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THE
Canadian Literary Journal
DEVOTED TO

SELECT ORIGINAL LITERATURE

AND THE INTERESTS OF

CANADIAN LITERARY SOCIETIES.

VOL. I.

FEBRUARY, 1871.

No. 8

THE TWO NEIGHBOURS,
OR,
REVENGE REPAID BY KINDNESS.

Continued from page 143.

BY ROBERT RIDGWAY, TORONTO.

CHAPTER II.

A strong, old house with gables tall,
With stone for buttress, stone for wall,
With stone for roof, and stone ground floors,
But oak for chambers, stairs, and doors.
With mullioned windows, long and low,
The casement panes in rhomboid row.
A rude, stone home, old fashioned, plain,
But proof against both wind and rain.

* * * *

The ancient owl his vigil keeps,
For mouse or rat, which stealthy peeps,
Or out from sly concealment creeps,
As darkness over nature sweeps.
Perched in a slit of the barn wall,
He heeds each movement great or small,
Each warning note, or signal call,
And swoops with noiseless pinion fall.
Disturbed by sneaking fox or hound,
Or worse, designing man around,
Cries with a weird, and mournful sound,
The prowlers start with sudden bound.

* * * *

The Old Farm House.

The farm house at the head of the Clough was called the "Quarry," probably because the precipitous hill, immediately in the rear, had, at some former period,

been quarried extensively; and no one doubted that all the stone for the house, its barns, and other buildings, as well as the stone for the fence walls of the farm, had been dug there. The farm house, itself, literally, and in fact, was built upon, *in ani* of the rock. Gray stone walls, grey slate roof and grey flag for the ground floor. The long, low windows were divided into compartments, by stone mullions; into which iron frames were leaded for hinged casements, or fixed frames, glazed with lozenge shaped panes of glass set in grooved strips of lead.

At one end of the house was the workshop and adjoining this was the barn, with stables attached, and then, connected with the latter, a considerable enclosure formed by pent house, sheds for the accommodation of the sheep in winter, principally, but also for other things. The back door of the house opened directly into the great kitchen, with its white, sanded stone floor, its wide, capacious fire place, its "bake stone" for "oat-cake" baking, its boiler for "brewing," and other appointments peculiar, perhaps, to the locality.

Immediately behind the door was the stair case, with its eleven oaken steps of nine inches rise. On the third of these, the landing stair, Old Spot slept at night or was supposed to sleep, and occasionally during the day, when in the house. His bed was a broad comfortable mat of wool.

It was often remarked by the family, that long before any one else heard approaching footsteps, Spot, often apparently asleep, would raise an ear, or partly open an eye, significant of the fact that he had been disturbed.

Stranger, still, the approach of one of the family was usually acknowledged, and indicated, by a few strokes of his tail. Hence, when all was still in the house, especially in the evening, it was a common remark, "Spot is twitching his ears; somebody must be coming." When Mr. Purdee awakened his sons, they were at a loss, for some moments, to understand what it was their father wanted. But as they hurried on their clothes he more fully explained his suspicions; so that only a few seconds elapsed before they were on the alert mentally, as well as physically. After consulting together, they decided to open one of the casements, to ascertain, if possible, before going down stairs, what could be seen or heard; for they were by this time thoroughly convinced from Spot's uneasy movements, that some person or persons had been around, and were still about the premises, and had thus aroused him. The boys room, as it was commonly called, was over a part of the workshop and next to the barn, so that the view from their window commanded the backyard and the whole range of sheds. Samuel Purdee opened a casement with great caution, and as he did this, Spot got into the window bottom and gave a peculiar whining growl. Mr. Purdee laid his hand on the dog's back to restrain him, and told his sons that he was confident the Purdees, meaning Dan and Ben, were the parties around. "This is the growl," he said, "which Spot gave when we met Dan Purdee, the first time after Spot was getting better." The wind was roaring over the bleak, wild moor above; and sweeping in sudden, mugient gusts down the clough, with such violence, that doors and casements rattled, the gates about the yard creaked, the great trees swayed to and fro with a dreary, sighing, sougling sound; and it was only in the short lulls of the wind that they could hear each other speak. They reconnoitred the

yard, and listened, as well as the darkness and wind would permit, but nothing could be seen or heard of a suspicious character. Not satisfied with this examination, Mr. Purdee now tried the front of the house, but with no better success. Still Spot continued to whine and grumble in a restless way, so they descended the stairs to the kitchen. The peat fire sent forth a ruddy glow, and as the inner door to the work room was wide open, the light from the fire so far illumined it, as to enable them to move about with confidence. In this work room there was a door which opened to the barn, but this was seldom used, because the hay mow usually so far obstructed the communication, as it settled down, as to render it difficult to get through the narrow passage left between the mow and the wall. David suggested going this way, having tried it some days before and found it quite practicable. Quietly, yet quickly, they removed all obstructions from the door, which was no sooner opened than David pushed along followed by his brother, father and Spot. When they reached the bay or open space in the barn, they paused to listen, and could hear that some one was endeavouring to obtain a light by means of flint and steel. Lucifer or friction matches had not then come into use. The party wall between the barn and stables was, like all the rest of the masonry, a solid stone wall, but only one story, or as high as the floor which extended over the stables; and this floor was now filled with hay and oat straw. The door between the barn and stables was of the kind called "batten," with one of those old fashioned, clumsy latches of wood, opened by passing the hand through a hole cut in the door for the purpose. Through this opening and the rude joinings of the door, the Purdees could plainly hear the mutterings and suppressed execrations of Dan Crooks, at his repeated failures in obtaining a light. Spot could hear him too, no doubt, but he was as silent as his masters. Mr. Purdee felt sick with anxiety respecting the issue, and the contemplation of such unaccountable wickedness. He told his sons, in a whisper, to keep a sharp watch,

and he would go for a lantern. The two incendiaries, for such they were, in practice, and also in intention, had kept their wicked, malicious design from their father, in this instance, but had in a jesting manner said that they ought to have a bonfire of their own; thus covertly alluding to their intention to burn their neighbor's house and property. About midnight they cautiously approached the dark, quiet, peaceful home of a family resting in the security of unsuspecting honesty, and trusting to the protection of Him, who "neither slumbers nor sleeps." But what recked, or indeed, what did these men understand respecting the fear of God, or duty to their neighbor. Stealthy and vindictive as the Indian approaching his sleeping foe, and exulting in the excitement of gratified revenge as an anticipated pleasure, they crept around the house to see that all was quiet. Well aware of Spot's remarkable character for watchfulness, they fully expected to hear his bark at once, if any of their movements disturbed him. This was their first mistake; for deceived by the silence of all within, they concluded the roar of the wind would drown any sound they might have occasion to make. So perhaps it might have done. But had Spot heard them at their first approach he would not have given the alarm they expected. Spot, however, had a coadjutor of which they had no more idea than the Gauls had of the sacred geese of the Capitol.

Their intention at the first was to enter the premises by a small door in the front of the barn, and so avoid coming into the yard behind. This door, however, was fastened in the inside, and thus they were compelled to try the way by the stable.

Here, again, an unexpected difficulty presented itself in the form of a chain and padlock securing the second mode of proposed entrance.

While standing deliberating as to what they had best do, an owl, which had been a resident of the barn, longer than any one could remember, was curiously watching their movements, as he sat in one of the numerous loopholes of the barn walls. Whether his lengthened experience and observation in nocturnal affairs had

taught him to regard them as suspicious individuals, or his duty, as sentinel, required him, in his own peculiar way, to apprise his superior that such persons were lurking around, or that his own marauding intentions were disturbed, and his temper as well as feathers, ruffled thereby:—this is certain, that he sent forth one of those fearful screeches, which when once heard are not easily forgotten, even when heard *where* and *when* no adventitious circumstances can add to the startling effect. In this case, however, there was the weird hour of midnight and the terrors of conscious turpitude as the unnerving concomitants, and had, at that moment, the ghost of their grandfather, wrapt in a mantle of blue flame, appeared before them, they would not have been much more astonished.

They started on a run, in a simultaneous bound of fright, but as the direction they took was across the yard their progress was soon terminated by the sheds. Here they collected their scattered wits, and recovered from their fright by remembering a sound with which they had been familiar from childhood, identical with the present in all but time, place and mental perturbation.

Near the stable door was a casement and to this casement they now directed their attention. By breaking one of the small panes, they succeeded in opening it, and as it was but a few feet from the ground, they thus found ready entrance.

Their movements, however, had aroused Spot; or it may be more correct to say that the loud outcry of Spot's old acquaintance first attracted his notice, and the accompanying noises put him on the alert; so that before they had got into the stable he had succeeded in wakening his master; and thus, by his wonderful instinct and watchfulness, he prevented the execution of a dastardly nefarious action.

Mr. Purdee left his sons in the barn and, as quickly as he could, lit a dark lantern, from the red peat fire in the kitchen. Closing the slide he returned to the barn, where his sons were momentarily expecting the entrance of the Crooks, who had at length succeeded in striking a light, which was simply a candle in a horn lantern.

The Purdees were intently watching their movements through the latch hole and the rough joinings of the batten door, for fear they might attempt any mischief in the stable.

Firmly grasped in his hand, Samuel Purdee, the elder brother, held a heavy cart whip, which he had secured in the barn; and from the determined expression of his face, seemed resolved to use.

When Dan Crooks had lit the candle, he deliberately took a survey of the stable at the same time speaking to his brother.

"Now we'll give these informers as good a warming as we gave old 'Mose,'" alluding to the Squire.

"Well, if we are to do anything," said Ben, "we'd better be quick about it, for if that dog hears us, he'll waken up the whole house."

"I'm sorry," said Dan, "I did not settle his business for him better, when I was about it."

"What way had we better go out?" enquired Ben.

"Why not the same way we came in?"

"I think, though, we'd better unfasten the little door in the barn and go out that way."

"Very well," said Ben, "let's be moving. I don't like to be stopping here."

"What's that?"

While Ben was speaking he accidentally cast his eyes in the direction of the small window by which they had entered and thought he saw it move.

"What's what," said Dan.

"I thought I saw something pushing at that window."

"Nonsense!" said Dan but he put down his lantern and went back to the window, pulled it open, and very cautiously looked out and listened.

Not more than four feet from him, standing erect in the deep recess of the doorway was a man, but Dan could neither see nor hear him.

He closed the window, turned the catch, and observed to his brother that,—"it was just the wind blowing." He took up the lantern from the cornbin, and went up to the inner door leading to the barn. As the Crooks moved up to the door the Purdees crept behind a

pile of hay, the remains of a mow, close to the door of the stable.

The door cautiously opened, and Dan peered into the barn.

"All quiet here," he said, advancing.

The light from the lantern was very dim, but sufficient to shew them the general outline of things.

"Why," said Ben, "here's another new lock as I live."

"The Purdees must have been scared," said Dan, "but we'll scare 'em worse.—Cant we open that door any way?"

"I don't know," said Ben, "hold up the light, while I look at the fastenings of the big doors, if we could push back this bolt, we could manage well enough."

Dan raised the lantern to examine the lock and the other fastenings, while his brother was vainly endeavouring to push back the bolt of the lock with his thumb.

"Never mind that," said Dan, "unfasten the larger doors." "Supposing we do," said Ben, "they'll make noise enough to waken the seven sleepers, if they're like ours. I'm sorry we cannot serve out Wyatt instead of them."

"His turn will come," said Dan, "if we cannot give him a fire scare we can"

The remainder of the sentence was not given, for full upon his head and shoulders descended the heavy cart whip, propelled by the vigorous arm of Samuel Purdee, and down went Dan and the lantern with a crash. Spot, it seemed, was watching his opportunity, for he sprang upon his fallen foe with a savage growl. The light of the horn lantern was extinguished by the fall, but Mr. Purdee advanced with his dark lantern, and drawing the slide, threw the light upon the group at the door. There was a stifed cry of "take off the dog," and then it was noticed that Spot had seized Dan by the throat and was strangling him.

"Spot," said Mr. Purdee, "that'll do; come here."

Among the dog's good qualities was that of prompt obedience, but, for once, he seemed to be unwilling to quit his attack. He loosed his hold, however, and with a parting growl at his prostrate enemy, went to his master.

David had remained near the inner

door, by agreement, to prevent any escape that way, should such be attempted.

Dan scrambled to his feet with an imprecation, but a second blow, most effectually delivered across his shoulders, silenced him. Samuel again raised his whip, evidently intending to lay it on Ben, but Dan cried "hold," begging that Ben might be spared as he was not to blame. The miscreant, Dan, was thoroughly cowed; and Ben trembled visibly from head to foot.

Mr. Purdee had opened the door of his lamp, and now took out the oil cistern, so as to give a more diffuse and perfect light.

Samuel Purdee, addressing the Crooks, said:—"The last time we met was when my brother and myself detected you poaching in the meadow. We had no desire to inform about you; but because Wyatt came up at the time, you choose to put that construction upon it. Now although we told you at the time, and Wyatt told you, too, that we had nothing whatever to do with giving him or anybody else information, you, and your father, have acted more like fiends than neighbours ever since. We knew well enough who our enemies were, and we suspected, and so did some of our neighbors, that you were the incendiaries at the "Hall;" now we know you were, from your own expressed determination to give us a "warming" like you gave old "Mose."

We knew well enough, when Spot came home, half killed, or if not for certain then, very soon after, who were the guilty parties. We know now Dan Crooks did it, and Spot has had his revenge; and I have done, that I vowed I would, thrash the man or men who did it, if ever I got the chance.

"Served him right too," said a voice, which every one, even Spot, knew instantly, for Spot wagged his tail in token of friendship. Wyatt the mysterious, the dreaded gamekeeper, stepped into the barn.

"Good morning Mr. Purdee, good morning boys," said Wyatt as he entered. "This is a dreadful business. This is worse than poaching."

"Terrible," said Mr. Purdee, "I shud-

der to think about the narrow escape we have had. Surely this is nothing less than a *special Providence*, which has saved us from harm, and saved, or prevented these young men from committing a fearful felony, which might have brought them sooner or later to the gallows. I do sincerely hope it may be a lesson which will do them good all their lives. But how did you come to know what was passing here?"

"Yesterday," said Wyatt, "I had to go into Saddleworth, and it was late when I started for home. I came across the moors, of course, and just as I was passing the top of the clough I saw a light in your kitchen, and then a sudden gleam on the curtains, which made me suspect something was wrong. This changed my direction, for I came down to see if anything was amiss. I was about concluding I had mistaken a sudden blaze of the fire for another kind of light, when I noticed a glimmer through the stable window, and on looking through saw these lads preparing for some mischief; one of them caught a glimpse of me, but they were not sure, so, as they went forward, I stepped through the window to watch what they were about. I heard them talking about old "Mose." I wonder what old Mose will say when I tell him who set his barns on fire." The faces of the Crooks expressed alarm. "I reckon this will be transportation, possibly for life. Sorry boys you did not take my advice when I helped you through the last scrape. Now you can't expect any mercy. Folks can't and won't, live in continual fear from young fellows like you."

Dismay, despair, blank, dark, dreadful, settled on Dan's countenance, as he listened to Wyatt.

"Public safety," said Mr. Purdee, "demands justice against all disturbers of the peace, and more especially protection against such dreadful crimes as arson.

Persons who so far lose all sense of right, in their love for revenge, are not fit to be at liberty." "Neither you nor yours have given any body cause for offence that I ever heard of," said Wyatt,

“but even supposing you had,—this kind of revenge must not be practised in a civilized country. It may do in the backwoods of America, among the savages but I should think that none but Indians or lawless freebooters practise it.” “I wish,” said Mr. Purdee, “these young fellows were on the way to America or Canada, but not to follow such practices, when they get there, as burning their neighbors houses, or injuring any one in person or property.

“I wish,” said Dan Crooks, “you would give us the chance of going to America; we have often talked about going to Canada, of late, and if you will only be so merciful as to permit us to escape. I will never forget it; and I hope we’ll do better there than we have done here. I’m not only doing wrong myself but I’ve led my brother Ben into the same kind of ways. If you can forgive me this time, Mr. Purdee, I’ll promise you here, on my bended knees, to try and do better, and if ever I have the chance, I’ll return your kindness either to you or yours.” Mr. Purdee mused for some time, and seemed very much perplexed, but at length he said,—“Mr. Wyatt, can I get your consent to keep this matter secret for a short time, until they can get away from here?”

“You are asking me a hard thing, Mr. Purdee; I never mind winking at a fault now and then, or getting a young fellow through a bit of a scrape; but this is a serious business; you know I’m a constable for the parish, and I should be liable to a year’s imprisonment for *misprision of felony*, besides being liable to a discretionary fine. And this is not all, the Squire would give me a good round sum, if I apprehended the guilty parties; you know he offered a reward of *fifty pounds*.”

I’m aware of all that Mr. Wyatt, and that I shall be placing myself in a false position; but then I cannot bring myself to prosecute these misguided lads, or see them ruined, body and, perhaps, soul too. No, no, we must give them another chance. You can wait for a short time before you lay your information, and in the meantime they must get away from

here, and from the country if they can.”

“Well,” said Wyatt, “If it must be it must, that’s all I can say; and if these young fellows you are screening, no I won’t say that, that you are giving another chance too, let the grass grow under their feet, why, they are madmen.”

“David,” said Mr. Purdee to his younger son, “unlock the barn door.”

David fetched the key from some place in the stable and opened the door.

“Before you go,” said Mr. Purdee, speaking to Dan and Ben Crooks, “I would strongly advise you to lose no time in getting away from this neighbourhood, where, if you are caught, nothing can save you. I shall very likely be blamed by even my friends, for permitting your escape, but my motives are good. You have asked for another chance to reform; and as I hope for mercy myself, I’ll give you what you ask; and hope it may be the means through God’s blessing of making you useful and good men through your subsequent life. Tell your father plainly, and fully, what has happened, and, perhaps, I may have a talk with him myself.” The young men looked at him wistfully, and Ben whispered to his brother.

“Mr. Purdee,” said Dan, “we do not deserve any such kindness, but my brother Ben wants to shake hands with you before we part, perhaps for ever.”

“With pleasure my lad,” said Mr. Purdee, extending his hand with that heartiness of manner which was a characteristic of the man, “I’ll shake hands with you both.”

Wyatt dashed away the tears which suddenly filled his eyes. “I like to see such things,” he said “I’ve heard of them, and I suppose some few can forgive and return good for evil, but I am afraid I could not. I hope you young fellows will profit by the noble example, for, if I am not greatly mistaken, you’ll see few like it.”

And so they parted. Mr. Purdee again asked Wyatt to keep the matter secret, until they had got a fair start, and then he could do as he thought best.

WHAT IS AN ANIMAL?

BY R. J. DARRAH M. D.

One of the highest privileges conferred upon humanity, is that which allows mankind to understand and appreciate, in some measure, that creature of which he, himself, forms at once the noblest and most prominent part. Wherever we turn our attention, wherever we cast our eyes in the world around us, we find that every object that can attract our notice, no matter how insignificant in appearance, proclaims infinite power and beneficence. Whether it be the animal, the vegetable, or mineral kingdom that we contemplate, perfection is stamped on all objects that meet our view.

There is this difference between the efforts of human industry, and the results of creative power: the works of man are judged of by comparison, and some are said to be more or less efficacious or perfect, in proportion, as they are more or less adapted to the object intended; but in the works of the Creator, there are no degrees of comparison, every thing is perfect, best, and most fully adapted to the object intended. To add to or take away from them would be to diminish nature. It is only to a small part of creation that the mind of any man can be turned satisfactorily, and although that which solicits our attention at the present time, is perhaps the most important, brief, indeed, is the survey we shall be allowed to take.

Before entering upon the solution of our question, let us investigate and map out the tract of territory we have to go over, and endeavour to define as far as we can its limits and extent. What is an animal? The question is apparently a simple one. No one with common sense or intellect would be in danger of mistaking animals of the most perfect kind for vegetables or members of the mineral kingdom; no one would be apt to mistake a horse for a cabbage or a lump of granite. But unfortunately when we come to investigate the lowest forms of animal life, those which constitute the transition links, between one portion of one kingdom and one portion of another the line of demarcation becomes

exceedingly difficult to point out. Light and darkness are in themselves quite distinct, and no one possessed of eye sight would be in danger of mistaking day for night, yet I apprehend that any individual surveying the evening sky, would find it a difficult task to point out precisely the line that separates the parting day from the coming gloom. And the student of nature, who wishes to separate the animal from the vegetable kingdom, has a task of scarcely less difficulty assigned to him. Linnaeus the founder of natural science of modern times, thought by an axiom as gigantic as the mind that gave it birth, for ever to set at rest this important question.

The axiom is no doubt familiar to all my readers. "Stones," says the philosopher, "grow; vegetables grow and live; animals grow, live, and feel." To feel, therefore, is the special characteristic of an animal, as defined by that profound philosopher, whose genius has made the flowers to speak to us. The slightest glance, however, at the lower forms of animal existence, will cause considerable doubt, as to whether they are able to feel, or are deprived of the power of sensation. Take, for instance, the sponge, which is the lowest form of animal life, the transition link between the animal and vegetable kingdoms. We find it destitute of feeling, so far as we are able to judge—you may tear it, burn it, or torture it as you think proper, and it will never shrink under the inquisition, or evince by the slightest tremor that it is possessed of any sensation of any kind. On the other hand if you turn your attention to the vegetable world, you will find that there are members of that division of nature that seem capable of feeling to a considerable extent.

The flower will turn itself to the sun as if it felt and courted the warmth of its rays; the sensitive plant will shrink with the greatest delicacy from the slightest contest. Are we, for these reasons, to admit them to be members of the animal kingdom? To move from place to place has been said to be the characteristic of an animal, but the sponges, which I before mentioned, though admitted to be members of the animal king-

dom, are most of them as fixed and rooted as the rocks to which they are attached; and from the moment when first they are called into existence, to the termination of their being, they are absolutely unable to change the locality where they were first produced. So you see this mark of an animal fails us, as the first was found to do. The chemical composition of these creatures has also been appealed to in vain. We are told my chemists, that animal substances contain in their composition a larger proportion of nitrogen than you find in the vegetable kingdom, but this distinction is found not to be universally maintained. Perhaps the best definition of an animal ever given (and it is open to objection) is, that the vegetable, being generally rooted and fixed in the soil, absorbs from that soil the materials for its support; and these materials, circulating through all portions of the vegetable substances, are conveyed to every part. In vegetables, therefore, there is no need for a central and internal receptacle into which nutriment is taken, and afterwards conveyed from place to place. Animals, on the contrary, are endowed with the power of moving from one place to another, and are possessed of a stomach, or reservoir of nutriment, in which the materials for their support are stored up and digested.

After considering these various definitions of an animal, we have forced upon us the humbling conviction that we are still ignorant of what an animal really is. Man is the most perfect animal, and how is man—man the lord of the creation—the master-piece of an Almighty Creator, distinguished from his fellow creatures in the lower world? Here again we have great room for speculation, for as we find it difficult to distinguish some of the lower forms of animal life, from some of the higher forms of vegetable life, so we find it difficult to distinguish man, or to say wherein he essentially differs from the lower animals. Philosophers have been rich on this question. One has described him as a cooking animal, for man is the only animal that makes a fire. Prof. Bell considers the hand of man as “the signal of his superiority.” And

Buffon thought “his erect attitude a crowning proof of his superiority.” Some mention one thing, and some another, as distinguishing men from the lower animals. Perhaps the best, distinct and characteristic, and it has objections, is the gift of speech. Man is the only animal that really talks, and the only animal that needs a varied speech, to express varied sentiments, emotions, and desires.

The fact is, his mind ranges over too broad a sphere, for any moderate number of sounds or articulations to represent his feelings. And speech in the broadest sense of the word is a gift, that distinguishes him outwardly, as much as his imperishable soul and vast diseases inwardly distinguish him from his humbler companions in the flesh. In conclusion, though I cannot tell you what an animal is—yet I recommend to you the study of the animal kingdom. It is a kingdom or division of nature, the study of which will amply repay the student—a study the more interesting and absorbing from the fact that man stands at the head of it; and it has been truly said that “the noblest study of mankind, is man.” So that having studied all the lower forms of animal life—you come to the study of man—the study of that frame—the mere contemplation of which caused the Sweet Singer of Israel to exclaim, “I am fearfully and wonderfully made.” A study than, which there is none better calculated to fill our minds with admiration at the wisdom and power of God—to lead us to nature’s God, and to exclaim with the divine writers, “How manifold are thy works, oh! God, in wisdom hast thou made them all.”

ADAM.

Suggested by reading “Man,—Whence is he?” in the January Number of the ‘Journal.’

He was made not child, but man: no infantile period marked his existence; the present and future were his, but he had no past: his power to reason was already mature: he walked and talked, loved, admired and wondered at the on-

set, with no past experience to guide him : his first effort to step was but an experiment. All nature blazed before him, one instantaneous glow. The variegated tints of the flowers, the clustering fruits, the song, flutter and hum of the birds, the dazzling glare of the sun, all burst in upon his untutored mind, and must have filled it with wonder and admiration.

And when the evening of his first day approached, what must have been his thoughts as he observed the sun dipping down towards the horizon ! Was it going to leave him, this, the torchlight of all the glorious aspects of nature ? And yet he could have had no idea of the darkness and gloom of night ; and when its somber hues gathered round him, what dreary thoughts must have swept through his mind when the blaze of nature went out, and he, the only solitary human being, stood for the first time in the dark.

And as we go backward in imagination, and stand beside our old ancestor, when he awoke from that "deep sleep," what must have been his surprise when he caught the first glimpse of the graceful form of woman ! When humanity met humanity for the first time, when face to face the sire and foster mother of a world stood gazing at each other in mute astonishment ? Did they kneel and bow together ? Did they identify each other through the medium of one common adoration, or was their identity confirmed by their similarity of form ? A smile on the lips of Eve would dispel all the doubts, and proclaim to Adam that she was his, the flesh of his own flesh.

"The world was sad, the garden was a wild,
And man the hermit sighed, till woman
smiled."
DETROIT.

THE DEVELOPMENT THEORY.

Trace falcons from the flying-fish,
Let ducks and rats change shapes,
Trace cats from cuckoos if you wish,
But not mankind from apes ;
For, proud of our ancestral line,
We never will agree
Old father Adam to resign
For father Chimpanzee.

Brantford.

C. H. S.

(Original.)

RECOLLECTIONS OF MY MOTHER.

BY GRACIE.

Oh how fresh to my memory is the time, when my dying mother called me to the side of the couch on which she lay ; and clasping my little hand in hers—which was so thin and wasted by disease—told me she was going to die. "I want my little Gracie to be a good girl, to love the Saviour, and to be very kind to papa, when I am gone ; for he will be very lonely, and my little daughter will be almost his only comforter, most of all my child, strive to be a christian, so that you may meet me in Heaven." These were nearly the last words she spoke to me. I was then a child of five years of age ; and though twenty years and upwards have passed away, still, the words, and very looks of my mother are as fresh as yesterday.

That night my mother died. In the morning when I awoke ; my father—bowed down with grief—took me on his knee, and called me his "little motherless girl." I little understood the term motherless. My childish mind could not comprehend the word death. I was elated by seeing relatives and friends from a distance, come to pay the last tribute of affection and respect to the remains of that youthful mother ; and clapt my hands at the sight of my new black dress.

But evening came ; and kneeling at my father's knees, I repeated the prayer my mother taught me ; to which I had been taught to add, during my mother's illness the sentence ; "Please Jesus, bless my mother, and if it be thy will, make her better." He interrupted me, and said I had no need to say that now, as mother was dead. Oh, how my tears fell ! Sobs convulsed my frame ; and for the first time I realized I had no mother.

Often I prayed in my simplicity, to have her brought back to me ; but she still sleeps under the branches of a weeping ash.

After that as time rolled by, I understood what it was to be without a mother.
'You who have a mother, love her better.

cherish her more tenderly, than you have done in the past.

Be kind to thy mother—for lo! on her brow,
 May traces of sorrow be seen,
 Oh well may'st thou cherish and comfort her
 now,
 For loving and kind hath she been.
 Remember thy mother—for thee will she
 pray,
 As long as God giveth her breath;
 With accents of kindness then cheer her lone
 way,
 E'en to the dark valley of death.

If this should meet the eye of one who has lost a mother. Be comforted. Remember she is not lost, only gone before. May we meet our dear departed ones in that land, where sorrow, sighing and parting are unknown.

(For the Canadian Literary Journal.)

JONES' DISCOVERY!

AN ASTRONOMICAL SKETCH.

Jones is an amateur astronomer, and immensely proud he is of the title, too, although it was only conferred upon him by a few select and admiring friends, who had the opportunity of seeing and recognizing his scientific attainments. "What more ennobling, more elevating to the mind of man," Jones exclaims enthusiastically, throwing back his hair from his forehead, "What more sublime, more awe-inspiring than to gaze on those resplendent orbs, those wondrous worlds, buried in the remotest depths of unfathomable and illimitable space, for millions of centuries rolling their"—

"Well if they want to roll—let 'em roll," says his prosaic friend Mr. Brown as he lights a very dirty looking clay pipe, with an air of calm indifference.

"Ah, I'm afraid you have no soul for the grand and beautiful," replies Jones mournfully.

"I deny that asservation, I *have* a soul for the grand and beautiful,—different to yours, I confess. Show me sir, a correctly devilled kidney, or a pretty girl, with a pair of angelic eyes—Ah, my boy those are the orbs, the blue skies I go in for," and B. smacked his lips with much satisfaction, but whether at the prospect

of the devilled kidneys or the angelic eyes is uncertain.

"Those, Sir, are coarse joys," replied Jones much disgusted, "transient, evanescent, compared with the study of astronomy. What would the world, the civilized world be without science, I ask? Chaos." "Look at Ptolemy, Copernicus, Kepler, Galileo, Herschel, what have these brilliant intellects done for us, sir? Everything! The storm is set at defiance, we hold the winds in our hands, the elements between our fingers. The mighty earthquake no more is feared, the lightning-blasts and thunder-rolls of heaven are play-things to us. The vast convulsions of nature and the internal world are known to us. The fell ravages of death, disease, and time are triumphed over, crushed, and conquered. A thousand ills and diseases are obviated by its means. The time will come, is rapidly approaching when science shall rule, refinement shall govern the world, and—in short, Mind shall triumph over Matter."

"Thank you," says Brown, rising and taking up his hat, thank you, very much; I feel quite refreshed, do indeed! Look here, old Abracadabra, I'll pray for you; I pity, though I do not despise you. Good morning."

Now Jones and Brown were the best friends in the world, as friends go, despite the latter's jocular treatment of his fellow-student. B. had decidedly a strong aversion to hard work, hard study, hard thinking, everything hard—perhaps excepting hard drinking. This was his greatest foible, however, unless a warm attachment to practical jokes be mentioned. Moreover he was remarkably fond of his "eccentric and star-gazing friend Jones," as he unceremoniously dubbed him. Vastly different in character and tastes they were very good friends.

Brown liked Jones for his amiability and simplicity; Jones reverently looked upon his friend Brown as a perfect model of human sagacity, and a man of the world *par excellence*. It is true that Mr. Brown did occasionally borrow sundry half-crowns of Mr. Jones, which half-crowns he generally forgot to return. And it is not to be denied that he made considera-

ble use of his friend for "coaching," "cramming," translating tough Greek passages, and so on; but he disliked Jones none the less on these accounts.

Brown too, was useful to Jones in his way. Without his protection, his simple good-natured friend would have been subject to endless tricks and annoyances by the mischief-loving element of the place, whose mirthful devilry extended to even the venerable proctor himself. Those comprising this element might be spoken of as the identical irreverent beings who would have little compunction at throwing mud at their own respective grandmothers. Under the sheltering wing of Brown, however, the gentle student was safe. Brown's prestige—which was considerable as he had been threatened with rustication once or twice—was sufficient, and the man of science was allowed to pursue his studies unmolested.

From the time he was able to read and think for himself, Jones had ever been an ardent lover and diligent student of the science of astronomy. To him it had possessed all the charms of a first love. And he had been a faithful lover. No studies, no other pleasures yielded to him such an inexhaustible source of entertainment and delight as the contemplation of the beauties and glories of the Heavens. He never ceased to wonder at the sublime wisdom and skill displayed in the creation of those distant and innumerable "worlds within worlds." Their never-ending movements, the mysterious phenomena attached to many of them, their immense distance, the fabulous ideas they had at various times, and in succeeding ages given rise to, and the marvellous accuracy with which their movements were predicted, never failed to excite his deepest astonishment and admiration, and he had long since resolved to make this noblest of sciences the chief and darling study of his life. Not satisfied with merely an eye study of the starry field,—he had commenced to read—to read is too mild a term—to devour (metaphorically) all the works on astronomy he could lay hands on. His next ambition was to procure instruments to enable him to carry on his studies more efficiently. Some years before, alive to this necessity,

he had constructed a rude kind of telescope, made of three sliding tin tubes using two double-convex lens of the respective foci of 40 inch and 1 inch. But ignorant of the reflective properties of the bright interior of his tube, the instrument had for a long time proved a failure, and Jones, surveying the moon through his imperfect telescope, was considerably perplexed to account for the hazy and egg-shaped appearance of that luminary. A pennyworth of lamp-black, applied to the interior of the tube by a friend, solved the mystery, and Jones had the unspeakable joy of beholding Tycho Brahe through his own instrument with a power of 40. As Jones very properly refused to trust his precious acquisition in the unskilled hands of a younger brother, who was desirous of using it in lieu of an opera-glass, that worthy by way of expressing his resentment took the liberty of jumping upon it three distinct times, early one morning, and since that catastrophe, our astronomer was for some time left almost entirely destitute of scientific appliances. Still his indomitable spirit and perseverance had not been baffled, still less beaten. Anteus-like, his falls made him yet stronger.

Jones could scarcely be looked upon as a genius,—that is as a brilliant genius,—but what he lacked in brilliancy he made up for by his insatiable industry. Born of poor but well-meaning parents, who had resolved to bestow upon their eldest offspring that education they had so much stood in need of, he had been first sent to school, and then to college, where however, he made little advance, except in his chosen pursuit, for the prosecuting of which to obtain a few instruments he had pinched, scraped, and screwed, till he was "as poor as a church-yard mouse." At last a windfall came. A distant relative left him a legacy of \$500. With this sum of money, Jones purchased that which he had long been eager to possess, viz.:—a powerful achromatic telescope, one of Dollond's best make,—and with this fine instrument, possessing a power of 280, 2 inch aperture, he made rapid and important strides in his favorite science.

He had been reading in one of the astronomical works of the wonderful

achievements of the celebrated Halley, amongst which was that able astronomer's calculation of the orbit of a comet—known by his name. Halley had predicted that this heavenly wanderer would accomplish its erratic journey in about 65 years, I think it was, and almost to the second this comet had actually made its appearance in the same place in the heavens where the great Halley had first discovered it. Fired by this and other examples of the astounding results of scientific knowledge, and by the modern discoveries of the German and French professors, the brilliant idea of turning his own knowledge to some practical account presented itself to him. Why not endeavor to elucidate some of the knotty problems, that were just then agitating astronomical circles,—to throw some light on the thick mists of doubt and uncertainty that, on certain points, had enveloped as in a shroud the scientific world for ages. To accomplish this successfully would be to add immortal lustre to the name of Jones, and he knew it; knew that the field of discovery and research was yet comparatively new, knew that to minds of Halley's stamp, of Galileo's mould, of Kepler's cast, such tasks were by no means to be considered as hopeless. Nothing was impossible under the sun, aye, or in, or concerning the sun. The parallax of stars had not been ascertained; the sun's spots were yet buried in obscurity—but only figuratively; that the planets, including the moon, had, were, or were about to be inhabited, was not yet known, although very liberally guessed at; the materialism of comets was not yet decided, the centre of the stellar system was a moot point; most of the theories were suppositions, many not believed in at all. One learned professor stated one thing as a positive fact, another, equally learned, flatly contradicted him. Professors Blumenhausen and Schunck were indisputably certain that the earth was rapidly merging into a comet, and would in course of time rush off headlong in to space without a moment's notice. Professor Lafigne-Gassier was of the firm opinion that on account of the immense body of supposed gases constantly forming in its interior, 300 miles

beneath the surface, the earth was liable to go off with a most horrible explosion at any minute. Such was the state of science in Jones' day.

"After all," thought Jones, "theories are only theories." Why should he add his quota to the already useless man? But to *correctly* calculate a solar eclipse would be to confer a benefit on the world at large.

Jones was determined to compute the very next eclipse of the sun. Abandoning all other branches of study, he at once went to work. Prodigious as was the project, he did not altogether despair of success. Elated, living in a new world as it were, he must find some ear in which to pour his embryotic design, and, in whose ears but Brown's? At his first meeting with that individual, Mr. Jones, with glowing eyes and beaming countenance, imparted to him his glorious idea—to be kept strictly secret.

"Jones," says Brown, impulsively holding out his hand, "I appreciate you, my boy; by Jove, sir, I'm proud of you, and it shall ever be my study to deserve the honor of calling you my friend."

Jones took his hand and blushed.

"If I ever doubted your genius, that doubt has now fled for ever. You haven't such a thing as a half-crown about you?"

Jones had, just one.

"Thank you. We'll now to business. The next solar eclipse you say: well, what sort of a one do you think we ought to have now? Ought to be a pretty good one for the first star."

"I think, Mr. Brown," replies Jones, with the slightest shade of testiness, "I think you never will have a proper conception of matters connected with science. You ask what description of eclipse,—by which, I suppose you mean, whether partial, annular, or total. That I do not know. The evolutions of nature and the universe are as inscrutable as they are mysterious. But if I find the sun is about to be occulted by the opaque body of our satellite the diameter of whose disc is—

Jones' peroration was cut short by an invitation from Brown to attend the approaching races, which invitation was politely but firmly refused.

Jones was as on many occasions rather nettled at the sarcastic tone assumed by his friend when referring to the operations of science, but, constitutionally good-natured, he soon forgot it, particularly when he reflected that it was the inevitable fate of men of science, from time immemorial to be sneered at,—scoffed by the world who would not understand them; and fortified by their example he commenced his enormous task with the vigour of a giant refreshed with new wine. For the next few days he was immersed up to his ears, so to speak, in an incongruous and chaotic mass of geometrical problems, abstruse and profound calculations, algebraical, mathematical and Euclidical propositions,—a huge heap of hieroglyphics and signs—a perfect mountain of frightful figures and sums,—from the ashes of which he was to rise, Phoenix-like, to the sun.

Patience — patience — patience: he worked on. At first he felt a disposition to go mad, but steadying his mind with an immense effort in that trying ordeal, he rose superior to the situation, and worked on with fresh and redoubled vigour. Gradually the shapeless mass began to assume form and proportion. A light, although dim and flickering, was commencing to dawn. He still worked on, unconsciously, (uninterruptedly by Brown,) unceasingly. More form; more proportion, more work. Work, work, work. Brain-racking, eye-aching—but still, on, on, on! Day by day it grew as he toiled. A little while longer and it would be accomplished. Patience. One more computation. There! at last! Finished! Triumphed over! His tremendous task is done. Victory! As it is impossible to describe the glorious light that lit up the features of the immortal Jones on this memorable occasion, it will not be attempted. Nor will the yell of exultation, he for once in his life gave vent to, be set down on paper. It was at once terrific and indescribable. Suffice to say, that by his own unaided calculations, he had computed that the sun would be in conjunction with the dark body of our satellite at precisely 2h. 3m. 42^c past the meridian right ascension, thereby causing its total eclipse on the

27th of that present month. It may be mentioned, *en passant*, as a curious effect of extreme joy, that Jones did not eat anything for two days afterwards. Brown was completely forgotten and ignored, though he dropped in at intervals, with the charitable intention, as he subsequently confessed, of having his friend immediately removed in case he had got worse.

When Jones acquainted Mr. Brown with the complete success that had crowned his efforts, the latter gentleman winked slowly to himself, but said not a word. Jones was somewhat hurt at his friend's indifference, but was too brimful of joy to heed it just then. Time wore on,—the auspicious 27th drew nigh, and Jones grew more feverish every day. Everything was in readiness at a very early date; and to be exact to the last degree, he had borrowed from an eminent optician a magnificent chronometer for the occasion. Finally, he carefully went over his calculations to prevent any errors as to the time.

On the evening of the 26th Jones' sleep was considerably broken, and he rose about every half-hour from his troubled dreams to see if the sun—his sun—had risen above the eastern horizon. Ultimately he fell asleep, and awoke just as the dinner-bell was ringing—1:15 p.m. With a maniacal jump he was out of bed and in his clothes in precisely 1 minute and 30 seconds, in two jumps and the same number of seconds, he was at the bottom of the stairs. To regain his study and fly to his instruments was the work of another minute. A terrified glance at the chronometer showed that he had but 15 minutes to spare. This time was occupied in hurried arrangement, and in giving to everything a last touch preparatory to the culminating point of his ambition. He then looked out of the window. The orb of day had already passed the zenith, and with palpitating heart he awaited the moment when he should apply his eye to the lower end of the instrument. He had got the exact focus, having fixed it by the sun the day before, so that all might be in perfect readiness. Two o'clock! He certainly had never before felt so strangely agitated. But could it be wondered at? "Curious, Brown not

here." No matter. Ha! two minutes have elapsed. Jones then turned down his lamp, for the sun's rays had been completely excluded from the room for the last ten minutes, and with trembling steps—his heart thumping audibly behind his waistcoat,—he directed his right eye to the lower glass of the telescope. "Gracious Heavens, what is this? the sun's body totally eclipsed already! Then I have calculated wrongly by 60 minutes—60 minutes too late," exclaimed Jones, excitedly, knocking his head in the darkness, against a projecting library shelf. "No matter, it is easy enough to make a slight mistake of an hour in the intricacies of so difficult a calculation. It is not impossible the chronometer may be wrong—wrongly rated by Greenwich time. However, I shall be in time to observe the passing of the moon's body across the disc, and have an opportunity of seeing for myself the luminous points of light, which have been so much of late the subject of discussion. I may be able to discover the cause." Thus consoling himself, Jones again looked through his instrument. The moon's dark body was still intercepting the light. Attributing this to the smallness of the upper aperture, Jones kept his eyes glued to the lower end, till the lesser orb should pass across. Still no change. Well, this is the most curious eclipse he ever heard of,—quite a phenomenon. He again looked. Darkness! Jones sat down gloomily and pondered. Was the instrument properly adjusted? He looked for the fourth time. Ha, a thin streak of light, hurrah, it is moving past, and the penumbra or dark shadow will slowly reveal the sun's whole body. But the penumbra had evidently stuck fast somewhere, for Jones stood looking for at least half-an-hour without perceiving any change in the appearance of the phenomenon: Sick at heart, and sorely perplexed to account for this mysterious conduct, he again sank down in despair. Was something wrong with the instrument? He turned up the lamp, and subjected his glass to a minute inspection. To his great consternation he found that it was no less than three inches out of focus.

That then is the solution of the mys-

tery. Adjusting the defect, he anxiously applied his eye to the glass once more. "Gracious Heavens! what is this, the sun totally eclipsed again!"

Ha! this may be the real eclipse; the other may have been caused through the instrument being out of focus. Jones, with admirable patience maintained his post unflinchingly at the eye-glass. The third half-hour elapsed. No change. The unfortunate Jones was evidently on his last legs. In despair he then staggered away, sat down in the spittoon and buried his face in his hands.

Suddenly a horrible conviction took possession of him. Could there be anything wrong with the end of the instrument that was at the other side of the closed shutter. 'Twas too dreadful to remain a second in suspense. He started to his feet, rushed to the door, dragged it open,—letting in a dazzling blaze of sunlight—gave one fearful glance at the end of the telescope projecting through the hole in the shutter, and—but Jones does not recollect anything after that.

When he came to consciousness, Brown was industriously engaged in pouring very hot brandy into his mouth, refreshing his own at intervals. He asked in a feeble voice what it was all about.

Mr. Brown, winking slowly to himself, directed his attention to the hole in the shutter. Jones shuddered. *The cap was closed over the end of the telescope.* Mr. Brown regaled himself with another application, winked again to himself, and led his friend away from the painful scene, thoroughly convinced that he had cured him of his propensity for stargazing.

Jones did indeed abandon astronomy for a considerable time after this, and took to "Muscular Christianity," soon proving himself, curiously enough, the cleverest adept at "boxing" in the whole college. His old hobby, however, ultimately took possession of him, and in tranquil retirement, (not to say much poverty,) he again gave himself to the study of the noble science; although the philosophical world has not yet been startled by another "Jones' Discovery."

THOMAS WEAY.

(For the Canadian Literary Journal.)

IDYLS OF THE DOMINION.

NO. I.

THE OLD SETTLER'S ADDRESS TO HIS OLD LOG HOUSE.

BY ALEXANDER M'LACHLAN.

My Old Log-House, I love thee still,
 I left thee sore against my will ;
 My new house, finer tho' it be,
 Can never be the same to me ;
 For memory's spell is o'er thee cast,
 And I must love thee to the last.
 For life's first breath in thee I drew,
 In thee from youth to manhood grew,
 All early thoughts are twined with thee,
 And thy o'erhanging maple tree ;
 It seemed to me no other place
 Had ever half so sweet a face ;
 And on the winter nights and days,
 No hearth had half so bright a blaze
 Among the trees no taper shone,
 With half the welcome of thine own,
 And when from thee I went away,
 In sunny southern lands to stray,
 Mid all their bloom, my heart would flee,
 Mine own log cabin, back to thee.

Tho' now thy household god's are gone,
 Still often I come here alone,
 And on thy hearthstone, cold at last !
 I muse and ponder on the past,
 Till parents, brothers, sisters dear
 In all their beauty re-appear,
 Despite of death, the joyous train
 Comes back to love me once again !
 I see my father in his chair !
 My mother with her knitting there !
 The children crowding round to hear
 The stories that we loved so dear,
 Or list'ning to that martial song,
 Which rushes yet my veins along,
 Re-counting deeds of heroes bold,
 In Britian's battles won of old.

And many a happy night I ween,
 Beneath thine old roof tree I've seen ;
 For after every logging bee,
 The neighbours all would meet in thee ;
 For when the hard days work was done,
 The logging contests lost and won,
 We gave ourselves to social mirth,
 And banish'd sorrow from the earth,
 And every happy girl and boy

Danc'd till the rafters shook with joy.
 A thousand recollections rush,
 And tears into mine eyelids gush,
 When thinking of the manly race,
 Who first were settled in this place,
 Uncursed with thought which has destroyed
 Our social joys, and left a void,
 A dreary void within the heart,
 Which cannot be supplied with art !

And here upon my wedding day,
 No palace ever look'd so gay ;
 With evergreens and wild flowers dress'd,
 You smil'd a welcome to each guest ;
 And well I mind the joyous cheer,
 Which welcom'd home my Mary, dear ;
 And how the youngsters danc'd and sung,
 Until thy very rafters rung,
 And all the world to me did seem
 As floating in a blessed dream.

And here, while she remained on earth,
 She was the sunlight of thy hearth ;
 And here beneath thy old roof tree
 She nurs'd my children on her knee ;
 There ! with the very smile she wore,
 She comes up to me as of yore,
 As if she still would cheer the mate,
 She left at last so desolate ;
 And all the children, as of yore,
 Are romping round her on the floor ;
 There Mary, with her eyes of blue,
 And heart so tender and so true ;
 Who pass'd to brighter worlds away,
 While yet her life was in its May.
 And Charlie, with his face so fair,
 His large blue eyes and shining hair,
 And ringing laugh, which seemed to say,
 O life is but a summer's day,
 I hear him singing in the lane—
 "Royal Charlie's come again."
 How strange ! that he so light and gay
 Was called the very first away.

But, ah ! the vision's pass'd and gone !
 And I am standing all alone,
 Upon thy hearth all desolate,
 To sigh o'er the decrees of Fate.

Thy walls are mouldering to decay,
 Like all things, thou shalt pass away.
 And here, the grass shall flourish green,
 And nought to tell of what has been.
 But sacred thou shalt ever be,
 No hand unfix thine old roof tree ;
 And here I'll often come and sit,
 While evening shadows round me fit,
 Till as of yore the joyous train
 Are all around me once again.

(For the Canadian Literary Journal.)

ANTIPODEAN REMINISCENCES.

BY "GRAPH."

NO. 3

On the Road to Mount Alexander.

The morning of Wednesday, the 7th of Sep'r. 185—dawned dark and wet, the rain pouring down with that steady relentlessness that gives but little promise of an early clearing up. On rising and looking out of the window—my last look out, by the way, through such a medium for many months to come—I was ready to despair at the prospect before me. The streets of Melbourne were simply a mass of floating mud, and such being the case in the city, we wondered what would be the state of the paths in the interior where there had as yet been no attempt at road making.

We were nevertheless, on this miserably wet morning, obliged to start on the long and weary tramp of seventy miles or more, through mud and rain, with encumbrances bound on our backs, almost sufficiently heavy to break the vertebrae of any ordinary donkey. This was not a case in which our journey could be deferred until more favourable weather, for all our lodging bills had been paid, and our luxurious couches were already secured by arrivals still more recent than ourselves, so that start we must.

I made an attempt to eat a good breakfast before taking to the road, but the prospect before me was not of sufficiently cheering a character to sharpen my appetite, and I had not *then* learnt even the first principles of Mark Tapley's matchless philosophy of "being jolly under difficulties." Had that remarkably cheerful young man been in our company, his peculiar manner of meeting the troubles of life would have received a greater test than ever it was put to in Eden or the marshes of the Mississippi. Breakfast over, I shouldered my double-pack or "swag" and set off for the common starting point, a sort of lodging house or saloon at the head of Swansbow St. from whence we were all to make our final start. As it was still raining heavily we decided to

wait until afternoon, hoping that by that time the weather would clear up somewhat, and in the meantime we would procure enough bread and cold meat, cheese, etc., to carry us over the first twenty-four hours of the road: that time being required to reach the nearest wooded part of the country, where facilities for making the fires needed for cooking could be obtained. About twelve o'clock the rain moderated to a slight drizzle, and after eating a hearty cold luncheon, we shouldered our individual burdens and mustered together in front of the house, to see if our numbers were quite complete.

The lapse of time since we thus met, is of course too great to admit of my being able to introduce the reader to each member of our company; many of whom have long been blotted from the record of a moderately good memory; but I will endeavour to give a slight general introduction of the whole party as we stood in the street on that Wednesday morning, waiting for the word to start. With the exception of the man engaged in Melbourne to act as our guide to the diggings, we had all sailed in the same ship from New-York, and were of course intimately acquainted with each other, by that most familiarizing process of a three months' voyage. There were men from several States of the neighbouring republic as well as from Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Quebec and Ontario—the last being more strongly represented than the others, and standing in a compact body on the street we attracted universal attention, as well from the unique and uniform style of our dress and weapons of defence, as from the general *physique* of the majority of our number. We had tall men and short men, stout and thin, old and young, every phase of youth and manhood except decrepid old age being comprised in the party, and stranger still, lovely woman furnished a noble representative in the person of Madame B. the wife of a stout little Frenchman, who beyond his great skill at *ecarte* and billiards was not possessed of a single recommendation, and who in his own person proved simply a drag on the party.

This lady merits more than a passing notice for the kindly influence she exer-

cised over us all. To the usual accomplishments of her sex had been added a good medical education, for which she held a first-class diploma, obtained in Paris—then the only school available to women for the study of medical science—and having a more than ordinary share of that special *esprit* so charming in her country women, she was of incalculable benefit in cheering and encouraging us on our march, as well as in exercising by her presence a gentle, refreshing influence on the coarse and more violent ones, of whom we had not a few. It was exceedingly pleasant and amusing to see when arriving at any serious obstruction on the way, such as swollen creek, how the chivalry of the roughest amongst us would be brought into immediate exercise, and one and all would throw off their “swags” and run forward to bear Madame safely over, even disputing for the honour. From my previous description of the state of the roads or rather tracks to the diggings at that time, it will be easily understood that Madame B. did not go in the orthodox dress of her sex—indeed it would have been a moral impossibility to have done so—but was dressed in all respects as a boy of about fifteen years of age, a character she sustained so well that it was not even suspected outside of our party that she could be other than her outward appearance indicated.

All our preparations being now completed, the order was given to move forward and we at once set out towards the village of Flemington, about four miles distant, at which point we would have to leave the only portion of a regularly made road in the whole of the journey before us. The village was passed, about three o'clock in the afternoon, when the beaten road was left and we struck off to the right into the open and unknown country before us, having the fine landmark of Mount Macedon right in front, past which our course directly lay bent. About four o'clock it recommenced to rain heavily, not only adding to the difficulty and tediousness of our progress, but also thoroughly wetting us through and causing the straps of our “swags” to severely gall our shoulders. After passing the embryo village of Essendon, it

began to show signs of approaching dusk, necessitating our looking ahead for some trees beneath which to camp for the night, but it was not until darkness fairly settled over us that we reached a few stunted and deformed gum trees to the boughs of which, in the absence of tent poles, we managed to tie up the tents in such a way as to afford us at least a partial shelter from the descending rain. We arrived at this our first camping place, not as we had left the city a few hours previously, in a compact body, but we straggled in, one after the other, with our legs cased to the knees in mud, feeling wretchedly cold and weary, and each having a strong conviction in his own mind of his being of all men decidedly the most miserable. As it was too dark to seek for fuel, we were compelled to be satisfied with some of the cold provisions brought with us, washing the same down with draughts of the rather too abundant liquid falling around, and throwing ourselves down on the soft and spongy earth, endeavour to obtain such rest as exhausted nature could secure under these unfavourable circumstances. I need scarcely say that notwithstanding our miserable condition on that wretched night, no effort was spared to make our fair fellow-traveller as comfortable as possible, each and all trying by some act of self-denial to render her condition for the night as bearable as our limited means would allow.

The rain poured down incessantly during the whole night, and we arose at daylight next morning the most woe-begone looking company that was ever seen. Breakfast over we again assumed our “swags,” and set forth once more on the weary path upon which we had entered, cold, stiff, and thoroughly wet through. Many of us would have turned back that morning if we could possibly have done so. It was too late, however, to think of that now; therefore, making a virtue of the necessity, we pressed through mud and rain toward the end of our journey. Soon after three o'clock in the afternoon we came upon a better wooded part of the country, on approaching which it was immediately resolved to camp early that night in order that we might have sufficient time to build good fires and pitch

our tents with some slight regard to comfort as well as to cook a good hot supper, the need of which all felt and acknowledged.

Cutting what timber was required for fuel, as well as for tent poles, we formed the camp in two rows, the front of one row facing the front of the other, somewhat in fact like a street, at each end of which we made a large fire to cook supper, and to dry ourselves before retiring to the tents for the night. A hearty supper having been disposed of, we began to acquire modified views of our present condition and future prospects, and though surrounded by many discomforts, contrived to be reasonably jolly under the circumstances. Before retiring to rest, we arranged our guard for the night by appointing two of the party to remain on watch, to be relieved by other two every second hour until the whole company arose in the morning. This precaution was the more necessary in proportion as our distance increased from Melbourne, as the zeal with which the bush-rangers pursued their calling became warmer exactly in the same ratio. In order to prevent any dispute with regard to the hour that each would prefer on which to be on guard, the different watches were to be decided by lot, against which no appeal was allowed. The duties of the guard were to keep the fire well supplied with fuel, and to walk backward and forward, one at each end of the camp, at such a distance from the fires that the light should not reveal their presence until relieved by the succeeding watch. Very fortunately for ourselves, we kept up this precaution during the whole journey to the diggings, and indeed for some time after our arrival there, until our subsequent dispersion as a distinct company rendered it impossible to continue the arrangement any longer.

Two more days of steady, persistent plodding through the mud, and we reached the foot of Mount Macedon, where wood being very abundant, we pitched our camp early in the day in order that a long invigorating rest might prepare us for the remainder of the journey.

(To be Continued.)

(For the Canadian Literary Journal.)

BEAUTY.

BY PRINCETONIUS.

We cannot define beauty any more than we can our tastes. We know, by sensation, the taste of sugar, of wormwood, or of water, but none can give an accurate account of such. Philosophers have quarrelled over it, and painters have divided on its merits, some believe in ideal beauty and some in real, but so far no truce in their warfare has been effected, yet there is beauty everywhere. It is seen in "ilka blade o' grass wi' its ain draps of dew—in every dancing rivulet or flowing river—in every modest hill or towering mountain—in the mote which dances in the sun-beam, and in every feathered songster which warbles in the air, from the humming bird drinking ambrosia from every opening flower, or the lark singing his native song with burnished wings over the flowery lea, to the soaring eagles floating in the blue expanse of heaven,—from the microscopic insects which build towers, parapets, halls, minarets and highways on the sunny side of some miniature hillock, until ruins ploughshare has strewn their cosy "biggins," to the majestic natural temple, where beauty and strength have combined to crown God's greatest works,—from the lovely flower which delights the eye with its variegated colours, and the nostrils with its fragrance, to the lofty oak or the towering cedar, whose nodding tops adorn the mountain's brow—from the blazing and flashing diamond which decks the crown or coronet, to the "spangled heavens a shining frame," when worlds roll in grandeur to "the music of the spheres," and—from the lower forms of animated nature, to the human face and form divine; that *face* and *form* which are powerful to break hearts, give pain and pleasure alternately, with a potency unparalleled, and to make lovers face the deadly breach and seek the cannon's hungry maw; dare the perils of the deep, and stake their all to bask in woman's genial smile.

James of Scotland lost Flodden by being lured into the meshes of Southern beauty, on the battle field. Anthony lost his hold of the Roman Empire by his worship of lovely Cleopatra. Leander got his death

of ague by swimming the Hellespont to see his mistress, but the noble heroes of whom "the world is not worthy" trace their first impulses to the teachings at a mother's knee.

"O woman! in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please;
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou!"

All these are nature's handiwork, matchless and unique. Man's genius produces the beautiful in art; the painting which stands out boldly from the canvas, seemingly instinct with life; the sculptured statue, whose nostrils you expect to see dilate with the breath of life, and whose muscles stand out as if filled with vitality; music which thrills every nerve with ecstasy in its multifarious symphonies: at one time falling upon the ear soft as the wailings of an Æolian harp or a lover's serenading notes, and at another echoing the glorious strains of a "*Te Deum laudamus*" or the anthems and oratorios of a Beethoven or a Handel; at one time heard above the wrack of the tempest of battle, and at another making hills and valleys vocal with melody and song.

"Through every pulse the music stole,
And held sublime communion with the soul;
Wrung from the coyest breast the imprisoned sigh,
And kindled rapture in the coldest eye."

The highest kind of beauty is *moral courage*. It is that which made Leonidas and his 300 Spartans suffer and die *all day* in the narrow pass "for their country's sake." It was that which made Grace Darling trust to the foaming and seething billows, and to defy the dangerous reefs at Longstone lighthouse, and at the dead of night to save drowning men and women in their extremity. It was that which made Lucknow and Cawnapore memorial and consecrated ground. It was that which made British soldiers stand in rank and file upon the deck of a transport, while women and children were being transferred to the boats until they went down in the Indian Ocean, with not a man missing from the ranks. It was that which prompted a Florence Nightingale to face death voluntarily in the hospitals and tents of Scutari, and "beard the lion in his den." It was that which urged Maggie of Long Point in Lake Erie to launch the crazy

boat on the waves at the gray dawn of a November morning, and alone to rescue from quivering yards and cracking masts the perishing crew. It was that which enabled men and women to face death for their opinions, and for consciences sake to plunge into a world unknown. In nature is *positive* beauty. In art is *comparative* beauty. But in the adornments of the inner life, the subjective of man is *superlative* beauty. We have five senses, but beauty only addresses itself to two of them, the ear and the eye. Music and poetry appeal to the former; sculpture, architecture and painting appeal to the latter. Yet *all* these modify our æsthetic tastes, and *all* make the beau-ideal of creation. The beautiful and the good are twin sisters, and those who cultivate them will enjoy not only time but immortality. In these we have

"A weapon firmer set,
And stronger than the bayonet,
A weapon that comes down, as still
As snowflakes fall upon the sod,
But executes a freeman's will
As lightning does the will of God."

(For the Canadian Literary Journal.)

WASHING THE BLACK-A-MOOR WHITE.

A PAGE FROM LIFE.

BY MRS. MOODIE.

Author of "*Roughing it in the Bush.*" &c.

This useless unprofitable speculation has become proverbial. I wonder if any one had ever the folly to undertake it! It is one of those hard uncompromising facts that leaves no opening for pugnacious disputants to fight about. Even the celebrated individual, "that swore I was not I, and made a ghost of personal identity" would have to give it up. Still it strikes me, that the experiment must have been tried, or the satire contained in the old proverb would lose half its stinging pungency. I am more inclined to believe this, from a rude illustration of the subject, that gave its name to a portion of a street in the old city of Norwich, England, which was called *Labor in vain Hill*, and divided the Court House from the County Jail opposite.

Well I remember when a child, viewing this barbarous relic of a by-gone age, with the greatest admiration. I had never seen a darkie, and I took the picture for a likeness of his satanic majesty.

How it came there I do not know, or for what purpose it served as a sign, and I have often wondered if it is still hanging in the same place, and teaching the same trite truism to the passers by. I wonder if "Notes and Queries" ever took note of it, or the reverend antiquarian society let it depart in peace.

It was the portrait of a negro, certainly drawn from the dark side of nature, with no flattering pencil, sitting in a tub, making shocking big mouths and wry faces, while a sturdy John Bull, a genuine pup of the old bull dog breed, applied a scrubbing brush with vigorous energy to the bare shoulders of the dark-skinned African, grinning with supreme delight at the chained and helpless victim.

At the base of this odd picture, was appended in red letters, the moral of the benevolent intentions of the operators :

LABOR IN VAIN!

Whether the ancient fathers of the city intended this as a reflection upon the whole African race, or meant it to convey a gentle hint to the inmates of the jail, that the task of attempting to whiten characters blackened by years of crime was hopeless or to admonish the gentlemen of the long robe, who assembled in the Court House twice a year, to sit in judgment upon the rebellious weavers,—who were fond of kicking up a row and breaking the windows and heads of the lieges,—not to reverse the picture by turning white into black, we are not aware.

The nearest approach to solving this difficult problem was achieved by a negro lad of twelve years of age. The boy had been taken off the wreck of a slaver near the Guinea coast by a Captain Brown who commanded a merchant vessel, "the John Bull of Portsmouth. The young negro was the only living creature left in the doomed ship. The captain was a friend of Mr. C——, of B——, in the county of S——, England, to whom he recommended the poor lad, who took him into his service, and he soon became an especial favorite with his master.

It was during the time when phrenology was making a great stir in the scientific world, and the writings of Gall and Spurzheim had produced a perfect mania for the new science. Mr. C—— was an enthusiastic advocate of the new theory, and saw no sacrilege in Home disintering the body of his mother, in order to obtain a cast of her head. Mr. C—— had fitted up a large hall for casts and skulls, the latter ranged in ghastly rows, seemed to laugh at death and show their grinning teeth in defiance of decay. This horrid charnel house, which Mr. C—— appropriately termed his *scullery*, was the favorite resort of all the disciples of the marvellous new theory. And rotting bones and casts from living heads were daily consulted to attest its truth. John Bull—for the lad had been named after the vessel that had proved to him an ark of safety.—Mr. C—— considered to have a very finely developed Negro cranium. He must take a cast of his head.

John Bull placed no impediments in the way, he was in ecstasies, and submitted to the unpleasant operation with the meekness of a black sheep.

When the bust was put together, Mr. C—— had it painted black, to make the likeness more apparent. John watched the proceedings with intense disgust, considering them a black injustice, and he expressed his dissent by sullen shakes of the head and low murmurs in his native tongue. John slept in the *scullery*, the keeping of it in order being entrusted to his care. The day after the cast had been placed on the shelf, Mr. C—— brought several gentlemen to look at it.

To his surprise and mortification, the black model was nowhere to be seen. Who had stole it? He rang the bell violently. John's woolly head instantly appeared.

"Vat massa ring for?"

"John, what's become of your head."

"La mass, grins the boy with a look of uncomparable simplicity. "Him war God Almighty put him, on John's neck."

"The cast I mean, the cast I took of you yesterday."

"Ough, dat black ugly nigger."

"The same. Where is it?"

"Duppies fly off wi dat head, him gone to de debil."

"Now John you must produce that head or I will have you whipped."

John saw a glare in massa's eye he didn't like, stepping up to the shelf which Mr. C— had just reconnoitered, he quietly handed down the white cast of himself.

"How John. How is this. How came the black bust white?"

"Lors, massa fust make white boy, den turn 'em black. By am by de moon get up, John get up too, and scrape all de black off and turn de nigger white."

Mr. C— turned laughingly to his companion. "I believe the boy has solved at last the difficult problem, not by applying the brush, but an oyster shell."

JACK AND GILL.

"Jack and Gill went up the hill,

To fetch a pail of water ;—

Jack fell down and broke his crown,

And Gill came tumbling a'ter."

We believe this well-known and popular stanza was once made the subject of a learned and elaborate critique, demonstrating its artistic completeness as a literary production. This critique we have not seen,—but it occurs to us that we have never heard any one, either young or old, green or gray, who, in quoting the lines, seemed aware of the pith and marrow that are in them, or conscious of the sage lessons they contain. Of the literary merit of the production, we at present say nothing. Freely, according to the anonymous author all the credit it is fitted as a literary effort to yield him, we humbly submit that it is not in this that its greatest merit lies. To us, the "recondite sense" enshrined in it, leads to the conviction that it must have been the production of some sly sage, who meant a good deal more than he said. Let us consider ;—

1st. The object sought to be accomplished by the two heroes, of the piece ;— "to fetch a pail of water." Theirs is no chimerical undertaking. Their attempt is not characterized by any undue aspiration after an object in itself unattainable, the pursuing of which might have been

ridiculed as following "a wild goose chase." No large supply,—no unreasonable quantity of the fluid is sought. Theirs is a perfectly laudable endeavor,—even a necessary duty ;—and their unity of purpose, and ready co-operation in its performance, manifest a commendable spirit—a spirit essential to the harmony and happiness of our social existence. Had Jack's object been illegitimate, or the means employed for its attainment improper, he ought never to have set out on the expedition ; and Gill would have been justified, yea, honoured, in refusing his assistance. Or, had Gill been less willing and hearty in his co-operation, it might have argued a state of social connection not at all commendable. It might have argued a disposition on his part, to study his own ease, and to roll the burden of a necessary duty on the shoulders of his companion. But the reverse is the case and, our two heroes thus offered a worthy example of the voluntary combination of effort in the performance of a common duty. Their example strikingly reproveth the too prevalent selfishness of human conduct, and puts to shame the meanness of the man, who would share without scruple the advantages of toil, but who refuses to share in the toil that procures them. We notice :—

2nd. The direction in which they went to fetch water ;—they "went up a hill." Springs, or reservoirs of water—though sometimes,—are not generally met with on the tops of hills. Their existence in such situations is the exception, not the rule. The short narrative does not inform us that they were in the habit of going up the hill for a supply of water, nor does it even hint that they were certain a supply was to be found there. We may be allowed then to suppose that this was their first exploratory tour in that direction ;—and here their lack of judgment manifests itself. Guided by the teachings of common observation and experience, they ought to have sought their object in a contrary direction,—not *up* the hill but *down*. In the latter direction, if no crystal spring should catch their eye, there was, at least, the prospect of striking in the course of some "babbling brook," and drawing thence enough for

present need. But no! Mistaken men! They feel their need, and rouse themselves to action to supply the want, but turn their efforts in a wrong direction. How many men, in this respect, are Jacks and Gills! How many toiling, hard-worn men we might discover, whose lot is rendered hard through mis-directed effort! This blindness of our two heroes to the common teachings of observation and experience, reveals to us the fact that they were *uneducated men*; for it is the part of education to guard against the commission of mistakes like this. It is the part of education to rouse the faculty of observation,—to expand the powers of reflection, and to lessen the difficulties in acquiring the common comforts and conveniences of life. In lacking education, Jack and Gill might be comparatively blameless. Parental neglect might be the cause of their deficient knowledge, or it might be owing to circumstances over which they had no control. But no matter to what cause the neglect of education be assignable, if it is *neglected*, the necessary consequences must follow. The subjects of this neglect are doomed to suffer its consequences in the form of unskilful planning, unnecessary expenditure of labor, or improper management of affairs; and these involve an incalculable discount on temporal comfort and prosperity. But in an especial manner is the result of mis-directed effort seen in the pursuit of happiness. All seek happiness in one way or another, but how few have judgment to seek it where alone it is to be found! How few attain that happiness which is true and lasting! In the pursuit of *real* happiness, we are mostly Jacks and Gills. We notice:—

3rd. The consequences of attempting to carry out an undertaking in a way inconsistent with the operations of natural laws.—“Jack fell down and broke his crown.”—It matters not whether this inconsistency originates in ignorance or presumption, the consequences are the same. It is in vain we strive against the laws and principles which God has established in the natural world. We must weigh the possibilities and probabilities of things according to the common operations of these laws, and direct our energies

in accordance *with* them—not in opposition to them. The objects of our pursuit must be such as are, in the nature of things attainable, and the pursuit itself must be conducted in a rational way. Disregarding this, the attempt to find water on the top of a hill may be made, but it certainly will prove a failure in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred. But more than this, there is danger and damage to be apprehended by such as ignorantly, or otherwise, put forth their energies in opposition to the laws of the material world. The transgression of natural laws is followed as certainly by punishment, as is that of moral law; and the disastrous consequences of this ignoring of natural law on the part of Jack and Gill, might have been avoided, had they, instead of seeking water among crags and precipices on the top of the hill, betaken themselves to the pleasant valley below.

From the fate of our heroes let us read a lesson of warning against engaging in chimerical undertakings,—such as the oft-attempted discovery of perpetual motion,—and against prosecuting any undertaking in a way that is inconsistent with the natural laws by which the Creator rules the world. We notice:—

4th. and last: The risk and danger attending a *co-partnership* with *ignorance* or *inexperience*. “Gill came tumbling after.”—Association with ignorant or inexperienced assistants, especially in works in which the forces of nature or the mechanical powers are called into operation, must always be attended with risk and danger. To guard against accidents or causalities, knowledge is necessary, and education as a means of acquiring knowledge is therefore indispensable, even in the most common walks of life. How often in the world has Gill received a “*tumble*,” from his association with the ignorance of Jack!

This GREAT POEM *thus* read, yields important lessons;—and reading it *thus*, we exemplify the theory of that other poet who found

“Sermons in stones, and good in everything.”

ROBERT BRYDON.

The Canadian Literary Journal

FEBRUARY, 1871.

THE FALL OF PARIS.

Paris the great has fallen. The proud city in which was centred the hope and glory of France has been humbled in the dust, and the noble defenders and defiant people of this great metropolis, after undergoing all the hardships of a prolonged siege, suffering from famine, exposure, disease, and the horrors of actual warfare, have been compelled to lay down their arms at the feet of their powerful assailants. This is decidedly the EVENT of the war and is undoubtedly the most crushing defeat that the French have suffered during this great and terrible struggle.

We need not particularize the events connected with this great conflict, for they have been unfolded day after day through the medium of the daily press. The brave well disciplined, and ably-generalled armies of Fatherland have marched onward with marvellous rapidity over LA BELLE FRANCE, while city after city, fortress after fortress, town after town have fallen before them, and although their onward progress has been ever strenuously opposed, victory has finally crowned their efforts, and Germany now stands at the head of European nations. Now that Paris has capitulated and an armistice has been agreed upon, it is to be hoped that an end has come to this fierce conflict. France is bitterly humbled. Her powerful and autocratic empire of a year ago has passed away. Her Emperor is a captive in the hands of her enemies. Her Generals are nearly all prisoners of war, her armies of former glories are scattered to the four winds, in short she has drunk the cup of her tribulation to the very dregs, and it is now time that her rulers diligently apply themselves to arrange the most honorable terms of peace. Before leaving this subject, it may not be uninteresting to our readers to recall briefly the history of this wonderful city, which has just capitulated to the Germans. The first mention made of Paris, or Lutetia is by Julius Cæsar, it being one of the places captured by the victorious Roman army in its proud advance over western Europe. It received its present name Paris or Parisia in the fourth century. Two centuries after this it had grown to be a

place of considerable importance, and was not only celebrated as a large commercial city, but also for the superiority of its educational institutions. During the reigns of Henry IV. and Henry V. of England, the armies of these monarchs entered Paris and greatly retarded its progress. Other disasters soon befell it, as it was besieged several times during the wars with the last of the Valois. Hastily passing over intervening events, we reach the dark days of the French Revolution, during which time this noble city suffered very severely from the reckless mobs formed from the dregs of its own inhabitants. Following this a new era dawned for Paris, and under the immediate attention of the first Napoleon, it was greatly improved and beautified, vieing with the first cities of Europe. But another misfortune was in store, and once again a foreign foe stood without the gates, and in June, A. D., 1815, the combined cavalcade of British and Prussian victors, marched triumphantly into the city. A few years ensued and Paris was the scene of another revolution, after which the late Emperor, Napoleon III. was enthroned the monarch of the French people. During his reign, great attention was given to the improvement of Paris, until it surpassed in beauty and elegance any other city in the world. Following these years of prosperity, comes the siege and surrender of the present day. Great damage has necessarily been effected by the protracted bombardment, and many years must elapse ere Paris will have gained its wonted magnificence. Who will witness its next overthrow?

NEW CONTRIBUTORS.

In addition to the many talented writers who regularly contribute to the columns of our Journal, we are pleased to state that a galaxy of new ones will for the future be added to our list. We are determined to make the Journal first-class in a literary point of view, and no pains will be spared to effect this end. Among the new writers, whose services we have secured during the past month, is Mrs. Moodie, deservedly popular both in Canada and abroad, as a talented authoress. From her pen, we might mention "Roughing it in the Bush," "Life in the Clearings," "Flora Lindsay," and a number of other works all well known to Canadian readers. She contributes an article to the present issue of the Journal.

NOTICES, COMMENTS, &c.

OSSIAN'S POEMS.

In the CANADA SCOTSMAN, we are glad to see that Mr. Patrick McGregor, M. A., still brings out paper after paper, displaying great skill, scholarly research, and a consummate knowledge of his subject, in illuminating the mystery which obscures the authorship of these beautiful and singular poems. That they should be the work of a man of Macpherson's natural capacity, Mr. McGregor has ably demonstrated to be ridiculous. He appeals to the internal evidence of the poems, as well as to the testimony of Highland gentlemen of high social position, and unquestionable integrity and the result is highly satisfactory. Macpherson may have produced the cord that bound together this bouquet of delicate and ethereal wild wood flowers, that seems to give forth a SPIRITUELLE fragrance, the perfume of a pre-existing world, to which we are near enough to understand the utterance, as if it were an echo from another life, but still we cannot acknowledge its kinship to the present, charmed as we are with its unearthly beauty, and strange unartificial grace.

Owing to the very rapid increase of our circulation since the beginning of the year, some subscribers in Aurora, Bradford, and vicinity, whose names were forwarded last month, did not receive the January Number of the Journal. Those will please date their term of subscription from February instead of from January as given by our agents.

LESLIE'S LADIES' MAGAZINE, New York, Frank Leslie.

This favorite and deservedly popular monthly is before us. The reputation of this journal is so well known and appreciated, that we need give it but a passing notice. Elaborate fashion plates, patterns, and general information for the ladies, besides excellent literary selections comprise the contents. No lady should be without it.

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

This excellent illustrated weekly continues to improve, and creditably vies with similar foreign publications. We trust that it is now so well established that Canada may boast of an established illustrated periodical. A very commendable feature about it is that the majority of the illustrations are upon Canadian subjects. \$4.00 per annum.

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.

J. R., (Peterborough), "John and I," declined. Thanks for suggestion.

"Farewell gay Toronto," declined with thanks. Rather too individual in style.

"English composition" is accepted.

Rusticia. Your poem we find too lengthy for our present use, although at some future time we may insert it. We would be glad to hear from you with something shorter and of equal merit to your production before us.

"Cobwebs," accepted with thanks. Let us hear from you again.

"Last days of the French Empire." The author of this excellent article will hear from us in a short time concerning it."

"Trouble at the Polls," is accepted.

"Our Baby," is received; notice is deferred until the March number of the "Journal."

A. C. J. Your poem, "The Evening Star," while possessing considerable merit is hardly up to our standard. Let us hear from you again.

J. S. Both articles are declined with thanks.

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