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NOTICES OF THE PRESS.

The following comprise a few of the hundreds of flattering notices we have received upon the extended numbers of the Journal, from the press throughout the Dominion. A perusal of them is convincing proof that we are fulfilling our protestations of rendering our Journal one of first-class merit. While we are pleased to notice the very encouraging and laudatory reception we have usually received from the Canadian Press, we are more particularly gratified in knowing that the Journal is now read with pleasure by thousands throughout this Dominion, and abroad. In accord with our past endeavors no pains will still be spared to enhance the interest of the Journal, and place it on a meritorious footing with the best foreign periodicals.

(The Globe, Toronto.)

It is a neatly got up work of twenty-four pages, published in magazine form and devoted to original Canadian Literature. Many of the names of the authors are familiar and it is to be hoped that the publishers will be remunerated for the enterprise displayed in publishing the Journal.

(Daily News, Montreal.)

We wish the proprietors every success in so worthy an undertaking.

(The Leader, Toronto.)

The November number of the Canadian Literary Journal is by far the best issued. A beautiful piece of music with words appear in this present issue. The articles are all original, and of a high character, and will be read with great interest. The Journal has been considerably enlarged, a sure sign of progress.

(The Canadian Illustrated News, Montreal.)

We have received the Canadian Literary Journal, published by Flint & Van Norman, Toronto. Its aim to encourage Canadian Literature is worthy, and we wish it every success. It is of excellent value.

The Gazette, Montreal.)

The November No. is before us containing several interesting articles. We wish the proprietors success in their enterprise. The Journal has been improved and enlarged and there is no reason why it may not become a first-class magazine.

(The Journal of Education, Toronto.)

We welcome the new Journal with sincere pleasure. Its aim and purpose is good. The numbers before us present an agreeable variety of original articles. We wish the proprietors success.

(The Christian Guardian, Toronto.)

The Journal appears to be prospering well, and while the articles are from the pens of the best Canadian writers it will commend itself to all Canadians.

(The Mercury, Guelph.)

The November No. of this Journal is to hand, considerably enlarged and improved. Its contents are exclusively original, treating principally of Canadian subjects, and we have no doubt it will become an established fact in Canadian literature.

In addition to the above commendatory notices we beg to gratefully acknowledge the following:—

Ottawa Times, St. Catharines Times, Canadian Casket, Barrie Advance, Northern Advocate, Owen Sound Times, Newmarket Era, Mount Forest Examiner, Lindsay Post, Canada Scotsman, Listowel Banner, Port Perry Standard, Peterborough Review, Strathroy Age, Newmarket Courier, Orangeville Sun, Bruce Reporter, Port Elgin Free Press; Herald, Montreal; Evening Star, Montreal; Times, Hamilton; Spectator, Hamilton, Chronicle, Whitby; Expositor, Brantford, &c.

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THE
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DEVOTED TO

SELECT ORIGINAL LITERATURE

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CANADIAN LITERARY SOCIETIES.

VOL. I.

APRIL, 1871.

No. 10

THE TWO NEIGHBOURS,

OR,

REVENGE REPAID BY KINDNESS.

Continued from page 175.

BY ROBERT RIDGWAY, TORONTO.

CHAPTER V.

The mountain brook with quiet murmuring
sound

Pursues its downward course with playful bound.

How strange! when swollen with cloud-burst
sweeping shower,

Its tributary rills changed in an hour

To leaping, maddened torrents, pouring past

Their bubbling, frothing, turf stained waters,
fast.

The turgid, turbid, troubled, rushing stream

Now boils, foams, gurgles, as its waters teem,

And rise, and spread, its margin swelling o'er,

Then leap some cataract with a thundering roar,

So human passions kept within control,

Curbed, reined, and ruled by virtue in the soul,

May run a useful, honoured, noble course,

And dignify their great design and source,

But VENGEFUL PASSION, harboured in the breast,

Will prove, at best, a faithless, dangerous guest,

Break all restraint, perhaps, with fearful bound,

And scatter moral ruin all around.

The Allegory.

The road, crossing the valley, near to
where the clough opens from it, winds

along, gradually descending the hill side to the brook, a beautiful trout stream of unpretentious volume, and limpid purity; supplied by numberless springs among the hills; and meandering with gentle murmur in its pebbly, rocky bed; unless when swollen with heavy rains, at which time its turbid, heath, and moss stained waters surge with rapid accumulation from tributary torrents; and rush, and bound among the huge granite boulders, in their swift descent, with rarely an eddy, but onward, forward, downward, hissing, boiling, foaming, they reach the "Wash," over which they plunge with a harsh continuous, resounding roar, which echoes along the hill sides; and during the stillness of night is heard miles away in the valley.

This cascade, named the "Wash" because the shepherds, in that neighbourhood, take their sheep there to wash them, preparatory to shearing, is formed by a sudden narrowing of the valley to a rocky passage, perhaps six yards across, and with a precipitous fall of about twenty feet. A rustic bridge, composed of a single, broad, roughly hewn, oak plank, with a hand rail was thrown across the chasm immediately over the fall. This not only facilitated the crossing of the brook, but saved to the foot passenger, a considerable detour, which those travelling by conveyance or on horse back had to make below the fall. The foot bridge

in question, was not considered either so good or safe, as could be desired; especially on dark, stormy nights; and it had long been in contemplation to put up a more convenient and substantial structure.

The Lord of the Manor was bound, by the terms of the lease, to supply all necessary material for such improvements, and the steward had promised to supply them to Mr. Purdec, as the principal lessee, whenever they were required. But the work had been deferred from time to time, owing, professedly, to the bridge being so little used, but in reality, to an unaccountable dislike to make any changes which were not absolutely necessary.

The wild romantic character of the roads and foot-paths among these hills is quite in keeping with the general scenery, and seems to preclude any attempt at regularity.

A stranger attempting to cross these wilds, will almost certainly become bewildered among the numerous sheep-tracks and beaten foot-paths, crossing, winding, turning, now ascending, anon descending; at one time the view becoming suddenly contracted to the limits of a small deep glen, down the side of which the traveller winds, to reascend a sinuous incline, at the top of which the climber attains some commanding eminence where bursts upon the view an immense vista of variegated picturesque, romantic scenery; heightened in its effects by the influence of light and shadow, tint, colour and aerial perspective.

Heath, and moor, and rock, and hill,
 Vale, and stream, and cot, and mill,
 Barn, and grange, and house, and hall,
 Lane, and hedge, and stile, and wall,
 Cow, and sheep, and horse, and ass,
 Herb, and flower, and grain, and grass,
 Manse, and church, and bridge, and nook,
 Tree and tower, and wood, and brook,
 Light, and shade and field, and lea,
 Sky, and air, and earth, and sea,
 Form one strange, grand sight to see.

Hills, vales, woods, plantations, parks, pastures, moorland, swamp, glistening river, silvery brook, all lying in the play of sunshine or shrouded in transient shadow. Here and there on the hill sides

are dotted a few houses, a hamlet or village, while crowning the summit of some swelling eminence, "beautiful for situation," is a parish church, with its graveyard:—where,

Sacred in death's repose, now sleep
 The honoured, and unhonoured dead.

At the base of the hill is the town, famed, perhaps in history, but remarkable chiefly for its irregularity of plan and architecture. Away in the extreme distance may be seen the cloud like smoke of thousands of chimneys, hovering like an immense canopy, over the manufacturing towns. The gazer may picture the hum and bustle of the busy marts, the rattle, clatter, and tramp of the crowded streets, the roar and din of the engines and machinery, but to his external ear the scene is silent. It may be, however, that while an involuntary pause is thus made to look around on varied nature and the work of man, the ear will be captivated by a pleasing medley of sweet sounds, so blended and softened by the distance as to destroy in a great measure their dissonance. Sometimes the pealing bells of a distant steeple, the boom of a mill race, the bleating of sheep, the lowing of cattle, the barking of dogs, with their sounds, will be heard all blending, swelling or cadent, as wafted to or from the observant, listening wayfarer. But it is not always summer or sunshine among these hills; and should the traveller happen to be caught in some dense mist, or sudden storm of snow, it will require all his sagacity, even when acquainted with the locality, to keep his way; but should he be a stranger his only chance is to make for the nearest house, if he can do this before his view is shut in; as often it will be in a few minutes.

As to crossing the moors during the night, in the dark, it is entirely out of the question. Wyatt was well aware of these things, from constant and long experience; the country through which he had to pass, if he crossed the moors to Hob Cross, was singularly wild and difficult, and to him comparatively unknown, so that it was but a matter of common prudence to seek for the company of one better acquainted with that part of the

country than he was. Besides these considerations, there were reasons, at which he hinted, when he spoke of certain characters "not over nice," who lived in the neighbourhood of the village to which he was going. It was about three o'clock in the afternoon, and the shades of evening were already gathering in the valleys when Wyatt and Jim Snarr arrived at the Public House, called the "Red Bull," in the extraordinary collection of irregularities called "Hob Cross."

Here Wyatt found the men he had come to see, waiting for him; and while they sat in the bar-room, talking over their business, and, as they called it "wetting their whistles," with occasional draughts of beer, a man came into the room and seated himself at another table. During the conversation Wyatt observed, on being pressed to further potations, that he had to go home that night, that the roads were neither the smoothest nor straightest, and that he must be making his way shorter now his business was done, and he had another place to call at on his way home.

"What road do you go by?" enquired one of the company.

"By the 'Brook' through the 'Brushes' o'er 'Holl Head' and through th' 'Bank,'" answered Wyatt.

"Jolly," said the man "that's a rough road, and it gives promise of being a rough 'neet.'"

While the men were thus talking the stranger at the other table, had cast furtive glances at the party; and on Wyatt remarking that he must be going, he drank his beer and left the room. Wyatt had not noticed the man on his entrance, in fact as he was seated he could not see him without turning round on the bench. Jim Snarr, however, noticed him particularly, for where he sat he had a full view of him, and felt certain he had seen him somewhere before; while trying to call to mind where or when he had seen him, the man left the room. As soon as he had left, and before he was out of the house, Jim enquired who the man was, and was informed that he was a farmer who lived two or three miles away, and was most likely returning from market. The farmer as he was called, on leaving the Inn,

went to the stable, and mounting a stout, handsome cob, rode away at a brisk trot towards a distant valley. Here, nestled in a nook, was the farm-house to which he was apparently going, and from the neighing of the horse as he approached, it was evidently their home. Upon arriving at the house a lad came out and led away the horse to the stable.

After tea the man smoked, and chatted with his family, and then saying he thought he would have a walk, he put on great coat and went to the stable. His object in visiting the stable was not to get his horse, for after seeing that he was properly cared for, he looked around the stable and from a corner, took up a small iron bar, called a "crow" and started across the hill. There had been a little snow during the day, but as the evening closed in the wind rose and the clouds gave promise of a much heavier fall. The pace at which the farmer travelled indicated excellent wind, and well trained muscle, for he scarcely varied his pace until he reached the top of the hill which Wyatt had called "Holl Head." Here he stopped for a short time, as if to deliberate about something, before continuing his journey. It was now quite dark, but not late, and the snow had commenced to fall much faster. Instead of keeping in the cart track, he had been following, he now climbed the wall, and kept under its shelter down the face of the hill. The man might have two reasons for doing this, or at the least one of two, to shorten the distance, by cutting off a considerable bend in the road, or to avoid a farm-house, through the yard of which the road ran. His manner plainly indicated that the latter was the reason which influenced him in leaving the road, for just below the house he re-entered the road, down which he continued until he came to the foot-path which led to the bridge over the "Wash."

Had it been in the day time, during hours of light and ordinary business, the man's own manner, on arriving at the bridge, would have conveyed the impression that he had some special interest in its construction or removal. Both ends of the structure were carefully examined, at least so far as the darkness would per-

mit. He brushed away the snow, and with his "crow-bar" forced up some of the stones, at that end of the bridge nearest the way he had come. He next carefully lowered himself from the top to the ledge of rock, about five or six feet below, upon which the wall supporting the end of the bridge, was built. This ledge projected sufficiently to give ample room for movement; so that by standing here, he could with much greater facility operate upon the wall: for that such was his intention was quite apparent from his movements. The work was evidently much more difficult than he had anticipated, for after very severe labour, he had but succeeded in removing a few stones from the upper portion of the wall on one side of the bridge. He tried to raise the heavy plank from its position so that by a sudden push he could, when he wished, precipitate the structure into the channel below. He so far succeeded, ultimately, as to feel by severe effort he could give the plank a swaying motion. So great and continuous had been his exertion, that he had not felt the keen, biting, snow laden blasts, which swept through the chasm. The severe muscular strain had almost exhausted his strength; he took off his heavy cloth cap to wipe away the sweat which poured from his head, and leaned against the wall to rest. A feeling of faintness came over him, a dizziness in the head, accompanied by torpor in his right side. He managed, as this feeling stole over him, to crouch into a sitting posture, leaned his head back into a cavity of the wall or rock, and lost consciousness of all around. He was stricken, smitten, by an unseen hand, with hemiplegia, paralysis of the right side! The snow flakes came broader and faster, swiftly, silently, and continuously they fell; and very soon the senseless form was covered thick with the driving shower; shrouded with a treacherous mantle; *an emblem of purity covering an embodiment of vile passions!*

Time passed, and at length there was a movement of the left arm; the lips moved, opened, and the snow, which had gathered about the closed mouth, fell inward, moistening and cooling the dry lips and mouth, and thus assisting to revive

the inanimate man. His eyes opened, a languid groan followed, and the now conscious, but still helpless man looked upward. A sense of his imminent peril of condition, position and circumstances, rushed before his mind: completely helpless! crouched upon the ledge of a precipice! and in imminent danger of freezing from exposure to the storm. These were the stern, startling facts, which stared him in the face; but these were not all. Why had he come there? What was his purpose in travelling over miles of moor? His conscience was sufficiently instructed to answer these questions to his own bitter condemnation. The certainty that alive or dead, detection of his villainy must ensue; and if living, the shame and mortification consequent upon an exposure of his cowardly, revengeful design;—these dread circumstances, standing in fearful array, at once, and with vivid distinctness overwhelmed him with mental anguish; and he groaned aloud. He almost wished himself lying a stiffened corpse among the rocks below; but he feared to die! He thought of his past life, of his wife and family, of what people would say about him, and what they might do. How quick and perfect in its action was his memory? Almost all his actions and motives had assumed new forms, new dress, new colours. Hideous mockery! dark, repulsive, unbearable. A shudder of indescribable, unutterable, horror, woe and despair, rushed upon him; took possession of his mind; he attempted to pray; but could think of no form, but the "Pater noster" of his infancy, which he was endeavouring to recall, as he remembered he had said it, when a child, kneeling beside his mother. He had repeated "which art in heaven," and involuntarily he looked upward; the falling snow, the cloudy sky, the dark line of plank fringed with snow wreaths met his gaze; will he listen to my prayer was the thought, the question, which arrested his utterance; thus engaged, a moving object upon the plank arrested his attention; it was coming towards him; with feeble utterance he cried, "help." The answer to his call was a sharp, short bark. The dog, for such the object was, stopped, looked down, and snuffed at him.

The man with earnest, anxious gaze upward, called "Spot." There was a sudden movement in the snow; and the response to his call was another bark of recognition.

"Spot," the man now said, 'fetch somebody, Spot.' Again the snow was dashed aside, and Spot started on his errand as fast as he could go.

(To be Continued.)

A PAGE FROM CANADIAN
HISTORY.

THE STORMING OF FORT NIAGARA.

BY JAMES HOLMES.

The Capture of Fort Niagara, on the 19th of December, 1813, was one of the most successful exploits recorded in the annals of military achievement.

The enemy had succeeded on the 27th of the previous month of May, in getting possession of Fort George, (the British military post, nearly opposite Fort Niagara,) by landing an overwhelming force under cover of the guns of his squadron; which anchored as near the shore as possible, and swept the plain around Fort George and the adjoining village of Newark, (the present Niagara,) with showers of shot. A most determined resistance was offered by thirteen hundred men, (regulars and militia,) under Major General Vincent, but 'twas no avail. In fact, the wonder is, that any effort should have been made to repel the enemy, advancing as he did under cover of an iron shower no rampart of human bodies could resist.

After this, the enemy held possession of the place till the 12th December following, when they crossed the river to their own side, previously destroying the village of Newark; delivering up to the flames the houses and property of the unoffending inhabitants, under circumstances of great and unnecessary cruelty.

The weather had been unusually severe for several days previous, to the 10th December, and every one here knows what a Canadian winter is. Towards nightfall on that day, notice was first

conveyed to the inhabitants of the intention to burr the village. They could not believe it true, but they were soon convinced, by the appearance of the incendiaries. Men, women, and children, huddled together outside their dwellings, saw the torch of the brutal enemy applied and their all destroyed;—houseless, they wandered as best they could for shelter from cold and want. It must have been a dreadful scene; many hundreds of old and infirm men (for all the young and able-bodied had taken arms and were away)—these old and infirm men, and women with their children and grandchildren, wandering from their burnt homes, over snow and in darkness, to the nearest farm-houses.

It was a desperately cruel and wanton act. The commanding officer declared he had orders to destroy the place from the Secretary of War, but the latter denied it. The excuse for the atrocity was, to prevent the British troops, who were then rapidly advancing, from finding shelter, but it is entirely insufficient.

Bitterly did the enemy repent the act, (although it was not the first of the kind he had committed—he had, during the summer, destroyed the village of St. David's) bitterly did he repent it, and dearly did he pay for it. In three short weeks from the night when the flames of Newark reddened the sky, the whole of the enemy's frontier from Erie to Ontario was black with smoking ruins; not a house was left standing: fire and sword swept away both population and habitations; and in August of the following year, when the British army took possession of Washington, Newark was not forgotten.

Major General Vincent, then posted at Burlington Heights, having heard of various wanton acts and proceedings of the American General and forces at Fort George and in its neighbourhood, detached Colonel Murray of the 100th Regiment, with 400 men of his own corps towards the enemy;—who abandoned the ground as he advanced. The following despatch from Colonel Murray to General Vincent, will explain more fully:—

FORT GEORGE, DEC. 12th, 1813.

SIR,—Having obtained information that the enemy had determined on driving the country between Fort George and the advance, and was carrying off the loyal part of the inhabitants, notwithstanding the inclemency of the season, I deemed it my duty to make a rapid and forced march towards him with the light troops under my command, which not only frustrated his designs, but compelled him to evacuate Fort George, by precipitately crossing the river, and abandoning the whole of the Niagara Frontier. On learning our approach, he laid the town of Newark in ashes, passed over his cannon and stores, but failed in an attempt to destroy the fortifications, which are evidently so much strengthened whilst in his possession, as might have enabled General McClure (the commanding officer) to have maintained a regular siege; but such was the apparent panic, that he left the whole of his tents standing. I trust the indefatigable exertions of this handful of men have rendered an essential service to the country, by rescuing from a merciless enemy the inhabitants of an extensive and highly cultivated tract of land, stored with cattle, grain and provisions of every description; and it must be an exultation to them to find themselves delivered from the oppression of a lawless banditti, composed of the disaffected of the country, organized under direct influence of the American Government, who carried terror and dismay into every family.

I have the honor to be,
&c., &c.,
J. MURRAY, Colonel.

To Major General Vincent,
&c., &c., &c.

The description given in the last paragraph of the despatch, of the banditti by whom the outrages of the inhabitants were chiefly perpetrated, affords melancholy proof of the intensity of hatred engendered between residents of the same country, and neighbours, by political differences. A portion of the American army consisted of a corps named the "Canadian Volunteers,"—altogether composed of residents of Canada, (but who chiefly had been citizens of the United States.) Many of them, no doubt, considered that the enemy would overrun the country,

and joined their ranks under that conviction;—others did so from national predilections; and perhaps not a few from political or social animosities. But although Colonel Murray alluded to that band of villians as the lawless banditti from whom the inhabitants of the country had suffered so much violence and oppression, yet it must not be supposed they were alone in such conduct. The enemy, generally, wherever they appeared in Canada, acted harshly and vindictively. The consequence was, (for even women and children were zealous to defeat and destroy the enemy, as numerous facts can testify,) almost every inhabitant of the country, male or female, was animated against them by the fiercest hostility,—the most deadly animosity.

So intense and burning was the thirst for vengeance, for the wanton barbarities that had just been perpetrated upon them, that the immediate invasion of the enemy's country was determined on.

Colonel Murray,—a bold and enterprising officer,—conceived the project of carrying the strong fort of the enemy at Niagara by a *coup de main*, and arrangements were immediately made for that purpose. The Americans, when they fled from Fort George, had removed all the boats they could collect, and it was necessary to bring others from Burlington Bay.—To conceal the project from the eye of the enemy, who could survey every movement, and all that was doing on the Canadian shore, the boats were not brought nearer than two to three miles from Fort George, and from that point they were transported by land from the lake to the river, or rather, to a very deep ravine about a mile from the Fort, where they were secretly deposited. This service was handsomely effected by Captain Kerby, a military officer, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather and badness of the roads. A sufficient number of batteaux were thus collected for the enterprise. It was the intention to have made the attempt during the night of the 16th, and accordingly the men were under arms at midnight, near the ravine where the boats were,—but after waiting an hour or so, an order was received to turn the men in again. Again the next night,

at the same hour, they were again under arms, and after a long delay were a second time ordered to turn in. These disappointments caused a good deal of murmuring among the men. It savoured of great indecision, which soldiers have a strong dislike to, and not without good reason, for men knowing their lives to be in the hands of their Commander, become naturally greatly dissatisfied and out of humour at any symptom of irresolution. It was so on the night in question, particularly the second night, when many observations were made by the men, in an under voice, not very flattering to the chief—about harrassing the men—not knowing his own mind—&c., &c.

It afterwards transpired that the cause of the first delay was, that, at the last moment, it was considered, the number of boats was insufficient, and the second night, General Drummond having arrived at Fort George, wished to inspect personally the arrangements and the force to be employed. The night of the 18th arrived, and again at the dead hour of midnight, the troops were under arms, but this time, there was no order to turn in. The batteaux had been all launched into the river, at a spot directly facing the site of the present village of Youngstown; and the river being little more than half a mile wide at that point, the operation had to be performed with the utmost care, so that no unusual noise should alarm the enemy. It was subsequently ascertained that the Americans had either received an intimation of the intention to cross the river on the night of the 16th or 17th, for on both those nights they had been on the alert, or else that, having recovered from the panic which had produced their hurried flight from Fort George, and considering there was no longer any fear of a visit from the British, they became careless; for, whilst it is certain that they kept good watch and guard on the nights of the 16th and 17th, it is equally certain that, on the night of the 18th, they neglected to do so. It was most fortunate after all, that the men had been turned in on the nights of the 16th and 17th,—although, at the time, it was considered so pestilent a bore.

The secrecy with which the expedition

was planned, was not more admirable than the fidelity displayed by every man, regular or irregular, on the British side of the river:—for not a suspicion seems to have been entertained on the night of the 18th, that the attempt was to be made. Not a desertion took place; no inhabitant communicated with the enemy. The desire for vengeance animated every breast, to the exclusion of every other consideration.

The troops destined for the enterprise consisted of a small detachment of the Royal Artillery, the grenadiers of the Royal Scots, the flank companies of the 41st, and the effective men of the 100th Regiment, amounting altogether to nearly 500 men.

Colonel Murray's quarters were in a farm-house near the ravine where the batteaux were launched, and about an hour before the embarkation took place, an officer of the 41st, Lieutenant Bullock, having occasion to see him, entered the room where he was. Lieutenant Dawson, of the 100th Regiment, the volunteer to lead the forlorn-hope had entered a few moments before. The following conversation took place between them:—

“What description of men have you got, Dawson, for the forlorn-hope? Can you rely on them?”

“I can, Colonel,—I know every man of them; they can all be depended on.”

“Yes, yes,—Dawson,—I dare say that, but what I mean is, are they a desperate set. The fact is, I want fellows who have no consciences; for not a soul must live between the landing-place and the fort! There must be no alarm given the enemy.”

“They are just that description of men, Colonel.”

Murray smiled upon his young officer, and said no more.

At midnight, all the preparations for embarkation having been made, the men moved to the boats, under strict injunction not to open their lips, or make the slightest noise, and all embarked as stealthily as so many house-breakers. An eddy at the point of embarkation, set up the river, and this was taken advantage of to proceed noiselessly a mile or two up, before using the oars to cross. The oars were

muffled, and with scarcely a sound, that body of resolute men sped over the swift waters of the Niagara. The boats touched the shore a little below the Five-mile Meadows, about three miles above the Fort. There the force landed as noiselessly as they had embarked, and formed on the bank, in the following order of attack:—Advance guard, or (forlorn-hope,) Lieut. Dawson and twenty rank and file, (volunteers from the 100th Regiment;) grenadiers 100th Regiment; Royal Artillery with grenades; five companies of the 100th Regiment, under Lieut. Col. Hamilton, to assault the main gate and escalate the works adjacent; three companies of the 100th, under Captain Martin, to storm the eastern demi-bastion; Captain Bailey, with the grenadiers, Royal Scots, was directed to attack the salient angle of the fortification; and the flank companies of the 41st Regiment, led by Lieut. Bullock, were ordered to support the principal attack. Each party was provided with scaling ladders and axes.

The force was soon in motion towards the fort. The night was dark: the sky pretty much clouded over: no moon was visible, but an occasional star twinkled dimly through the darkness as if to light them to their work. The ground was hard frozen, with a slight sprinkling of snow. Silence! Silence! was the word, and every man trode cautiously and stealthily, as if not to awake a sleeper.

The site of the present village of Youngstown was then occupied by a solitary tavern of large dimensions, with its out-buildings. It is distant just one mile from the Fort:—not a soul had been seen up to that point,—but, there, not very far from the tavern door, was discerned, with shadowy indistinctness, the form of a sentry. Up towards him breathlessly crept the leading files of the forlorn-hope;—he neither saw or heard them,—he was within their reach—he was seized by the throat, whilst “Silence, or you’re a dead man,” was breathed in his ear:—“Give me the watch-word,”—(it is said that Colonel Murray had previously obtained the watch-word from a deserter, and that the sentry at first gave a wrong word, when commanded to give the watch-word, but afterwards the right one.) The stern

order “Not a soul must live between the landing-place and the Fort,” was remembered, and, whilst hands clutched the throat and covered the mouth of the victim, to prevent the escape of sound, several bayonets were passed through his body, and his corpse laid on the ground—that over, light and sounds from the house, showed, the enemy’s picquet was there. The men mounted the steps of the door,—it was not locked or bolted,—they entered,—upon one side of the passage, was a capacious room, the full length of the house; a stove was near the end furthest from the door, and around it, some of the picquet were asleep, whilst others were playing at all-fours at a table not far from the stove, by the dim light of a tallow-candle. Slowly and stealthily towards them crept the desperate men of the forlorn-hope: the sleepers breathed hard in their sleep, (it was the last they took as living men)—the card-players played on,—engrossed by their game. The men of death were within a few yards of them—unobserved,—when one, raising his card as if to play, exclaimed: ‘What’s trumps?’ A dreadful response—“Bayonets are trumps,”—and the stern order “Not a soul must live between the landing-place and the Fort,” was executed on all. The tavern-keeper, a large, corpulent man, awakened by the noise, descended the stairs, and met his death beneath the murderous bayonet, in the passage of the house falling in a half-sitting posture against the partition.

The work of death being complete at that point, on, as noiselessly as before, crept the force towards the enemy’s stronghold,—then, not more than a mile distant.

Fort Niagara was built by the French: it consisted of a large stone edifice, and two stone block-houses within the earth-work and picketing, surrounded by a ditch;—one face fronts the River Niagara; another, the Lake Ontario; and the rear, is on the land-side, towards Youngstown. The highway runs along the river side from Youngstown, and conducts to the gate of the Fort, which is on the front face.

The forlorn-hope, under young Dawson, led along the high road to the gate—the

grenadiers of the 100th followed closely, led by Capt. Fawcett,—the rest of the force was destined to escalate the works. front and rear.

The enemy's strength was nearly that of the assaulting party, and it will therefore be at once perceived how essential it was that the surprise should be complete. Hence the stern necessity of the order that none should live between the place of landing and the Fort; an order which no consideration of lesser magnitude could have justified.

Silently, and with death-like stillness,—the British force approached the Fort. Not a sound was heard by the unsuspecting enemy. Occasionally, a slight crackling of thin ice in a rut of the road beneath a soldier's foot, would be heard, but that was all. The leading files were close upon the gate—when, singular to relate—as if every incident favoured the attempt, the wicket of the gate was found to be open: there was no sentry outside. The cause of the wicket being open was, that the relief to the sentry stationed by the enemy close to the water's edge, had but a minute previously passed out. The negligence of the enemy was wonderful.

The leading file looked in at the wicket, saw a sentry a few paces from it; he stepped in—another followed, and another:—the sentry caught sight of them:—alarmed, he discharged his piece, and fled: but faster than he, rushed the destroyer: he was bayoneted before he had run many yards; but ere this, a shout had arisen, loud as if all the devils in hell had broke loose. The sound of the sentry's piece had loosened the tongues of the assaulting force, and all was uproar, where, a minute previously, a grave-like silence had prevailed. In at the gate, burst the grenadiers of the 100th:—the scaling ladders were planted, and over the exterior works the assaulting force clambered rapidly with loud hurrahs. Forward they rushed to the block-houses, and the large stone building: the enemy had not time to barricade the door: the bayonet was soon at its work, and down went the garrison before it. After a brief but ineffectual resistance, the Fort was ours. Resistance having ceased, so did the slaughter. The only officer killed on our side, was Lieut.

Nowlan, of the 100th Regiment. He had been among the first to enter, and had rushed to the block-house nearest the gate; a soldier of the enemy hearing the disturbance, had come to the door, but sprung from it on seeing the advancing Stormer. Nowlan lunged at him as he sprung, and killed him,—when another American, from behind the door, thrust his bayonet through him; he fell, but in falling, pulled a pistol from his belt and shot his destroyer. Colonel Murray himself was severely wounded in the arm.

In twenty minutes from the first shout of the Stormers, all was over, and the British colours floated from the stone tower of Niagara.

Just then,—day began to break, and the early dawn of a bright winter morning, was welcomed by the joyous shouts of the desperate soldiery, fresh from the performance of their ghastly duty: a large body of them had assembled on the flat roof of the large stone edifice, already alluded to; and to the music of "St. Patrick's day in the morning," by a young fifer of the "Old Hundredth," they danced in the intoxication of victory.

Soon, the inhabitants, on the British side of the Niagara, descried their own beloved flag floating from the topmost battlement of the enemy's strong-hold; and the faint echo of their cheers fell on the ear, and gratified the feelings of the victorious combatants. General Drummond shortly afterwards crossed the river, and the troops having been formed in close column, in the centre of the Square, he thanked them for their daring conduct, and admirable discipline.

When the news reached Montreal, Sir Sydney Beckwith, (Commanding the Garrison,) in his delight, ordered, (though it was in the dead of night) the Artillery of the Old Citadel Hill to pour forth its thunder in the honor of the event.—The wonder of the good citizens, (not to say their terror,) was great indeed, at the sound of cannon at such an untimely hour; and none for a time knew what to make of it;—but soon the intelligence spread, and they, and their startled wives and children, sought again their drowsy couches, more fully satisfied than ever, that Canada would not be a prey in the

tulous of the Yankee Eagle, notwithstanding his threatening aspect, and warlike screech.

It was confidently stated at the time, that Sir Sydney got a rap over the knuckles (as a reprimand is commonly termed,) from the Commander in Chief, Sir George Prevost, for the singular military irregularity, of publishing the gratifying intelligence to the inhabitants of Montreal and its vicinity, by the roar of cannon, at midnight.

It exhibited, at all events, the importance attached to the bold exploit.

IDYLS OF THE DOMINION.

BY ALEXANDER M'LACHLAN.

NO. IV.

SUGAR MAKING.

In the op'ning of the spring,
Ere the birds begin to sing ;
Ere each little fairy hummer,
Northward comes to spend the summer ;
And the squirrel peeping out
Wonders what the Spring's about,
Then acamping out we go,
Where the tallest maples grow ;
And like pearls of clearest hue,
Gently drops the maple dew,
While each happy girl and boy,
Clap their hands and shout for joy,
With their mirth the echoes waking,
O the joys of Sugar Making !

Then the lads they come about,
All by accident no doubt ;
They but come, good lads to tap,
Or to help me with the sap ;
They don't come of course to see,
Or to spark a bit with me.

Then be sure big Fred comes jogging,
All his talk's about his logging ;
And his father's old gray mare,
She's the whole of all his care ;
Sure am I if e'er I wed,
It will never be with Fred.

Then comes Jack the volunteer,
Always sure to let you hear,
How his dad was nearly slain
Killing Yanks at Lundy's Lane,

And the mighty things he'll do,
With the ragged Fenian crew ;
Should they ever venture back,
Off they'll run at sight of Jack ;
Mighty man tho' he may be,
Yet he will never do for me.

Then comes Bill, and he's a bother,
All his talk's about his mother,
How she boils, and how she bakes
O the puddings that she makes ;
O the flavor of her tea :
He may stay with her for me ;
How she hates our neighbour Jim ;
How she smiles and dotes on him ;
O the good for-nothing creature ;
Jem's a man in form and feature !
Jem, so very far above him ;
Jem, is worth a million of him ;
How it angers me to hear him ;
O I wonder how I bear him ;
How I manage to keep cool ;
Lord preserve me from a fool !
Does he think by slighting Jem
I would e'er take up with him ?

Then as darkness comes and broods,
O'er the great old solemn woods ;
And the trees like spectres loom,
Gazing on us through the gloom,
And the backlog blazing bright,
On our faces throws the light :
To the passer-by we seem,
Creatures moving in a dream.

Then Jem's sure to come along,
Singing that Old Country song ;
How they spark'd among the trees,
In their good old fashion'd ways ;
And my heart goes forth to meet him ;
With a welcome smile I greet him,
For he has such winning ways ;
Sense in every word he says :
O beside him other boys,
Look like little Tommy toys,
'Tis a joy to be near him,
A delight to only hear him,
Time fleets past with joy o'erflowing,
Never do I feel it going,
Until day again is breaking ;
That's the best of Sugar Making.

HOBBS says he has one of the most obedient boys in the world. He tells him to do as he pleases, and he does it without murmuring.

POPULAR READINGS.

A PAPER FOR LITERARY SOCIETIES.

Every thing which spreads the knowledge of the master-pieces of literature through the community, is a gain to civilization. It was an important step in this direction, when men of cultivated minds, and possessed of some dramatic power, originated the practice of reading aloud in the halls of Mechanics' Institutes and other suitable places, the *chefs d'œuvre* of our Poets, Dramatists, Orators, Historians and Novelists.

These readings have been found of considerable service at home, and it is pleasing to observe that they have become naturalized in Canada. Their advantages are two-fold; not only is the hearer benefitted by an improved acquaintance with Shakspeare, Tennyson, Hood, Dickens, Macaulay, the Brownings, or whoever the author read may be, but the speaker, also, improves his critical taste and his skill in public speaking. To aid the better in these two points is the object of the present paper.

The entertainment should not be too long; the patience of an audience is often wearied out, and they are sent yawning to their beds at an hour approaching midnight. It is not safe to calculate that interest can be well sustained for more than two hours at a time, and it is not expedient that more than fifteen or twenty minutes should be given to each separate piece. If the selection is very amusing or exciting a few minutes more may be safely taken. A single subject may, of course, be chosen for an evening's entertainment, as was done by Charles Dickens when he read his lesser works entire, or a series of connected extracts from his novels. Dickens, however, was an admirable actor as well as writer; one of those men of genius, who may wisely be left to make laws for himself. We can listen with delight, for hours, to a speech from Bright or Gladstone, but feebler orators may tax our patience in a tenth part of the time.

The public reader should seek for pieces, in which the interest is sustained from the beginning to the end. There is

happily no dearth of such in English Literature,—Campbell's *Hohenlinden*, Hood's *Eugene Aram* or his *Bridge of Sighs*, Scott's *Death of Marmion*, Tennyson's *Charge of the Light Brigade*, and many of Shakspeare's soliloquies may be adduced by way of example.

But the judicious reader will probably select pieces less known than these, and consequently less likely to be found in the *repertoire* of professional elocutionists, and therefore better fitted to win the hearer by the charm of novelty and freshness. He will, it is true, by this means, lose the teaching which these itinerating gentlemen could give him, but he will only lose it so far as direct imitation, which it is desirable to avoid, is concerned; anything good, which their enunciation, emphasis, gesture &c., could supply, may be treasured up and more fittingly and profitably be made use of in pieces other than those which they delivered:—thus at once applying the principles which guided them and escaping servile copyism.

The piece having been selected, it is necessary to decide whether it should be delivered *simply and directly*, as if it embodied the thoughts and sentiments of the reader himself, or *dramatically* as conveying those of some other person. This distinction has to be clearly drawn before beginning, and carefully adhered to throughout the recitation. Serious mistakes occur from the neglect of this. In many cases, no option exists, for many poems must be read dramatically or they will be utterly maimed of their excellence; these should be carefully avoided by readers who have no power of personification, however clear their understanding of their author, and their sympathy with his sentiments. From inattention to this rule, I have heard the famous scene between Hamlet and his mother, wherein he upbraids her with her marriage with his father's brother and *murderer*, so read as completely to dispense with the ideas of a maddened son, a murdered father, a criminal mother and an incestuous uncle. When Hamlet, as an aggregation of that mother's guilt, exclaims "Look here upon this picture, and on this, the counterfeit presentment of two' brothers," the reader

I speak of was as unruffled as if he had exhibited photographs of some indifferent persons in order to show that John was a better looking man than William! So ludicrous a failure as this does not often occur, and could not have happened to the gentleman I speak of if he had possessed that acquaintance with Shakspeare necessary for the due exhibition of his scenes, or even if the context had been studied with ordinary attention, for this reader was one who had delivered public lectures with a fair amount of approbation.

Such scenes as this require great dramatic power, and ought not to be lightly undertaken by the amateur; but others, which would tax his powers less, equally demand dramatic treatment. No man of taste would recite Mercutio's fanciful picture of *Queen Mab*, without adopting the airy gaiety of the imaginative nobleman of Verona; it is otherwise, with the advice Polonius gives his son, which may be spoken either *simply* as an embodiment of cautious good sense, or *dramatically*, as the utterance of an old and foolish courtier, who had picked up worldly wisdom by dint of long experience.

"Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportioned thought his act,
Be thou familiar but by no means vulgar,
The friends thou hast and their a'option bind,
Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel;
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatched, unfledged companion."

These precepts and those which follow are of so general a character that it is only necessary to give them fitting emphasis to commend them to the hearer's mind, but the reader may, if he chose, deliver them with the cracked voice and feeble utterance appropriate to the aged man, Polonius.

The "Seven Ages of Man" may be read with or without the satirical tones with which "the melancholy Jaques," delineates that Map of Human Life. The personifications which it contains may be even more fully brought out, than we can suppose them to have been by that cynic, who would unquestionably emphasize his meaning rather by tones than gestures; we cannot suppose him to have represented seven different characters

in as many minutes, but this might, without impropriety, be done.

The great and deserved popularity of Hood's "Bridge of Sighs" causes it often to be selected for recitation, but except in the hands of an accomplished reader, the choice is unwise. There are few poems to which it is more difficult to do justice. Excellent as it is, it has faults to which the careless or inexperienced speaker will be apt to give a needless prominence. Above all, the man whom Cowper

"Would not enter on his list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility,"

Should carefully eschew it. I have nevertheless heard such a reader, a man of fine person, good voice, and loud *ore rotundo* style of delivery, praised for his performance of this very piece, but with the qualification. "Of course he left out the pathos!" The *Bridge of Sighs* without the pathos! is worse than the tragedy of *Hamlet* with the omission of the *Prince of Denmark*.

Hood's fate as a poet was peculiar. The public received with indifference his early serious poems, *his Haunted Home*, *Lay of the Midsummer Fairies*, *Eugene Aram*, but hailed with enthusiasm his power of punning. With wife and children dependent on his literary talent for support, he had to act on the maxim of the political economist and adapt the supply to the demand. But sooner or later the deep feelings of the true poet had to find vent, and his sympathy with suffering humanity displayed itself in the *Song of the Shirt*, and the *Bridge of Sighs*. Where were these emphatic shrieks of misery first published? In *Punch*! In a journal devoted to Fun and Satire! It is true that journal was conducted by men who knew how to employ fun and satire in the service of humanity; nevertheless these fine poems took an outward form, a rhythm and metre, more usually employed in comic tales and ballads. This I think somewhat impairs their excellence.

Let us examine the *Bridge of Sighs* in detail. It was poor Hood's last poem, written during his last sickness, when

perhaps he had neither strength nor spirits to give it careful revision before sending it to the printer; after the public had welcomed it with delight, revision would have been unwise. Thackeray calls it Hood's last victory, and compares it to the battle-fields of Quebec and Corunna, where Wolfe and Moore died, "in the blaze of their fame." The reputation of the poem is established, or it might seem invidious "to hint a fault and hesitate dislike," even in the interest of our Popular Reader. It employs words in new and even in false meanings.—

"One more unfortunate,
Weary of breath,
Rashly IMPORTUNATE,
Gone to her death!"

The meaning of the word *importunate* is *urgently solicitous*, but Hood uses it in the sense of "impatient," or "desperate,"

"Still for all slips of hers,
One of Eve's family,"

Here the meaning of the word "for" is revised, and, instead of interpreting it, "because of," "by means of," we are compelled to substitute "in spite of;" in plain prose "*In spite of all her errors, she is still one of Eve's family.*" Again "slips of hers" is a phrase more suited for comedy than tragedy, and "slips" is the more objectionable as being the very word commonly employed by those who make light of woman's frailty, but it could not be altered without losing the abrupt and beautifully pathetic transition,

"Wipe those poor lips of hers
Oozing so clammy."

"I pity the public reader, who would undertake to recite these four lines "leaving out the pathos."

"Rarity" and "Charity" do not rhyme, although they are spelt alike; they would jar upon the sensitive ear unless read with more attention to the feeling than to the sound. This remark applies also to "pitiful" and "city full;" the last phrase being so unusual as to be almost ludicrous, and it is ambiguous; a "city-full" of what? of men? of homes? probably, but not certainly the latter. "Hand-full," "spoon-full," "belly-full," are es-

tablished phrases, but "city-full" is new and does not seem needed nor desirable. The pathos resulting from the homeless state of the unfortunate one must be carefully exhibited in the look and tone of voice of the Reader, or the oddity of the expression will not escape the notice of the hearer. Too much emphasis thrown on the compound word "city-full" would be fatal.

There is an unlucky jingle in the next words; "Sisterly, brotherly, fatherly, motherly," that is not free from danger, but slow reading, so as to bring out clearly the separate idea of these closer relationships may carry the Reader safely through this danger.

"Love by harsh evidence
Thrown from its eminence,"

is a bold, but perhaps, legitimate figure, referring to the misconduct, of which "harsh evidence" has been given.

The unhappy subject of the poem may have stood upon the bridge with bewilderment,—with dread,—with despair,—with almost any feeling but amazement" at a situation which she had known too often before. "Amazement" is chosen in order to rhyme with "basement" and "casement" but it does not do so. Neither does "humbly" rhyme with "dumbly;" the *h* is sounded in the first word and is mute in the second. A careless reader, misled by the concurrence of syllables might make these words tri-syllabic, 'humbly' 'dumbly,' and if they were sounded "mumbly," the listener's feelings would assuredly be "grumbly."

"But I offend, Virgil begins to frown,
And Horace from the skies looks angry down."

Do I then undervalue Hood or his poems? Far, very far from it; when read with good taste and with due *pathos*, there are few finer pieces in the language; the critical eye, moistened with a tear of sympathy, no more notices such faults as these, than the lapidary would detect flaws, when dazzled by the sunshiny splendour of the Koli-i-noor.

Professor Huxley has been elected to succeed Charles Dickens as President of the Birmingham and Midland Institute.

(For the Canadian Literary Journal.)

AN EVENING AT THE TURKS
HEAD.

BY OLYMPUS RUMPUS.

No. II.

We were speaking in our last paper of Garrick, and it would be like the play of Hamlet, with Hamlet expunged, did we not introduce you to the erratic Roscins. It would be madness in us to attempt to pourtray his flexible features, which were never for more than two minutes in repose, when Hogarth tried and failed. He could sit for a posthumous portrait of his friend Fielding, but his own face was so mobile that it defied even the pencil of him who gave to the world the "Rake's Progress." Listen to the story as embalmed by that most delightful of writers G. A. Sala, in his racy articles, which first appeared in the Cornhill Magazine, "Wm. Hogarth, the Time, the Work and the Man," contemporaneously with dear dead Thackeray's "Round about Papers" and "Essays on the Georges."

Among the Hogarth anecdotes, few are so well known as that of giving Garrick the credit for having sat for a posthumous portrait of Fielding, and by his extraordinary power of facial mimicry, making up a capital model of his deceased friend. If this be true, Garrick must have surpassed that famous harlequin who used to imitate a man eating fruit, and from whose gestures and grimaces you could at once tell the fruit he was pretending to eat; now he was pulling currants from the stalk, now sucking an orange, now biting an unripe pear, now swallowing a cherry and now exhausting a gooseberry. Then there is an account of Garrick sitting to Hogarth for his own picture, and mischievously giving so many casts of expression to his countenance, that the painter at last threw down his brush in a pet, and declared he could do no more, unconsciously imitating the Irish swineherd, who declared that he had counted all his porcine charge, save one little pig, which jumped about so much that he could not count him.

We have already travelled along the

dusty high road to London with Johnston and Garrick, and seen how, when they arrived there, their paths diverged. However, each admired the other; they were so totally opposed in temperament that they could only have built up a lasting friendship on mutual misfortune. As soon as fame came either to the one or the other, so soon would their friendship sever; and while Davy was almost drunk with applause, he longed for the praise of one man, whose opinion he valued more than that of all the world. Garrick, more generous than the Dr. showered his plaudits upon his former companion, but it had a repelling influence on Johnson, who not satisfied with treating him coldly, behaved absolutely rudely to the man, and spoke sneeringly of his profession. Garrick, it appeared, wished to belong to the club in which we are at present assembled, of which Johnson was already a member. On hearing this, Johnson declared his intention to black-ball him, saying "Surely we ought to sit in a society like ours—unelbowed by a gamester, pimp or player." Nor is this the only instance in which the stage was treated disrespectfully in this age, and oftentimes by those who were far beneath many of its members in intellect and character. Even the much debated writer Junius gives way to some disparaging remarks on living actors—a most contemptible thing to do by one who wrote under an *alias*. It would be as impossible to give any distinct trait of Garrick's character, as it would be to catch every changing scene of the Kaleidoscope's brilliant lights and dazzling tints, a constant idea that now at last no other combination of beauty could be obtained, only for the hundredth time to be deceived with a diamond more gorgeous if possible than the one preceding it. Now we have him at Bartelmy Fair, tending his two-half pence to see the play, and now the money taker recognizing him, strikes a theatrical attitude, and in grandiose verbeage exclaims—"We never take nothing from one another in our line; or we go with him to hear Geo. Whitefield so eloquently discourse upon the things connected with the great hereafter wuh warming with his theme, show the sinner, to his audience, hanging o'e

the yawning precipice, till Garrick excited, rushes forward to catch him ere he falls. And then we see him murmuring forth his last words to the rapturous audience, and with slowly hesitating step quit the stage, which a few minutes since he trod with all the air and mien of the youthful Hamlet, a decrepit old man. No more shall he don the kingly robes nor "Richard be himself again." When next the King comes—it is the King of Terrors—and being informed by good Dr. Cadogan of his near approach, we hear the calm reply "I'm not afraid to die." And looking back on the life of Garrick, we see a man no doubt of many weaknesses and vanities, and who of us is without them, but we also see a man, who amid a thousand temptations left behind him an unblemished reputation, and who numbered among his sincere mourners such worthies as Hannah Moore and Charlotte Barney. Side by side they sleep in the grim old abbey—the husband who so tenderly loved, and the wife who so fondly cherished his memory. We are glad that it is so, we rejoice that in their death they are not divided.

(For the Canadian Literary Journal.)

A CHAT ABOUT BEDS.

BY THOS. WRAY.

"To bed—to bed."—SHAKESPEARE.

Bed! Delicious word! What a halo of enchanting associations, and ideas, and memories seems to circle round that simple little monosyllable! Potent conjurers! what tender recollections of happy hours, what sweet remembrances those three magic letters awaken to life! Few there are that cannot recall to mind, on looking back through the vista of years, some impressive incident—or well remembered scene, in which that humble article of furniture, called a bed, played a more or less prominent part. As a little one, how distinctly you can see that tiny bed, with the very white dimity curtains; and oh! how well you remember the soft morning kiss that certain loving lips were wont regularly to bestow on your then rosy cheeks, as you stared with

half-asleep wondering eyes from the bed-folds, with your nose and chin warmly tucked underneath. How vividly you can recall to mind the doleful termination of that birthday party—otherwise festive—when for some misdemeanor, quite inadequate, you thought, to the punishment, a parental bull of excommunication consigned you prematurely to bed (which for the first time seemed odious to you) and oh, with what intense agony you tried to lay calmly between the sheets, as you listened to the fun going on down stairs, and heard the maddening noise of cracking of nuts and scrambling for oranges, and the merry shouts of the little folks who had been invited to celebrate the occasion.

And who, turning to a sadder contemplation of beds, has not witnessed the mournful spectacle of a death-bed scene, and beheld the last of some sweet face, whose sunshine was about to depart forever!

Albeit these indelible impressions remain in every sensitive breast, hidden perhaps, but still there; and despite the fact that a vast proportion of civilized mankind pass at least three-fourths of their existence in bed, how few ever give a thought—still less a vote of thanks, to that dumb minister to their needs and comforts.

Did you ever read that delightful little essay by that most delightful of essayists, Leigh Hunt, entitled, "On getting up on a cold morning?" If you have, can you imagine anything more genial and cosier than it is? But to enjoy it in full perfection you should read it in bed "on a cold morning." However, his chatty remarks refer more exclusively to the subject, of course, than to the bed itself. I suppose *that was beneath him*. So taking a humbler stand, I propose to confine this little gossip to the bed alone, merely observing parenthetically, that this essay of L. H.'s suggested the idea of jotting down these rambling thoughts.

Believing that there is a deep debt of gratitude—a heavy load of obligation due to this much-abused and ill-used article of daily use, I shall take up cudgels on its behalf, and bring forward its claim

before an ungrateful public, fearlessly and unblushingly.

Of course, there are a select few that properly appreciate and reverence this great benefactor, but I do not address myself to these.

I wonder how many people who go to bed at night, wearied with the day's cares, and worried by mental anxiety, getting up next morning calmed and refreshed, really *do* reflect how vastly they are indebted to that combination of carved wood, blankets, sheets and pillows, which go to make up their resting place. No, sad to relate, as an instance of base ingratitude, most people never think anything about their bed, or the precious nightly favors it confers upon them. They seek its ever-welcoming folds (a bed actually does seem to have arms) with the humble and deferential spirit of a mendicant asking for what he knows he very often does not deserve; yet having obtained his needs he selfishly and insolently turns away on his heels without a word of thanks. So, after having spent say eight delicious hours in bed, soothed, warmed, caressed, protected, refreshed, how customary it is with many people to throw off its soft embraces with as much violence and precipitate rudeness as if that ever-ready retreat were a nest of scorpions! After receiving a much needed favor from a friend, you don't usually flee his presence as though you expected him to do you a serious bodily injury. No, you bid him adieu courteously and decorously. So it should be with that truest and best of all friends—your bed. Instead of the too-frequent wild matutinal jump, suggestive of deep abhorrence and terror, it is your duty to rise slowly, calmly, dignified yet with apparent reluctance, and politely and thankfully take leave of your bed as of an old and tried comrade, whom you hope to see again shortly, perhaps sooner than you expect.

As there are all kinds of friends and acquaintances,—real and imaginary friends—friends who irritate and vex—friends who console and sympathize with us—hard and practical friends—indulgent and flattering friends—and amongst our acquaintances some who are elegant, others that are shabby, and those that are a little of

both—shabby-genteel,—so there are all these descriptions of beds. One bed will lull you to sleep before you can close your eyes almost; another will keep you tossing nearly half the night. Select a bed as you would select a friend, to suit your peculiarities and chime in with your whims. A good deal should be allowed for taste and habit in this matter. It would be simply misery for some people to lie on a couch of soft eider-down, but they would strangely enough sleep quite soundly on a hard straw mattress, or even on the hard boards. On the other hand a hard straw mattress, to others, would be intolerable, being fraught with much misery, little sleep, and possibly some bad language.

Again, some people prefer to take their rest between an upper and lower stratum of cool white sheets, while more cold-blooded mortals would think it much nicer to nestle between layers of warm blankets. These latter can not know what it is to have an irritable cutaneous system.

But while disagreeing on all these points, all agree that every bed should possess certain common characteristics. In the first place they should be *level*. Can anything be imagined more annoying than a bed with a slope, a bed perpetually harassing you with the fear that you may roll out in the dead of night; and have everybody in the house rushing into your room as you lie on the floor, to see if you have committed suicide, and then to have them laughing at you as you regain your couch.

Seriously, did you ever, dear reader, fall out of bed? I did once when a boy. That deadly, terrible shock I shall never forget. I felt the sensation that a man must feel in falling down a vast precipice. The ghost of that hideous fall haunted me for weeks after. I even changed places with my brother that I might be near the wall, but as he also fell out of bed shortly afterwards, I have reason to believe now that that bed was not level.

Another disease common to beds almost as serious as inclinations, is *knob biness*—those places of torment where from defect of construction a series of hard protuberances, and unevenness of surface

like a succession of hills and valleys, are formed, which irritate one's angularities and spinal column to such a degree that sleep is absolutely impossible. Sometimes no amount of shaking and hammering will relieve the bed from them. I've tried it. They seem chronic, and you must either patiently suffer it, or resume your apparel and lay atop of the coverlid till morning, by which means you may hope to somewhat soften their horrid asperities.

Besides these ill-conditioned beds there are beds that are damp, but then let us be just, as may be said of the two first mentioned evils, dampness is no more a fault of the innocent bed than wickedness is a fault in a child. There are also beds, so called, which lure you to their arms with seeming confidence, only to shoot you up in the small hours, by means of some infernal machinery, and stand you bolt upright on your head. These are the black sheep of the great Society of Beds. Then there are figurative beds—beds of roses for instance, which must be very objectionable when the dew, otherwise so romantic—is upon the sheets, the leaves rather. *Dews* take them I say. Also beds of thorns, but I trust you and I dear reader, have no connection with these. Another figurative bed is the one we make for ourselves, and *must* lie down upon. This seeming to imply that not having been accustomed to bed making, we should thereby render ourselves exceedingly uncomfortable. An inference founded on truth without a doubt.

A man can be as much of an epicure in the matter of beds as in that of eating and drinking. I believe myself to be a great connoisseur of beds. Further, show me the bed a man regularly sleeps in, and I will tell you with tolerable correctness the character of that man. Does he sleep in a bed closed in by curtains, then he is a man of a retiring, modest or possibly timid disposition; does a big bed consort better with his taste, if so he undoubtedly holds independent principles—broad views; does he share his couch with another lord of creation? he is likely to be of a social turn of mind—of the class called “clubbable;” does he sleep in a little bed, it is more than probable that he possesses a close, mean nature, or a spirit

that can be easily crushed or conquered, his ideas are selfish and cramped; if a man prefer a hard bed, he has self-denial at command, he can endure, and will undoubtedly get on in the world. Is a soft bed more welcome to a man, I look for effeminacy, an easy, languid, indolence of temperament, that can at no time be relied on. All this, supposing a man is at liberty to make his own choice of a bed. The poor creatures who sleep in a bed on rare occasions, and that whether it be big or little, hard or soft, foul or fair—and on most other occasions, slumber under hedges, and haystacks, or railway arches, or on door steps, or if fortunate, in a night-house, on a piece of hard board,—these of course, are not supposed to come within the pale of this discussion, or to be in any way connected with the class of respectable people who go to bed—or rather have a bed to go to every night. No, this essay has too much regard for those to whom it is addressed, to lower its dignity by adverting, in the least remote manner, to that disreputable portion of the community, who, through their wickedness or indolence, or something very criminal and bad, haven't actually a bed they can call their own! The poor afflicted leper could take up his bed and walk,—but these have to walk and “move on” without taking such a luxury as a bed with them. Ah well! they know there will be a certain bed reserved for them at the last—not the Poor-House bed, that would be simply an instrument of torture to many of these insolent sufferers. Forsooth, what a fine pride have these dregs of humanity.

Apart from the chief purpose which a bed serves in the affairs of life, there are other manifold and divers uses to which that favourite (though often compulsory) place of resort can be put,—subsidiary joys, so to speak, which many people profess to sneer at as demoralizing and injurious, but nevertheless practise, I believe with much frequency and secret gratification. I allude to reading, etc., in bed. Where is the man that does not plead guilty to the soft impeachment of having, at some period of his life, read some alluring books in bed when he should have been up, and “catching the early

worm?" And there are some dreadful mortals, (this however, is only hear-say) outcasts from a society by whom they are justly detested,—who carry Bohemianism so far as to add to their veniality and depravity by—dare I say it?—smoking in bed. These creatures have the audacity to insist that a favourite newspaper, a cigar, and a cup of coffee, all taken in bed—given a cold winter's morning, when not feeling particularly well,—is the most perfect sublunary joy they can think of.

And then there is breakfast in bed. What shall we say of that? There may be some good excuse for yielding to this indulgence, however. When people, that is respectable people—take breakfast in bed, they are invariably unwell, somehow or other—it is a cold that requires humouring, or an unpleasant headache that demands rest and quiet. Although when one *invents* these excuses in order to indulge in a vicious habit, and would yet desire to sustain their dignity, it is impossible to eat a hearty breakfast without suspicion. Your appetite is considered delicate,—you are looked upon as an invalid, and indulged accordingly. A distinguished living author (G. A. Sala) has thought breakfast in bed such a pleasant theme, that he wrote a book about it, under that seducing title. I never read it, but should think it is a very nice book to read, "on a cold morning." I must here confess, by-the-way, that beds are somewhat at a discount during the hot weather.

This living in bed, when you are neither sleepy, ill nor fatigued, may, and probably is a very pernicious habit; but it is, at least, indicative of one,—indeed two, good traits in a man's character.—1. The man that can lay calmly in bed, awake—is generally a contented man, of quiet tastes and moderate requirements—good-natured (bad-tempered men are usually restless;) simple pleasures please him; and it is probable your genuine bed-lover (erroneously termed a sluggard—he *does not always sleep* when in bed) would sooner lie on his back, with his hands under his head, thinking and dreaming, and philosophising—useless philosophy you say—than go to the grandest opera, the most

fashionable ball, the jolliest party, or the most sumptuous dinner that could be offered him—even free of charge. Thinking in bed is his idea of quiet thorough enjoyment. A couch would be well enough in its way, but then he is liable to roll off,—or be sat upon, or talked at, or annoyed in some shape. In bed all these evils have no existence—it affords warmth, security from draughts, quiet and seclusion—*nihil melior!* 2. Your regular bed-lover is seldom a bad man. I sincerely believe that the wickedest men are those who rise earliest. Why do they prowl about when the greater part of civilized mankind (whom I believe to be good) are soundly sleeping in their innocent couches? Charles Lamb used to say that a man must have a bad conscience if he couldn't lie in bed in the morning, and I believe him. I distrust people that leave their beds hours before other people leave theirs. There is something overreaching about it. A man may not get up at four o'clock a. m. with the intention of tomahawking his neighbours, yet there seems something selfish, not to say sinister, in the mere getting up. Why should he want to be longer, or get more out of his spare life than other people I ask? "E. J. to bed, early to rise," etc., is a motto always in his mouth, and may be a very good one, notwithstanding, but amongst amiable and contented people, I am persuaded it is a maxim "more honoured in the breach than with observance."

Supposing myself to be addressing this amiable and contented fraternity, who would invariably elect to remain in bed rather than go outside and shovel snow, I would affirm that the luxury of a bed can never be sufficiently appreciated, unless you have gone through one at least of the following ordeals:—1. A sea-voyage, with your berth occasionally full of salt water, and a sea-sick passenger howling all through the night at either side of you. 2. A long ride on a certain line of railway, where even a palace sleeping car will not save you from horrible joltings and shakings, or remove the boding fears that the next moment may be your last. 3. Lost in the bush—dark—raining fast, you feel hungry, also *something* smooth

crawling across your feet. 4. Sitting up four consecutive nights to finish those books. 5. Returning home late from that committee-meeting—having spent or lost all your money, also your way, and possibly your latch-key, you knock feebly at the wrong door,—know that it is of little use—and so walk about till morning—thermometer 10 degrees below zero. How delicious, returning from a long and unpleasant journey (say, you are a doctor, and have been to see a patient who felt “quite recovered” the moment you arrived) you are benumbed, shivering, and possibly wet through—then, ah, then, how delicious to throw off your dripping garments, and dive delightedly, yet weariedly, into the warm depths of that comfortable Elysium of Blankets. *Dolce far niente!* “O pippins and cheese!” as dear old Douglas Jerrold would exclaim.

There is a peculiar interest and significance attached to the word “bed” which other objects of common use familiar to us do not possess. It seems interwoven with our very existence, for are not most of our helpless moments passed in bed; and we nearly all of us hope to die in bed. It gives a melancholy air of interest to the mirth-inspiring works of Thomas Hood, when we learn that their genial author composed many of them in bed—a sick-bed. Oliver Goldsmith’s best works were written while their author’s extremities were under the counterpane,—if he had one, poor fellow! Chatterton, the boy poet, was found dead in bed, killed by his own hand. Some of the best works that the world possesses have been written in bed. Indeed, there are more celebrated creations by great author’s accomplished while propped up with pillows, on a sick-bed, than the reading public would be prepared to believe.

Bed is a great incentive to thought—a Moralist,—a Condemned Cell—a Confessional. Heavens! if they could only tell all their secrets and sorrows. “The Autobiography of a Four-Poster” yet remains to be written.

Speaking on this subject one is led to ponder on the sad tragedies which occur from time to time in our great cities, in the accounts of which it is not a rare thing to read how the victim “was mur-

dered whilst asleep in bed.” Murder is shocking to contemplate under any circumstances, but how terribly significant and awful it becomes when we read that “the whole family were murdered in their beds.” How we shudder. Murdered in bed; asleep, helpless; dreaming perhaps of to-morrow’s plans,—then ruthlessly struck down, without a cry or a struggle. Oh, the terrible endings of those dreams, a sudden blow, a gurgle then Eternity! At what a terrible advantage does the murderer take his victim, yet not *always* at an advantage, when the last word on the murdered lips was a prayer for help and forgiveness to Him who can restore to life. Shakspeare knew how to produce the sublimity of terror when he makes Macbeth kill Duncan in his bed. How we shudder with bated breath, as the regicide comes forth from the chamber with the blood on his hands. Murdered asleep—in bed. It is this that makes it so horrible. It was the bed that wrung from the guilty soul that agonized cry; “And I could not pray!” Had Duncan been murdered in a struggle, sword in hand, conscious, we should not feel nearly so strongly affected.

In conclusion, although to people in the enjoyment of average health, the word bed may awaken many pleasant and endearing recollections, sweet to them as a halcyon place of rest, when sleep is as a refuge from the cares and anxieties of life,—let us not forget that to many it is associated with long-continued, and often life-long suffering and affliction. Oh the crushed hopes, the weary sighs, the sad tears a sick bed has witnessed. Yet it is here that Life teaches its most solemn and impressive lessons. Who can forget a death-bed scene and its sorrowful warning. Many a hardened, wicked heart has dated its change from the time it knelt, with strange tears, and stranger softness, by the bedside of a dying relative or dear departing friend.

Bed is a Great Physician,—a good School. Many of the most brilliant thoughts and ideas of great thinkers were inspired whilst in bed. Finally this humble essay was begun in bed, written in bed, and is finished in bed. *Optimum cum non dignitate.* But I feel that I

have not done my subject sufficient justice, and have not said half as much as I might have said about it. However, after quoting the following beautiful little poem,—or rather portion of a poem, written by S. T. Coleridge, probably in bed, then, then I *think* I'll get up.

Ere on my bed my limbs I lay,
It hath not been my use to pray
With moving lips on bended knees,
But silently, by slow degrees.
My spirit I to love compose ;
In humble trust mine eyelids close,
With reverential resignation.
No wish conceived, no thought expressed,
Only a SENSE of supplication ;
A sense o'er all my soul impressed,
That I am weak yet not unblest,
Since in me,—round me—everywhere,
Eternal Strength and Wisdom are.

(For the Canadian Literary Journal.)

A NIGHT OF TERRORS.

(Founded on Fact.)

BY DR. D. CLARK.

It was customary, about twenty years ago, in Highland districts, to carry the bodies of deceased persons on bearers of wood, instead of on wheeled vehicles. This was necessary in many places on account of the rocky and precipitous character of the roads. The bearers were usually kept in the Church or Vestry for convenience.

It was a clear frosty October day, in the year 1839, when John McLeod, the parish school master of Tomintoul, died. He had taught, and flogged, and scolded the growing urchins of that locality for nearly half a century, and many of his early pupils had distinguished themselves in the navy, and on bloody battle-fields, in the forum, and among the literati of their country. Would that I could wax eloquent on their behalf! His dominical sway was benignant and patriarchal, and there was always a radiance of graciousness about his countenance which cheered the falterer toiling up the hill of science, but as yet, not far from its foot. Well, his race was run, and his coffined body

must be hid from sight. James Murdock, his assistant and successor, was deputed to go over to the "Auld Kirk" for the bearers. His eagerness to go was explained by the gossips at the wake, who stoutly asserted he was sure to pay a visit to the manse near by, and have a short *tete a tete* with Flora, the minister's daughter. He sped on his way and mission with all the alacrity of one whose breast was filled with 'love's young hopes.' Night overtook him on the hills, but the full moon was high in the heavens, and benignantly shed silvery pencils of glory over the heathy slopes of the looming mountains, and along the scarcely beaten track on which he trod. When he reached the minister's house he saw a light shining through the sitting room window, and curiosity getting the better of his sense of propriety, he peeped through the lattice, and saw Flora stitching swiftly one of the white collars, which he so often admired upon her snowy neck. A gentle tap brought her to the door. It is not our intention to chronicle the sayings of the lovers, for who wishes such love scenes depicted to the *ignoble vulgus*? The hours of night were fast wearing away, and the "wee short 'oor agoot the twal"—which some body sing about—was numbered with the past, when he was found scrambling over the stone wall which separated the garden of the manse from the grave-yard, in which stood the church. By the side of a grey tomb-stone stood a spectre white. (These gents never appear in any other color, for some good reason of their own.) It appeared to him of monstrous dimensions and of uncouth appearance. It moved and meandered and sighed in apparent unquiet, so that it could not be a white monument made grotesque by the light of the moon. Superstitious by inheritance, his blood froze within him at the sight, for all the ghosts, wraiths, dead-candles and horrid apparitions, nestling in some nook or cranny of his brain, came vividly to his remembrance; and now was a living evidence of their existence, for what else could it be? Sliding back over the wall, he hastened to Flora, and told the wonderful tale, with shaking knees, dilated eyes, and fierce gesticulation.

"Now, Murdock," said the tidy maid, "what a silly 'gouk' you are to be sure, it is only my father's white horse, which has jumped the stiles to feed in the yard."

Murdock, ashamed of his cowardice, especially at such a time, mustered courage to march with firm steps towards the author of his fears, yet, he had been startled and his nerves had not fully received their *quietus*. He was now among the dead, and with the living—horse. It was haunted ground. Here was the mound of McFavish, the miser, who drove his only daughter from his door, because he begrudged her the food she ate and the room she occupied, and afterwards froze himself to death, for want of fuel to warm his shrivelled limbs. There lay the bones of Urquehart, of violent temper, who, in blind frenzy, plunged a dirk into the side of his best friend, and then capped the climax by hanging himself. Here reposed poor Nellie, who died ruined, forsaken, and broken-hearted, because of the ruthlessness of a perjured villain. There slept—it is presumed—Baillie Ruthoen, who treasured up riches by extortion and deceit, but, *now*, his children have squandered it all, and all that remains of him on earth are a few pounds of unctuous earth;—Enough!—but over him stands a splendid monument of Peterhead granite, as hard as had been his own heart, and on it a lie for an epitaph. Here lies saintly Munro, or rather his remains, but his hymnal chorus of adoration is now echoing in celestial courts. Each green mound had a history, either real or mythical, and Murdock had heard of the tortured spirits of those departed, periodically haunting the scenes of their earthly sepulchre. He believed that such was the case, and while he cogitated, his fears increased. Diabolus was supposed to be always lurking near Churches and impregnating the air with satanic influences. He made his way to the church door, and finding it open, he entered. The bearers had been left near the pulpit, and Murdock determined to make a rush for the spot and retreat as quickly as possible. He gathered up one coat-tail under each arm, and fixed his blue bonnet firmly upon the top of his head, and then made the grand charge along one of the aisles. But

alas! for all his plans and hopes, the enemy had him in his clutches, and apparently his hour of doom had come. He felt a painful constriction round his throat, which was fast suffocating him, but he was determined not to fall into the hands of the Evil One without a struggle; yet, like the bewildered traveller in a morass, the more he struggled the more his difficulties increased, and the tighter the grip became. He beat the air with his hands and stamped the floor with his feet. He gurgled forth short prayers with gasping emphasis, intermingled with the creed, and snatches from the shorter catechism, with now and then ejaculations, which seemed second cousins to profanation. His objurgations seemed of no avail for strangulation by the relentless and untiring fingers of his adversary was increasing in intensity every moment. He made a rush for the door as he supposed, but blind with terror he had lost his longitude and latitude. No matter, any way out of the church, by window, vestry, or door would be acceptable. Over the pews and seats he went—now floundering on the floor between them, and anon perched on the top of them in the vain attempt to gain his equilibrium, for his unseen enemy had entangled his legs and arms in the meshes of this terrible mysterious agency. He was partially bound hand and foot. Wherever he plunged a bloody trail was left behind. The bonnet was gone, and the coat and nether garments

"Like tattered sail,

Flung their fragments to the gale."

He attempted to scream but fatigue and a tightened throat forbade it. To add to his terror, his adversary leaped upon his head and scourged his face and body with merciless blows. These fell fast and furious, accompanied with unearthly screams, appalling enough to awaken the seven, or seventy and seven sleepers. The thought came up to his mind whether it would not be better to come to terms and capitulate, on conditions, to the Enemy of souls by the barter of his body and soul for his release from thralldom, rather than be immolated at once, and never see Flora again. He called upon the Prince of Darkness to release him and he would be his ab-

ject slave forever. He would seal such a contract with his blood, only liberate him now, but no response except blows without stint, came from his Satanic Highness. The battle of life and death continued foul and fierce, and yet no truce was sounded by the enemy. In sheer desperation, Murdock made for a small glimmer of light, which met his eye and which happened to be a gothic window. He plunged at it, and through it, on to the green sward outside, as a storm-tossed mariner steers for the streaming light from afar, which to him is a beacon of hope. A woe-begone creature told his "horrible tale" to an awe-stricken assembly at the house of the dead, and a *posse comitatus* was formed of all the "braves" of the vicinity to 'beard the lion in his den' and exorcise him with cudgels, instead of with "book and candle." With slow steps, and bated breath, and dilated eyes, the crowd surrounded the church, and as the day dawned a goose with broken legs, and a cord fastened to one of them, was found dangling from the window. The minister's wife had tothered the fowl in the church-yard, and as the door had been left open, it had found its way into the church, and sitting on one of the pews its cord had become entangled about Murdock's neck, and in the struggle he had wound it round his legs and arms, until the poor animal was dragged upon the top of his head, and in its fight for liberty, had beat him with its wings. Murdock fled the country for Canada, in very shame, and saw Flora no more. If this true tale meets his eye, we expect to be "called out," but we have provided pistols for two and wine for one. As poor Artemus would say "let him appoint the day for his funeral, and the corpse shall be ready."

A third edition of Dr. Nicholas's *Pedigree of the English People* is in preparation.

Spielhagen's latest novel, *Deutsche Pioniere*, has excited a great literary sensation in Germany.

Col. Carlo Mariani's work on *The Italian Army in the Present and in the Future*, has been printed.

(For the Canadian Literary Journal.)

A MORTAL THEN, AN ANGEL NOW!

BY J. G. MANLEY, JR.

Weep for the Singor, she is dead,
Low she lies in her narrow bed,

Weep, that her voice no more may thrill
The human heart with its magic skill.

Glad, that the sweeter it will be,
Where music swells as a summer sea

In the blissful seat; where the angel sings
In the radiance cast from sunlit wings.

Sweetest singer on earth thou wert;
And a nameless charm thy beauty girt—

Pure and lovely, and ever fair—
What must thou be 'mid the angels there?

Say shall we grieve, 'tis not our lot
To meet in some familiar spot?

Nay, who would grieve, that thy griefs are
o'er
And thou an angel forevermore.

Sweetest singer, may it even be,
When called from this earth away, that we

Shall say, as thou said'st ere thou did'st go
From the loved ones here, 'Tis better so!

A flood of books about the war is evidently impending.

Charles Reade is reported to be hard at work on his new novel.

We understand that Prof. J. Thorold Rogers is engaged in writing a *Manual of Political Science*.

Prof. Vambery has recently published a pamphlet on the position of Russia in the East.

Louisa Faro is the author of the novel entitled *Dorothy Fox*.

The death of Dr. Mayo, the distinguished author of *Elements of the Pathology of the Mind*, and many other important contributions to psychological medicine, is announced.

John Morley, editor of the *Fortnightly Review*, has a new volume of essays in press.

The Canadian Literary Journal

APRIL, 1871.

THE result of the deliberations of the Joint High Commission, having for its object the pacific arrangement of all disputes pending between England and America, will be looked for with some anxiety. While the Premier of Canada occupies a place on the Commission, we feel assured that the interests of this country will be ably sustained, and that no action will be taken which will either compromise the welfare or honor of the Dominion. The policy of keeping the proceedings secret is undoubtedly a wise and prudent one, although hardly gratifying to the feelings of American correspondents. These gentlemen, however, seem quite equal to the occasion, inasmuch as their patrons are favored, from time to time, with elaborate details of the proceedings, which reports meet of course with all due credit.

The absurd story, originated to the effect that the Americans were prepared to settle the Fishery dispute and the Alabama claims by purchasing British North America, and which was telegraphed from New York to London, seemed certainly, judging from the display of indignation manifested by the English press, to have been an altogether original idea, and one not to be entertained for a moment. The "Saturday Review" cites this report as an evidence of the extravagant expectations of the Americans, and the consequent difficulty of the task that the High Commission has before it. That the report telegraphed was groundless is however without doubt, and that the Americans have now come to the conclusion that an amicable settlement of the dispute is politic must be inferred from the action of President Grant in removing Charles Sumner, whose policy hitherto has been incompatible with a peaceful solution of the question, from the position of Chairman of the Committee of foreign affairs. Of the motives of the President and Cabinet in removing Mr. Sumner, we cannot of course be perfectly sure, we believe, however, that they are in the interest of peace, and that a ready solution of the question under consideration will follow the removal of this able but immoderate statesman.

THE marriage of the Princess Louise to the Marquis of Lorne, is certainly one of the leading events of the past month, and one which, viewed merely in the light of a matter of policy, must be regarded as one of the "signs of the times." If royal marriages are to be enacted with the idea of furthering the interests of the empire, we think that they cannot be directed to better advantage than with the object of breaking down those barriers which have always existed between royalty and the people, and in rendering more endearing the ties which bind the populace and the throne.

No one, looking at the marriage from this standpoint, but will hasten to endorse this opinion, and will hail it as one of the signs of a broadening liberty of which the disendowment act and similar political movements are the plain inevitable forerunners.

ENGLAND AND THE WAR.

The neutrality of England in the late war is a sorely vexed question. A clever allegory entitled "Dame Europa's School," has given a wide prominence to the discussion. But though we admire the work, and readily admit the charms it wears on every page for the reader, yet we are rather pleased and delighted by its boldness, than convinced by any cogency of reason which it contains.

Indeed, that England's neutrality has been a wise one there can be little doubt. If we were to measure her in the balances of a hundred years ago, she might be weighed and found wanting; but we are revolutionizing. "To-day is the to-morrow of yesterday;" ours is a christianizing civilization, and while our watchword still is "onward" it is onward in a better sense than that in which the Romans and Grecians enlarged their empire and multiplied their resources. There is no denying this fact and we advance it even in the face of the past war. Men are more peaceable than they were; and when a nation which has led Europe for centuries, advocates such pacific principles as those which have led England to preserve a strict neutrality, and have prevented her from embroiling herself in a struggle, which in fomenting, she would have made the desolation of desolations to the civilization of Europe, we may draw our chairs close to our pleasant

fireside and hail it in truth as one of the "Signs of the Times."

England may be blamed now for the part she acted in the late contest, but future ages will applaud her course. England can stand on her own basis of greatness unalarmed and unmindful of the carping of hoary heads who spent their youth about the time of the battle of Waterloo, and who expect the brute force of Englishmen to remain unmollified by moral suasion and unimpressed by a broader Christianity. England has given force and weight to all her actions; and we think she will not fail in the end to give them to this much questioned neutrality, which has perhaps not only prevented a general war, but has curtailed the length of the recent one and protected European civilization.

CONTEMPORARY PERIODICALS.

SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.—Scribner & Co. New York.

Scribner's Monthly for April is to hand. Among the articles that will attract immediate attention, may be mentioned Mr. Crapsey's paper, "The Anthracite Problem," presenting an interesting history of the Pennsylvania coal troubles. Dr. Holland discusses, on the "Topics of the Time," "Professional Morality," "The Temperance Question and the Press," and "The San Domingo Question." The illustrated articles are "Life in the Cannibal Islands" a curious microscopic disquisition on "The Fly;" an account of the recent "Discovery of Antique Silver" in Europe, and an article on "Children who Work." The latter, written by Mrs. Julia A. Holmes, is in some respects, the most important article in the present number. Other attractive contributions are: "A Breakfast with Alexander Dumas," by Mr. John Bigelow, in which is drawn a faithful picture of the celebrated novelist. A quiet but natural and suggestive story by Ellice Woodruffe, entitled "A Gentleman's Prerogative;" a thrilling sketch of the "Martyr Church of Madagascar;" the beautiful closing chapter of Hans Andersen's "Lucky Peer," and poems by W. C. Wilkinson, and others. The "Etchings" consist of a quaint poem by Martin Douglas, "Dolly Sullivan," and characteristic designs by Miss Ledyard. The Editorial Departments are now ranged under the titles of "Topics of the Time," "The Old Cabinet," "Home and

Society," "Culture and Progress Abroad," and "Culture and Progress at Home." "The Old Cabinet" this month contains a satire on the manner in which some of our women lecturers are advertised, and under the head of "Culture and Progress at Home" we find besides the usual literary reviews, notices of Miss Kellogg, President McCosh's lectures, and of matters relating to art and science. This number closes the first volume, and the publishers promise great attractions for the new one.

THE SONG JOURNAL.—G. J. Whitney & Co., Detroit.

The third number of the above Journal is to hand and is in every respect a commendable publication. Treating principally upon Music it contains several articles of merit upon the subject, as also a couple of beautiful pieces of Music with words. \$1.00 per year.

EDUCATION OF THE PEOPLE.—J. R. Taylor, London, England.

The above publication is received. Notice deferred.

HARPER'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.—Harper Brothers, New York.

The April number of the above publication is to hand, presenting to the reader its usual amount of bright and readable articles.

APPLETON'S JOURNAL.—Appleton & Co., New York.

The several issues of this excellent periodical since our last notice of the same, have been received.

THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.—Geo. E. Desbarats, Montreal.

The weekly issues of the above received.

THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL.—New York. S. R. Wells.

Several numbers of the above publication are just to hand and will be noticed in our next issue.

"ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE" and "CHILDREN'S HOUR."—T. S. Arthur & Son, Philadelphia.

The April number of these two favorite magazines, are received.

WAVERLEY MAGAZINE.—Boston. Moses A. Dow.

The March Nos. of the above excellent literary weekly are to hand. Notice is deferred.

THE AMERICAN AGRICULTURIST.—Orange, Judd & Co.

The April number is on our table.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.—Philadelphia. C. J. Peterson.

The April number of this Magazine is before us. Will be noticed in our next.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Correspondents forwarding MSS will bear in mind that it requires but ONE CENT per ounce postage; but must contain no letters upon business or otherwise. When contributors desire articles to be returned if not accepted, stamps for the purpose should accompany them. All communications to the editorial department, or upon business connected with the Journal to be addressed,

FLINT & VAN NORMAN,
Box 1472, Toronto, Ont.

"A. McLachlan," your "Lyrics" are received with thanks.

"James Lea," your poem though meritorious is not quite adapted to the pages of our Journal. Let us hear from you again.

"J. G. Manly Jr.," your article is accepted with thanks.

"C. C. Paris," your poem is scarcely appropriate. Let us hear from you again. A prose article would be more desirable.

"Jos. Davids," your article is accepted with thanks.

"A Withered Leaf," Received.

"Canadian Farmer" articles are declined with thanks.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

The publishers of the *Canadian Literary Journal*, have great pleasure in announcing to their thousands of readers throughout the Dominion, that the new volume, beginning with July, 1871, will

be characterized by great alterations and improvements. Unlooked for success has attended them in their enterprise in endeavouring to establish a thoroughly original Canadian Magazine, and they feel assured that such a publication is really necessary; and the field being wide, and their past efforts having met with such universal approval, they are confident that their new volume will be nobly sustained by Canadians generally. The staff of writers will embrace the ablest native talent, of which Canada has a large amount, while noted English authors will be engaged specially for the Journal. They are determined to furnish a Magazine not only creditable to this growing Dominion, but ably vieing with similar foreign publications, and they have no hesitation in stating that both talent and energy are not wanting in Canada to establish a first-class Monthly. The combined efforts of the publishers will be to the end of issuing a Journal which will command unqualified respect.

The Journal will consist of Sixty-Four pages monthly, and the articles will be well diversified. The newly engaged Editor has been long and favorably known to both the British and Canadian reading public, and his efforts will continually be, to ably conduct the Journal and enhance its interests.

A member of our firm will shortly begin a general tour throughout the Dominion in the interests of the Journal.

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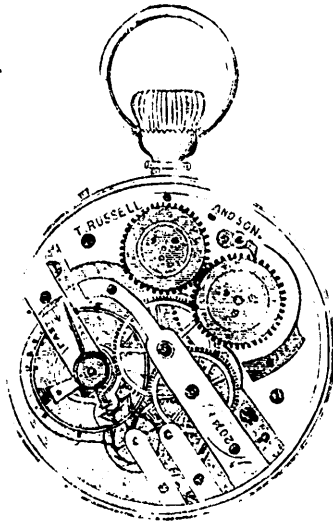
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