisfied.

paid the teamsters and dismissed them.

Kolsey Hall were busy for some time in hand of death, which plunged him in great arranging the various articles of furniture, sorrow. As he mingled with the associaand for a number of days that late desolate tions of his late wife his grief became the spot was a scene of great activity. But, at more intense, and to assuage it he was led last, everything was duly arranged; and, as to leave his city property and remove to Mr. Vanners followed a very sedentary life, Kolsey Hall, the seclusion of which he Kolsey Hall assumed a monotonous hoped might change the sad monotony of phase. He was very reserved with his new his present life. He purchased the once neighbors, visiting them only to purchase rejected property, removed thither, and in such produce as was necessary for house, the seclusion of the old Hall passed through their chief concern being to eke out a com- to narrate in the following chapters. fortable existence, which demanded their most assiduous attention. Emma, his daughter, made regular trips along the cliffs! to the village Post Office, a distance of about four miles, and she generally returned well supplied with magazines and letters for her father, the perusal of which kept his Kolsey Hall appeared very monotonous, still time much occupied. Mr. Vanners, accom-they all seemed to feel well satisfied. A panied by Emma and his faithful newfound- considerable portion of Mr. Vanners' time land dog, "Fide," frequently strolled along was engaged in the education of his daughthe cliffs into the distant woods, or down ter, who being a bright, intelligent girl, the winding paths to the sea shore.

wife and his child, Emma. Shortly after own in affection. his arrival in New York he proceeded to

one whom they deemed his wife, and by this Vanners wished very much to remain near

Shortly after this time, a dark cloud As soon as the trunks and cases were passed over Mr. Vanners' life, one whose safely deposited in the house, Mr. Vanners gloom left sullen shadows about his path until his latest day. His devoted and be-Immediately after this, the inmates of loved wife was taken from him by the chilly His neighbors cared not; those scenes of his life which we are about

CHAPTER II.

THE RESCUE.

For four years the life of the inmates of rapidly improved in her studies. Let us for a moment glance at Mr. Van- Vanners being as excellent scholar was ners life up to the time of his arrival at enabled to give his daughter a good English Kolsey Hall. In the year 1848 he left a education. Often would be wander with village by the name of Edenville, situated her along the rocks into secluded glens, on the sea-coast, in the County of Suffolk where, in sight of the roaring sea, he would England, and embarked for America, which read to her young enthusiastic mind volume he reached in due time, settling in New after volume of instructive and interesting York, where he remained about a year, lore, which had a great tendency to bind Accompanying him was a young, handsome the child's heart much more closely to his

About this time a circumstance occurred Toronto, Canada, and so much delighted which broke the monotony of life at the was he with this flourishing Canadian Hall. One evening in October, Mr. Vancity that he determined to fix upon this ners was sitting in his accustomed place bespot as his future home. He returned to fore a blazing fire, reading the periodicals New York with this idea, and at the solicithat Emma a few hours before had brought tations of his wife, who had friends in from the post office. She was sitting near Boston proceeded thither. From this he him, engaged in reading a copy of Longfellow's made his first trip to Kolsey Hall shortly poems, and the old Hall was as still as death. after he landed; but, as we have previously For two or three days past a heavy storm mentioned the Hall at that time did not at had raged, accompanied by furious wind, all suit him, and this gave another impetus and this day it seemed to have reached the to him for early removal to Toronto. How-height of its fury, but with the autting of ever, he returned to Boston, and as Mrs. the sun it had considerably abated. The

sea raged fearfully; the waves, almost mountains high, dashed through and over the rocks with frenzied fury, and the elements all seemed at war.

About ten o'clock they thought they heard a faint meaning sound like a human largest and last rescued man on his shoulder voice, but both being interested in their and immediately ascend the steep path, saybooks paid no attention to it. Presently ing that he himself would follow closely they were startled by a cry, louder than be-upon him with the younger man. fore, proceeding from the sea, and they suggestion was immediately carried into could hear quite distinctly the call-effect, and in a few minutes the two ship-"H-c-l-r!" echoing from the caverns and wrecked individuals were placed upon comfloating up over the promontory until it fortable beds, in a hospitable mansion. reached their startled car. ashore, or else some fishermen who had re- were they the first who had received attenin the meantime, putting on his great coat him among the rocks that lay so plentifully minutes they were ready, and Mr. Vanners and kindly attended to by the amiable ments, etc., closed the door behind him and ering, blessing her and Mr. Vanners. hastened with Jacob to the rescue.

wave dashed the boat against a jut of rock sort of somnambulistic state. and in an instant it was dashed to pieces, ing one of the victims, a young man, he swam to the shore, within reach of Mr. Vanners, who rescued him from the waves. As soon as Fido had left his prize he returned to the crew; but, alas! already two of them had sunk to rise no more, and the third was in the act of sinking the third time when Fido grasped him, and by the assistance of the waves was enabled to reach the shore. Jacob firmly grasped the last

from the water fell insensible at the feet of near him, he noticed a couple of vials, a

their deliverers. To leave them any length of time in their present condition Mr Vanners well knew would prove fatal, so delivering the lantern to Fido, who would proceed them, he proposed to Jacob to lift the

This was Fido watched the proceedings with an enough; Mr. Vanners knew that either part interested eye; these were not the first he of a crew of a wrecked vessel were drifting had saved from a watery grave; neither rained out to sea too long were perishing, tion from the philanthropic inmates of Kol-He at once ordered his man Jacob to pre- sey Hall. Many a poor fisherman, of the pare a lantern and two or three candles, and neighborhood, who had been driven ashore to hasten with him down to the shore; he, by an angry sea which threatened to swallow and preparing for the descent. In a few along the shore, had been rescued by Fido, having enjoined Emma to prepare refresh- Emma, and had left the Hall, after recov-

When Jacob and Mr. Vanners arrived As they descended the dangerous, circu-they found ample refreshments awaiting tious path and reached the base of the cliff them. Restoratives were immediately adthey descried a boat near the shore, lashed ministered, by means of which the sufferers to and fro at the mercy of the waves. It were much relieved. By the morning the was occupied by four men, who were vainly eldest of them had regained his senses. endeavoring to make headway against the When he awoke from his stupor and found wind. While Mr. Vanners and his man himself in a large spacious apartment, surthus remained a moment, gazing at the rounded by everything strange, he was filled dangerous position of the crew, a heavy with amazement, and imagin a himself in a

His suspicions and speculations were soon while its inmates were thrown mercilessly dissipated by the arrival of Emma, who exinto the seething water. In a moment, plained to him the circumstances of his resfaithful "Fido', was among them, and grasp- cue, informed him where he was, and in many ways expressed her pleasure at finding him so much recovered She administered some draught, and desiring him to rise if able, left the room.

After this "angel of peace" had gone he raised himself on his couch and glanced about the apartment. He found it large but seantily lighted, the rays of an October sun stole through a small window and fell quivering upon the carpet floor The floor rescued one, and, raising him from the was covered with a rich repet and a numraging sea, placed him in a safe position; ber of antique pictures graced the walls, one he then assisted Fido to gain solid footing. of which he imagined he had a faint recol-The two unfortunates as soon as rescued jection of once having seen. On a table,

wineglass, a spoon and a bottle of Port wine. He soon felt strong enough to arise, which he accordingly did, and having finished his toilet, he entered the large sitting room where Mr. Vanners was cosily reading, who arose to greet him, wished him a hearty good morning and was evidently pleased to see him so much recovered. Emma, after leaving the first invalid's room, repaired to that of the younger to ascertain how he was progressing. She was informed by Janet, the housekeeper, who had remained with him through the night as watcher, that he had been very ill, that he had raved most of the time, and was very feverish and restless. As soon as Emma became cognizant of this state of things she quietly suggested to her father the propriety of sending to the village for the physician. To this he quite agreed, and despatched Jacob in all haste to accomplish this mission.

The physician arrived about an hour afterward, and was ushered into the room where lay in a critical and painful condition the young man. After due examination he pronounced him in a dangerous condition, still, with care, he gave hopes of recovery in the course of a few weeks, as he had received no serious internal injuries. He then gave prescriptions and departed, promising to call again and see him in a day or two.

The medicines were duly administered and every attention was paid to the patient so that in three days afterward he had become so far convalescent as to be able to converse; yet, he at times experienced acute internal pains.

Mr. Vanners having saluted the recovered patient, beckened him to a comfortable seat beside him and handed him a periodical. As he did so the stranger asked if he were the only one of the boat's crew saved.

"No," answered Mr. Vanners, "there is a young man lying very much exhausted in the next room, who was rescued with you; the other two were drowned ere we could render assistance. The physician who visited him this morning says he will recover, by careful attention, in a few weeks."

The stranger expressed himself as being much pleased at this as, he said, it was through his recommendations that the young man had gained from his parents consent to visit America, and had he been drowned it would have been a keen blow of sorrow to his friends in England.

"You need not doubt his recovery," responded Mr. Vanners, "he will receive every attention until he is fully restored to health. My daughter is a good nurse and possesses no small share of the spirit of a Grace Darling and of a Florence Nightingale, and she will attend to him. Many before you and him have received at her hands attention."

"Thank you, thank you," rejoined his now delighted guest, "you are indeed generous."

At this juncture Emma appeared and informed her papa that dinner was waiting. Mr. Vanners arose, and, followed by his guest and Emma, repaired to the diningroom.

(To be Continued.)

Written for the Canadian Literary Journal.

Fire in the Woods, or the Old Settler's Story.

BY ALEXANDER McLACHLAN.

When first I settled in the woods,
There were no neighbors nigh,
And scarce a living thing, save wolves,
And Molly dear and I;
We had our troubles, ne'er a doubt,
In those wild woods alone;
But then, sir, I was bound to have
A homestead of my own.

This was my field of battle, and
The forest was my foe,
And here I fought with ne'er a thought,
Save "lay the giants low."
I toiled in hope—got in a crop,
And Molly watched the cattle;
To keep those "breachy" steers away,
She had a weary battle.

The devil's dears were those two steers,
Ah! they were born fence-breakers,
And sneaked all day, and watched their prey,
Like any salt-sea wreckers;
And gradually, as day by day,
My crop grew golden yellow,
My heart and hope grew with that crop,
I was a happy fellow.

That crop would set me on my feet,
And I'd have done with care;
I built away, the live-long day,
Such "castles in the air;"
I'd beaten poverty at last,
And like a little boy
When he has got his first new coat,
I fairly leapt for joy.

I blush to think upon it yet,
'That I was such a fool,
But young folks must learn wisdom, sir,
In Old Misfortune's school.
One fatal night, I thought the wind
Gave some unwonted sighs,
Down through the swamp, I heard a tramp,
Which took me by surprise.

Is this an earthquake drawing near?
The forest means and shivers;
And then I thought that I could hear
The rushing of great rivers;
And while I looked and listened there,
A herd of deer swept by,
As from a close pursuing foe,
They madly seem'd to fly.

But still those sounds, in long deep bounds,
Like warning heralds came,
And then I saw, with fear and awe,
The heavens were all affame.
I knew the woods must be on fire,
I trembled for my crop,
As I stood there in mute despair
It seem'd the death of hope.

On, on it came, a sea of flame,
In long deep rolls of thunder,
And drawing near, it seem'd to tear
The heavens and earth asunder;
How those waves snored, and raged, and roared,
And reared in wild commotion,
On, on they came, like steeds of flame
Upon a burning ocean.

How they did snort in fiendish sport,
As at the great elms dashing,
And how they tore 'mong hemlocks hoar,
And through the pines went crashing.
While serpents wound the trunks around,
Their eyes like demons gleaming,
And wrapt like thongs around the prongs,
And to the crests went screaming.

Ah! how they swept, and madly leapt,
From shricking spire to spire,
Mid hissing hail, and in their trail,
A roaring lake of fire;
Anon some whirlwind all aflame
Growled in the ocean under,
Then up would reel a fiery wheel,
And belch forth smoke and thunder.

And it was all that we could do
To save ourselves by flight,
As from its track we madly flew,
Oh! 'twas an awful night;
When all was past, I stood aghast,
My crop and shanty gone,
And blackened trunks 'mid smoldering chunk
Like spectres looking on.

A host of skeletons they seemed,
Amid the twilight dim,
All standing there in their despair,
With faces gaunt and grim;
And I stood like a spectre, too,
A ruined man was I,
And nothing left, what could I do
But sit me down and cry?

A heavy heart indeed was mine,
For I was ruined wholly,
And I gave way that awful day
To moping melancholy;
I'd lost my all, in field and stall—
And nevermore would thrive—
All save those steers, the devil's dears
Had saved themselves alive.

Nor would I have a farm to-day,
Had it not been for Molly,
She cheered me up, and charmed away
My moping melancholy;
She schemed and planned to keep the land,
And cultivate it too,
And how I moiled, and strained, and toiled,
And fought the battle through.

Yes, Molly played her part full well,
She's plucky every inch, sir,
It seemed to me the "deil himsel"
Could not make Molly flinch, sir;
We wrought and fought until our star
Got into the ascendant,
At troubles past, we smile at last,
And now we're independent.

(ORIGINAL)

WRITING versus SPEAKING.

BY CARL PICA.

The human mind presents one of the most interesting subjects for its own powers! to investigate; the proper development of the intellectual faculties being a work of the most valuable auxilliary. deserve some consideration. recollect that many men, holding the forement, we seek the retirement of the library most rank as speakers and writers, made rather than visit the schools of philosophy, such organizations, it cannot be doubted minstrel. If you wish to influence the are the means by which they are usually speaker addresses not merely the few hundesigned to accomplish their object. We dreds who listen to the tones of his voice, regard oratory as the accomplishment most constitutes a new audience, and every to be desired, considering the art of composition of much less value and much more easily of an orator requires a degree of skill in acquired. On this point there is a great arranging argument and language that can liarly attractive to the youthful mind in the examined in print. The brilliant harangue gift of oratory. The young man just that elicits the applause of the assembly in entering on the business of life, just taking the evening can scarcely be recognized in his first view of this great world of ours, with its wonderous contrasts and strange sparkles no longer when effervescence inconsistencies, hopeful and ambitious, im- has ceased. command.'

Without attempting to underrate the value of true oratory, we venture the suggestion that the practice of preparing written compositions is of much greater importance to young men not intending to become professional speakers, and even those about to engage in professions in which public speaking is indispensible will find writing a Oratory, in highest importance and greatest difficulty, modern times, is not the only, nor yet the Among the numerous agencies at work, at principal means, by which the knowledge the present day, for mental culture, what and energy of one mind is communicated to are us. My termed literary associations, others. Ours is an age of readers rather When we than hearers. For instruction, or amusetheir first literary efforts in connexion with or listen to the lay of the wandering that they exert a considerable influence on community as an orator you must not The practise of public speaking depend too much on mere elecution for and the preparation of written compositions effect. In these days, when the public propose, therefore, briefly to examine the but tens of thousands whom he never saw; comparative merits of these two modes of when the speeches delivered in the Legislaexpressing thought, chiefly with a view to ture are at once re-echoed to the remotest their practical utility. Young men usually parts of the country, where every family deal of misapprehension. It is quite a mis- alone be acquired by the practice of writing, take to suppose that a higher order of talent | Not unfrequently the arguments that appear is required in the speaker than in the logical and convincing in the heat of debate writer. It is true, there is something pecu- are found to be quite fallacious when calmly The parliamentary debater bued with the highest ideas of freedom and addresses not merely his fellow-members, justice, longing for power to crush the but the community at large, who, owing to oppressor and liberate the enthralled, the medium through which they hear him, regards eloquence as the grand engine of are quite unaffected by the charms peculiar human reformation and the greatest of to oratory. His speeches come before the human accomplishments. He is dazzled greater portion of his audience simply as with the magic power by which the public written compositions, and as such alone are speaker fixes the attention, arouses the they judged. In print they can be caresympathics, and convinces the judgment of fully perused, every proposition maturely his hearers, and, with a laudable ambition, considered, and each sylogism minutely puts forth every effort to reach the much examined. The fluent speaker hurries us coveted goal of his ambition. Looking for through a course of reasoning so rapidly ward to the distant future he hopes one that it is impossible to give due attention day "the applause of listening senates to to one argument before another is brought under our notice, and fallacies concealed

and metaphor frequently escape detection.

sary in the composition of a successful a masterly defence of his own political creed. orator aside from the ideas he propounds. eloquence was not a believer in his own the speakers themselves. has disappeared. Burke, whom Macaulay of the precious metal, the one, however, regarded as the greatest orator the world has produced, was not only an extensive and profound reader, but was noted as a commit our thoughts to paper, is almost unwriter before he became famous as a speaker. | necessary to point out, yet, beyond the cir-

beneath the graceful wreaths of illustration Sheridan's most successful speeches, delivered apparantly on the spur of the moment, even The speaker and the writer necessarily those parts in which he would thrill his audipossess many qualifications in common, but ence by a sudden burst of eloquence as if a there are certain prerequisites indispensible new idea had just flashed upon him, were in the one that are not absolutely essential found to have been all carefully written out "He is the best speaker," and committed to memory beforehand. At says Hazlitt. "who can bring together the midnight, in the House of Commons, Wilgreatest numer of ideas on a given subject liam Pitt, in replying to a previous speaker, at a moment's warning. He is the best would produce some of his richest gems of writer who can produce the greatest amount oratory. But such speeches were not got up of information during his whole career." at the moment. Although commencing in This, however, is but a partial statement of direct replies, the best portions consist of the case. There are many elements neces- arguments in support of a general policy, or

In general, the principal object of the Personal appearance, tone of voice, distinct speaker is to produce an immediate result. ness of utterance, action, are all of the He studies, not so much the soundness of utmost importance. The speaker depends his arguments as the effect they are likely for effect as much upon his manner as to produce. He pays little attention to the matter. Indeed, much more so, thought ultimate tendency of the theories he enuncithe ancient orator, who, in the single word, lates if he can only accomplish his object; "action," three times repeated, included the and frequently employs arguments that he three great essentials of oratory. But the would never think of committing to paper. speeches that have come down to us prove It will easily be seen that such a course must conclusively that this great master of exert an injurious influence on the minds of Indeed it has theory, for he appears never to have resorted to the arts of elocution, until he had ception and fluent delivery, constantly in exhausted his skill as a composer. Had he the habit of making impromptu replies and lived in our day his precept would probably supplying argument's at a moment's notice, have been more in accordance with his has long retained his vigor of thought and practice. Few speeches have been deemed strength of intellect. In the English House worthy of preservation that were not first of Commons those members whose support produced in writing, and that would not was considered most valuable, whose elohave secured a lasting reputation for their quent appeals never failed to produce an authors, had they never been delivered immediate effect, were, in general, those before a public audience. The man who possesses forensic talents, however high their deal with the weightier matters of legislaorder, invariably becomes a more effective lation, soonest failed them. Men whose speaker by first becoming a good writer, lives have been spent in party contests have A speech written out and committed to seldom given much to the world that is memory may not always produce a more really useful. There is a strong temptation decided effect on an audience than the to which the fluent speaker is constantly impromptu address; but we maintain that exposed. He finds himself able, without the clearness, precision, and correctness of special preparation, to speak on almost any style, induced by the practice of writing, are subject. However limited his knowledge, the most certain means of convincing the he seldom fails to make a passable speech. judgment, and of giving a character of He enjoys an apparent advantage over the permanence to the composition after the man of fewer words but greater knowledge. more evanescent influence of mere oratery Both may present us with an equal surface

cle of professional writers the number capable of composing an intelligent narrative of an ordinary event is surprisingly limited. We often meet with persons who can relate facts or communicate their ideas orally, in a correct and lucid manner, but who find it impossible to connect together correctly half a dozen sentences in writing.

The pen, with the aid of the press, exerts a power in forming and directing public opinion, in educating and elevating the people, that is unequalled by all other human agencies combined. Yonder editor, up in his dusty sanctum, so long as he exercises his functions with honesty and independence, is more dreaded by a corrupt administration than the most eloquent speaker of the opposition. The editor quietly pens an article that results in the passage of an important measure in the Legislature, or in the defeat of a Ministry. He arouses to deeds of heroism the martial spirit of the patriot, or hurls from power the venal and corrupt. The pen is the great reformer, civilizer and Christianizer of the world; the spice and frankincense that embalm the intellectual man; the electric cable that connects the past with the future; the lever that moves the moral world.

THE METHUSALEH PILL.

Mr. Prattles was a poor man. He had a wife and a large family dependent on him; and his printing business brought him in only a very slender income. His neighbors often wondered how he contrived to make both ends meet. They knew nothing of the struggles that went on within the walls of Mr. Prattles establishment. The surrounding tradesmen were his customers. He had a shrewd notion of business however. When the grocer over the way gave him an order to print fifty copies of "Fine Congou at three and six pence," he knew very well that the grocer down the road would soon empower him to print bills advertising "Fine Congou at three and five pence, three farthings:" to which would be added the further inteligence that "now was the time." The keener the competion in the neighborhood the better for Mr. Prattles. other printing orders Mr. Prattles one day received a command to strike off a thousand labels for "Mr. Smith's Universal Pill." No

labels, than a second order was given for five thousand more labels; and the second order was immediately succeeded by a third, and a third by a fourth.

This influx of business surprised Mr. Prattles; and he began to envy the prosperty of Mr. Smith. Presently it struck him that it was no difficult matter to manufacture a pill. But how could be hope to invent a story so plausible as that which enveloped Mr. Smith's pill boxes. There was a difficulty here. Mr. Smith had fortified himself in every possible way. He had selected the most obscure villages of the country from the gazateer, and had written very characteristic testimonials from imaginary patients residing near these remote localities His pill was-these spurious documents declared-an infallible cure for every disease. He tacked to his bill the properties of the entire pharmacopoia. Mr. Smith pill was advertised to accomplish everything of which medical science was capable. The history of Mr. Smith's pill was a navative of blessing conferred upon frail moratlity. By the virtues of Mr. Smith's pill John Dobbins, of Cwyrytchenville in Wales, had been cured of a bad leg, which had baffled the ingenuity of the first surgeons in the Mr. Smith's pill restored Miss country. Brown, of Briar Cottage, near Battledoorcum-Shuttlecock, to life when the rattles were in her throat. It cured asthma, consumption, water on the brain, dropsy and influenza; it was infallible in scarlet fever, yellow jaundice and blue cholera, gout, rheumatism, ticdoloreux, sciatica, locked jaw and cancer invariably disappeared from every patient respectively and concurrently afflicted with any or all of the diseases after the third box. Mr. Smith's ingenuity was not even exhausted with these arrangements. He understood his business perfectly, and felt that in order to make his pill go down, it was necessary to secure the patronage of a peer of the realm. With this view he entered into negotiations with a poor nobleman residing abroad. transaction was a long time pending, but at length it was signed and sealed between. Mr Smith and the Earl of Rottenborough, that his lordship should, for, and in consideration of the sum of six hundred per annum to be paid to him, the Earl of Rottenborough, by the sooner had he delivered the first batch of said Mr. Smith, consent to be cured, in public

advertisement by means of Mr. Smith's Omnipotent Pill, of any disease of Which the said Mr. Smith might choose to call upon him, the Earl aforesaid, to testify he had been Under these auspices Mr. Smith's pills had thrived exceedingly, but it was not till Mr. Smith conferred upon himself a dip-Ioma, and inducted himself into the chair in a college, which he endowed for that single purpose, somewhere, that the Universal Pill was found in every respectable house in the three kingdoms, as the special and particular pill of Professor Smith, M. D., without whose signature all others were spurious.

Poor Prattles! how could be who had not twenty pounds in the world, hope to compete with the rich Professor Smith. When he accounted the advantages which his rival possessed, and reflected upon his own moneyless condition, he was ready to give up his idea in At this crisis of his fate his wife, oneday, in purest jest, told him that care would soon make him look as old as Methusaleh. This simple remark, he effectingly tells at the present time, decided him. He would have a Methusaleh Pill 1 His wife tried hard to dissuade him from embarking in so expensive a speculation, but he was deaf to her pleading. He wrote forthwith to his cousin, who was a chemist at Bath, and asked him to mix him a harmless, "Let the properties it contains neutralize one another" This was the simple direction. A bribe of a third share in the speculation decided his cousin, the chemist, to set to work immediately. The next step was to frame a very learned history of the pill -to trace its descent from Methusalch to Prattles. With this object, Prattles consulted a battered old schoolmaster of his acquaintance, whose scraps of ancient lore sufficed for the printer's purpose. In a few hours a very interesting story, narrating the history of the receipt-was fabricated and ready for the press. It ran as follows.

It is well known to most people that the venerable Methusalch lived to the good old age of NINE HUNDRED AND SIXTY-NINE YEARS. The secret of so long a life has for ages remained an IMPENATRABLE MYS-In these degenerated days men seldom live to gaze upon their grandchildren, but in the days of Methusaleh matters were very potent power-what subtle elixir held body | should receive a large sum of money for allow-

and soul together for so long a period? "That is the question." About two years ago two gentlemen were traveling in THE ARID DES-ERTS OF ASIA MINOR. They fell in one evening with an encampment of Arabs. They were most hospitably received by the Mussalmen. The first peculiarity they remarked among the Arabs was, that there were several men in the encampment who, though they looked very old, were, nevertheless, active in their gait and lively in conversation. Our travellers entered into conversation with one of these hoary sons of the desert; the old man was very comunicative. "I was in your conntry many years ago, when Charles the Second was King. I played tricks before him: he was a jovial fellow. Ah! I was young then." And the old man heaved a deep sigh. The travellers, it may well be imagined, were surprised; and at first somewhat incredulous.

There is a man-but he is very old nowwho fought in Palestine, when one of your King's sons helped in a foolish war; I think you Christians call it the "Holy War." The old man pointed to a figure crouched to the earth. It was that of a very old man, whose hair was white as silver. "That man," continued the Aiab who was addressing the travellers, "is upwards of six hundred years old."

"Incredible!" our travellers exclaimed.

"Hush!" the old Arab continued. "You of the degenerate West know nothing of this matter. The secret remains with us-to you it is unknown-an undiscovered mystery. Have you ever heard of Methusaleh?"

The travellers replied in the affirmative.

"Do you know by what secret he prolonged his life to the ripe old age of nine hundred and sixty-nine years?"

The travellers confessed their profound ignorance. Forthwith the old Arab fumbled with his chon hands, about the folds of his turban, and presently drew therefrom a battered piece of parchment, so dirty, besmeared with grease, and discolored by age that the Arabic characters written upon it could be deciphered only by the most practised Arabic scholar. One of the travellers happened to be a proficient in Arabic. He begged the old man to allow him to peruse the precious document. To this the wily Arab consented, on the conditions that it Men lived for centuries. What should be read in his own hands, and that he ing the travellers to transcribe its contents. These preliminaries having been arranged, the party entered the nearest tent, and the travellers became possessed of the valuable life preserver. On their return to England, the travellers entered into a negotiation with the present proprietor of the receipe, who offers his

METHUSALEH PILLS

to the British public at thirteen pence halfpenny per box. None are genuine unless signed by the proprietor, John Prattles. Agents wanted for every part of the world. N. B.-The Methusaleh Pills are carefully made up, after the Methusaleh receipt, from particular herbs known only to the proprietor of this invaluable medicine. As a proof of the efficacy and wonderful properties of the Methusalch Pill, Her Majesty's Government have granted to the proprietors, to the exclusion of all pretenders, the use of a splendid red and black stamp. All pills pretending to be Methusalch Pills without this stamp are forgeries, and all imitations of it is felony.

This notable prospectus was concocted in the back parlour of Mr. Prattles' house. Mr. Prattles had not been a printer all his life for nothing; he had picked up with his types the trick of editorship, and revised the schoolmaster's rough draft with skill. Mr. Prattles then were a cap and an apron, He published his prospectus, adding now and then new bits to give it additional zest. At one time it was headed,

2"CHEAT THE UNDERTAKERS AND LIVE SIX HUNDRED YEARS."

Another, the prospectus began with

"LIFE PROLONGED TO AN INDEFINITE PERIOD BY THE METHUSALEH PILLS."

In a few years Mr. Prattles was a man of property. In time, he was even able to sneer at Professor Smith, with his tool, my Lord Rottenberough.

When some foolish old man, in a remote not fallen unto me in pleasant places." rural district, died at an advanced age, public attention was particularly called to Prattles' patent, by a statement on the part of the firm that the instance of the longevity in question was undoubtedly the effect of the Methusalch receipt. Prattles pocketed his shillings, and smiled at the world; he laughed and won. To make all square, as far as possible, he Matrimonial Advertiser .- Bill Biscay.

even went to the length of eating a few charity dinners, and subscribing a few pounds in aid of hospital and other funds,

Prattle's Pills sold prodigiously, wnenever a doubt was expressed respecting their efficacy, it was silenced by reference to the sanction of Her Majesty's Government, whose mark picturesquely adorned each box to prove the genuiness of the Methusaleh Pills-just as plate and jewellry are stamped by the assay authorities to show the standard excellence of the gold or silver. Publicly, Mr. Prattles complained that the Government charged him three half-pence per impression for these "Hall marks;" privately, he whispered that to them he owed his fortune.

Like all those who have much, Mr. Prattles wanted more. After he had exported millions of his Methusaleh Pills to every corner of the Queen's Colonial Dominions, he attempted to introduce them into foreign medicine markets. To his chagrin, he found that in no other country in the world but in these dominions (except the United States), were articles of that description allowed to be vended-much less are they sanctioned for the sake of a paltry revenue. On the contrary, individuals, Mr. Prattles learnt, who were discovered selling such things on the continent are severely punished; even newspapers who advertise them are fined. Although he met with native patent medicines during his travels on the continent, yet they are real remedies; having all been submitted to a Board of Government officers distinguished for their proficiency in pharmacy and medicine, who decide whether the non-professional public can be safely trusted with them or not. Mr. Prattles, however, made a brilliant fortune by his gullible countrymen.

(ORIGINAL.)

BILL BISCAY'S HITS.

("Neil's prison thoughts-"The 'lines' have

TENNYSON CORRUPTED. I hold it true, in spite of all; I feel it when I want one most-'Tis better to have loved and lost, Than never to have had a 'gal.'

-Amorous Swain.

The last resource of forlorn maids-The

The Conadian Literary Journal.

JULY, 1870.

TO THE PUBLIC.

That in this vast Dominion of Canada there exists such a scarcity of purely literary periodicals of native production, is no proof that there is any lack of ability to sustain them, but is rather an evidence of a very great want of enterprise. It may be argued that hitherto there has not been sufficient scope—that a feeling of provincialism has rendered any such attempt a step too ambitious; but now, when the Dominion has attained such large proportions, a corresponding feeling should possess the national mind that we are not as we once were, but are elevated to play an important part, and occupy a prominent position amongst the nations of the earth. there is one thing more than another that contributes to a nation's greatness, it is its native born literature.

There is no deficiency in this country of talent necessary to sustain a Canadian literary periodical, and while we know that it is a matter of no small moment to enter the field of journalism in a purely literary manner, we still calmly meet all apparent difficulties and present to the public the CANA-DIAN LITERARY JOURNAL. Entering upon a sphere where foreign periodicals, many of them replete with excellent literature, are extensively read by the people, we, of course, expect our Journal, like all others, to stand upon its actual merits.

The principal object in view is to assist in the upbuilding of our native literature and to engender its due appreciation.

That such a journal is necessary must be patent to all, and to supply this long felt want we have now undertaken our task.

will, from time to time, contribute to the columns of the JOURNAL.

Sketches of the early settlement of Canada, its social and political progress, its literature and literary men will appear conspicuous in its pages. We begin the opening number with a pleasing sketch, which will be completed in two or three numbers, after which will be begun a seriel expressly written for the CANADIAN LITERARY JOURNAL by a Canadian author. serial will contain an excellent sketch of the settlement in Canada of the U. E. Lovalists, numerous incidents of the war of 1812 and other historical reminis. cences of Canada, which will render it at once instructive and agreeable to all our readers.

It is our intention almost exclusively to confine the columns of the JOURNAL to original contributions from Canadian writers, although we will by no means exclude good selections, that in all respects we may contribute to the satisfaction of our readers.

Interested in those worthy institutions-Literary Societies-we purpose to devote attention to their successful operation and extension.

We now place before the people of the Dominion our journal, hoping it may prove a welcome guest to the thousands of homes it is intended to enter.

For the Canadian Literary Journal.

THE WOMAN QUESTION.

BY DELTA.

The woman question is so many-sided, so comprehensive and so delicate to handle, so far-reaching and interminable in its issues, that, to confess the truth, I scarcely know on what angle of the sublime theme to hang the few rags of thought, with which I desire to enlighten and regale my readers. thing is certain, if the results are at all in keeping with the premonitory thunders in We have already secured the assistance of the literary and social atmosphere, we may many of the ablest writers in Canada, who make up our minds that something is going

tries their hand at predicting it is not best social condition of women. I confess I canto be too definite. One lesson, that all men not join in the clamor for woman's rights, who occupy positions of trust and influence that is attracting so much attention in the may lay to heart, is this-they should be United States and England at the present faithful in the use of their opportunities, time This movement arrogates to itself for they know not how soon they may be the claims of a great philanthropic reformadisinherited, and set aside by a great revo-tion; which, if it only get fair play, will bution, which shall place the reins of power break the fetters and scatter the darkness in the hands of the ladies. And as the of ages, and usher in a glorious period, violence of a revolution is generally in pro- when woman, lifted up from her long deportion to the duration and severity of the gradation, shall prove herself equal to man tyranny it overthrows, we may expect a so- in all the departments of human activity, cial storm of no ordinary magnitude. Some where hand and brain are working out beneconcessions we are all, doubtless ready ficient achievments. enough to make; but the trouble is, we that the female portion of the community is scarely know what will satisfy these ques-groaning under intolerable burdens of social tioners, of what we have long fondly re- and legal oppression? I frankly declare I garded as our rights. Like the boy who don't believe a word of it. Some instances would'nt say A, because he knew that then of unjust law or social tyranny, I freely adhe would have to say B, we are afraid that mit; but the popular representations of the each point we concede will be only used as Woman's Rights people are a gross exaga position on which to plant their artillery, geration, in which small facts are blown and in order to exact further concessions from distorted out of all true proportion. "the lords of creation."

oppression, in many ways, will hardly now maintain that there is no natural difference be denied by any one. The laws of property have treated her exceptionally and men—that existing differences are the reunjustly. She has been debarred from edu-sult of education and habits of life, operatcational advantages provided for the oppo-ing through several generations. Now, just site sex; and yet expected to vindicate as delicacy and beauty mark the feminine her intellectual equality, in spite of these physical structure, and strength and endurdisadvantages. She has been denied the ance the masculine, all experience goes to the right to engage in various forms of re- prove that there is a corresponding differmunerative labour. This has largely in- ence in mental characteristics. I do not creased the poverty and temptations of say for a moment that women are inferior to single women, left to their own resources. men. In many respect they are vastly Even the same sins bring on her devoted superior. head a sterner and heavier punishment, than blossoming peach tree is not inferior to the men suffer when they are the guilty ones. oak. The sunflower is not superior to the Still, this may largely arise from the higher rose. The nightingale is not inferior to the ideal we have of womanly purity. Our raven. Each is best in the sphere for which sensibilities are more harshly shocked by the Creator intended it. It would be folly her fall. Just as we feel more deeply the to contend as to the superiority of things defection of a man, whose character we held which God designs for different purposes in high estimation, than that of one of whom and ends. And it is equally senseless to we thought differently. So, when woman argue as to woman being equal or superior falls, it is as if an angel stooped to folly. to man—she is his superior in her own And it may, after all, be no sign of im-sphere. You cannot change their spheres provement in the tone of society, when we of work without great disadvantage to both. think lightly of her fall from that womanly The fact that God has laid upon woman the purity that is the crowning glory of her duties of motherhood, and has thereby character. The popular judgment on this largely indicated her sphere of duty, is a point springs from a deep human instinct. consideration that does not seem to have its

to nappen. I say something, for I have But, though I offer no opposition to any learned by past experience, that when one rational reform, calculated to improve the But is it really true advocates of woman's rights, in my opinion, That woman has suffered unjust social start from radically false assumptions. They But they are different.

appropriate weight, with the elderly spinsters who have mounted the rostrum in favor of woman's rights. There are considerations of delicacy which prevent me saying all that might be said on this point. It is not merely that the duties of maternity render her unfit for active public duty: but also the anxious mental disquietude that the · rougher work of life entails on all who engage in it, is highly prejudicial to her own health and that of her offspring. I object to see women struggling, side by side with men, in politics, trade and physical toilnot because I would deny them any right or privilege by which they can be benefited, but because I would shield them from all that would destroy their womanhood, and degrade them in the scale of being. Are the qualities of shrinking modesty, refinement of feeling, tenderness and gentle winsomeness, that constitute the unspeakable charm of womanhood, things not worth guarding and preserving? And can there be a moment's doubt, that if woman comes out into the glare of public occupations, mingling more freely and constantly with the rougher sex, that as she becomes more like us in her habits of life, she will become less Are physical courage and womanly? strength, boldness of speech, self confidence and masculine forwardness, qualities that would elevate woman, or beautify her char-I believe that God intended acter? No. that home should be the empire, where she should sway the sceptre of her power; and a grand sphere it is. There is the foundation of order, and the bond of society. is the great school of humanity, in which she is the divinely appointed teacher, to give lessons of imperishable influence. With the mothers, it is largely left to determine what the coming generation will be. is work, that although beneath the loftiness of female lecturers and their admirers, is most inspiring in its aims, ennobling in its influence, and glorious in its rewards. What what would the right to vote and legislate To single women do for married women? of property, I would freely give the right to to vote. But married women must either vote with their husbands, or against them. If with them, they do not alter the general If against them, an element of strife is introduced into the family that would weaken its bond. The tendency of this movement is to destroy the sacredness

of the marriage tie. A large section of the "Woman's Rights" advocates already openly proclaim their hostility to any law, that would compel a women to live with a husband longer than may suit her convenience. I would break every unjust shackle that oppresses woman; but I protest against a movement that directly tends to destroy the charms of womanhood, and make her as coarse and masculine as possible.

THE JOSH BILLINGS PAPERS.

A Yarn-The Aunt and the Grasshopper.

Once on a previous time, about four hundred thousand years ago, in the old ov the moon during a verry dry spell of weather, just after a hard frost, when grass butter waz skass, while venus was an evening star. ant, who had lost awl ov her front teeth, and waz twisted with the rhumatiz, and a pollypurse in her noze, sot in an eazy chair, near the front door of an aunt hill, superintendin a phatt kurnell ov wheat, which the yung aunts were tricing tew git down cellar, into their their house.

Jist then along cum a loafing grasshopper, smoking a pipe, and singing, "Begone dull care, i pray thee begone from me,"-and spieing the old ant, giving orders tew the yung aunts, he stopt tew hav a talk with her.

"Good morning, old mother Industry, good morning!" said the grassbug. "A fine cernal ov wheat that yu are rooling in!"

"Hav yu herd the grate news?

"Dredfull sharp frost last night!

"Winter will soon set in, i reckon!

"I herd the owls hute last nite!

"Terribel bad acksident on the Harlem road yesterday!

"When dew yu think specie payments will be took up?

"I overheard the older hens say, az i cum past nabor Sherman's lower barn this morning, that eggs waz gitting a good deal on plenty, and they must git tew work agin!

"Well! i am in an awful hurry, i am going down to tend a jumping match between Springsteel and Steelspring, two yung grasshoppers; this iz tew be the last hop ov the

"I must be a going!

"I am uncommon sorry I kant stay longer, and make yu a good visit!

"By the way! Old mother Industry, i hav

got a profound sekret, that i want to tell yu, but i woldn't hav it known by ennyboddy, for that fly upward from his three-story house, awl'the world, if it should git out once, it would ruin me!"

"Then keep the sekret yureself," spoke the ant, "it is worth more to yu than ennyboddy else."

but kept her eye all the time on the phatt in the wrong, and being of a reverential keernel of wheat, and the loating grasshopper! moved off, whistling "Sally cum up,"

REMARKS.

This iz the way with all loafers, if they kant steal vure time with idle questions, their last dodge iz to steal yure credulity with an idle sekret,

MEN.

You'll say you know all about men. Do you? If you are a girl, you are not a man -ergo, you know nothing about them till you find they marry you for money and young man," said farmer Burton, removing desert you for love, (i. e. of another). If you are a man, and have not lost your young fellow sharply from head to toe. • purse in a crowd, or heard vague hints about money or life, nor paid your subscrip- air, which was mainly the result of his edution for a journal warranted to pay as it ention, Luke Jordon was a fine looking was destined never to exist, nor seen your young fellow, and not easily moved from his wife leaning on a long arm in the park and self-possession; but he colored and grew not insult me by saying you know all about look. men. If you know all about men, that is, if you think you do, it is conclusive you know nothing about yourself, and ought to go to school again.

Men are bipeds; but in an engraving I observed lately I saw a man on all fours, labelled "Mad Dog." hasting on, having in his rear free love pettles and other miscellany, which was meant. I suppose, to paint this abrupt inquiry. what man would be coming to, or his taking a stride on all fours into futurity.

Men are supposed to be mind and matter —though sometimes the latter dosen't mind the boundary lines, which dosen't matter. Some men think they have mind especially those who haven't, and would not mind addressing a crowded audience-could they get one; on a sublime subject-could they get one.

Some men are versatile, and show it by writing verses inspired with prose, or by reading them to people who, being dull, Luke was not prepared, and he stared can t see the point—of attraction

Man was born to trouble, as the sparks (if he has one), and which engage the attention of gaping rustics whose lives seem made up in its destruction.

Man was born to read and write, but often does not live up to the mark in this This iz every word the bizzy old ant sed, respect, wielding no ready reed, and always nature signs himself a cross.

> If you know you are a star in the world, wait till you get on smooth ice for the first time when you will be sure to see what it is

> All of which is respectfully committed to paper.

> > BILL BISCAY.

EARNING A WIFE.

A CANADIAN SKETCH.

"And so you want to marry my daughter, the pipe from his mouth, and looking at the

Despite his rather indolent, effiminate looking too warmly into strange eyes; do confused beneath that sharp, scrutinizing

> "Yes, sir. I spoke to Miss Mary last evening, and she—she referred me to you."

The old man's face softened.

"Molly is a good girl, a very good girl," he said, stroking his chin with a thoughtful air, "and she deserves a good husband. What can you do?"

The young man looked rather blank at

"If you refer to my ability to support a

wife, I can assure you—" "I know that you are well off, Luke Jordan, but I take it for granted that you ask my girl to marry you, not your property. What guaranete can you give me, in ease it should be swept away—as it is in thousands of instances—that you could provide for her a comfortable home? You have hands and brains—do you know how to use them? Again I ask, what can you do?"

This was a style of catechism for which blankly at the questions without speaking.

"I believe you managed to get through college-Have you any profession ?"

"No, sir; I thought-"Have you any trade?

the wealth I should inherit I should not

need anv."

"Your father thought like a fool, then. He'd much better have given you some honest occupation, and cut you off with a shilling-it might have been the making of twenty-four years old, and never earned a ashamed of yourself."

"And you want to marry my daughter," resumed the old man, after a few vigorous

puffs of his pipe.

"Now, I've given Molly as good advantages for learning as any girl could have, and she hasn't threw 'em away; but if she cart. didn't know how to work she'd be no "Mine," replied Luke, with an air of daughter of mine. If I choose I could pardonable pride; "and I challenge any keep more servants; but I don't, no more cooper in Canada to beat them." than I choose that my daughter should be a pale, spiritless creature, full of dyspepsia, one by one. "They'll do," he said, coolly, and all manner of fine lady ailments, instead as he set down the last of the lot. What of the smiling, bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked lass she is. I did say that she should marry no lad that had been cursed with a to-day - your daughter, sir. rich father; but she's taken a foolish liking to you, and I'll tell ye what I'll do. Go to eyes broadened into a smile. "You've got work and prove yourself to be a man; per | the right metal in vou, after all," he cried. fect yourself in some occupation—I don't "Come in, lad, come in. I shouldn't woncare what, so be it honest; then come to der if we make a bargain, after all." me, and, if the girl is willing, she is yours."

As the old man said this, he deliberately knocked the ashes out of his pipe against his head into the kitchen door. one of the pillars of the porch where he was sitting, tucked it into his pocket, and went round white arms were bared above the

into the house.

her lover down at the garden gate, their ham, over which was tied a blue checked usual trystring place.

The smiling light faded from her eyes as she noticed his sober discomfitted look.

"Father means well," she said, as Luke told her the result of his application. "And I'm not sure but what he is about right," she resumed, after a thoughtful pause; "for say it seems to me that every man, be he rich or poor, ought to have some occupation."

Then, as she noticed her lover's grave

wait for you, Luke!"

Luke Jordan suddenly disappeared from his accustomed haunts, much to the sur-

prise of his gay associates.

But, wherever he went, he carried with "No, sir; my father thought that with him in his exile these words, and which were like a tower of strength to his soul-

"I'll wait for you, Luke!

One pleasant, sunshiny morning, late in October, as farmer Burton was propping up the grape-vine in his front yard, that threatened to break down with the weight you. As it is, what are you fit for? Here of its luxurious burdens, a neat-looking eart you are, a strong, able-bodied young man, drove up, from which Luke Jordan alighted with a quick, elastic spring, quite in conpenny in your life! You ought to be trast to his former easy leisurely movements.

> "Good morning, Mr. Burton. I understood that you wanted to buy some buttertubs and eider barrels. I think I have

some here that will just suit you."

"Whose make are they?" inquired the old man, as, opening the gate, he paused by the

Mr. Burton examined them critically, will you take for them?"

"What I asked you for six months ago

The roguish twinkle in the old man's

Nothing loth, Luke obeyed.

"Molly," bawled Mr. Burton, thrusting

Molly tripped out into the hall. elbows, and bore traces of the flour she had Pretty Mary Burton was waiting to see been sifting. Her dress was a neat gingapron; but she looked as winning and as lovely as she always did wherever she was

> She blushed and smiled as she saw Luke, and then, turning her eyes upon her father, waited dutifully to hear what he had to

The old man regarded his daughter with

a quirrical look.

Molly, this young man-mayhap you've look, she added softly-"Never mind; I'll seen him before-has brought me a lot of tubs and barrels, all of his own make-a right good article, too. He asks a price for | nications upon any other topics of interest 'em; but, if you are willing to give it, well will be welcome. All articles forwarded to and good; and hark ye, my girl, whatever bargain you make, your old father will ratify.

As Mr. Burton said this, he considerately stepped out of the room, and we will follow his example. But the kind of bargain the young people made can readily be conjectured by the speedy wedding that followed.

Luke Jordan turned his attention to the study of medicine, of which profession he became a useful and influential member; but every year, on the anniversary of his marriage, he delights his father-in-law by some specimen of the handicraft by which he won what he declares to be "the best and dearest wife in the world,"

THE proprietors of the CANADIAN LIT-ERARY JOURNAL have much pleasure in presenting many persons throughout the Dominion, who have not as yet become subscribers, with the first No. of the periodical, trusting that its perusal will induce them to forward us their names as regular subscribers. We shall look to our friends, and all interested in the advancement of Canadian literature, for their earnest cooperation in our enterprise, and trust that their efforts will result in adding many thousand names to our subscription list.

REMARKS TO CONTRIBUTORS -We will be glad to receive contributions from any writer who may wish to favour us with the same, which, if found worthy of publication, will duly appear in the columns of the JOURNAL. articles hereafter received, whether accepted or declined, will be acknowledged through the medium of the Contributor's Column Sketches of Canadian history, and of any pleasing incident, essays upon Canada's social position and her literature, as well as commu-

our address should be written legibly, and upon one side of the sheet only, and should be also paged and punctuated. Where contributors desire MSS, returned, if not available, stamps, in all cases, must be enclosed for return postage.

Canadian Literary Societies, their Position and Success.

Under the above heading we purpose to place before our readers reports from various literary societies throughout the Dominion, which may, from time to time, be sent in to our address. We will be glad to hear from every Literary Society in Canada and to receive reports of any public meetings which may be held in connection with any such organization.

Canadian Literary Society, Toronto.

This Society, during the past season, has been in a very flourishing condition, under the management of an able list of officers. It meets weekly in the Mechanics' Institute and embraces in its weekly literary programme-a debate, readings, selections from the Quiverthe Society's paper, essays, &c. It closed its sesions for the summer season on the 2nd July, to re-open the first Saturday in Septem-

Burlington Literary Society, Hamilton.

Through the secretary of this society, Mr. McGarvey, we have received a report of its standing, and are happy to learn that it is now in a prosperous condition, mainly due to the strenuous exertions of a few members.

Zion Literary Bociety, Toronto.

This society is also progressing favourably, and during the past winter gave some excellent public exhibitions, showing conclusively that it is earnest in its work and determined upon success. Its meetings for the summer closed with a converzasione, which was held on the evening of July the fourth.

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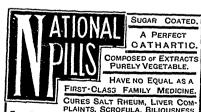
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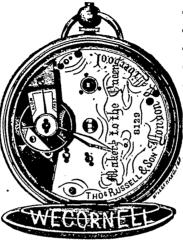
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