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A PLEA FOR BRITISH AMERICAN NATIONALITY.

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IT is as natural for those who think at all, to think of the future, as it is to look about us when we enter a strange town, or above us, when the atmosphere portends a change. How we shall best provide against the needs of old age? How we shall direct our children? In what pursuits shall their lives be destined to pass? These are the domestic speculations the solution of which, for every fireside projector, lies in the future, far or near, obscure or visible. Mighty is the attraction and despotic the influence exercised over loving hearts and far forecasting judgments by the Time-to-be. And rightly is it so: man's divine prerogative of reason so elevates him above the animal necessities of the present, as to extend his sceptre in the direction of his Master's, over time as well as over space. The husbandman, as he sows, the lumberman as he sends his axemen into a remote limit, the merchant whose orders to Cuba, or China, are calculated for next year's market, are all asserting the dominion of mind over the months and seasons, over the unknown and the distant days. Why, not, the publicist,—be he writer, orator, or legislator, take careful council also, for his country's future profit, honor and increase? He sows not for a season but for an age, or, perhaps, for many ages; he fells the timbers of edifices which are intended to withstand the assaults of time; he brings wealth and wisdom from afar to suit not the consumption of the year but the perpetual need of myriads of his fellow men, for order, liberty, truth, and law. Who, then, shall say that statesmanship has no concern with to-morrow? that its plans shall be as fleeting as the hour? that its objects shall be as ephemeral as the fashions of our garments, or the passing fancies out of which those fashions are woven?

There is, we all know, a very ancient school of politicians, not without

disciples among ourselves, whose favorite argument is, to let the future take care of itself. With them the base unkingly consolation of Louis XV., that the monarchy would last *his* time is the essence of wisdom. Like all other sham philosophies, this one is prolific in smart sayings, resembling in this respect certain plants which bear nothing, but make nevertheless a great show of stalks and foliage. "Let every case be judged as it arises;" "never do to-day what can be deferred till to-morrow;" "don't affirm abstract principles;" "least said, soonest mended." These are the proverbs by which this hand-to-mouth school regulate their conduct, and satisfy their adherents. A policy more unsuited for the region of North America at any time—and most of all at this time—it is surely impossible to imagine. A policy more repressive of mental activity amongst us—more stunting and dwarfing to its own disciples—more fatal to the formation of a bold patriotic youthhood—more unprincipled, unmanly, and drivelling, it is impossible, in our circumstances, to conceive. The King of France already quoted, who was its highest personation, bequeathed his successor to the guillotine, and his kingdom to the Jacobins. In the years in which it was possible for him to have redeemed the crown, he mortgaged it so heavily in the contempt and hatred of his subjects, that another and far worthier generation paid, with the forfeit of their blood, for his besotted indifference to growing dangers and accumulating innovations. Least said, is indeed, on such subjects, soonest mended, when it is sillily said; but a free press, in a free society, that does not utter its fearless rebuke of this *laissez-faire* policy, writes its own worst libels on itself.

The future of British North America, in which Canada has the deepest stake of all the Provinces, begins, we rejoice to see, to excite very serious discussion in many quarters. It was said two years ago, in our House of Assembly, that "the first shot fired at Fort Sumpter had a message for us"—Canadians. That message was not necessarily a hostile one. On the contrary, inasmuch as it seemed to say, rather in warning than in menace, "Prepare!" it might be considered to have done us a friendly office. But for what—supposing this to be its true meaning—or against what, were we to be prepared? If a new North America was ushered into existence by that Charleston cannonade, how far were we involved in the revolution? Physically, we cannot cut adrift from the burning ship; commercially, we cannot hope to escape the business derangement; politically, does it concern us,—nothing?

Altogether irrespective of the civil war, it seems to us the time could not have been far distant when Canada would have been compelled either to draw nearer to the United States politically, or to sheer farther off from them. Had the Union retained its centrality, the law of attraction, which resides as much in organized masses as in inanimate matter, would

have drawn these separated colonies, with irresistible force, towards New York and Washington. A Zollverein or customs union might have been the next step towards the identification of interests, which ultimately must have led to an identification of institutions. And, condemn as we may, the Montreal Annexation Movement of 1849, it is certain that there was a good deal to be said *then* in its favor, which only time could have answered—and which time, it may be added, has pretty conclusively answered *since*. But now it would be a grave mistake to forget that the annexation question may be forced on us in another shape by the other party—the adjacent Northern and Western States. The new political necessities of their position, the ever-increasing bulk of their commerce, must lead them to desire a closer union of interests with Canada. Our future is not, we may rest assured, a thing unthought of among their shrewd speculators. At Chicago it has long occupied that large share of public attention which is too often denied to it at Quebec. And if urged from that quarter—as they may hereafter urge it—it will not be in a hostile but in a business-like spirit; they will endeavour to find partisans for their projects among every class of our own people; they can appeal powerfully to some of our strongest special interests, and to some of our most urgent public requirements; they will have a potent word to say to farmers and forwarders, the shareholders in ill paying lines, and projectors of new routes of traffic; on the Georgian Bay and the Upper Ottawa, on the Welland and at Montreal, it would be unwise to conclude that the arguments for annexation, founded on material considerations, have been exhausted. To combat these arguments by others, drawn from the cost, waste, and burthens of the civil war, will hardly be sufficient. The Americans may answer that enormous as their expenditure has been, it has only gone to show the immensity of their resources; that as they have proved their ability to keep 700,000 men under arms, to feed, pay, and throw them away, it is in vain for these smaller and poorer Provinces to resist their “manifest destiny.” This will be their line of reasoning; it is not, indeed, unanswerable; but if we descend to combat material inducements with material objections, we shall run the risk of not arousing a united, cordial, and high-spirited public resistance to such insidious propositions.

Are we prepared to join issue with the philo-Americans on broader and better grounds than those depending altogether on considerations of pecuniary advantage? If not, the discussion may be considered closed; if we are, then why not assume at once the better and broader grounds?

It cannot be denied by any Canadian that, since the era of responsible government, we have advanced constantly towards the American, and receded from the British standard of government. The power and patronage of the crown has been reduced to the lowest point; the Upper

House has been made elective; the franchise has been extended; the period required by law for the naturalization of aliens has been reduced to three years; the public lands have ceased to be crown lands; the public departments have been all transferred from imperial to provincial control. Many of these reforms, or all of them, are or may be real improvements; they are only here referred to in evidence of the assertion that year by year, and step by step, we are advancing towards an unrecognized Americanism, which must have its perils and risks as well as its attractions.

The only great question that remains in common between us and the rest of the Empire, is the question of Colonial defence. On every other, England has given in; on this alone has she made a stand, and in this, it is not too much to say, is involved the final decision of the future destiny of British America.

One postulate is quite certain on this subject, that we cannot go back to the state of unguarded security in which we reposed before the outbreak of the civil war; a second is equally certain, that the internal revolution within the dis-United States, points to permanent military establishments among our neighbours on a scale hitherto unknown. From both there is but one reasonable inference to draw, that we also have entered on a new condition of existence, in which we are called upon to exchange our *quasi*-independence of Great Britain on the one hand, and the neighbouring States on the other, for one of three future relations—that is, either for a closer connexion, offensive and defensive, with the rest of the Empire; for annexation, or for a guaranteed neutrality, like that of Belgium, under the joint protection of the greater powers. If neutrality be impracticable, if annexation be objectionable, then how are we so to identify ourselves with Great Britain without surrendering our local self-government, as to be entitled to claim her protection, and to convert the claim into a compact, to the full extent of all her martial resources?

Being *British* America in name rather than in fact, does not certainly produce that identity of interest or of feeling which can make the British taxpayer content to man a navy, and contribute troops and munitions for our defence. Of our trade, the mother country gets no more than she would probably do if we were entirely separated from her politically. Of our revenue, she fingers not a penny towards her army and navy estimates. In all substantial relations, we stand no nearer to her than New York or New England, except that her flag flies here, and that she is compelled, in honour and in self-defence, to be where her flag is. This, however, is a relation of responsibility wholly without recompense, except such as is derived from the additional *eclat* and *prestige* of the titular sovereignty. Let us set the Imperial case clearly before our

public, and ask is it unreasonable or extraordinary that England should say through all her best known organs, "this state of things cannot be allowed to continue?" And now what shall we answer to England's declarations on this head, through *our* organs?

Shall we answer, guarantee our neutrality by treaty with the Americans? If so, what evidence have we that the Americans will consent? What right have we, if we seek separation from the rest of the Empire, to ask the guarantee of the Empire? Or, if we could make the guarantee European rather than English, how should we endure the proctorate say of France, associated with England? Are not our complications already enough, without infusing these new elements of intrigue and confusion?

We return then to the other two choices before us—annexation, or closer identity with the main body of the Empire. The former may be dismissed as practicable, but every way objectionable; the latter must be considered more at large.

We may safely assume that the adoption of any public policy which would make British America greatly auxiliary to British commerce; which would make it the favourite destination of the British emigrant; which would draw into it large additional investments of British capital; which would give to our legislation something of the authority and stability of the British; which would enable us to contribute our fair quota not only to Colonial but to Imperial defences;—that these additions to our existing relations would produce the so desirable identity in feeling and interest between Canada and England, without which, as it seems to us, we cannot continue long secure from foreign aggression, either in the present or prospective state of things on this continent.

Is there any line of public policy which would produce these results within a given time? We believe such a policy exists, and has found warm advocates in all the great centres of British American population. It is, in a word, the policy of the connexion of the Provinces, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, under the vice-royalty of one of the sons of Her Majesty, advised by a legislature, of which at least the upper chamber shall be constituted so as to act as a true conservator of our transcript or adaptation of the British constitution. It is a policy of union which is strength; of a new commercial route from England to the East; of the elevation of the symbol and reality of authority on this soil; a policy, attractive, expansive and progressive as the most earnest advocate of progress can desire.

Hitherto, American ideas of government have so troubled or dominated all the populations of the New World, especially those of us nearest their source, that the constitutional monarchy has never yet had fair audience from this age. In the far South alone, among the people

of Brazil, has that experiment, so old, and on the whole so successful in Europe, been fairly tried. For half a century, Brazil has known no serious domestic disturbances, while the imitative republics of the South have run into a condition of chronic anarchy, relieved occasionally by short lived accessions of despotism. The great federation of the north, the model which Bolivar and his copyists all copied, has shown the last and saddest example of the tendency of the modern expansive republic to separation and civil war. The demonstration it is to furnish is as yet incomplete, and prudence warns us against drawing too hasty conclusions; but in whatever else the present contest may issue, it cannot issue as all civilized monarchies have at one time or other done, in a voluntary restoration, giving a new lease to the old government.

The republic of Washington was, in truth, a work of virtue and genius well calculated to excite the hopes and admiration of mankind. It was not the creation of an empirical or presumptuous spirit. All the first fathers would gladly have retained their English connexion, if Lord North and George III. had permitted them. Slowly and unwillingly, and with many misgivings, they sundered the last ties that bound them to the parent state. With awe-struck solemnity they laid the foundations of their new order, among the only materials they had left—the colonial democracy, with a feeble and almost unfelt infusion of the remains of the old colonial aristocracy. The crown and the connexion were gone; but the founders of the new system invoked the blessings of religion, and the bright examples of the remotest ages, to consecrate and dignify their work. Still, the best and most thoughtful of those men—Hamilton, Madison, Jay, Jefferson himself, Adams, and Washington, above all,—though with very various degrees of confidence in the result, never looked upon their new State as other than “a great experiment.” For fourteen years that experiment was tried as a loose league; for seventy years it has been tried as a close-knit confederacy: it is in no spirit of presumption, from no irreverent disregard of those great men and their motives, that, reasoning after the fact, we conclude their experiment to have failed, and recommend the avoidance of a similar error to our own colonial statesmen. It failed in that which the banished Kent saw and desired to serve in the face of the discrowned king—*authority*. It failed in the authority of the president over his cabinet; in the authority of the supreme court over the country; in the authority of the Congress over the States; in the authority of the commander-in-chief over the forces, naval and military, supposed to be under his orders.

The modern age seems more and more to want, and the new spirit of the new world to exact, a wider degree of individual liberty and equality than is consistent with stability or longevity in the State, unless the principle of authority shall be as strongly fortified in the constitution as

the love of liberty is among the people. Not that authority and liberty are at all incompatible; not that, rightly considered, they are even separable; but that liberty is active, exigent, perennial, and self-asserting; while authority, in our times, must be early introduced into the system of the State, widely known and felt over the land, carefully protected in its prerogatives, and recommended by word and example to the veneration of all the people. With us, liberty has nothing to fear except from the unworthiness of the people's own representatives; while should authority, endangered and dishonoured, perish out of our State system, it would soon be found, as it was found of old and of late, that the rent, large enough to permit the removal of that palladium, is also large enough to permit the triumphal entry of a dictator.

Hitherto, the whole experience of mankind has known but one system of government which combines, in fair and harmonious proportions, authority with liberty, and that is, the limited monarchy, of which England furnishes the oldest and Italy the latest model. For this desired form of government—the fond reflected image of a free people—Prussia is now contending with a despotic prince; Poland is in arms; Hungary in agitation; and the first minds in France and Spain in renewed expectancy. Constitutional monarchy has its defects, for it is human; its tendencies to abuse, for it is the favourite theatre of party; its assailable point, in hereditary succession; its anxieties, in the nice preservation of the domestic balance of powers; yet whether we compare its great names, and its great capacity for endurance, with the names and the permanency, of elective governments like Venice, Holland, Poland, or the United States, on the one hand; or of despotic powers like Russia, Turkey, and Morocco, on the other,—we shall find no reason to doubt that both the rulers and the ruled have enjoyed much more security than those who existed under a despotism,—with much more freedom than those who lived under any elective form of state sovereignty.

If all ancient and all modern experiences cry aloud to us with this voice, why do we close our ears against them? Are we too new, too few, or too busy with better work, to think betimes of our future constitution? We are between the Gulf Stream and the Rocky Mountains—British subjects—professing monarchists almost to a man—four millions. Are these too few to form a decision on their political future? Our joint revenues within that range exceed those of the respectable kingdoms of Denmark, Sweden, Bavaria, Portugal, and Saxony. Our joint civil lists far exceed the cost of the royal governments of those ancient and considerable nations, cramped as they are, where we are boundless—in point of territory. It is clear, then, that it is listlessness of will—not lack of means or numbers—which heretofore has prevented us taking up in a practical shape the alternative of the fate before us—

the establishment of our future, complete, and permanent constitution. Some one may say, "responsible government will last *my* time;" another may add, "we need not trouble ourselves with defences, England will defend us"—and this, too, in the very same day when the warning voice reaches us from the mother country, proclaiming over and over again, "this state of things cannot be allowed to continue."

We believe with the late gifted Count Joseph de Maistre (*Generative Principle of Political Constitutions*), that Divine Providence is the author and upholder of all legitimate power, and that He only shapes the destinies of nations. But this beneficent Providence presents opportunities, furnishes occasions, supplies instruments, and endows advocates, to bring about those changes in the world's economy which, in His unerring wisdom, He decrees. Looking at the position, at this moment, of the English Monarchy on the one hand, and of the American Democracy on the other, is it too much to assume that such a providential occasion or opportunity is now presented to the good people of all British America? It is not possible, and therefore not desirable, that we should seek to transfer to this crude soil of ours the delicate plant of old European loyalty, as it grew in the gardens of monasteries, on the parterres of palaces, and the glacis of walled towns, in the middle ages. That flower of the feudal ages has perished out of many parts even of Europe, but finds shelter yet among the hedge-rows of Old England. What Lord Stanhope remarks of the increase of Hungarian loyalty in the days of Maria Theresa, because of her sex, her virtues, and her afflictions, is felt in a great degree towards our present gracious Sovereign, not only in England, but throughout all her dominions. Happily for us, if we are to derive authority from abroad, we can find it united in Her Majesty the Queen, with all the domestic virtues that can adorn the first lady of her age. We can go to a source of moral power, before which the sternest republican would have bent with respect, and where all who have taught formerly that power is of God, that civil obedience is a virtue, and that the Prince is to be honoured for conscience sake, would have yielded their homage with unstinted reverence. When such is the sentiment abroad—and it is abroad over the whole colonial world—why not, statesmen, seize the fortunate hour, to fix the character of their states, and give stability to their institutions, their credit, and their character? Why not the United voice of British America be heard, in respectful accents, at the foot of the Imperial throne, stating the true position, wants and wishes of these Colonies, and asking from Her Majesty's wisdom and goodness, the means to perpetuate constitutional monarchy, at least in this region of the New World?

We can easily conceive what a striking spectacle that might be, unexampled almost in modern times, and what mighty words those would



be, which the delegates of British North America would probably feel authorized to employ, on such an occasion. "May it please your Majesty," they might say, "the Parliament and People of these kingdoms, have given birth to a new and considerable state in Northern America. They have sent out industrious millions to found that state, and endowed them with the system of law, under which they are now governed. Your Majesty's name is held in veneration throughout those far-extending lands, which need only for their future, security, stability, and authority, superadded to their present franchises. We therefore humbly beseech your Majesty, that you will be graciously pleased to dedicate to this noble service of perfecting the liberties of those colonies, one of the sons of your House, so that your Majesty's descendants, and those of your people beyond the Atlantic, may conjointly perpetuate to all their posterity, that combination of liberty and law, of which we recognize the antitype in the British Constitution."

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## POLICEMAN X.

BY H. J. IBBOTSON.

The world is said to be too much given to hero-worship, and to neglect the real benefactors of the race. The charges are to some extent true. The number of benefactors has however risen very much of late, making the world's duty in this respect not a slight one; for it has had to find out before bestowing its rewards whether their claims were well founded. For this, time is often required, during which the claimant complains of neglect.

Further it is alleged that the world does not know its great men. Now there may be good reasons for this. The world's duty respecting its benefactors just alluded to, has been full of difficulties, but think only of searching out its great men among the hundred millions of the race, and then, when it has found them, of the labour of estimating that greatness, and wherein its length, breadth, and depth consist. The task is overwhelming, and the world has wisely declared, that if great men wish to be acknowledged, let them come out, proclaim their greatness, and make known its stamp by their acts. With respect to the former, the world has shown much discretion; for were it to depend merely upon proclamation our streets would be encumbered with great men, and its task of doling out proper acknowledgements rendered rather herculean.

There are great men and big little men in high places, and the same category in humble position, with this decided difference, that for one really great man in the one sphere or the other, there are at least one hundred big little men who fancy themselves his superior. We are not disposed to take a sample from high places, and be presumptuous enough to apply the scalpel for a moral dissection, *i.e.*, to afford an insight into a great man's character, with its virtues, vices, and failings.

Besides the task is difficult.—One day, a man high in office is considered a great man; but when the next he falls, he sinks to a big little man. How to account for such transformations is the rub, unless you take Swift's explanation, that when he retires, all his virtues, wit and talents fly to his successor.

Let us rather take up a specimen in humble life, respecting which neither flattery nor enmity are likely to operate. Take one of a vocation continually meeting the world's eye, that of a Policeman, whom, for the sake of distinction, we will call Policeman X.

There is nothing about him remarkable in appearance. He is a strong, wiry, athletic fellow, rather stocky than thin, firm in the haunches and well developed, somewhat hard featured from exposure, and the gradual, indurating process of his profession. His face is flat and broad,—cheek bones rather high,—nose inclined to "snub," firm in the jaws—head bullet shaped.

Policeman X. is a zealous public servant, to whom the cause of public order is indebted. Having been a long time in the Force, he has acquired a miraculous "sense of public duty," quite enviable. To describe in what it consists is no easy undertaking; for Policeman X.'s enlarged experience has taught him to despise the common rules, which were wont to guide the watchman of yore, and thus it is, that sometimes it is severe and rigid, sometimes relaxed,—and sometimes neither the one nor the other. There is no functionary who carries out more than he the maxim that "circumstances alter cases." Policeman X.'s system is his own. He has no rule to guide him but the orders of his Captain, which he construes liberally or literally as may in his view be best.

He has heard it said by some lawyer that it is better to carry out the spirit, rather than the letter of the law. He goes for the *spirit*. Moreover, he declares he is spared all trouble about the letter, as it is not stated what letter is intended. He has heard so much about this letter that he wishes to see it with an aching curiosity, but though he has been so long a Policeman, he has failed to have it gratified.

He once asked Sergeant Kite what was meant by the *letter* of the law, but that wary old coon ventured not a *word* of reply, not a *syllable*. He then applied to some law students, whom he had taken up one night, one of whom told him a lawyer's letter was intended. Another that it

was a money letter, and the reason why it was so rarely met with. Policeman X. still puzzled, for some time thought that a *dead letter* was meant, which would at once account for his never having seen it. Sergeant Slowe once told him that it was a disputed question, and that was the reason why he, the Sergeant, never bothered his head about it.

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Policeman X. having smoked fifteen pipes one night, has arrived at a perfectly clear idea of what is intended—an idea so abstruse that he does not choose to trust to writing to express it, but will, he says, impart it to any gentleman coming to Station A., if polite and sober.

The only thing of the law that he has carried out is his staff. But the *spirit* is a totally different thing. With that he is fully acquainted. Many a time he and a friend have discussed it together.

In fact, it has been said that occasionally Policeman X. is governed by the mere spirit, which is the reason perhaps why some of his complaints now and then end in *gas*.

He once saw a Latin maxim at the end of an old spelling book—“*Summum jus, summa injuria*,” which was translated, “The extreme rigour of the law caused wrong;” and has heard from the justices that it is better that ninety-nine guilty men should escape than that one innocent man should suffer. Now Policeman X. is governed by these maxims as a general thing, and sometimes by zeal,—but when, by the one or the other, depends entirely upon circumstances.

When he happens to be insulted in the execution of his duty, he is all zeal and exerts all his powers, physical and mental, to their fullest extent. His rule is that he cannot do too much to uphold the authority of the law. A hundred instances of “zeal” of this nature might be given. One will do as well as a hundred. It was that of a little boy playing with snow-balls, one of which accidentally struck him on the shoulder. Policeman X. rushes forward to arrest; boy runs; Policeman X. runs, and there is a chase of a quarter of a mile. Policeman X. gains upon little legs, who tacks and veers a dozen times. Policeman X. has caught him!—No; the little *varmint* wriggles and dashes under his legs. Another chase. Policeman X. begins to puff; his steam is all on. He makes one desperate plunge forward and secures his prisoner, who is carried along to the station as a terror to evil-doers of his stamp, amid all the “pomp and circumstances” proper to this visible vindication of the law.

It was a beautiful, a sublime sight; not so much for the circumstances as for the high moral lesson it taught the whole city and county, that the law must be respected and is inviolable!

It is when he is attacked that his zeal is put forth. Let him be obstructed, and called “peeler,” “blue-bottle,” or other insulting epithet,

he levels his prisoner to the ground—not failing afterwards to lodge his complaint for resistance and assault. By this means he inspires a wholesome terror of the Police, and upholds the dignity of the Force, to say nothing of his own.

Policeman X is not actuated by vindictiveness on such occasions, but high principle and a desire to maintain order. His own personal inconveniences and dignity he reckes not about, but, if he does think of them, they are merged in consideration of the high duty of his office, and the august motive for its employment!

Policeman X views crime as divided into two kinds, viz. : that which concerns the public, and that bearing on the executors of the law; the first including such matters as murder, robbery, &c., are to be dealt with in the ordinary manner, as crimes, of course; the second, such as assaulting constables whilst on duty, or insulting them, are offences of a special grave nature, calling for most exemplary punishment, aiming, as they do, at the subversion of justice itself. So that by a strange association of ideas, call it idiosyncrasy if you like, Policeman X's opinion of gradation of high crimes and offences begins where that of others ends. He can look with some composure on a man charged with robbery, provided he is not the party robbed; but his indignation is "up" at the rascal who has insulted him in his office. With him the highest crime is the one just mentioned, with the very grave addition of the fellow's shouting and singing all night in the Station, depriving him of that share of comfortable slumber so essential for good policemanhip. He never allows his personal feelings to actuate him. No! he sacrifices them on the altar of the law! He is aware that the public has its eye upon him, (in day time) and acts accordingly. Thus actuated he makes no difference, with a few exceptions, between friend and foe. On one occasion, he was obliged, much against his will, to "enforce the law" rather heavily on a fellow with whom he was intimate, and could not have cause of previous difference. After the affair was over, Policeman X was remonstrated with on his extreme harshness towards his old friend, "considering all the circumstances." "You resisted, you laid hold of me," was the reply. "That might be," was the rejoinder, "but surely that did not warrant your hammering me so." "It was perfectly justifiable," was the answer, "when you laid hold of me, you attacked the city, you attacked the province, you attempted to overturn the very foundation of society!"

Policeman X loves to show his mildness in the execution of his arduous duty, and occasionally allows a man to escape rather than make a prisoner of him, that is, if the man shows that proper respect to blue-stick which he ought to pay—if he is "polite," as Policeman X phrases it, "quiet," and does not "resist." On such occasions Policeman X views the offence with dull spectacles; but should the infractor prove

obstreperous—then, through an immense magnifying glass. In the last case, slight trifles become the basis of grave offences, merely on account of “resistance;” a hasty expression directed against Police, completely changes the nature of the charge. His zeal, usually *dormant*, suddenly fires up, and in a moment shews that it may *slumber*, but is never dead.

If Policeman X is severely handled on some occasions, and the inflictor should escape, the matter does not end there. The malefactor is sure to be afterwards arrested, and gets his due with compound interest!

Policeman X is accused of occasionally overlooking a mountain and severely inspecting a mole-hill; but what is the use of alluding to all the miserable complaints against this humble but worthy pillar of the law—who would have been, long ago, knocked to pieces by the hammerings incidental to good policemanhip, were it not that the said pillar is composed of Corinthian brass, so to speak, with a capital of the same metal. He believes himself to be the hub of the Force, and that through him, in a special moral sense, the Police machinery moves and has its being. That machinery, he says, would have to “shut up,” without his rare co-operation. The big wheels, which in their wonderful revolutions seem to say, “see what work we do,” and “what a dust we raise,” would find themselves powerless without poor Hub’s assistance, for what would they do without the *nave*?

It is a grand thing to see Policeman X on duty in one of our streets. There he moves along with quiet dignity. Slow in pace and fearless in bearing, he imparts a feeling of security on his beat. He is regarded with *mute* wonder. Housekeepers grow careless, knowing that Policeman X is nigh at hand. By a strange anomaly, he seems to multiply all the temptations to offences by this strength of vigilance, lulling reasonable caution. See him again in court, recounting the circumstances of an arrest. What a picture of a man—consciousness of having done his duty, beaming from his look, and borne out by the emphasis of assertion! Hear him when the defendant dares to deny! But if he admits, and was “quiet” on being arrested, Policeman X hastens to declare it. If the prisoner behaves like a “gentleman,” Policeman X treats him as such from kind, sympathetic instinct! The administration of the law becomes a sublime spectacle when Policeman X enters the witness-box.

But he appears in all his grandeur when actively engaged as a Policeman. He is not (we quote his own emphatic words) “one of *them* lubberly fellows what pass the whole day in gawking about, half the night in sleeping, and the other half in smoking.” Nobody can accuse him of being a Policeman of Cockaigne. He never shrinks from duty, and would sooner fight than do nothing. This is to be understood in a limited sense, for Policeman X would not have it go abroad that he is a

bully by nature, and naturally pugnacious. Whatever may be said about him, his courage is undoubted.

Policeman X has been accused of being a "respector of persons," and to shew favour to broadcloth and to patrons, which he denies to home-spun. Nobody would be mad enough to venture such a statement who witnessed him at a row. On such occasions he levels right and left with wonderful impartiality. His baton then ceases to be ornamental, but the instrument of the preservation of order. What wonders it performs! It speaks more forcibly than any statute or by-law. It is the *ultima ratio*, last argument of constables, vulgarly called "knock-him-down." Policeman X declares those arguments are very *impressive* when properly applied, they are *felt* if not understood.

It has a language of its own, with this remarkable peculiarity, of being at once understood by foreigners as by natives. Borrowed from the Malay, it is expressed by strange characters. They remind one of the signatures of the barons of old, who, called upon to sign, excused themselves on account of their nobility, but made their *marks*.

It is a sort of universal vernacular, which, though harsh and rough in *communication*, has a wonderful advantage over the *vulgar tongue*.

Policeman X is the dread of rowdiness. He is known all round and even a mile and a half beyond the city limits. He has, of course, his enemies, who get up all sorts of stories against him—as that he roughly handles fellows, and then, on remonstrance, arrests them for "impeding and resisting" him in his duty; that he is implacable in his resentments and never forgets an old score; that he sometimes arrests men "on suspicion of being suspicious characters;" that he often swears hard in court; and other things which we would not quote, were it not for an example of this universal rule, that all men have to bear more or less against enmity, open or secret; that evil-tongued people will make faults for a man, when the glass of truth would discover but trivial blemishes, though magnified a hundred fold. We might enter into an examination of these charges with a view to refutation, but what would it avail? To convince these people of the contrary would be impossible! Policeman X is supposed to be the most accomplished hand at "looking the other way" in the whole Force. He seems to have a natural genius that way, tempered with a good deal of caution. True, he has been accused of carrying it too far, and unwisely extending the virtue into a positive vice. Of this we cannot speak, but suspect it to be one of those exaggerations just referred to. We could demolish all such cavilling by the single remark, that he has been twenty years in the Force, and therefore must be a wonderfully proper policeman. Besides, this is a privilege of a good policeman, if exercised with proper discretion, and usually does no harm. That it occasionally works badly, is admitted, which only shews

that no general rule will work without exceptions. Of ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the thing has done well and nobody has been hurt. The hundredth is one that was not foreseen in its consequences, and unfortunately turns out serious. But why raise a "hillabaloo" about it, if the policeman acted according to the best of his judgment? Policemen are not infallible, and make mistakes occasionally like other people.

Think of the advantages of this golden rule of policemanhip!—

1. Avoiding that extreme rigour of the law, *summum jus*, we have alluded to ;
2. Avoiding the cramming of our gaols with criminals, for probably slight offences, with little or no benefit to them, and perhaps positive evil, with the further danger of breeding gaol fever or epidemic ;
3. Avoiding enormous expense in founding more criminal courts, and multiplying the staff of magistrates and police officials. Compare these advantages with the occasional break-down in the working of the said golden rule, and then say in whose favour does the balance turn ?

Again, no instances have occurred, with a few exceptions, wherein Policeman X has abused that high privilege, which, to speak candidly, he has carried out to the satisfaction of the public, without reckoning his own, and more particularly of many persons whose names are, however, withheld from delicacy, who have assured us that Policeman X has occasionally let them off, when he might have—and probably was bound, strictly speaking—to arrest them. Young men, too, have been heard to say that, when obliged to arrest, Policeman X has behaved with great politeness, and spared them unnecessary exposure,—facts which they could abundantly prove if called upon, but trust that, under the circumstances, they may be excused from so doing.

Policeman X is a sturdy fellow, with broad shoulders, and thick-skinned. He disregards the complaints of "inefficiency of police." He has heard the old cry of—"Where was the police?" so often, that he has become accustomed to it. He laughs at it as an absurdity. His invariable answer to it is this,—“Can a man, be here, there, and everywhere at the same time?” “Is he obliged to see through or over a wall or a door, or hear what is going on a mile off?” “Is he to leave his post because something may have happened somewhere else?” “A policeman is but a man, and a man cannot divide himself into a hundred pieces! If his right leg is in the east, his left will not be in the west! Besides, where is the use of going over there—perhaps on some trivial disturbance, or even false alarm—when a robbery or murder may take place in his absence?”

Again—along a policeman's beat (two miles long) he has sometimes enough to do to watch even a corner, and he is frequently obliged to watch half a night at one, particularly where there is a tavern or other haunt of riotously-disposed people; how, then, can he attend to the

remainder of the two miles? The thing is impossible, unless he were gifted with seven-league boots, an invisible coat, and the one hundred arms of Briareus!

Policeman X was never drunk on duty,—except once, under peculiar circumstances. Serjeant Kite—whether in jest or earnest does not appear—said he might take a glass when the thermometer shewed 44° below zero. On the night in question, with the thermometer 4° below, by a singular fatality Policeman X saw double, and imbibed! The *spirit* was strong—the flesh was weak! It is but just here to state that Policeman X was a temperate man, barring accidents.

There are apparently three stages of official life. The first is characterized by over-zeal and fussiness—a perpetual desire to do more than is necessary—to point out others' deficiencies here and there, and, from a "high sense of public duty," to endeavour to remedy them. The over-zealous official never tires of showing how things are going wrong, until, in his zeal, he blunders into the territory of some other official, treads upon his toes, and is rewarded with—a rebuff! The second stage is the doing one's duty without unnecessary zeal. The third is one into which the official gradually falls by a curious law of gravitation—consisting in doing little or nothing, with the privilege of putting all work upon somebody else. This stage is reached only after long service, and requires great ability and interest. These requisites are the proper foundation of this stage, of which the fortification is and should be: A perpetual grumbling at others' want of energy, zeal, and tact in the performance of duty; and the inspecting others' omissions and blunders through a magnifying telescope. While thus zealously employed, the gazer cannot of course see his own; and should such be hinted at, invites all with a frank high consciousness of having done his part, to look through at the *other* end, and point them out if they can.

We know several in this stage, who functionate respectably; who feel that the public are their everlasting *debtors*, merely from fulfilling it with *credit* to themselves. These occasionally inveigh against public indifference and ingratitude—a charge which, being spread over so many heads, seems to be borne with remarkable resignation—almost as if considered by the said public to be unfounded. The complaint of not appreciating their services is, perhaps, well founded in one sense if not in another.

Justice forces us to declare, that Policeman X never was found in the first fault; his strong "horse-sense" pointing out the absurdity of trespassing on others' duties or overdoing his own. He is a stickler for discipline; one golden rule of which he believes to be to do nothing without orders, and never to do more than is actually necessary. Further, that if every man does just what he is ordered to do, things will



go right; and if things are not properly ordered, he, Policeman X, is discharged from responsibility.

These maxims he has heard repeated a hundred times by Serjeant Kite, who is never wrong; and by strictly following his orders, he, Policeman X, is now what he is,—a perfect model of a constable—barring human imperfections.

As to the third stage, Policeman X is not guilty. If he shewed any inclination that way, it would have been checked by Serjeant Kite. Policeman X declares he is not apt to trespass on others' ground. Nevertheless it has been said, that, unconsciously to himself, he inclines to the said law of gravitation, which would at once explain his ardent desire to become a serjeant. Policeman X is indebted to Serjeant Kite for his excellent training. The rich original soil of Policeman X's natural talent, has been brought to its present perfection through skilful intermixture, by Serjeant Kite.

It is difficult to do adequate justice to the efficacy of this last-named worthy functionary. Belonging to a meritorious class of officers, he nevertheless stands by himself, and offers peculiar and rare characteristics. Twenty years' experience of police duties has rendered him almost a non-believer in any thing good in human nature, with a few exceptions which Kite could count up on his fingers' ends. He is as wary as a fox; and knows the difference between a hawk and a hand-saw. He can see through a thick partition, though his eyesight frequently fails through glass. Having gone through the mill, he is up to all the dodges of police; and all the shams and subterfuges, shortcomings and evasions, all the tricks and lies, of infractors of the law, and knows, like A, B, C, their wanderings and meanderings, their holes and places of refuge. His biography of such characters is very voluminous, and his portraits graphic and startling.

Serjeant Kite is a good specimen of a man rendered sharp by continual attrition with the villainy of the town; and yet notwithstanding that attrition, he has escaped the operation of the law, that a funnel through which liquor is continually poured, will naturally at length partake of its odour. We mean that Serjeant Kite is an honest man,—barring human infirmities.

Kite having been a constable himself, and knowing the hardships of the duty, is indulgent to the men, even, it is said, to a fault. The meaning of which is, probably, that he does not browbeat them for trivial slips; he would not report a man, for example, on alcoholic suspicion, knowing full well that the best of men, during the trials of weather, &c., may take a glass—even he himself. But if indulgent in one respect, he is inexorable in another,—in keeping constables to their duty, and not allowing any intermeddling with that overseeing and over-

looking department which he so ably and so impartially fulfils. Thus much for Serjeant Kite, who has had such influence in training Policeman X.

Policeman X does not believe in Blackstone, or the "form of the Statute." They may do in Court, he declares, but are of no use in a crowd. He asks, can the form of the statute "reform a broken nose, or reduce to their natural colour and conformation the ebon surroundings of the eyes?" He enquires, with grim humour, if threatened with a stone at the head, is Blackstone any guarantee "in that case made and provided;" knowing, as he does, that if his head is at all protected, it is entirely due to the hardness of the case.

Policeman X believes in bearing his baton as his staff of life in a double sense, for thereby he gains his bread, and it is preserved from destruction. There is more law in it, he says, than in Blackstone.

Policeman X has frequently expressed his astonishment that the authorities have not acknowledged his services by promotion. They have seen him doing duty during twenty years, and yet treat him as if it were a profound secret! Of what country or religion he may be, is a matter that concerns no one. With respect to the latter, Serjeant Kite has intimated that he is a follower of John *Knox*. He is still full of vigour and "zeal."

In all perilous undertakings, requiring courage and tact, he is considered the "right man in the right place."

He is the last trump of the Force, ready in the last emergency, that goes in and wins the game.

You naturally enquire, gentle reader, what are Police trumps, and what does our hero represent. You shall be told in strict confidence—don't blab it over the town—Policeman X is the Jack of clubs!

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## THE CITED CURATE.

BY MISS MURRAY.

## CHAPTER VI.

A glorious sunrise, scattering away the fancy-work, a thick hoar-frost had wrought, and predicting a brilliant day, roused me from my slumbers, and I was speedily dressed and in the parlour which Eardley's old servant was "settling up" as she called it. Her master, she told me, had gone out before day break. "Sure, he was always an early riser, going from one end of the parish to the other among the poor creatures, and sparing neither time, nor trouble, nor money either, when he had it, to do them good." He seemed to stand as high in her esteem as in that of my friend the landlady at the "Ford" but this did not surprise me, for his good looks, and the charm of his manner exercised an influence over all who came in contact with him; and his generous, unexact, easy temper towards dependants and inferiors, his utter freedom from all petty selfishness and small tyranny made him invariably beloved by those who lived with him. Leaving Bridget to finish her sweeping and dusting, I walked into the garden and thence by a steep, winding track, which in some spots would have been almost impassible but for the assistance which iron stanchions driven into the rock afforded, climbed to the summit of the precipice above the cottage. The view from thence was a magnificent extension of the one I had seen from the study window, and now lighted up by the newly risen sun, spreading its sparkling radiance over grove and villa, corn-field and cottage, still bathed in the fresh morning dew, and gilding the blue waves of the ocean with the richest splendour, it looked more like a scene in fairy land than in this homely, dusty, working day world. Throwing myself on the carpet of heath spread around me, I lay drinking in the most exquisite enjoyment from the picture spread before me, till a voice well known, but with something more hushed and reverential in its tone than usual broke my day dream.

"Well, isn't it a grand sight? as often as I've seen it, it always seems new to me!"

"I see you've an eye for the beautiful, Freney?"

"Let alone an Irishman for that, Mr. French; he likes all the pretty things in nature from the shining of a dew-drop to the light of a bright

eye. Aye, and those that eat their potatoes off wooden trenchers, and never learned to spell over their A. B. C. have a heart to feel them many a time as well or better than many a fine scholar that dines off silver and china, though may be they can't tell it so like a printed book; for I'll tell you what, Mr. French—it's not the head that teaches us such things; it's the heart."

There was a strange excitement in Freney's manner, though he evidently tried to restrain it, and this added to his sudden appearance at so early an hour made me suspect that something more than common had brought him in search of me.

"There is something the matter, Freney; what is it?"

"Well, you see, sir, I'm just going to tell it all to you, for I know you've the heart and the feelings of a man, and the honour of a gentleman. And sure if your blood's high and mine's low; that will make no difference with you when right's in question, though I know them that could trace my kindred up to the old Irish kings, for as mean as I seem now; and you that's a college bred man, Mr. French, must know what the Macnamaras were in the days when Ireland was free, God bless her."

"Never mind that now, Freney, but if you have any thing to say to me sit down and speak it out at once as one true man ought to speak to another."

Accordingly, Freney, sat down on the rock, a few feet lower than where I was lying, by way of marking his respect, his little terrier taking a place beside him, and then raising his eyes to mine with a piercing glance, he said, "I didn't know you were acquainted with the curate here till yesterday."

"I have known him all my life," I said, "he's the dearest friend I have in the world."

Freney's brow knit, and his eyes contracted till they gleamed like two balls of fire. "Faith, and I'd think him but a poor dependance for that same," he said.

"What do you mean?" I asked; "have you been drinking this morning?"

"No, I havn't been drinking, and I don't mean to offend you, Mr. French, but I suppose if you're a friend of Mr. Temple's you might think it a good deed to warn him that his life's only hanging by a thread this blessed minute."

"His life? how? where is he gone?" and I sprang to my feet.

Freney still sat looking at me with the same frowning brow. "You may as well sit down again, Mr. French, he's in no danger this morning that I know of—more's the pity. I only said his life was hanging by a thread; I didn't say any one was going to cut the thread yet awhile."

"Freney, what does all this mean? speak out plainly and at once."

"Sit down again, sir, and I will, it's a long story and you can't hear it standing."

"First tell me if Mr. Temple is in any danger."

"Not while I'm here; you may be right sure of that. Do you think I'm such a fool as to put my life in your hands this way, if I didn't know he'd come back safe enough?"

"It certainly wouldn't be like your usual wit, Freney; you have said enough to make your life answerable for his if any thing happened to him."

"No doubt of it," said Freney drily. "But now that you've sat down again I'll go on with my story. I've often told you stories when we were out among the hills, Mr. French, but I never told you any so true as the one I'm going to tell you now."

Up in the mountains, about five miles from this, there's a thatched farm house with pretty scalloped gables, and latticed windows and roses and jessamines covering the walls up to the very roof. There's a snug garden behind, and a clear little stream in front, and splintered rocks and crags lie scattered all round covered with heath and moss. It's as pretty a spot as you'd wish to meet in a day's walk. It belongs to an old man, and by all accounts in his young days he couldn't be beat for strength and bravery, but that time's gone by, and he's grey headed and feeble now. He has no near kith or kin in the world, but one daughter—a young thing, not twenty, but she's all he wants. She's the light of his eyes, the care of his heart; and it's no wonder;—you might wander the whole earth over and you wouldn't find her equal."

"Is she so beautiful?" I asked.

"Well, sir, if you know any word better than that, or better again, you may give it to her. And she's as good as she is pretty."

"I think I have seen her," I exclaimed suddenly, "is she a protestant?"

"Was it at church you saw her?" he asked looking hard at me. "Yes, she's a protestant, and so was her mother, though her father's a catholic. But how did you know her? Mr. Temple didn't say any thing to you about her, did he?"

"No, not a word."

"Then how do you know it was Kate Redmond that you saw?"

"I am sure of it. I saw the very loveliest girl I ever beheld at church yesterday, and after the service was over she walked away towards the mountains alone."

"Oh, it was Kate, sure enough, and no one else. But now Mr. French," and again his eyes seemed to pierce mine, "what would you think of a young man, a well born, well learned young man, and one

that was sworn to serve God at the altar striving to darken that young girl's light heart and cloud her innocent face with sin and sorrow!"

"Freney, I won't believe it!"

"It's God's truth, Mr. French! early in the morning and late in the evening, come rain or come sunshine, day after day, he's at her side!"

"And her father?"

"Oh, God help him, he's past taking care of her now; he's well nigh doting, and doesn't mind about anything as long as he sees Kate happy and pleased. He promised her mother when she was dying that Kate should be let go to church, and have her own way about religion, and indeed he never contradicted her in his life, nor couldn't do it."

"And has this poor girl no one to protect her or take care of her?"

An expression of the bitterest pain and mortification passed over Freney's face. "She has no one that has any right to take care of her," he said, "and she has a high spirit, as gentle as she is. She has been warned, but it has done her little good. She's bewitched by him," he added with a stifled groan, "like many a one before her, and if he was leading her to the bottomless pit, she'd follow and think it was heaven. But she's not without protectors, and strong protectors, too," he continued fiercely—"there are those who would think no more of taking his life than the life of a mad dog—or any other man's life either, if they were told to do it."

"You mean the Whiteboys?"

"I do, Mr. French. They're strong in this neighbourhood, and though Kate's a protestant, the catholics look upon her as one of themselves for her father's sake, and every man thinks himself bound to act a brother's part by her; so now, sir, you see the danger that threatens Mr. Temple."

"You mean that they'll murder him some day?"

"Murder, would you call it?" said Freney scornfully. "I'd call it justice if he leaves Kate Redmond some day lying in her coffin with a broken heart who'll be the murderer then?"

"Are you one of these Whiteboys?" I asked.

"I didn't say I was, sir, did I. But it is well for Mr. Temple that I've some power among them or he wouldn't be alive to day. And that's the worst of all to hate him as I do, and still to keep my hand off him; for I tell you, Mr. French, I'd drink his heart's blood and think it the sweetest drop I ever drained, but for one thing—but for one thing!"

"What is that?"

"It would break Kate Redmond's heart. She loves him; she loves his handsome looks and his winning ways, and his fine words, and never thinks of the false selfish heart that lies under. To save her from one pang of sorrow I'd walk barefoot from one end of the earth to the other

and I'd do far more than that—I'd have a knife at Temple's breast, and I wouldn't strike!"

He stopped, and I made no answer. What could I have said, I could well understand how bitter it was to the poor fellow to see the girl he loved taken from him by one against whose attractions he could no more compete than Caliban against those of Ferdinand; and it was still worse, to know that the being for whose sake he would himself have sacrificed every joy on earth was doomed to be the victim of an idle, selfish fancy, vanishing as lightly as it came.

"He's been warned once, already," Freney resumed, "but he gave no heed to it. There are plenty round him that if they had their way wouldn't give him an hour's grace, and the day may come that I'll no longer stand between him and his fate!"

"I think I ought to give you up to a magistrate, Freney."

"That's easier said than done, Mr. French. And besides what good would it do you? There's nothing to be got out of me more than I like to tell, and every magistrate in the county knows that. But I came to tell you that you might try and persuade him to keep away from Kate, for I know, whatever he is, that *you're* honest and true; and besides, if he's so dear a friend to you as you say, you'll try to prevent him from persisting in a course that if he doesn't stop it, will end in his death as sure as the sun is shining above our heads to-day."

There was a minute's silence. Then I said, suddenly "she is so very beautiful, Freney—perhaps he intends to marry her."

Freney looked steadily at me. "And does your honour know Mr. Temple and say that? But not a bit of him do you know, or you'd scorn to hold the hand of fellowship to him. Marry her! Is it a common farmer's daughter—a poor working girl? He wouldn't marry one of heaven's angels out of a mud cabin, and what else has poor Kate been used to? He'd sacrifice his own soul and body, and the souls and bodies of all the rest of mankind for riches and power!"

As he pronounced the last words with hissing vehemence, a sudden change passed over his face, and he sprung to his feet, his eyes flashing with wild fire and every feature full of scornful defiance. Looking round I saw Eardley Temple, who seemed to have just come up the cliff, standing behind me.

#### CHAPTER VII.

Eardley stood with folded arms, his tall figure drawn up, his lip compressed, his brow knit, his eye fixed with a cold disdain on the scowling visage that confronted him. Thus they regarded each other for a minute, all difference of rank and station, all adventitious distinctions

forgotten. Those dark, fierce passions which still so obstinately keep their place amidst the noble elements of human nature, and drag man down, from heights where he shews almost God-like, to the level of the blind wild beast, were roused within their breasts and all conventional considerations as well as higher laws, were swept away before them. Yet even in that moment, Eardley's superior intellect and self-command made themselves felt, and Freney's distorted and writhing features, and the fury that convulsed his whole frame, contrasted with the haughty contempt in Eardley's handsome face, and the stern imperious attitude of his graceful figure, made the former look like some rebellious fiend contending with his master spirit.

"May be you'd like to know what brought me here, Mr. Temple," said Freney "and I'll tell you. It's to warn you for the last time to leave off going to Cronran or to get your coffin ready, whichever you like best. Your grave's dug already and if you don't take the good advice that's given you, it won't be empty long."

"Insolent rascal! do you dare to speak so to me!" exclaimed Eardley.

"It is not speaking it will be the next time, but doing!" said Freney.

Eardley sprang forward as if he meant to hurl his enemy over the cliff, but Freney was too quick for him. He knew his slight frame would have no chance when matched against the powerful arm of the young curate, and with a harsh mocking laugh in which hatred and derision were frightfully blended, he darted down the precipice, followed by his terrier, and both were soon out of sight.

Eardley gazed after him for a minute, bit his lip, tried to smooth his brow, and then turned to me.

"That fellow has been talking to you about Kate Redmond I suppose?"

"He has."

"And did you believe all he said?"

"Is there any truth in it, Eardley?"

"First let me hear what he has told you and then you shall have an answer."

I told him the substance of what Freney had said, and he listened to me very quietly. When I stopped he met my look steadily, though his face looked pale and haggard.

"Listen to me, Walter. In saying that I love this girl, poor, low born and obscure as she is, he has spoken the truth. I love her with a love death alone can quench, you have seen her; you know something of her beauty, but you do not know as I do that every charm her face possesses is but a ray from some lovely quality of mind and heart. You know nothing of those inborn gifts and graces nature has given her, which denied all such developement as in a higher sphere, refinement and



education afford, have been compelled to pour all their wealth on such treasures as the sweetest and most devoted heart woman ever owned makes for itself. I see and know all this, and above all, know that this rich pure, loving heart is all my own."

"But this is madness, Eardley! Do you mean to marry her?"

"Marry her, and end my days a starving curate in this wretched glen! I hope for a better fate."

"Then what do you mean? surely—surely you are not the villain that Freney believes you to be?"

"Not exactly," he said with a bitter smile, "but something very like it. I have not—as yet—done her what the world would consider any great wrong; yet sometimes I feel as if no human being was ever more guilty towards another than I am towards her. Her heart, as stainless as her own mountain streams, reflects no image but mine; its sweetness, as pure as that of the wild briar rose, is all lavished on me; there is no longer any sunshine for her but in my smile—and what return do I intend to make her? Why just this. To go to her and say, as calmly as I am speaking to you now, 'Kate, we have been dreaming a foolish dream; let us waken and look at life with clear eyes. Fate has divided us by obstacles that we cannot throw aside; let us calmly acquiesce in our destiny, shake hands quietly, and say farewell!'"

It would be impossible to convey an idea of the tone and manner in which he said this; the bitter, sarcastic calmness with which he spoke, and the under current of deep, passionate feeling, struggling through.

"And yet you say that you love her," I exclaimed.

"Aye, I love her. I love her so well that I have sometimes dreamt love could be better than ambition."

"And it was a true dream," I said. "Ambition is a spear which destroys those who lean on it, while love is the only balsam and anodyne on earth."

"Give me the spear," said Eardley, "and let me make it a sceptre to raise me above my fellow-worms and no wound it might give would compel me to drop it from my grasp. I know myself, and I tell you that though I can love—yes and love with constancy and truth,—love lies in my heart like a gem on the sea shore over which the waves wash unheeding. It lies hidden from every eye, buried in their depths, and though never destroyed, it is powerless to stem their current and turn them from their course. Were I a king, Kate should be my queen, but as it is, I must either give her up or abandon the hopes which are the very life springs of my being. The monotonous calm of a country home, the even tenor of domestic joys, all that train of narrow duties and petty pleasures which follow in the steps of domestic peace, that Halcyon

Goddess that you worship, would leave my life a tedious, intolerable void; the wildest chaos would be preferable to such a dead sea."

"Thinking and feeling in this way, how could you be so cruel as to excite this poor girl's love?" I could not help saying.

"Aye, how could I! The three fold fates and the unforgetting furies are powers still, ignore them as we may. I loved her from the first moment I saw her as I never loved any one before,—as I never can love any one again."

There was no use in blaming him, I had long learned the fruitlessness of doing so; still I said, "at least, do what you can to atone for the past."—

"Atone!" he said.

"At any rate, do not make things worse, stop while you may. Tell her that you cannot marry her,—only in less cruel words than those you made use of a little while ago; cease to see her, and perhaps time may heal her grief."

"Less cruel words!" he repeated gloomily; "what are words? It does not matter much to my thinking how you strike the death blow but it must soon be ended. The Denzils are coming to Grey court in a day or two, and then——"

"What then, Eardley?"

"I have reason to think that Miss Denzil is fretting like other spoiled children for the play thing she has taken it into her head to fancy, and that her father who has always indulged her in every whim is ready to gratify her in this one also; and as she has a fortune of fifty thousand pounds, inherited from her mother—don't look so Walter? Am I mean and mercenary? Well, she is very pretty, very amiable, and they say very fond of me, and fifty thousand pounds may do much for one who knows how to use them."

At this, forgetting every thing, but my affection for Eardley, and my regret at seeing him thus wilfully destroying a nature originally so highly gifted, I broke forth in a passionate appeal to his better self; but it was a mere waste of words, as I might have known beforehand; he could feel all that I said much more strongly than I could express it, but he had determinedly chosen evil for his good. Yet strongly as I condemned him, I had never loved him more than at that moment, for I felt that truth and goodness, though he now rejected all allegiance to them, would one day or other—perhaps too late, assert their empire over him, and through agonies such as duller souls can never know, compel him to acknowledge that supremacy he now chose to deny. And with this thought pity overcame anger, and it seemed to me that I could gladly have laid down my life to have seen the nobler instincts, which I be-

lieved he could never wholly crush, strive as he might, rise up and forever conquer.

Eardley accompanied me to Dublin, and by Dean Sandys' particular desire, stayed to preach the following Sunday in the Dean's own church, he strained every energy to make this sermon a masterpiece, and the result more than equalled his most sanguine expectations. One or two high dignitaries who were present, pronounced it the finest piece of pulpit eloquence they had ever heard; the congregation were electrified, the Dean enraptured, and Eardley returned home leaving behind him a reputation which even in Ireland where pulpit oratory is so highly esteemed had never before been gained in so short a time.

After this a month passed without my seeing or hearing anything of him, but at the end of that time I received from him the following letter.

#### CHAPTER VIII.

#### EARDLEY'S LETTER.

You were right to bid me beware of the Whiteboys Walter, though I received your warning with disdain, I have had rather a narrow escape from some of them since we parted, your friend Freney, of course, being one of the ringleaders. The how, when, and where form rather a dramatic incident, and as it will suit your taste for romance to perfection, you shall have it in detail.

You know how little importance I attached to Freney's warnings. I believed the vigilance of the magistrates had so far crushed all manifestations of the rebellious spirit that is so strong in this neighbourhood, that more than two of the rascals dared not show themselves together; and for that number at any rate I considered myself more than a match with the aid of pistols.

I came home from Dublin determined to see Kate at once, and bid her farewell for ever. But to talk of saying farewell for ever when I was at a distance from her, and saying it in reality when I stood close beside her and looked into her eyes were two very different things. While I yet put off the evil hour which was to pluck up every soft and tender feeling of my heart by the roots, I received an epistle decorated with sundry pen and ink sketches of guns, pikes and pistols, a huge coffin adorning the centre, giving me to understand that the last mentioned piece of furniture was shortly to be filled by a certain heretic curate, to whom they applied several very uncomplimentary epithets, and ending with a prayer for mercy on my soul, for my body should receive none. I could not help laughing at this touch of Cromwellian piety, and marvelling at the



strange hieroglyphics in which the letter was chiefly written, and the number of crosses affixed to it by way of signature, threw it into the fire and soon forgot all about it. But the rascals were near having the laugh on their side after all.

A couple of nights ago, I was returning home after dark, mounted on my good horse Rolf. The sky was heavy with clouds, and though there was a moon, the light was only visible at times through their piled up masses. The road I was on is one of the very worst a horseman could desire to travel, rocky, and full of ruts, and to add to its difficulties there was a sharp frost which rendered it so slippery that every step Rolf took he was in danger of a fall. To preserve his bones and my own, I was obliged to let him walk at so slow a pace that I was almost frozen, and when we came to the worst spot in the road—a narrow broken path down a steep hill, a deep ditch at one side, a thick hedge at the other—my fingers were so cold, I could hardly hold the reins. It was truly a perilous descent, and the poor brute knew his danger, for he trembled violently but he was too high spirited to stop, so on we went. About half way down the hill, he stopped and went down on one knee, but I got him up again the next moment; and it was well for me that I did. An exclamation which the accident provoked from me, was answered by a fiendish yell, and from a gap in the hedge half a dozen fellows leaped into the road. They seemed to have sticks and pikes, but I saw no fire arms. Running before the horse, they tried to stop him, but the sight of this new danger gave warmth and energy to my benumbed frame. I clapped spurs into Rolf's side, and with a desperate bound, the spirited animal sprung away from his assailants, and dashed down the hill. A fall would have left me at their mercy, but whether my good angel befriended me, or his rival fiend, Rolf neither slipped nor stumbled during the whole of that mad gallop. We reached home in perfect safety, and were certainly, both of us, much warmer than we should have been, but for the wild salute we had encountered.

The next night about ten o'clock, I was sitting by the fire in my study in as gloomy a mood as my worst enemy could have desired. There was no one in the house, for Bridget and her son (the boy who takes care of my horse) had both gone to W——, and were to stay there all night. The candles were unlit, and the fire had burned low; dark shadows filled the room, and darker and heavier shadows clouded my mind. Suddenly I heard a trembling tap, which it seemed to me could only have been given by ice-cold fingers, like those of the sculptured dead

“Imprisoned in black purgatorial rails.”

strike the window pane. A strange thrill of supernatural terror vibrated

through every nerve, but starting up I drew back the curtain. There, half hidden in the frosty mists, and looking ghost-like in the pale dim moonlight, stood a slight figure wrapped in a dark mantle drawn over her head and form like a shroud. As I gazed, and images of wraiths, banshees, and spectres floated through my brain, the figure dropped the cloak and showed the face of Kate Redmond, bloodless and wan as a phantom.

"Kate! can it be you?" I exclaimed, and throwing up the sash, I stretched out my hand and caught hold of her soft delicate fingers, palpable and real, though very cold, and clinging to mine as I touched them with a beseeching clasp.

"It is you, Kate, and not your ghost! What has happened?"

"Come out to me, sir," she answered excitedly, "I want you."

Filled with wonder, I caught up my hat and leaped out through the open window. "What is it, Kate; what is the matter?"

"Come up the rocks, sir, and I'll tell you then. But is there any one in the house?"

"No, Bridget and her son are gone to see their friends and won't be back to-night."

"Shut the window, then, and come with me."

"Are you mad, Kate?" and catching hold of her, I turned her face to the moonlight and gazed into it. It was excited and anxious but full of steady purpose and keen intelligence.

"No, sir, not a bit."

"Then where are you going to take me?"

"I'll tell you every thing when we are safe on the cliff."

Holding my hand tightly, as if she feared I would escape from her, she led me to the path up the rocks, but then she suddenly stopped—"Oh, I had almost forgotton," she exclaimed; "wait for me one moment;" and she darted away before I could stop her.

I followed her, but some how she seemed endowed with the swiftness as well as the mystery of the fairy people, and I soon lost sight of her dark mantle in the dusky night. Puzzled and annoyed, I stopped, undecided what to do, and before I had made up my mind, she was again beside me.

"Now, sir," she said rapidly, and out of breath, "make haste, and let us get up the rocks as quickly as we can."

We were not long reaching the summit, and she led me to a spot from whence in day light, the house, garden, yard, and the little glen in which they lay, might have been seen spread out as in a map, and even now in the faint moonlight, all below could be discerned with tolerable distinctness. Here Kate stopped and appeared to look and listen earnestly. I strained my eyes in the same direction, but I could not see anything

stirring, and not the faintest sound except the low wind among the leafless branches reached my ear.

"Now, Kate, tell me what all this means? But first sit down. Here is a dry warm spot with the rock hanging over it like a canopy. You may fancy yourself a queen here; queen of the starry realms of night."

"Not much like a queen," she said simply, "but I have saved your life to-night and that's what many a queen couldn't have done."

"My life, Kate? From the whiteboys, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir; they're coming here to-night I wonder they're not here by this."

"How do you know they are coming here?" I asked.

"I heard them say so. I was thinking about—about many things that kept me from sitting quiet in the house to-night, and so I wandered down the lane till I came to the stile, and I sat down there under the thorn trees. How long I had sat there, I don't know when I heard voices at the other side of the hedge. They were talking about you and about the attack they had made on you last night, and they said a kick from your horse had nearly killed one of the party, and that they were determined to come to your house to-night for that—and—for other things."

"What other things, Kate?"

"No matter, sir; they were not true. They talked there for a long time, waiting for some more of their band, and at first I felt so sick and frightened that I thought I should have fainted; then I remembered that I might save you—that there was yet time, and stealing back under the hedge, I got to the road unseen, and flew here as fast as my feet could go; but the way seemed millions of miles, though I ran every step."

"But where did you go when you ran away and left me at the foot of the rock?"

"To let the horse out of the stable. I thought if they found him there they might suspect you had not gone far and make a search. He galloped down the glen when I let him out, and when they find you are out and that Rolf is not in the stable, they'll think you have escaped them, and go off again!"

"Oh, Kate, my brave, beautiful Kate!" I cried, "I never knew till to-night the strong spirit that lay hid in that soft heart. But why do you shrink away when I touch you? What ails you?"

"My arm is hurt. I fell coming down that horrid hill; but I don't think it is broken—only bruised."

"Broken!—Let me see it—Oh, Kate, how you must suffer—and all for me—"

"Ah!" she said softly; "I like to suffer for you!"

At this moment a wild yell rent the air, and a group of dark figures rushed into the little lawn before the cottage. Their cries and vociferations were fiendish, and in a minute we heard the blows they struck on the doors. They soon gave themselves entrance, and their execrations, and menaces grew louder and deeper every moment, and were poured out with a fierce fiendish rage which the inhabitants of Pandemonium let loose could scarcely have exceeded. Then came a momentary pause, and then a yell, more savage if possible than any that had preceded it, echoed through the rocky glen, they had discovered that I was not in the house. Now they all came forth again, raging like baffled beasts of prey, and began to search the premises, as I gathered from their exclamations and cries to each other. Two or three entered the garden, and I could not help drawing a quicker breath as their voices came nearer, and nearer the path which led up the cliff. Foremost among the voices I recognised that of Freney and I began to suspect that he was conducting his companions to the very spot where we were. Never in my whole life have I felt so helpless and contemptible as in that moment, hiding thus from such despicable wretches, and destitute of any weapon or means of defence.

"There's no one here at any rate," said one of the fellows his words coming distinctly up the rocks; "there's not an inch of the garden I haven't been over."

"We'll just step up the rocks any way and see what's above. I know he's fond of the beauties of nature, especially by moonlight."

Now for the first time, Kate shewed signs of fear. "Come lower down among the furze bushes," she whispered, "and he'll never see us. For God's sake come."

But a fierce longing to confront the wretches seized me. You know how narrow and dangerous that path is, and I knew that standing on the summit, I could easily pitch the foremost villain—who, I made no doubt would be Freney—down the precipice. If I had only had a weapon I might have made a good fight for my life, standing as I did on so strong a post of vantage, and I execrated my folly in coming out without my pistols. But at least I could arm myself with a stone;—looking round I spied a splinter of rock which on such an emergency was not to be despised and seizing it with exultation, I no longer felt utterly defenceless, Kate watched in an agony of anxious terror and suspense. "Oh, Mr. Temple, for pity, for mercy, come away," she cried, "are you going to wait for them to kill you before my eyes. Is it nothing to you to think what I'll suffer to see it? Oh, why will you stand there with that hard fierce face as if you were turned to stone?"

Clinging wildly to me, she tried with all her slight strength to force

me away, but I would not stir. "Hush, Kate, be quiet," I said, "do you go down, and leave me to take care of myself."

She saw that my resolution was fixed, and on the instant her attitude and look changed from frenzied entreaty to calm determination. "You will stay," she said, "then so will I. If they murder you, they must murder me also."

At that moment a bright light shot up into the sky rising from a rick of hay that stood behind the house; Rolf's provender. In less than a minute it was a pile of flame, the blaze rising high above every surrounding object. "May be the police will see that," murmured Kate; "they're always out patrolling in search of the Whiteboys; and that light could be seen miles away."

Apparently Freney and those who were with him in the garden thought so too, for in a minute or two we heard them in the yard, and a scene of angry reproaches, recriminations, curses and uproar followed. At last there was a pause of quiet, and the leaders seemed to be holding some sort of consultation. It was soon plain that a retreat had been resolved on, for they separated into groups of two or three, and disappeared one after the other; after having all united in a volley of yells which the rocks echoed again and again as if all the fiends of darkness were mocking and mimicking their human allies. The last voice I heard was Freney's raised to its shrillest height, as he stood and looked back for a moment at the burning hay rick.

"You missed our visit to-night, Eardley Temple!" he cried, "but we'll pay you another soon, and in the meantime we've left you a visiting card and a bright light to read it by!" Jumping off the bank on which he stood, he followed his companions, and a deep silence succeeded the demoniac uproar that a few minutes before had filled the glen.

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## ON THE CULTIVATION AND MANUFACTURE OF FLAX AND HEMP IN CANADA.

BY THE EDITOR.

The natural history and commercial value of Flax and Hemp are so little known, and, consequently, so little appreciated in Canada, that the majority of farmers in the Province will receive the statement that next to cotton, flax is the most important and the most extensively used textile fibre in the world, with some degree of cautious reserve and perhaps, incredulity. But if the assertion that flax, as a material for textile fabrics, can be shown to occupy a position of paramount national importance, provokes surprise, surprise may grow into astonishment, and doubt become transformed into absolute unbelief, until removed by those stubborn things, facts, when it is added that the seed of flax, in the refuse form of oil cake to be used as food for cattle, commands such an enormous sale in Europe that its value there is represented by tens of millions of dollars annually, with a rapidly increasing demand.

Now that "King Cotton" has been dethroned amidst one of the most heart-rending and stupendous struggles between contending millions of one and the same people, and the most wide-spread suffering, arising from the mere arrest of one branch of human industry, that the world has ever seen, flax is re-asserting her claim with unrivalled pretensions, to be considered the first in importance of all the countless gifts of God won from the vegetable kingdom for the use of mankind, not included within the class of food products.

This claim does not rest alone on the fitness of the material for the purposes of a textile fabric which shall supply the place of cotton, it appeals, as an instrument for increasing indefinitely the industry and wealth of the country, to the fostering care of philanthropists, statesmen and governments, in a manner and with a force which cannot be urged by any rival claimant.

Cotton has gained its supremacy at the expense of the unrequited toil and hopeless life of the slave. Now that the dawn of a brighter day for the slave is at hand, slow coming but surely advancing, there is every reason to believe that the beautiful and delicate exotic, which has attained its marvellous præminence by the unhalloved toil of millions of human creatures, will be compelled gradually to assume its place among the productions of free labour, and surrender the proud position it has usurped, at the cost of inexpressible suffering and

sorrow, to its rival flax, which accommodates itself to all the climates of the temperate zone, and does not refuse to yield profitable harvests within the limits of sub-artic and sub-tropical climates.

Flax has been cultivated and manufactured in various parts of the world throughout historic times. Those wonderful records of Egypt's civilization, the tombs and catacombs in the neighbourhood of Thebes and other great ruined cities in the valley of the Nile, show how extensively flax was cultivated by the Egyptians more than four thousand years ago; and since the time when Isaiah, Ezekiel and Solomon recorded the praises of the "spindle" and "distaff" down even to modern times, flax has always been one of the most prominent and powerful sources of human industry and progress.

It may excite some surprise that this beautiful plant should have taken such wide-spread root from the frigid zones to the tropics, adapting itself apparently to all vicissitudes of climate, and flourishing under the burning sun of India as well as in the sub-artic provinces of European Russia and Norway. In order to understand this apparent anomaly it is essential to bear in mind that flax is cultivated either for its fibre alone or for its seed alone, or for both of these products; and the special object of its extensive cultivation is mainly determined by climate.

Flax is cultivated for the seed alone in Turkey, India, and until recently, in many parts of the United States.

It is cultivated for the fibre alone, or chiefly for the fibre, in Ireland and some parts of Belgium.

It is cultivated for both fibre and seed in Great Britain, Continental Europe, Egypt, the United States, and to a small extent in Canada in both divisions of the Province.

#### HISTORICAL NOTICE OF THE CULTIVATION OF FLAX AND HEMP IN CANADA.

The earliest reliable notices of the cultivation of flax in Canada are contained in the Paris Documents.\*

In 1719, or nearly a century and a half since, a long period, by the way, in the history of Canadian agriculture, the quantity of flax produced in Lower Canada was 45,970 lbs. Two years later, the returns, according to the same documents, give 51,650 lbs. of flax as the produce of the country. In 1734 the number of pounds of flax seed produced was 92,246, and in 1754 (?) there were stated to be fourteen mills in operation for the production of flax or linseed oil. In 1827 Bouchette

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\* Documents relating to the Colonial History of the State of New York.

gives the quantity of flax raised in Lower Canada as 11,729 cwts., or 1,313,648 lbs.

## HEMP.

Among the instructions given by the King of France in 1665\* to Sieur Talon on his appointment as Intendant of Justice, Police, and Finance in New France (Canada), he was desired to report whether the country would grow hemp, and in reply M. Talon stated that "at least as much hemp can be expected from these lands as is procured in those of France."

The cultivation of hemp in the French and English Colonies was a favourite subject with several of the British and French Governors previous and subsequent to the conquest.

Governor Moore wrote to Lord Shelburne in 1767 on the encouragement which should be given to the culture of hemp on the borders of New Hampshire. But long before that period, the French had entered upon its cultivation in Lower Canada. In 1719, 5,080 lbs. of hemp were produced, but in 1721, or two years later, the quantity returned was only 2,100 lbs. It was not until about the year 1800 that any great efforts were made to introduce the general cultivation of this important fibre in the British Provinces.

In the Transactions of the Society of Arts for the year 1802, we find the following premiums offered for the cultivation of hemp in Upper and Lower Canada :---

"To any person who shall sow with hemp the greatest quantity of land in the Province of Upper Canada, not less than six arpents (each four-fifths of a statute acre), in the year 1802, and shall, at the proper season, cause to be plucked the summer hemp (a male hemp bearing no seed) and continue the winter hemp (or female hemp, bearing seed), on

\* The population of New France, or Canada, at this time was very small. The following statistics are interesting records of the early history of the Province; they are from the "Paris Documents."

## CENSUS OF CANADA.

	1666.	1667.	1668.	1679.
Families .....	....	749	1,139	....
Persons .....	3,418	4,312	5,870	9,400
Arpents, cultivated .....	....	11,174	15,642	21,900
Horned Cattle .....	....	2,136	3,400	6,983
Horses .....	....	....	....	145
Sheep .....	....	....	....	719

the ground until the seed is ripe—THE GOLD MEDAL, OF ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS.”

Second Prize—The Silver Medal, or Eighty Dollars.

Third “ “ “ Sixty “

Fourth “ “ “ Forty “

Fifth “ “ “ Twenty “

The Society of Arts did not limit their awards to Agriculturists, but they offered “To the master of that vessel which shall bring to this country the greatest quantity of marketable hemp, not less than one hundred tons, in the year 1803, the produce of Upper or Lower Canada, the Gold Medal,” and a second prize of a Silver Medal to whoever shall bring not less than fifty tons.

In 1802 the Government of the Province voted £1200 for the encouragement of the culture of hemp, and much interest was excited on the subject in the colony. Various letters and papers from Canada appear in the London Society of Arts Journal, for the year 1803, on this subject. A Hemp Society was established under the immediate patronage of His Excellency Lieutenant Governor Milnes in Lower Canada, and did good service by distributing seed and publishing useful information respecting the culture of that important plant.

In 1802 the Gold Medal of the London Society of Arts was awarded to Isaac Winslow Clarke, Esq., of Montreal, for his culture and preparation of hemp in Lower Canada. In Upper Canada, the Gold Medal of the Society was awarded to Mr. Jacob Schneider, of the Township of York, for his culture of hemp in the Province.

The letter containing Governor Hunter's certificate on account of Jacob Schneider is dated York, Upper Canada, 18th November, 1802, and signed W. Allan. The Silver Medal was awarded to Mr. Daniel Mosher, of Kingston.

Mr. Allan, in his communication to the Society of Arts, states “that there is every probability that the culture of hemp for exportation from this country, more particularly from the Province of Upper Canada, will eventually have the desired effect; and the more support it receives in its infancy the sooner will this be ascertained. There has been a very considerable quantity exported this present year, and many affidavits state its being cultivated at a small expense.”

In 1803, thirty-five dollars was awarded to Mr. William Hughes, of Yonge Street. In 1804, Silver Medals were awarded to Mr. J. Cornwall and Mr. P. Wright.

Mr. Philemon Wright,\* who, in the year 1800, invaded the wilderness in the immediate neighbourhood of Ottawa, early turned his attention to the cultivation of hemp. One year Mr. Wright raised a considerable quantity, and sent a very fine specimen, measuring fourteen feet in length, to the Hemp Committee at Montreal. He also sent two samples of the seed with two bundles of the hemp to the Society of Arts, and was complimented in return, as before remarked, with a Silver Medal. From a certificate which he received from the Hemp Committee it appeared that he raised that year eleven parts out of thirteen of the total raised in the Province. Mr. Wright was obliged to discontinue growing hemp on a large scale on account of the expense of preparing it for market, the hemp-peelers charging him one dollar a day, or one bushel of wheat.

In 1806 the British Government offered a bounty for the importation of flax and hemp from the North American Colonies, but the effect does not appear to have been sufficient to have induced an extended cultivation. This may have arisen from the habits and prejudices of the Lower Canadian *Habitans* not being understood, as explained by Bouchette, who was a warm advocate for the cultivation of flax and hemp in Lower Canada. In the appendix to his "British Dominions," he published, in 1832, an article on the probable causes which have counteracted the cultivation of hemp in Lower Canada, together with observations on the most effectual means by which its culture might be encouraged in the British North American Provinces.

Among the causes which rendered the cultivation of hemp abortive in Lower Canada was the want of a market where it might be disposed of as raw material. Hemp found no market but in a prepared state. Bouchette recommended the formation of a Company whose agents should receive hemp from the farmer, weigh it, and pay prices fixed upon by the Company. The hemp thus purchased was to be prepared in the agent's mills, packed, and stored ready for shipment. In order to innovate as little as possible upon the customs of the *habitants*, Bouchette proposed that they should be allowed to dispose of their hemp in bundles or sheafs weighing 15 lbs. Mr. Greu, quoted by Bouchette, states as the result of his experiments that the native hemp-seed produces better crops than that imported.

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\* Mr. Philemon Wright, an American Loyalist, emigrated from Woburn, in the State of Massachusetts, to Canada in 1800. Bouchette says, "Through hardships, privations and dangers that would have appalled an ordinary mind, he penetrated an almost inaccessible country, and where he found desolation and solitude he introduced civilization and the useful arts. By his almost unaided skill and indefatigable industry, the savage paths of a dreary wilderness have been changed into the cheerful haunts of man."—*Bouchette's Topographical Dictionary of Lower Canada.*

The following tables show what has been done hitherto in the cultivation of flax and hemp in the Province:—

## LOWER CANADA.

Year.	Flax produced.	Linen manufactured.
1719 .....	45,967 lbs. ....	—
1721 .....	54,650 “ .....	—
1734 ..... (Flax Seed)	92,246 “ .....	—
1827 .....	Flax, 1,058,698 “ .....	1,058,696 French Ells.
1851 ...Flax or Hemp,	1,189,018 “ .....	929,249 Yards.

## UPPER CANADA.

Year.	Flax or Hemp.	Linen.
1851 .....	59,680 lbs. ....	14,711 Yards.
1861 .....	1,225,934 “ .....	37,055 “
1862 .....(estimated)	1,500,000 “ .....	—

The last edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* has the following on the cultivation of Hemp in Canada, which, although the evil alluded to has passed away, still the argument for the cultivation of this valuable fibre in Canada remains in force, and the evil may soon return if the present signs of the times in Europe are correctly interpreted:—“The growth of hemp in Canada assumes a position of great national importance at the present time, when British supplies have been so seriously checked by the war with Russia. \* \* \* \* Were our own dominions in North America to supply hemp for our manufacturers in future, instead of our being, as hitherto, so wholly dependent upon Russia for such supply, the change would be attended with signal advantage to both countries.”

## FLAX FIBRE.

The worth of the annual production of flax fibre throughout the world was estimated three years ago at one hundred million dollars, and of the seed twenty million dollars; but since the outbreak of the Civil War in the United States the price of the raw material has suddenly risen, its production has greatly extended, and its cultivation has received a sudden impetus, so that the entire value of the crop in the Old World may now be safely estimated at one hundred and fifty million dollars per annum, with every prospect of a rapid increase.

Russia is the great flax producing country of the world. The culti-

vation of this plant has been fostered in that empire by successive governments for many hundred years, and in modern times it has won the careful attention and fostering care of the Emperors Nicholas and Alexander. The reward of these wise efforts to establish so valuable an industry as the culture of flax has resulted in the present overwhelming predominance of Russia among the fibre producing countries, since cotton recently received such fearful and calamitous checks.

At the close of the last decade, Russia produced about one-third of the entire amount which came into the markets of the world, and while in 1859 the quantity of flax imported by the United Kingdom amounted to 160,388,144 lbs., of which three-fourths, or 120,340,752 lbs., were supplied by Russia: Egypt, the natural soil of this plant, sent to the United Kingdom only 1,921,696 lbs.; and yet Egypt had her purple and fine linen, and swathed her mummies in almost endless bands of that fabric, when Russia and England were peopled by Nomadic races clad in the skins of beasts.

In Ireland in 1859 there were 136,282 acres under flax, yielding 27,000 tons. In 1860, although the area under crop was less by 8,000 acres than in 1859, yet the yield amounted to 5,000 tons more. In the production of flax in Europe, different countries take the following rank: 1st, Russia; 2nd, Austria; 3rd, France; 4th, Ireland; 5th, Prussia; 6th, Belgium; 7th, Holland.

In the United States flax has never been a favourite crop as a fibre producing plant. "It is to be regretted," says the Superintendent of the United States Census for 1860, "that the manufacture of flax has not attained greater magnitude in a country where the raw material is so easily and cheaply grown. Farmers throughout the West have raised the crop simply for the seed and thrown out the fibre as useless." The census of 1860 shows that there were produced in the States north of the Cotton States, 4,547,071 pounds of flax. This quantity would require, at 200 lbs. an acre, about 23,000 acres for its growth. But in the same States, there were grown, in the same year, 484,797 bushels of flax-seed, which, at eight bushels to the acre, would require a little over 60,000 acres, showing that nearly two-thirds of the fibre was thrown away.

The Austrian Catalogue of their Department at the late International Exhibition is printed on Indian corn paper; samples of maize fibre paper, dipped unbleached, and having the whole of its gluten retained, are bound up with the work. The paper is strong and presents a good surface, but in the "Remarks on the Maize Paper here present," we find a statement possessing a great degree of interest in connection with the cultivation of fibre-producing plants. It is as follows: "As to the cost of production of maize-straw paper, it would exceed that of paper

manufactured of rags if there had not recently been discovered a quality in the maize fibre securing to it a far better means of converting it to use than by working it up into paper, *i.e.*, that it can be spun and woven like flax and hemp. This discovery has already passed the experimental stage, for there exist already establishments in Vienna and Schlögmühle, near Gloggnitz, where maize-flax, as it is called, is spun and woven in considerable quantities. The process of producing maize-flax is the inventor's secret and patented in all the great States of Europe; but all patents not being in his hands, productions of his new invention could as yet not be sent to the Exhibition. What renders maize-flax weaving highly advantageous, is that the worst waste of maize-straw yields excellent paper, which is sufficiently proved by the paper manufactured of such waste, and made use of for printing the present Catalogue on."

Whatever can be said in favour of this new discovery applies equally to flax and hemp, and although it may be found a valuable and profitable material for certain kinds of paper, of an enduring or almost indestructible character, yet even supposing "maize-flax" should be successfully introduced in Europe the expense of its manufacture will prevent it from being generally adopted, and it can never compete with the grand staples flax and cotton for the purposes of clothing. But its chief value will be in the fact that those countries which have hitherto been dependent upon foreigners for their supply of cotton and linen, can, in an emergency like the present cotton dearth, clothe themselves with fabrics made from maize-straw if the supply of flax should not be sufficient for the demand. Its adoption will be, however, altogether a question of political economy, supposing maize-flax to be susceptible of general introduction. The special necessities of a country, other things being equal, will soon establish the relative commercial values, on the one hand of Indian Corn, Maize-Flax, Maize-waste Paper, and on the other hand of Flax Fibre, Flax Seed, Oil Cake, Linseed Oil, and Linen Rag Paper.

Where food is cheap, as in Canada, Flax will carry the day; where food is dear, Indian corn will probably prevail.

Notwithstanding the admirable fitness of the climate and soil of Canada for the cultivation of Flax and Hemp, and the encouragement in a certain direction which has been given to it, it appears that the importations of these articles are very considerable and last year reached the imposing sum of \$150,000. The following tables will show the nature and extent of our importations of a natural product which might be grown with the best results to the producer and consumer if proper means were devised to give a definite direction to that encouragement



which is by no means wanting either on the part of private enterprise, or public liberality.

## IMPORTS.

Year.	Flax, Hemp, and Tow, undressed.		Flax Seed.	Oil Cake.
	Value.			
1857	\$96,034	—	—	\$38
1858	56,261	—	—	97
1859	64,182	—	—	—
1860	98,426	—	—	—
1861	91,793	—	—	1,381
1862	151,096	—	—	8,705

## EXPORTS.

1857	—	11,050	16,169
1858	12,901 flax	2,344	15,593
1859	—	2,482	22,945
1860	—	5,634	32,835
1861	6,452	4,570	44,011
1862	5,530	27,783	41,733*

## FLAX SEED.

Two very important articles of commerce are obtained from Flax Seed, namely, linseed oil and oil cake. The value of linseed oil chiefly arises from the property it possesses of absorbing oxygen from the air and becoming tenacious, like india-rubber or gutta percha, and to increase this property it is submitted to a process which gives it pre-eminently the qualities of a "drying oil." The object of boiling the oil with a small quantity of litharge or oxide of lead is to separate the vegetable albumen and mucilage which impair its drying properties. Oil cake, it is almost unnecessary to state, is used for feeding cattle. The oil is obtained from the seed by pressure either with or without the aid of heat. Cold drawn linseed oil is better than that pressed by heat, but the quantity yielded by the seed is not so large.

The value of linseed cake for feeding stock deserves to be widely known in this country in connection with the advantages and disadvantages of cultivating flax.

Assuming the weight of a bushel of flax seed to be 53 lbs., the actual

\* Given in the Trade Returns under the head of "Oil Cake," as distinguished from Linseed Cake.

average quantity of oil cake made in the United Kingdom exceeds 140,000 tons, which, at the average price of forty dollars a ton, reaches the enormous sum of five millions six hundred thousand dollars. It appears again in the form of beef and mutton, and who can estimate the value of an abundant supply of oil cake of native manufacture to Canadian farmers during the long winters of this country, which involve the housing and feeding of cattle from five to six months in the year. "Each year our farmers," says Prof. John Wilson of Edinburgh, "have to rely more and more on the important substances (oil-cakes) for the manufacture of the beef and mutton we require for our consumption, and for the supply of manure they require for their crops; for even in a manurial point of view alone, the fertilizing nature of the imported food would follow very closely on that assigned to the purely manuring substances themselves." Linseed cake is the staple of all the oil-cakes used as food for animals, and some idea of the importance attached to this substance by British farmers may be formed from the ascertained fact, that notwithstanding the importation of nine million bushels of flax seed annually, they still require about eighty thousand tons of linseed cake and are crying out for more. The total quantity of cake consumed in the United Kingdom for the purposes of feeding and fattening cattle exceeds two hundred and fifty thousand tons, valued at ten million dollars annually.

The prices in 1863 in the London markets are less than in 1862. The following are the London quotations :

Linseed oil cake in February, 1863...	£10 10	to	£10 15
"    "    "    1862...	11 00	to	12 00
Flax Seed, per quarter, 1863.....	0 62	to	0 74
"    "    1862.....	0 72	to	0 76

The value of Linseed for oil purposes is greatly dependant upon the climate of the producing country. The following London quotations for February, 1863, show this in the most practical way.

English Linseed, per quarter.....	62s.	to	74s.
Calcutta " " .....	65	to	68
Bombay " " .....	71	to	72
St. Petersburg " " .....	66	to	67
Riga " " .....	40	to	52

#### PUBLIC AND PRIVATE ENCOURAGEMENT IN CANADA.

Much has been done of late years by private and public enterprise to assist the cultivation of this important plant.

The Canada Company some years since placed forty dollars at the disposal of the Agricultural Association to be given in premiums for flax and hemp, and the Association itself has offered other prizes and diplomas for the same object.

In Oct., 1854, a voluminous report was submitted by Mr. Kirkwood to the Minister of Agriculture, "On the system of cultivation and preparation of flax, as practised in Belgium and the British Islands," and published in the parliamentary reports of that year.

Mr. Donaldson's letters, (the Government emigration agent) published in different newspapers in Canada, furnish an excellent summary of the attempts which are now being made to introduce the cultivation of flax and the promising results already attained.

Private individuals (Hon. W. Alexander of Woodstock and others) have offered prizes to stimulate farmers to grow this product. Associations have been formed in Upper and Lower Canada, (Elgin Flax Association, Upper Canada, and Sherbrooke Flax Association, Lower Canada,) to effect the same purpose; and recently the Government has imported flax scutching machines from Europe and distributed them throughout the Province.

In 1862 the Government caused public lectures to be delivered on the importance and advantages of cultivating textile plants in Canada, and the Department of Agriculture and Statistics is importing first rate seed from Europe for distribution. Extensive factories are in course of construction for the manufacture of flax,\* and the Board of Agriculture of Lower Canada has imported new machinery from Europe for a similar purpose. The wide field open to this branch of industry may be seen at a glance by an inspection of the following table of imports of the most important flax and hemp manufactures during the past seven years.

## IMPORTS.

Year.	Linen.	Cordage.	Sailcloth.	Total.
1857 .....	\$334,974 .....	\$188,989 .....	\$75,291 .....	\$599,254
1858 .....	138,110 .....	80,535 .....	36,030 .....	254,675
1859 .....	203,671 .....	44,452 .....	41,437 .....	289,560
1860 .....	261,824 .....	64,150 .....	63,776 .....	389,750
1861 .....	341,942 .....	75,544 .....	55,692 .....	473,178
1862 .....	322,844 .....	107,181 .....	116,757 .....	546,782

The Minister of Agriculture, after a brief recapitulation of what has been done to promote the cultivation of flax and hemp in the Province, concludes his Report for 1862 with the following words:—"The Legislature should, therefore, vote a SPECIAL AMOUNT this year for this purpose."

\*"Report of the Minister of Agriculture and Statistics."

In a subsequent number we shall venture to advert to the form which that legislative encouragement should take, as suggested by a review of the impediments which have hitherto checked, and the discouragements which, it is alleged, have thwarted the best efforts to promote these important but hitherto neglected branches of home industry and enterprise.

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THE EMIGRANTS.

A TALE OF THE BACKWOODS.

XXXVI.

'T was when the Sun uplifted high  
 His radiant form amidst the sky,  
 That Weston took his lonely way  
 To where his place of labour lay ;  
 And little recked that aught of ill  
 Would meet him in those woodlands still.  
 It was a clear and open glade,  
 Through which the slanting sunbeams play'd,  
 Among the leaves that o'er his head  
 Their graceful shadows richly spread.  
 Brief was his toil ere he descried  
 Clifford advancing to his side.  
 His cheek was pale, his eye was bright,  
 Yet with a smile his lip was dight ;  
 Altho' its light seemed forced and fleeting,  
 And faded e're he ceased his greeting.  
 " Ah, Weston ! I was sure 't must be  
 Thy axe that rung so merrily  
 Through the dim woods, the other day,  
 When close to this I held my way  
 To Danby's clearing ; and again  
 To-day, it seemed so near and plain,  
 I left my path, that to your view  
 I might display what very few  
 In this wild land, perchance, have seen—  
 Weapons of matchless shape and sheen—

And you who have a swordsman's eye,  
 Will look upon them lovingly."  
 With that, from the protecting fold  
 Of a rich cov'ring, he unrolled,  
 With eager hand, two weapons fair,  
 Of workmanship and temper rare.  
 Weston at first, with some surprise,  
 Marked his stern lip and flaming eyes ;  
 But then he knew that Clifford's way  
 Was changeful as an April day.  
 A weapon from his hand he took,  
 And scanned it with admiring look ;  
 And then full skilfully essayed  
 Each guard, and thrust, and quick parade ;  
 And praised its balance and its form,  
 And heeded not the rising storm  
 That gathered fast and faster now  
 On Clifford's dark and threat'ning brow ;  
 And deemed him but in sport when he  
 Crossed weapons with him suddenly,  
 Until his eye, with hatred gleaming,  
 Revealed too well his direful meaning.  
 " Now, Weston ! now," he hoarsely said,  
 And fiercely pressed upon his blade,  
 " Thy hand will have to play its part,  
 To save thy false and treach'rous heart ;  
 Or from its inmost depths I vow  
 To tear each thought of love that thou  
 Hast dared to cherish to'ards the maid  
 Whom I to win have long essayed ;  
 And whose young heart, with traitor-wile,  
 From me thou 'st striven to beguile."  
 " Clifford !" cried Weston, all amazed.  
 " Why, Clifford, are thy senses crazed ?  
 Why force me thus to mortal strife—  
 Why thirst so fiercely for my life ?  
 Put up thy sword, and hear me tell,  
 That tho' I've loved young Edith well,  
 Yet never word nor look of mine,  
 Led her my feelings to divine.  
 Not that 'twas e'er the fear of thee  
 That kept me from such rivalry,  
 But Poverty forbade that I

Should raise my fondest hope so high  
 As e'er to think that she would share  
 A ruined Woodman's lonely fare.  
 But for this cause she had been mine,  
 Spite of that burning glance of thine;  
 For well I know that ne'er would she  
 Have looked with favor upon thee,  
 Or taken for her chosen mate  
 A soul so fierce in love and hate!"

## XXXVII.

Oh wildly, wildly flashed the ire,  
 O'er his dark face, from Clifford's eye,  
 Like as the lightning's lurid fire  
 Gleams o'er the midnight's stormy sky.  
 "Thou know'st it well! and yet, forsooth,  
 Thou'd have me deem thou speakest truth,  
 When telling that to Edith thou  
 Hast never breathed a lover's vow.  
 Dastard! thy cheek is growing pale,  
 And this is but a fear-taught tale,  
 To 'scape the vengeance justly due  
 A coward and a traitor too!"  
 Oh, human Nature! frail thou art,  
 E'en when thou 'rt strengthened from on high;  
 And few, unmoved, can bear the smart  
 Of insult and of contumely.  
 How far our faithless hearts come short  
 Of His example, Whose reply  
 Was never railing or retort  
 E'en to His bitterest enemy.  
 This Weston felt, for madly beat  
 The pulses of his writhing soul,  
 And fiery was the unwonted heat  
 That insult roused beyond control:  
 Yet even then he sought to gain  
 Aid from a higher, holier power,  
 Who never bids us seek in vain  
 For strength in trial's darkest hour.  
 With dauntless hand and watchful eye  
 He parried Clifford's wild attack,  
 And with a brief and stern reply

He cast his taunts of falsehood back.  
 But 'midst the excitement of the strife  
 He still restrained his own right hand,  
 Tho' Clifford oft exposed his life,  
 For wrath destroyed his self-command,  
 And raged within his breast until  
 It robbed him of his wonted skill.  
 Again,—again, their weapon's clash,  
 Their swiftness seems to mock the eye,—  
 Like lightning in the sun they flash,  
 As Clifford strives for mastery.  
 But vain his strife; no blood was spilt  
 Till Weston's footing slipp'd aside,  
 And Clifford's weapon to the hilt  
 Was plunged into his panting side.

## XXXVIII.

Across the victor's face there passed  
 A fearful smile of triumph high;  
 He hoped each groan would be the last,  
 He watched to see his victim die.  
 "Clifford," he gasped with failing voice,  
 "Even from my soul I pity thee;  
 I'd rather—were it now my choice—  
 The murder'd than the murderer be!  
 And now I tell thee once again  
 'Tis without cause that thou hast sought  
 To bring upon thy soul the stain  
 Of this foul deed that thou hast wrought.  
 Thou 'st snapped the silver chord of life,  
 Hope's golden bowl hast rudely broken;  
 But brighter hopes are growing rife,  
 For on my sight there seem to open  
 Calm visions of that holy rest  
 The Saviour purchased with His blood,  
 And He will teach me now to breast  
 The billows of Death's chilling flood."  
 His voice grew faint and fainter still,  
 His eye was dull, his heart was chill;  
 Then did some thought of anguish seem  
 To rouse him from his dark'ning dream,  
 And as before his mind it passed,  
 Its shadow o'er his features cast;

And in a voice like Sorrow's own  
 He deeply sighed and murmured "home."  
 "Clifford," he said, "thou 'st throned Despair

    Within my father's noble heart;  
 And oh! my mother! who shall dare  
 To thee these tidings to impart?

Oh! would that it might be that thou  
 Might'st close my dim and dark'ning eye,  
 And that upon my clammy brow  
 Thy lips might rest before I die.

But no! it ne'er can be again  
 That thou wilt bless my longing gaze;  
 Nor may I to my bosom strain

    The guardian of my early days.  
 Clifford, one deed of love thou'lt do  
 For what, through thee, I now endure,"—

And here he from his bosom drew  
 A locket with a miniature.

"Take this," he said, "and let it be  
 With safety to my father borne;  
 It is my mother's face ere she

    By years and sorrows had been shorn  
 Of that calm look which was to me  
 The brightest dream of infancy.  
 Heed not the name that's written there,  
 Tho' different from the one I bear,  
 'Tis one which all our fathers bore  
 Altho' we bear it now no more.

    "O God! 'tis bitter thus to die  
 Beneath this bright and glorious sky,  
 Far from each fond and loving heart  
 Who would have watched my soul depart,  
 And o'er Death's dark and lonely way  
 Have shed Affection's holy ray.

But hence, such thoughts! my Saviour, Thou  
 See'st Thy blest-sign upon my brow,  
 And that is but a shadow thrown

Up from a heart THOU 'st made Thine own,  
 For there THOU long has stamped Thy Cross,  
 And taught me to esteem as dross  
 Those things, whatever they might be,  
 That came between my soul and Thee.  
 Thine be the praise—the glory Thine;



But let the comfort all be mine  
 Of having all my sins forgiven,  
 And blessed through Thee with hopes of heaven,  
 My ebbing blood doth bear away  
 Each thought of anger from my heart,  
 And Clifford I forgive, and pray  
 That thou" — he gave a sudden start,  
 Then backwards sank, and with a sigh,  
 He seemed to pass full tranquilly.

## XXXIX.

Clifford, we've said, had fiercely smiled  
 When first he saw his foemen fall,  
 But, as his passion grew less wild,  
 It seemed as if some fearful pall  
 Of horror o'er his spirit fell,  
 Which nought might e'er again dispel.  
 Long ere poor Weston sunk and swooned  
 He strove to staunch the gushing wound,  
 And midst the greenwood's lonely shade  
 He vainly called aloud for aid.  
 He took the picture's jewelled case  
 From Weston's cold and nerveless grasp,  
 A moment gazed upon the face,  
 Then, with a wild, convulsive gasp,  
 He staggered back, his glaring eyes  
 Seemed starting from their sockets deep,  
 And voiceless terror and surprise  
 Over his spirit seemed to sweep.  
*His mother? did he say his mother?*  
 Weston! unsay that word again!  
 Oh, God! Oh, God! I've slain my brother,  
 And I am now a second Cain!  
 Oh, Memory! on thy dreamy heart  
 Love could no other visage trace  
 With such a deep and lasting art  
 As a fond mother's loving face!  
 And well I know that this is mine,  
 That seemeth now to gaze on me,  
 With those reproachful eyes that shine  
 E'en from the insensate ivory.  
 And see! her name is traced below,

'Matilda Neville'—that old name  
 Which I relinquished long ago  
 That I might keep it free from shame!  
 Oh! it doth seem but yesterday  
 Since I beheld the artist trace  
 The features, then so fair and gay,  
 Of this sweet unforgotten face.  
 No marvel that my soul hath yearned  
 Towards him who now before me lies,  
 And that strange dreamings oft returned  
 Of childhood's holy sympathies!  
 Oh, how could I so blinded be  
 As not to see that likeness plain  
 That even now looks forth on me  
 And racks my soul with madd'ning pain.  
 My sins ere this were deeply dyed,  
 And now, I stand a fratricide!  
 And on my scorched and blasted brow  
 The curse of Cain is resting now.  
 Oh, if in truth a heav'n there be  
 It ne'er was meant for such as me;  
 And if there is, as clerks do tell,  
 Beyond the grave a flaming hell,  
 'Twould be to me a place of rest,  
 For if the tortures of my breast  
 Could midst its flames forgotten be,  
 I'd welcome all its agony!"  
 'Twas thus in sinful sort he raved,  
 And God's deep anger wildly braved.  
 Then paused—and with a madden'd air  
 On Weston bent a fearful glare.  
 And while his frame with anguish shook  
 With eager hand his sword he took  
 And placing it against a tree  
 He fell against it heavily!

## XL.

Oh, Sin thou art a fearful thing,  
 Altho' thy brow is decked with flowers;  
 Though like a Siren thou canst sing  
 Amidst thy dim enchanted bowers;  
 And tho' thy passionate eye doth fling

Strange 'wilderling lights upon the hours  
 Of throbbing youth—when we do cling  
 So fondly to this world of ours—  
 Yet even then at times we trace  
 Beneath thy false and treach'rous smile  
 The hate thou bearest towards the race  
 Thou e're hast striven to beguile ;  
 If for our guide we choose thee still,  
 And follow where thou lead'st the way,  
 Oh, darker, drearier, and more chill,  
 Becomes our path from day to day.  
 'Tis true! strange phantoms dance before,  
 And promise 'midst our rising woe  
 That Pleasure's cup shall still run o'er,  
 But yet we never find it so.  
 And thou, that first with winning grace,  
 Led us in thy broad paths to stray,  
 Dost clasp us in a fierce embrace,  
 And o'er us wield's a tyrant's sway.  
 The flow'rs upon thy brow have faded ;  
 Changed is thy former face of glee,  
 While o'er the soul thou hast degraded  
 Thou laughest now in mockery.

## XLI.

Scarcely had Clifford done the deed  
 Of horror that hath just been told,  
 When passing with a woodman's speed,  
 And with a bearing light and bold,  
 Young Chester started with affright  
 To see the dread and ghastly sight  
 That burst upon his startled eye ;  
 And froze his blood, and stopped the cry  
 That rose upon his lips when he  
 Thus came upon them suddenly.  
 Quick was his glance and brief his stay,  
 For bounding like a deer away  
 He fled for aid, that he might bear  
 The sufferers to some refuge, where  
 Kindness and care and skill might be  
 Bestowed upon them speedily.  
 Assistance came,—their wounds were bound,

And each was lifted from the ground  
With tender care, for many a moan  
Broke from them as they bore them home.  
Young Weston's wound, it soon appeared,  
Was slighter than at first was feared ;  
And soon awaking from his swoon  
He gazed bewildered round the room,  
And for a time it did but seem  
The memory of some fearful dream.  
Clifford did still his speech retain,  
And smote his brow, and spake of Cain,  
Until they thought that he must be  
Distracted by his injury.  
'Twas such a wound, in truth, as made  
The brightness of Hope's smile to fade,  
And filled with tears her beaming eye ;  
For it was plain that he must die.  
And yet he lingered day by day,  
And fervently did Weston pray :  
That even in his dying hour,  
God's Spirit with His word of pow'r  
Might rouse his erring brother's heart,  
And teach him, ere his soul should part,  
To mourn o'er all his wanderings now  
When Death's cold hand was on his brow.  
As his own strength at length returned,  
'Twere long to tell how fondly yearned  
His heart o'er him, whose weary face  
Had lost its high and haughty grace.  
And how with gentle art he sought  
To lead him on to holy thought  
Of Him who in His mercy gave  
His soul, the sinner's soul to save.  
Oh ! sad the lot of those who tread  
The world's wide ways with sin o'erspread ;  
And never, till their dying day,  
Seek for life's calm but narrow way.—  
Yet when young Weston spoke of Him  
Who died, a ransom for our sin,  
The tears would oft unbidden start  
From his closed lids, and his proud heart  
Seemed touched and softened, and he'd clasp,  
Tho' with a faint and feeble grasp,

His brother's hand, and seemed to be  
 Filled with unfeigned humility.  
 'Twere sad to tell the words that past  
 Between them ere he breathed his last ;  
 It is enough, that though his life  
 Was deeply dyed with sin and strife,  
 Since he had left his father's home  
 Unfettered thro' the world to roam,  
 Yet still a hope was left behind  
 That he might grace and pardon find  
 Through Him who to this world was sent  
 To seek and save the penitent.  
 But yet while Hope of peace did sing,  
 Cold Doubt, with gloomy brow, would rise  
 And over Hope his mantle fling  
 And drown her cheerful voice with sighs—  
 And thus it must forever be  
 With those who *live* unmindfully:

## XLII.

He died, and left his brother heir  
 Of all the wealth that he possessed.  
 And scarce had summer faded, ere  
 Weston clasped Edith to his breast,  
 And joyed to hear her say that she  
 His pledged and plighted bride would be.  
 And now, surrounded by their friends,  
 A life of holy love they lead,  
 And many a prayer to heaven ascends  
 That they may feel in very deed  
 That they are only pilgrims here,  
 And that the joys of earth must never  
 Make them forget that glorious sphere  
 Where God shall be our joy for ever.

I've told my tale! And some perchance will deem  
 That one whose numbers are untaught and rude  
 Had better far continued still to dream  
 In his own heart's unbroken solitude.  
 And so for years, in many an ancient wood  
 By the low lake, and by the forest stream,

I've dreamt vague dreams, and oft have wished I could  
Express the beauty wild with which they were embued.

And now, if I no fitting priest should be  
To minister at Nature's glorious shrine,  
Let not the highly-gifted scornfully

Regard my reverent efforts as a crime.  
No thought of beauty can I claim as mine—  
They sprang from nature, if such thoughts there be,  
And I have only striven to combine  
Her glorious dreamings with my rude untutored rhyme.

W. S. DARLING.

[This poem was not written expressly for the *British American Magazine*. Its composition was the recreation of the author during convalescence after a severe illness, some years ago. It has been placed in the hands of the Editor without alteration or addition.]

## THE SETTLER'S DAUGHTER.

BY MRS. HOLIWELL.

Authoress of the "The Old World and the New," "The Earles in Canada," &c.

### CHAPTER IV.

#### CHRISTMAS AT MAPLETON VALE.

Paddy used to bring Mr. Claridge's letters from the village post office, with Lieutenant Mapleton's, and on one occasion the young man received an epistle from his mother, while sitting with Lawrence on the verandah. At her request he broke the seal and as his home had frequently been made a matter of conversation there were many extracts for her ear. Why pause and redder Hemsley Claridge? Read on, your companion listens with absorbed attention, all that concerns you is growing deeply interesting to her. But he skipped a page in a nervous hurried manner. Lawrence however, with her eyes on her sewing did not heed it, the great piece of news conveyed was to the effect, that his sister Mary was likely to marry well, and that her sister and the Hemsley girls were to be bridesmaids in white and blue.

"Who are the Hemsleys?" inquired Lawrence looking up.

"Squire Hemsley is my Godfather, their house was within a mile of the Rectory, and the young people of both families were intimate from childhood."

"How dreadfully you must have missed your old friends and your own family, I think I should die if I were to leave Mapleton."

"How I might have felt if I had not met with those who have amply supplied the place of the absent," and he looked gratefully at his companion, "I know not, but in spite of my disagreeable position, I was never happier in my life, you must not imagine Miss Mapleton that all parents are like you and your father."

"No, I suppose not, still it must be a great trial to live thousands of miles from your mother's love and father's society."

"My mother's love was never demonstrative," returned Hemsley with a comical expression, "my most vivid recollections of her are mingled with sharp reproofs, and in earlier days with boxes on my ears and lectures on manners. I dare say I was a tiresome boy enough; I remember being the very incarnation of mischief, but my good mother admirable as she is, never melted into tenderness over me in her life; my young sisters were growing up all the time and were far more promising to caress and ornamental in the drawing room. My mother always characterised boys as 'cubs,' awkward and very much in the way." Lawrence laughed and could not help thinking the specimen beside her was a very handsome cub indeed. Claridge did not care to talk more of his English home, his companion thought it was regret that silenced him, possibly there were recollections he might wish to forget.

As the winter approached Hemsley's ingenuity was much taxed to suggest a feasible reason to his parents for remaining in the Mapleton neighbourhood, after he had unmasked Swinton. To stay with him was intolerable, yet the simple truth could not be told, or rather he thought it could not; but any reasoning based on other foundation than truth is sure to prove dangerous and while Claridge let week after week slip by, without taking a decisive step, his enemy was devising some scheme by which to secure another fifty pounds. Consequently when at last he brought himself to address Swinton on the matter, that gentleman's reply was to show him a banker's check for the next half year's payment, with Arthur Claridge signed conspicuously at the bottom, if Hemsley had doubts with regard to writing home, Swinton had none, and as Claridge had not made confidants of his parents they felt no hesitation in sending the amount demanded.

Christmas brought sleighing and Mrs. Mouncey who staid a fortnight and in whose honour several social parties were given. Claridge spent Christmas day with them peacefully and cheerfully. Mrs. Mouncey and

the young Englishman discussed round the blazing log fire the old world customs, Lawrence listened attentively, putting in a word here and there for her native land, while the old sailor smiled pleasantly as memories of his boyhood nearly forgotten, were aroused by their conversation. The snow was falling silently and heavily without, the landscape was a dreary one, to an aching heart, but to the contented, the young and gay it only enhanced the brightness and comfort within. Paddy entered with a fresh log equal, Lawrence declared, to any yule log of old England, a declaration no one seemed inclined to dispute. As it grew darker and dimmer the girl drew to her favourite seat at her father's knees, Mrs. Mounsey retired for a few minutes to scribble a loving line to her husband, who was not able to accompany her, but was to follow in a few days, while Claridge stole to the window and gazing on the winter storm could not help thinking of his father's home, and its Christmas festivities. His mind was busy with the past, images of beloved absent ones flitted before him, last year what form so peerless and so fair accepted his homage, and returned his preference? A sigh escaped him, a little white hand was laid on his shoulder and a sweet voice more musical than the past, breathing of present joy whispered, "I fear you are dull Mr. Claridge, are you thinking of your English home? Christmas is always a sad time for those who are separated from their families."

"My thoughts were with home I must confess, one should be a heathen not to remember one's own kin on such a day, but believe me I was not looking back regretfully, I can never do that while I have Miss Mapleton for a friend."

Lawrence looked doubtfully at him, his words sounded strangely like flattery, but his face expressed serious earnestness and she was too trustful to question further.

"I am proud of your estimate of my friendship, if we have helped you to pass your weary term of probation here agreeably, it is no more than papa wished to do by your father's son, or indeed by any stranger guest."

"May I not hope you have shown me a little more favour than you would to any one else?"

"No I think not—but perhaps——"

"What?"

"I have taken my own pleasure in it."

Hemsley thanked her with a bright smile, he had always felt her kindness was dictated by something beyond pity, now joy trembled in his heart that she had confessed in words her pleasure in his society.

"But tell me now," she said in a low tone for her father had fallen



asleep in his chair, "how did you pass last Christmas day, had you any strangers with you, what did you do?"

"Am I to begin at the beginning?"

"Of course."

"Well then at the breakfast table, on each plate we found our Christmas boxes, some plates were piled up, others were more moderately filled; our parents' were generally loaded, sometimes with rubbish, for every child from the eldest downwards gave something."

"And what had you last year?"

"This watch which you have seen before now, from papa and mama united, and a whole stack of pincushions and slippers from the girls."

"What have you had to-day?"

"Nothing, who would give me a love token here?"

"I have got something for you, something that I think you will like, wait here and I will send it to the window." Claridge full of curiosity strained his eyes through the rapidly increasing darkness to catch a glimpse of the mysterious gift. Presently Paddy appeared followed by his mistress in fur cap and snow shoes, for the snow was deep and light leading by the bridle Black Bess, a beautiful mare that Mr. Mapleton had kept for a long time doing nothing in his stables; she was too rare and fine a creature for farm work, and the old gentleman, never a bold rider, did not care to mount her, Laurie had suggested that young Claridge would like to try his skill and strength in her command and her father said instantly, "give her to him," so Lawrence and Paddy paraded the black mare before Hemsley, as he sat in the drawing room window at Mapleton Vale. Claridge's eyes shone at the prospect of a ride, poor fellow, he had not mounted a noble animal since he had left home, and he dearly loved the exercise; he was going to express his thanks but Lawrence stopped him.

"We ought to thank you for accepting the gift, for poor Bess is of no use now, papa does not feel able to ride her, he is not as strong as he used to be, and I have Bell an equally fine animal and more gentle, if you are doubtful of the treatment she would receive at Hogg's Hill leave her here, Paddy will mind her as before till you are differently situated."

The offer was gladly accepted, and when spring came Hemsley's spare hours were spent in riding with Miss Mapleton, and her father. Toil, hardship, insult, everything were forgotten, when facing the Huron breeze the youth flew on his high mettled courser beside the fearless and beautiful settler's daughter. They seldom talked much, they were too full of enjoyment, the very action was a pleasure, how much more the consciousness of the other's presence! old Mapleton looked on and

sometimes smiled, and sometimes sighed, was the intimacy for good or for evil?

For good at present at all events, for Lawrence had blossomed into tenfold beauty since her slumbering heart had been awakened, her brown eyes beamed with tender feeling, her cheek was crimsoned with the hue of the damask rose, her scarlet lips melted into rich smiles of happiness, her girlish slight figure had ripened into the fulness of perfection; Lawrence the sweet pretty loveable girl had burst into the richness and warmth of womanhood. The fond father gazed half sadly, half proudly at his forest flower, how soon might she be separated from him, he could not expect to keep so fair a blossom in his faded life garden.

Young Hemsley felt his strong heart beat with passionate love when he thought of her. How should he gain her, how presume to claim one so cherished, so lovely, so rich? The question echoed in his ears by night and by day, but alas! there came no answer. He could only toil on at Hogg's Hill and spend every possible minute with his sovereign. In his young enthusiasm he vowed not to disturb her peace by betraying his hopeless passion, such disinterestedness was not likely to survive a temptation.

More than once during their spring rides as Lawrence and Hemsley walked their horses up the hill leading to Mapleton Vale from the village, Lawrence fancied she saw a figure resembling Nellie fitting through the plantation that skirted their road, upon reaching home, however, Nellie was always at hand and her mistress observed nothing to warrant a suspicion of her truthfulness or behaviour, still Lawrence mused sadly of her wilful waiting-maid and ever concluded her reflections by wishing Sheldon safe out of the neighbourhood. Major Glegg had patronised the young man and a rumour said he was graciously received by the daughter also, however that was, Sheldon was so frequently in the company of the Gleggs that Lawrence had withdrawn herself from Ailsie's society, finding a something in the handsome stranger simply intolerable.

As the weather improved Lawrence's rides became more frequent, they often met Miss Glegg riding like the wind on her spirited bay, accompanied by Sheldon tearing along by her side with wild eye and excited countenance; these meetings always cast a gloom over Lawrence, Ailsie had been her friend and now she seemed rushing to perdition with an evil spirit for a guide. One night when the evening prayer and chapter were just concluded and the young girl and her father were exchanging a tender goodnight, Maggie entered the parlour and said that Mr. Claridge wished to speak to Miss Mapleton for a moment.

"What has brought him here so late, I do not like visitors at this hour?" questioned Mr. Mapleton.

"I am sure something very particular has happened dear papa, but I will go and see, he is in the drawing room Maggie I suppose?"

The woman assented, and the girl left the room; the old gentleman pacing up and down thoughtfully, wistfully eyed the door, soon she returned but so pale and agitated, her father was quite alarmed.

"Dear papa will you grant me a very great favour? will you drive out with me to Major Glegg's, I must see Ailsie, she is on the eve of ruin, even now perhaps I am too late, Mr. Claridge has accidentally discovered a plan between her and Mr. Sheldon to elope to-night or to-morrow morning, look at this," she handed her father a crushed note burnt at the end, it had evidently been twisted up and used for a cigar lighter.

DEAREST—I will be ready on Tuesday at the hour appointed, papa has a dinner party on Monday night and will sleep late and soundly, what a ride it will be with you for ever, in haste.

Yours fondly,

AILSIE.

"And what do you hope to do my child?"

"Papa, Ailsie loved me once, that bad man has perverted her and smothered her better judgment, I will reason with her, show her the bottomless gulf she is approaching, at least let me discharge my duty as a companion and friend even if I do no good, but I feel that I shall."

"Do as you please my love go and speak to Paddy and tell Mr. Claridge I should like to see him if he is not gone."

"No papa, I will send him to you."

Hemsley had not much more to say, he had picked up the half burnt paper on the stairs, and from what he had observed of Sheldon's intimacy with the Gleggs, he had apprehended the worst. His fears were confirmed by seeing Sheldon's horse saddled and bridled in Swinton's stables ready for a journey, it was Monday night, if the note meant anything, there was no time to lose.

When Lawrence entered muffled and hooded the young man took his leave, and the old settler buttoning his fur coat up to his chin for the nights were still frosty and cold, took his seat in the buggy without a murmur, though he could not help wishing himself in bed. After a smart drive they pulled up at a cottage about a stone's throw from Major Glegg's house.

"Do you see the lights in the drawing room papa? The Major has not yet finished his carouse, I do not think you would care to join him, the good people are up here and would be glad to give you a seat by

their fire while I go on and do my endeavour."

"But you do not know whom you will see, gentlemen after the Major's dinners are not pleasant to meet."

"I shall enter by the garden door, and go direct to Ailsie's room; if she is not there, I shall ask a servant to seek her and bring her to me, if both fail I shall return to you."

"Very well, good-bye, I shall be anxious till you come back."

Lawrence tripped off and found Ailsie as she expected, alone in her chamber, on beholding her friend Miss Glegg almost shrieked out, "What are you come for?"

To save you from sin Ailsie, from irremediable misery."

"What do you mean? how dare you come here to lecture me and call me to account? go away proud girl, you are so much better than any one else, go—nor defile your purity try contact with me!"

"Oh Ailsie, Ailsie!" cried Lawrence sinking on her knees and clasping the excited girl with her strong arms, "we were friends in innocence and happiness, do not turn from me now in the hour of trial and sorrow, you meditate a sin against your father and heaven, be persuaded, be entreated, I will not leave you till you have changed your purpose, I will wrestle for your soul, you must not, shall not, be lost."

"What are you talking about?" returned the bold girl with a hollow laugh, "to what purpose do you allude?"

"You are going to abandon yourself to a villain, see here, is not this your handwriting?"

Ailsie snatched it from her and grew white, more with rage that Sheldon should have been so careless of her notes, than anger at Lawrence for meddling in her affairs.

"How did you come by this?" she hoarsely asked.

"It was picked up on Swinton's staircase; look at the scorched end, your precious words of love were used to minister to your lover's self indulgent habits, how must he prize you when he thus desecrates what belongs to you?"

Miss Glegg sprang to her feet and for some minutes paced up and down with her passionate, unregulated heart bursting in her bosom, Lawrence glanced round the room and noticed the riding habit laid out for use, the small well packed portmanteau, the letter addressed to the parent she was deceiving and deserting, afraid of losing her advantage she stole to her companion's side and tried to take her hand.

"Do'nt touch me child, do'nt look at me with your reproachful eyes, why did you come at all, disturbing my plans and destroying my happiness?"

"Preventing you from destroying it you mean, oh! dear Ailsie I came because I loved you, I wish to save you, pray think of your father,

he may not be tender or gentle to you, but does he not love you as well as it is in his nature to love? would not your dishonourable conduct madden him, perhaps lead him to murder or suicide? do you not know by your own passions how strong his are in his gigantic manhood. You have a noble heart Ailsie, listen to its dictates, and scorn the lurings of a man like Ralph Sheldon, he only tempts you to destruction, he is not capable of affection, drink has stifled every fair quality in his nature, oh! do not sacrifice your father, yourself, youth, beauty, prospects and more than all God's love for a demon!"

"Who taught you to pass judgment on Ralph Sheldon? What can you know of him?"

"The unerring instinct of my heart which always warns me when I meet an unprincipled godless man, you have the same misgiving Ailsie, but you thrust it out of sight and try to cover it with flowers, they are only poison berries; recall every hour of your intercourse—did he ever give utterance to a noble sentiment? did he ever pity the unfortunate or relieve the suffering? did you ever see him glow with lofty aspirations or act self denyingly? you do not answer, you cannot; he is base, he loves vice better than virtue and gold more than honour."

"Why do you say so? he is the last person to care for money, he lavishes his in foolish generosity, I never met a more liberal man."

"He lavishes then on his pleasures what should supply his just wants, do you know he has a poor striving mother in England, hoping for the best, toiling and praying and looking to that future with her son that will never come; she writes to him by every post, but her letters are sometimes unopened for weeks, and he rarely replies to her. Will such a son make a good husband? dear Ailsie, if you were not the Major's daughter and the heiress of rich acres I do not think he would have loved you."

The girl groaned as the gentle Lawrence probed the wound she wished to heal, she had resolved to say openly all she knew that could deter her friend from so mad a step. Seeing she had gained a point, as Ailsie remained silent, she pressed her advantage with so much love and earnestness that presently the proud heart gave way and throwing herself on Miss Mapleton's neck she sobbed out.

"I feel, I know you are right, but I love him?"

"You cannot love him as he is," returned Lawrence embracing her, "you can only love him as he has appeared to you, if you love him you must wish him well, try and reform him, pluck him from his sins, all that you can do, must be done while you are free, you will achieve nothing when under authority, make him worthy of you or renounce him. Ailsie I believe that a pure woman, strong in a high resolve and prayerful, may reclaim a perverted human soul, if that soul can be

turned to love her, but that woman must be separate, undefiled from his career of crime, she must not owe obedience to one whom she cannot reverence, if your love can bear the long suffering, the patient struggling with error, the ingratitude and the relapses of a stained and enfeebled nature, then persevere and prosper, and may God's blessing be with you, but never ruin him eternally as well as yourself and those belonging to you by joining his course of corruption, instead of withdrawing him from it."

"Lawrence, I yield to right and truth, not to your persuasions, put by my habit, unpack my bag, I will write him a line. Will you see that it is delivered to him."

"I will," murmured the young girl her countenance beaming with holy joy as she obeyed her imperious friend. The note was sealed, the farewell spoken, and Lawrence was soon beside her father driving through Mapleton woods by moonlight.

"We must call at Swinton's, papa, and find some means of giving Mr. Sheldon this note," said Lawrence after relating her interview with Miss Glegg.

"Do you think your friend will keep her promise?"

"I am certain of it, with all her faults Ailsie never prevaricated or broke her word, she has no timidity and would have as soon refused me as not, if she had not been convinced."

They reached Hogg's Hill, all was still and dark, save a faint light in an upper room. Lawrence's heart fluttered with a secret indescribable joy, "Hemsley is there." Truly he was there and awake, for he heard the carriage wheels and raised the sash to see the cause of so unusual an interruption at such an hour. A glance sufficed, the light disappeared, and in a moment Claridge was by their side. Lawrence in a few words recapitulated what had passed charging him to deliver the note at once with his own hand.

"I do not think it would be of any use to give it to him," said Hemsley, "for he is in the deep sleep of intoxication, Swinton treated him to brandy to-night, and I believe had to help him to bed."

The young girl shuddered and after begging him to watch the wretched boy's slumber and deliver him the mission as early as he was able to comprehend its meaning, they exchanged good-nights and Lawrence drove on, not unwatched through the dark woods. Hemsley stood gazing after the little vehicle till it was lost to sight and returned to his den but little inclined to sleep.

The next morning as the Mapletons sat over their breakfast an hour later than usual, Claridge walked in, he looked grave and said he had sad news for them.

"I obeyed your wishes last night Miss Mapleton, not feeling able to

rest I opened my door which gives upon Sheldon's, and sat down to write letters. About break of day I heard him moving and he shortly came out dressed in his best, I gave him the note and said it was left after he had retired for the night, the messenger requesting that he should have it the first thing in the morning. He tore it open and muttered many an oath as he strode down stairs. He went into the stables mounted his horse and rode off."

"But Ailsie did not meet him," said Lawrence confidently.

"Yes she did, I followed him at a distance, he rode to the Hollow, and I saw a lady waiting for him on foot, of course I cannot tell what the subject of their conversation was, but they soon parted and apparently in anger for she walked slowly homewards and he galloped towards the village, just as I gained the bridge, I saw his horse shy, he struck the animal brutally and the next moment he was thrown; he lay bleeding and senseless about a hundred yards from the school house. There were not many people about, but all who were, flocked round him, I knocked at Mr. Gilbert's, the schoolmaster's door, and asked permission to take him in, he winced a little at the idea but after a momentary struggle with himself, prepared his own bed for the wretched man's reception. Dr. Hawthorne was immediately sent for and obeyed the summons promptly."

"Are his injuries serious?" enquired Mr. Mapleton.

"Dr. Hawthorne said there was slight concussion of the brain and some severe bruises but no limbs broken, he must not be moved, so poor Mr. Gilbert will have a trial of patience."

Young Sheldon proved to be more dangerously hurt than was at first apprehended and weeks passed before he regained consciousness. The schoolmaster was assisted in his labour of charity by a stout motherly woman provided at Lawrence's suggestion as nurse, but his hermitage was desecrated and his door never closed to intruders. Those who did not want to see the invalid, wished to see the nurse, and the poor student, (for Mr. Gilbert had only adopted his present profession through necessity, he was reading for the church,) could not find a room in his small cottage where the eternal clatter of feminine tongues did not reach him. Besides the noise he suffered no end of inconvenience, his books and papers were superseded by physic bottles and tea cups, his reading lamp was appropriated for a night light, his desk a tray stand, never was unsocial mortal so completely besieged by clamour and business. He was fain to put away books and pen and devote himself to his uninvited and helpless guest, bearing with as good a grace as he could, the twaddle of all the old women of Mapleton.

Hemsley took possession of Sheldon's desk and few papers before Swinton heard of the accident, he sealed them up and delivered them to

Mr. Gilbert for the sick man's future use. In collecting the letters that his carelessness had scattered on shelf or floor he observed Mrs. Sheldon's address and after consulting with Lawrence and Mr. Mapleton he wrote to her recommending her if possible to join her son shortly, and detailing as briefly as possible the late events. Lawrence carried frequent news of the sufferer to the no less mentally suffering Ailsie. Strong, bold, wild girl as she was, she showed traces of the ordeal through which she was passing; perhaps she may not be the worse for the discipline, she has acquired some self-control, and has learned to admire Lawrence Mapleton's gentle womanly virtues.

Winter lingered, reluctant to depart, as it always is in this Canadian clime, till May, the month of birds and flowers, burst suddenly on Mapleton. Claridge gazed with astonishment at the sudden development of Nature: each morning the forest trees were greener, the gardens more forward. Strange buds greeted his eyes in the woods, and birds of brilliant plumage fitted from bough to bough. Lawrence knew all their names and was acquainted with their habits; she could tell him where the blue-bird and the robin mostly made their nests; how seldom the black and golden oriole was seen, and when this feathered chorister began to sing, or that one grew silent. She pointed out to him the gorgeous colour of the scarlet tanager, and triumphantly bade him listen to the sweet warbling which echoed through the primeval forest.

Besides the wild beauties in the forest, Lawrence's garden had put on a robe of blossoms and resembled enchanted ground. The lilacs hung their white and purple festoons over her arbour, the flowering currant and almond bushes shed their rich fragrance on the breeze, and in their deep green nest the lilies of the valley opened their star-like blossoms. Lawrence, ever gay, overflowed with happiness, the beautiful always added to her enjoyment, and she loved flowers almost as if they were capable of appreciating her affection. She spent hours in the garden training unruly shoots, culling the full blown flowers, supporting the weakly, or removing the faded glories of yesterday; sometimes Hemsley was by her side, and her pleasure was certainly not impaired by his presence.

It was towards the middle of the month that Claridge one evening, as usual, bent his steps towards the Vale, his spirits were not at their best, and his face betrayed signs of anxiety and fatigue. Besides a toilsome hard day in the fields under a hot spring sun, he had a cause for mental worry, a description of trouble he ever bore ill, in the shape of a letter from home. He was distracted with many conflicting emotions as he drew near the shrine of his devotion, and could not but acknowledge how entirely the fair flower of Mapleton had led captive



his heart; yet should he, could he, forget past promises, or lay himself open to the basest insinuations of avarice and fortune hunting if he sought the hand of so rich a bride? Claridge, though possessed of no romantic or Utopian generosity, was far from selfish or self-seeking, and, in his eyes, Lawrence Mapleton's only drawback was her wealth; he was proud enough to wish the girl he loved to be his equal not his superior in worldly goods, and he felt he should flinch like a coward from the surmises and sneers of the world if he openly avowed his admiration and love for Miss Mapleton. It was with the certainty of forgetting all uncomfortable thoughts and feelings in her presence that he hastily crossed the lawn and joined the old lieutenant, whom he had seen from afar reposing in his arm chair in the verandah, but, contrary to custom, no Lawrence was by his side, and even Mapleton Vale that lovely May evening looked desolate and dull.

"My daughter has not returned yet," said Mapleton, observing the young man's anxious inquiring look, "she went out on her pony early this afternoon on business for me to Farmer Terry, and I think it high time she came home, in fact I am getting fidgetty, and if it were not for my rheumatism which quite cripples me to night I should go and meet her, but I will send Paddy." "Would you allow me to go instead," asked Hemsley eagerly, "I can walk faster and see farther than Paddy; which path should I take?"

"The lake shore road is her favourite, though the longest, and by her being so late I suppose she is returning that way."

Claridge lost no time in availing himself of the permission given, and walked with rapid steps in the direction indicated. He paid little attention to the glorious sunset and the rising crescent of Dian, displaying that beauty of sky of which the poet speaks:

"The moon is up,  
And yet it is not night, sunset divides  
The sky with her."

A distant sail was just visible on the blue expanse of the beautiful lake, and Lawrence, riding up the hill from Ashton, where Mr. Terry lived, had reined in her docile pony, and was lost in admiration of the scene when Hemsley caught sight of her. Their meeting was mutually pleasant, a few words explained his appearance; Lawrence was full of her day's adventures, her delightful ride through the grand old woods, Mr. Terry's hospitality and the flourishing condition of the young Terrys. Claridge was boy enough to feel annoyed that she could be so open to enjoyment without him, and he was quite conscious of an irritable feeling as he asked her which path she would take, the road or across the ravine.

"Oh! the road I think," she returned "I never attempt the ravine in the spring, the quantity of snow last winter and the late season make the floods still dangerous."

"I thought Miss Mapleton knew no fear."

"I do not know that I am afraid, if there was any good to be done by going the perilous way, or I was really in a dreadful hurry I daresay I should try it, but where I have plenty of time I do not see the advantage of tempting Providence by running a risk."

"I came across it safely and I scarcely consider Providence interposed in my behalf."

"Well Mr. Claridge if you prefer it, and as you are with me to lead Bell over I am quite willing to go your way, this is the turning place."

His point gained he instantly felt sorry, but ashamed of his inconsistency he walked on leading the pony by the bridle. He had experienced some difficulty in crossing himself, and now it was nearly dark and he could not find the exact place which he had selected as best for the purpose. The roaring of the mountain torrent dashing its foaming shallow waters over the great rocks did not sound inviting as they approached the ravine and Bell the pony showed great disapprobation at the prospect of picking her way over the slippery stones.

"Mr. Claridge, if you will let me alight and walk over I think it will be safer, I am accustomed to scrambling and I daresay you can lead Bell."

"No, no, keep your seat, I will take care."

So he did to the best of his ability, but he had not calculated for Bell's four feet, and her obstinate resistance, just as they reached the middle of the stream, stepping from stone to crag with the greatest caution the pony lost her footing, and slipped into the water, it was only deep enough to give her young mistress a good wetting but unfortunately she was jerked from the saddle and fell on a sharp awkward piece of rock. To lift her in his arms and bear her to the opposite side was the work of a moment, he thought she had fainted, but Lawrence was too stout of heart and nerve for that, though really hurt she raised herself from his support and exclaimed, "Mr. Claridge catch my pony, if she goes home alone papa will be frightened to death."

Hemsley obeyed in silence and securing the animal to a tree rushed back to the young girl who faint and dizzy had removed her hat and thus displayed a wound on her temple, from which the red blood dropped slowly; in the pale moonlight Lawrie's face looked ghastly and poor Hemsley was well nigh distracted blaming himself as the cause of the misfortune.

"Miss Ma—— Lawrence, speak to me, let me bind your brow and

bathe your face, I know I do not deserve to do it, I am a wretch, but do not punish me more bitterly than I am punished.

"I am sure, I do not wish to punish you, but I really feel so strange. I am afraid of fainting. I know you thought it was the best road, but experience warned me of its danger, I expected a cold bath but I never reckoned upon a blow."

He bathed her face, he bound her wound with her soft cambric handkerchief, his heart beat so high with excitement he could scarcely steady his hand to do its work, to touch her flowing hair, her white forehead, her beautiful cheek! consciousness of his own faulty temper and of her suffering, alone subdued his wild emotions, he could hardly bridle his tongue, he longed to speak out of the fulness of his heart, but his better nature prevailed, he felt it would be ungenerous to agitate her while so weak and suffering, nor could he disturb the childlike confidence with which she permitted him to wait on her and support her.

Still when sufficiently recovered to proceed homewards he could not restrain the impulse of pressing her to his breast as he lifted her on her impatient pony and insisted on keeping his strong arm round her as she sat unsteadily in the saddle.

Paddy met them at the farm limits and he scanned his young mistress' appearance and escort not very approvingly, but Claridge heeded him not, he felt he must show Lawrence his heart ere they parted.

"Why do you shrink from my touch Lawrence, you are not able to hold yourself safely."

"I do not shrink from you Mr. Claridge, but I feel quite well and need no further assistance"

"If you felt the same pleasure in my strength that I do in your weakness, you would wish to ride thus through life."

Lawrence was silent, her little heart fluttered like a wild bird in her bosom.

"Lawrence I cannot speak, feeling chokes me, poor, unworthy as I am, with nothing to offer you but my great love, say, may I walk thus beside you for ever, your lover, husband, friend?"

They had reached the house, she held out her arms to him to be lifted off Bell, and nestled for a moment on that fond young heart that she felt was to be her anchorage through time. Hemsley needed no spoken words and with a thrill of delight that can never be known but once in our mortal career, he led her to the door.

"Do not come in to-night," she whispered, "you will come in the morning and see papa."

The first kiss that living man save her father had ever pressed on Lawrence Mapleton's lips was given that night by young Hemsley.

Happy the woman whose nuptial caresses, whose deathbed embrace are bestowed by the fond true lover of her early youth, and thrice happy the man who gives his heart's true worship to a being so pure, so fresh even to life's most unsullied feelings that she trembles in secret over the bliss of that first love token, and writes it down on the tablet of her memory as one of the golden records of her sunny existence.

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### WHAT IS "SPECTRUM ANALYSIS?"

BY THE EDITOR.

Many scientific periodicals contain from time to time announcements of new discoveries made through the instrumentality of "spectrum analysis." The public grows familiar with the words without having a very clear perception of their meaning. The word "spectrum" approaches so closely to spectre, that the idea is immediately suggested of some visible spiritual agent being concerned in the discoveries to which the mysterious "spectrum analysis" is now the recognized and fruitful guide. Has it any relation to mediums? or are spiritualists and clairvoyants the human agents by which these astonishing revelations regarding the constitution of the sun and the stars, the impurities of invisible air, of the clearest water, and even of a delicate and imponderable beam of light, are announced to us? Fortunately the names of the distinguished chemists and astronomers who first give us startling intelligence from the sun, not only excites our curiosity, but at once offers a sufficient guarantee that "spectrum analysis" has nothing to do with a medium, a spiritualist, a spectre, or a gnome.

By means of spectrum analysis we are told that the hundred-millionth part of a grain of calcium, the metallic base of lime, can be detected! The metal sodium, which is now so eagerly sought after for the cheap manufacture of aluminum, shows itself by this marvellous power if it exists to the extent of the one hundred and ninety-fifth millionth part of a grain! Even the atmosphere of the sun, more than ninety million miles distant from us, has been examined by its instrumentality, and demonstrated to contain not less than thirteen bodies known to us on earth. Iron and nickel, chromium and magnesium, manganese and aluminum, strontium and calcium, &c., in the atmosphere of the sun! What next?

We return to the question, "What is spectrum analysis?" Is the term a happy one? We unhesitatingly say, No! And yet "spectrum analysis" is sometimes called by another and far more expressive and even suggestive phrase, which at once gives us an insight into its origin and meaning. "Prismatic analysis" is the synonym of spectrum analysis. It is also known by the hard-looking word photo-chemical analysis. Here, at least, we have something definite. It clearly means "analysis by a prism," just as spectrum analysis means analysis by a spectrum; but what spectra are, if not something which one would rather not see too many of, and especially when alone, our readers can hardly be supposed to know, if they have not made the varied and wonderful phenomena of light their study.

Every one is familiar with the fact that when a ray of light passes through a glass prism, the drops of a chandelier, or a cut-glass tumbler, rainbow colours are seen. If the direct light of the sun be permitted to fall upon a triangular prism of glass, beautiful rainbow colours may be thrown on the floor, the wall, the ceiling, or a screen. These rainbow colours thus thrown upon a screen are called "a spectrum," and being obtained by means of sun-light they are termed a solar spectrum. But are we any nearer the meaning of the phrase "spectrum analysis?" Not yet, but we soon shall be.

Suppose we receive a ray of direct sun-light through a hole in the shutters of a darkened room, and allow the ray to pass through a glass prism, receiving the rainbow colours which are produced by the decomposition of white solar light on a screen of paper. It is possible to detect in this beautiful "spectrum" a number of dark lines at right angles to the length of the spectrum, which are called Fraunhofer's lines, from the name of the discoverer. The probable cause of these dark lines we shall describe presently. The "solar spectrum" is made up then of a succession of colours,—violet, indigo, blue, green, orange, yellow, red, and lavender,—which are the true rainbow colours, and are crossed by numerous dark lines, easily seen with a magnifying glass. Now, if we take a pale or almost colourless flame, such as that of alcohol, we can change its colour and make it a beautiful yellow, or purple, or violet, or green, or red, according to the nature of the substance we put into it. Such bodies are in common use by the pyrotechnist. The beautiful luminous devices which astonish admiring thousands in a brilliant display of fireworks, derive their peculiar colour from such substances as copper for a green-coloured flame, zinc a fine blue, common salt a yellow, strontia a red, &c. It has long been known to the chemist that different substances can be detected by the colour they impart to colourless flame, but it has only very recently been known that when the light from a flame thus coloured is passed through a prism, the spectrum it yields

differs very materially from a similar spectrum obtained without the introduction of the foreign element, and this spectrum is always the same for the same body. Hence when we want to find out whether any substance contains sodium, for instance, we introduce a minute quantity of the body to be examined, placed at the end of a platinum wire, into the flame of a spirit lamp or coal gas flame, and receive the spectrum upon an appropriate screen; the instant it is introduced if sodium be present this spectrum will immediately be characterized by a single brilliant yellow line. When potassium is thrown into the flame, its spectrum is observed to be similar to solar light for the blue, green and yellow, but to possess besides a red line where the extreme red rays of the solar spectrum occur, and a violet line in the extreme violet rays.

Hence, when minute quantities of the following metals are introduced into the colourless flame of coal gas, and the light transmitted through a prism and examined, it will be found to be thus characterized:—

1. Lithium shows an intensely brilliant crimson line, and a less distinct orange line;
2. Sodium is distinguished by a brilliant yellow line;
3. Strontium exhibits six red, one orange, and one blue line;
4. Barium shows four green and two orange lines.

&c.

&c.

The coloured lines indicating particular metals are not generally single or of uniform thickness; by enlargement they are resolved into a number of finer lines. The sodium line, for instance, is composed of at least nine finer lines; the orange strontium column has been resolved into a number of close and finer lines, and so on for the rest.

In order that a body may be examined by means of the peculiar light it communicates to flame it must be susceptible of volatilization, and it frequently happens that coal gas flame is not sufficiently hot for this purpose; recourse can then be had to the oxyhydrogen flame, or to that of the electric current.

We now see that the term spectrum analysis might with propriety give way to the more expressive words, prismatic analysis, for it is by means of the prism that the light is decomposed, and the spectrum formed, which enables us to determine the body under examination. This name has already been adopted by some authors, and it is probable that in process of time it will be generally used.

It remains now to enumerate some of the results of this new branch of science, and to point out the nature of the discoveries to which it has already led and promises still to lead.

Suppose we have a compound body containing several substances, is it possible to determine their presence by prismatic analysis? Yes! and the reason lies in the fact that bodies possess different degrees of vola-

tility. Hence, when a solution containing the six hundredth part of a grain each of the following substances—chlorides of potassium, barium, sodium, lithium, calcium, and strontium—six elementary bodies, was brought into a hot flame, and the spectrum examined; first a bright yellow sodium line appeared, and as this began to fade away the bright red line of lithium came into view, while at a little distance from the sodium the faint red line of potassium appeared, and with it two of the green barium lines; the spectra of the potassium, sodium, lithium, and barium salts gradually faded away, and then the orange and green calcium lines showed themselves in their usual positions. It will be remembered that these positions are fixed by their relation to the dark lines of Fraunhofer in the solar spectrum, with which they can be compared when the colour is not sufficiently intense or exact for determination. In this simple manner the presence of elementary substances may be ascertained even though they should exist in quantities so exceedingly minute that they can only be represented by the two hundred millionth part of a grain.

When gases are rendered incandescent they also produce characteristic spectra upon decomposition, so that gases and their complex mixtures may be determined by this wonderful method.

It is the inconceivably minute quantity of any body present in a flame, producing a characteristic spectrum by which its presence may be predicated, that excites both our astonishment. This property has already led to the discovery of new elements, the universal distribution of many which were hitherto supposed to be exceedingly rare metals, and the pervading presence of most common ones.

We turn now to the distant atmosphere of the sun and see what prismatic analysis can do for us there. In order to understand the manner in which experimentalists have determined the presence of certain metals in the atmosphere of the sun, it is necessary to explain the following experiment:

Suppose we take an alcohol flame and introduce into it a small particle of calcium, we shall be able to detect in the spectrum produced, by looking at the flame through a prism, the bright green line and the intense orange line characteristic of that metal. Now let us place a very brilliant light behind the alcohol flame and look at the two together through a prism; instead of the green and orange bands we shall see two black or dark coloured lines occupying their place in a more brilliant spectrum. The explanation which has been offered of this change is as follows:

The alcohol flame freely permits the brighter light behind it to pass through it, but the green and orange calcium rays are opaque to the

more brilliant light in the rear : hence, not being so highly illuminated, they appear as dark lines.

Now the spectrum of the sun contains numerous dark lines, and it is thought that these are the spectra of metals in the *atmosphere* of the sun rendered dark by the far more intense light proceeding from the *body* of the sun, to which they are opaque. By comparing these lines with those produced by different known metals in the flame of coal-gas or alcohol, their *position* in the spectrum is found to be identical, hence the conclusion that they are produced by metals which characterise them pervading the sun's atmosphere.

Even the light emanating from the distant stars has been made to reveal, by prismatic analysis, much curious information concerning its relation to solar light. Arcturus, that far-famed stellar sun, shows some of the distinguishing lines in common with the solar spectrum. The spectra of Sirius, Vega, Regulus, Castor, Aldebaran, Rigel, and many others have been examined, all proclaiming, according to prismatic analysis, that iron forms a most important constituent in the atmosphere of these stars. When we think of the inconceivably vast distance of these stellar suns from the earth, demanding the belief that the light by which we see them commenced its journey towards the earth long before the oldest among us was born, we may award due admiration to that discovery which tells us that iron forms a part of their material structure, and that they are in a measure fashioned as we are.

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## MUSIC.

The whole world of nature is just a vast portfolio of music. There are, it is true, some notes in the long and loud Anthem of Nature that appear to us harsh and discordant sounds, but to other ears these apparently harsh notes may be but the bass, necessary to complete the melody. Cowper says, "the braying of an ass is the only unmusical sound in nature."

There is music in the gentle zephyr, the refreshing breeze, and the murmuring stream. There is music in the voice of Niagara as its many and its mighty waters rush resistlessly, in terror and in beauty, down into the unfathomed depths below. There is music in the thunder as it utters its loud expressive and impressive voice. When the brow of old Ocean is ruffled with the howling wind, and the raging tempest, when



the deep fountains of its throbbing, agitated heart, are moved, there is sublime and majestic music in its voice.

There is music in the hum of the insect as it dances and sings its short but happy lifetime away in the golden beams of the setting sun. There is music in the songs of the birds of the air as they sing among the branches, and make all Nature vocal with their Creator's praise.

We do not, however, design to speak of the music of Nature in this article, but simply to make a few unpretending remarks on the art of music—its nature, history, and power.

The science of music is that which treats of the principles of harmony, or the properties, dependences, and relations of sounds to each other. It is, in other words, the art of combining sounds in such a manner as to produce melody and harmony. Some one has said, "music is based on rhythm, melody, and harmony. Rhythm is a succession of sounds in measured time—it is to the ear what symmetrical proportions are to the eye." Melody alone has a mighty power in it to awaken the feelings of love, joy, pity, grief, and other emotional feelings in the breast. Harmony and rhythm cannot express these, though they doubtless add greatly to their effect. It was well said by Dr. Burney that after harmony and melody had been heard together nothing could compensate for their separation.

The Bible is the oldest and most authentic history in the world, and to it we are indebted for an account of the origin of music. It is doubtless one of the most ancient of the fine arts, for as a science music was studied and taught professionally before our first parents returned to the dust from whence they were taken. In the fourth chapter of the book of Genesis we read that "Jubal was the father of all such as handled the harp and organ;" and we may infer that vocal music had been cultivated long before the instruments of Jubal were made, because both the human voice and the human ear were necessary to dictate and modulate the tone. Doubtless Jubal, the founder of instrumental music, put forth many efforts, and had many anxious thoughts, before he brought his *harp* and *organ* to comparative perfection. We speak of comparative perfection, for there has doubtless been many improvements made on all kinds of musical instruments since that early period. But his achievements in art were great, and though five thousand years have passed away since he died, his name is remembered with gladness and with gratitude by every lover of instrumental music.

Tributes to the memory of this ancient master have time after time been written by poets. They have honoured their old parent in art. We shall only give the following tribute from the pen of James Montgomery:—

“Jubal, the Prince of Song, (a youth unknown)  
Retired to commune with his harp alone ;  
For still he nursed it like a sacred thought,  
Long cherished and to late perfection wrought.  
And still with cunning hand and curious ear,  
Enriched, ennobled, and enlarged its sphere,  
Till he had compassed in that magic round  
A soul of harmony, a heaven of sound.”

The next mention made of music in the Bible is when Jacob is returning from Padan-aram to his own country. Laban, his father-in-law, was evidently fond of vocal and of instrumental music, for when he overtook Jacob he said unto him, “What hast thou done, that thou hast stolen away unawares to me, and carried away my daughters, as captives taken with the sword? Wherefore didst thou flee away secretly, and steal away from me; and didst not tell me, that I might have sent thee away with mirth, and with songs, with tabret, and with harp?”

The fifteenth chapter of the book of Exodus contains the first and the finest specimen of lyric poetry on record. That peculiarly interesting and beautiful national song was doubtless chaunted by the children of Israel with the heart and with the understanding. “Then sang Moses and the children of Israel this song unto the Lord, and spake, saying, I will sing unto the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously: the horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea.” Then follows the response to the long and lovely song there recorded, for we are informed that Miriam the Prophetess, the sister of Aaron, (who was doubtless the Jenny Lind of those days) took a timbrel in her hand; and all the women went after her with timbrels and with dances. “And Miriam answered them, saying, sing ye to the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously: the horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea.”

After the period to which we have just referred, there is frequent mention, as every one knows, of the *harp*, the *cornet*, the *timbrel*, the *trumpet*, the *organ*, and other instruments of music which the worshippers of God employed to assist them in their acts of private as well as public worship, adoration and praise. The Hebrews as a people were fond of music, and, indeed, no small part of their worship consisted in songs of thanksgiving, as well as in sacrifices for sin. The sweet singer of Israel was passionately fond of instrumental as well as vocal music. His heart was often gladdened by his harp.

The Greeks, too, as well as the Hebrews, loved music. They considered it to be an art of great dignity and beauty. They believed it to be not only worthy of their cultivation, but one of the most powerful sources of enjoyment; and they felt that their education was not complete without considerable acquaintance with this most penetrating and

profound and intricate art. Gillies, in his History of Greece, says that "the perfection of language as well as music depends on the melody of its sounds; their measure or rhythm; their variety, and their suitability to the subject which they are meant to describe or to express." Again, he says, "The musical arts were not only deemed worthy the ambition of princes, but thought capable of elevating ordinary men to the first rank of society."

The music of the Greeks was written on the diatonic scale, because this species could be best understood and enjoyed by the masses as well as all classes of the people. The same is partially true in our own times, because it is formed out of those elements which are furnished by nature.

Certainly this fine art should be much more universally and thoroughly cultivated than it has ever yet been. Indeed some are of opinion, and the opinion is happily and rapidly growing, that no individual should be entrusted with the education of the rising generation who is indifferent to, or incompetent to teach the science of music.

Our voices should be trained to utter the praises of our kind and compassionate Creator in sweet and melodious music; and surely no instruments of music are equal in beauty, in richness, or in excellence to the human voice. It is an instrument of superhuman invention, of Divine mechanism, and when cultivated as it might be, and as it ought to be, the music which flows from it is much more impressive, and much nearer perfection than the music produced by the finest instruments which man has ever been able to construct.

"Music," says Cousin, "pays for the immense power that has been given to it. It awakens, more than any other art, the sentiment of the infinite, because it is vague, obscure, indeterminate, in its effects. It is just the opposite art to sculpture, which bears less towards the infinite because everything in it is fixed with the last degree of precision. Such is the force, and, at the same time, the feebleness of music, that it expresses everything, and expresses nothing in particular. Sculpture, on the contrary, scarcely gives rise to any reverie, for it clearly represents such a thing and not such another. Music does not paint, it touches; it puts in motion imagination—not the imagination that reproduces images, but that which makes the heart beat, for it is absurd to limit imagination to the domain of images. The heart once touched moves all the rest of our being; thus music, indirectly, and to a certain point, can recall images and ideas, but its direct and natural power is neither on the representative imagination nor intelligence—it is on the heart, and that is an advantage sufficiently beautiful."

When consecrated to sacred purposes, as it ought to be, music is like an angel of love and of light, lifting on its wings the aspirations and devotions of the soul. Indeed all music, of whatever kind, ought to

be consecrated to noble, to sacred, and to soul elevating purposes. This should be its object, and will certainly be its ultimate end. We are times without number called upon to praise the author of our being for all the blessings which we enjoy. We are to praise God in the sanctuary and in the firmament of his power. Praise him for his mighty acts; and according to his excellent greatness. Praise him with the sound of the cornet, praise him with the psaltery and harp. Praise him with the timbrel and dance, praise him with stringed instruments and organs. Praise him upon the loud cymbals, praise him upon the high sounding cymbals. Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord. Praise ye the Lord.

Perhaps there is not an individual living on the face of the earth at the present moment that has not both witnessed and felt the magic power of music. Hence the truthfulness and sterling worth of the oft quoted adage of an ancient philosopher, "Let me make the ballads of a nation and I care not who makes its laws." We shall here just give a few examples and illustrations of the magic power of music, which we have gathered from various sources. The band that passes through the streets will draw every family to the window; and the flute's soft notes floating o'er the still waters in a summer evening, will cause the Indian to lift his paddle from the water and let his canoe drift noiselessly down the stream.

The proudest monarch on earth will kneel, and weep, during some of the strains of the mighty organ and choir, as they perform the *Messiah* or the *Last Judgment*. It is recorded of a Persian Prince, who was notorious for his cruelty, that he was induced to pardon and liberate nearly 30,000 captives whom he had ordered to be put to death, by the influence of music performed by one of the victims. Overpowered with harmony, he melted into tears of pity, repented of his cruelty, and ordered the instant release of the prisoners.

When the music of a civilized country burst for the first time on the astonished ears of the people of a solitary isle in the Pacific, the effect was amazing; they fell down upon their faces as in the act of adoration, and seemed as if they regarded the whole as a vision from the skies. The poor Indian and Hottentot weep under the influence of music, and give positive evidence of their susceptibility to the milder passions and emotions of our nature. And all the nations of the earth associate music with the enjoyments and employments of a future state of existence. This is a remarkable fact, and it almost seems as if the savage nations and tribes of the earth had been favoured with a view of heaven like that which John in Patmos enjoyed when he said "I heard a voice from heaven as the voice from many waters, and as the voice of a great thun-

der : and I heard the voice of harpers harping with their harps. And they sung as it were a new song before the throne."

We know that the son of Jesse, before he ascended the throne of Israel, controlled the ravings of his sovereign, and held him spell-bound by the simple strains of melody and harmony that flowed from his harp. It is not the music which one hears that charms and captivates, it is the music that is felt, the music that takes the soul by storm ; the mind is mastered and melted by the wonderful, mysterious, magic power of melody and harmony.

At the battle of Quebec in 1760, while the British troops were retreating in great disorder, a field officer, commanding the Highlanders, complained to the General with great warmth, "You did very wrong in forbidding the pipers to play this morning ; nay, even now it would be of use." "Let them blow away," said the General, "if it will bring them back to order." They played a martial air ; the Highlanders heard and hastened back to their duty with alacrity and courage, and ultimate success.

Songs, or poetry with the music attached to them, have a wonderful and almost fabulous effect on a whole community. The simple tune of *God Save the Queen* or *Rule Britannia* will at certain times and in certain circumstances do more to wake up the latent energies and swell with gratitude and with courage the hearts of a free, an enlightened, and a mighty people than almost anything else.

Shakspeare, in his *Merchant of Venice*, says :

"The man that has no music in himself,  
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,  
Is fit for treason, stratagems and spoils ;  
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,  
And his affections dark as Erebus :  
Let no such man be trusted."

Martin Luther often felt the magic power of music ; it was his constant delight, and never failing charm in all his seasons of adversity. Haydn, too, one of the most celebrated of modern composers, took great delight in this delightful art. His grand *Oratorio of the Creation* and other productions of his pen will never die or lose their magic power. He was once asked by a friend why his church music was always so cheerful, to which Haydn gave the following reply :—"I cannot make it otherwise ; I write according to the thoughts I feel. When I think on God, my heart is so full of joy that the notes dance and leap, as it were, from my pen ; and since God has given me a cheerful heart it will be pardoned me that I serve him with a cheerful and devout spirit."

Having thus glanced at music, its nature, its history, and having pre-

sented before the reader a few illustrations of its power, and the pleasure which it gives, we cannot do better than close this article with the lovely lines of one who knew from happy experience the magic of this fine and refining art:—\*

“ Music! a blessed angel she was born,  
 Within the palace of the King of kings,—  
 A favorite near His throne! In that glad child  
 Of love and joy, he made their spirits one,  
 And her the heir of everlasting life.

“ When his bright hosts would give him highest praise  
 They send her forward with her dulcet voice,  
 To pour her holy rapture in their ears.  
 When the young earth to being started forth,  
 Music lay sleeping in a bower of heaven,

When suddenly  
 A shout of joy from all the sons of God  
 Rang through His courts; and then the thrilling call  
 Wake! sister Music, wake! and hail with us  
 A new created sphere!

She woke; she rose;  
 She moved among the morning stars, and gave  
 The birth-song of a world!

“ Since that blessed hour,  
 Whilst heaven is still her home, Music has ne'er  
 This darkened world forsaken. She delights,  
 Though man may lose or keep the paths of Peace,  
 To sooth, to cheer, to light and warm his heart,  
 And lends her wings to waft him to the skies”

IOTA.

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\* Miss H. F. Gould.

## CANADIAN POETRY AND POETS.

FEW periods in human story are fuller of wonder and interest than that memorable epoch when the beautiful isles of the West, and the rich and mysterious continent that lay beyond, were first opened to the dazzled gaze of the Old World. Now-a-days, Emerson tells us, "God taunts the mighty land with little men!" but its first discoverers were apparently all cast in a colossal mould, as if adjusted to the vast proportions nature displayed there. Not only Columbus, who stands stainless in his glory,—a grand and sublime figure, round which, had he lived a few ages earlier, myths, as wonderful as any of those that cluster round the name of Jason or Æneas, would surely have gathered—but even the bold and ferocious adventurers who came after him, seem to us, as we gaze back at the wild phantasmagoria through which they move, stronger, larger, and fuller of vitality than modern men. We follow their footsteps with almost equal admiration and horror, as if they had been half gods, half demons; while their superhuman daring, bravery, and fortitude gleam so brightly as almost to blind us to their savage cruelty and fiendish treachery. We feel ourselves transported into the native regions of romance and fable as we read of Columbus sailing into an unknown ocean, where even the guidance of the compass seemed to fail; of Ponce de Leon going in search of the fountain of perpetual youth; of Balboa, "silent on a peak in Darien," when the South Sea first burst upon his sight; of Orellana, in a rough frail boat, without provisions, without compass, without pilot, exploring the great Maragnon, and returning home to tell wondrous tales of golden palaces and enchanted lakes, of El Dorado and the Amazons, and many another strange legend, listened to by greedy and believing ears. One day, perhaps some American poet may be inspired to sing of their daring and prowess, their glory and their crimes, in an epic fit to place beside that grand old Greek one which now stands single and alone.

But in those days, when the dazzling treasures of Peru and Mexico, the tempting phantoms of El Dorado and the City of Manoa,—the desperate achievements and frightful cruelties of Cortez and Pizarro, and those other "Spanish bloodhounds," who tortured the gentle Incas and ruled the Spanish Main, filled all Europe with amazement, fear, and longing,—what was then known of the country which lay between Florida and the River of Canada? Nothing that was calculated to attract adventurers whose imaginations had been fed with the golden apples of the new Hesperides. No one then could have foretold that

the strong will and indomitable energy of the Anglo-Saxon race, with every external antecedent against them, would raise that country to a pitch of greatness from which the glories of her future seem boundless; while the provinces won by Spain and Portugal, and cursed with weak and slavish men, in spite of all their mineral wealth and their fertile soils, are convulsed with wars and revolutions, powerless, miserable, and degraded.

Volumes might be written on the progress which Canada has made since the brave Jacques Cartier first saw the

“Fortress cliff that keeps of Canada the key;”

but the purpose of this paper is only to call attention to the fact that her eager and rapid advance has not destroyed the germs of higher aspirations, or stifled those divine instincts which Poetry embodies, and without which the highest material prosperity can be only a sensual, artificial, and finite greatness—the body bereft of the soul. Hard as Canada has had to toil, in developing her great natural resources and laying the foundations of strength and freedom, she has already begun to wreath the practical prose of her energetic and forceful young life with the flowers of fancy and song. It seems, indeed, that the heroic and poetical spirit of the Scandinavian race is destined never to die out. The descendants of those gods and heroes who have made the pages of Homer and Æschylus luminous for all time bear little witness to the greatness of their ancestors; few traces of the warriors, the prophets, the poets of Araby are to be found among the feeble tribes they have left behind them, but the vitality of the old Norse blood appears indestructable. Generation after generation, wherever the descendants of the Vikings and Berserkers come, they carry with them not only the bravery, the daring, and love of adventure, but the passion for song which distinguished their fathers of old. As some proof of this, Canadians, mingling the blood of the Norman and Dane with that of the Saxon and Celt, may appeal to the number of volumes of poetry which have been published in Canada within the last few years. It is true Canadian poetry has not yet assumed much of a national type, but we need not wonder at this when we consider the mixture of heterogeneous races and nationalities to be found there, only just now beginning to recognize the great truth, that true patriotism requires them to blend their separate customs, prejudices, and ambitions into one common national mind and spirit. We must remember, too, that Canada has no historical past distant enough to lift its events into the clear region of imagination, where all that is trite and common-place in the actual falls away, and the grand, heroic, poetical lineaments alone



remain;—no worshipped heroes whose memory may bind the hearts of the people together, and give the poet's lyre a truly national tone;—no sacred fables, myths, or traditions like those which, in the morning of the world, steeped some favoured spots of earth in an atmosphere of romance and poetry that will cling to them forever. Her annals are brief and clearly defined; her heroes, if she has any, are exceedingly modern and matter-of-fact; her legends are only the dim shadowy traditions of the Indian tribes, which, at best, have but little power of moving the sympathies of the races so much stronger and mightier in thought and deed, so much fuller of heroic action and passion, that have taken their place.

Yet, for all this, if a Canadian poet were to take one of those five hundred braves who went with the great chief Donacona to welcome the bold mariner of St. Malo and his hardy crew when they moored their little bark below the heights of Stadaconè, and bestowing on him the spirit of prescience, make the wonders that were to follow in the track of the strangers pass before his mind's eye, he could tell a tale to which his country might listen with just pride. None but a true poet, however, and one possessing equal command over the real and supernatural, could fitly attempt the task; for surely it would tax the most gifted to point in word-pictures adapted to Indian imagination three hundred years ago, the triumphs of industry, science, and art, with which the coming ages were to cover the land. It might well puzzle him, even with the largest allowance of poetic license, how to make visible to such a seer the suspension bridge hanging within the sound of Niagara's roar, or that wonderful structure now spanning the great river where the wigwam village of Hochelaga then stood; the steam-boats and merchant ships bearing their rich freights over lake and river; the long lines of railroads with their screaming engines; the magical electric telegraph, along whose subtle nerves silent messages run with lightning speed. Still more difficult would it be to bring before the vision of "Nature's rough child," crystal palaces filled with the large results of this nineteenth century's intellectual toil; model schools, educational museums, free public libraries, cheap postage, cheap books, cheap newspapers, agricultural and scientific associations, charitable institutions, and churches of every creed and denomination crowded with worshippers; or to give to his fancy the faintest foreshadowing of the wealthy and luxurious towns that now stand where the forest then waved, the means and appliances to elegant and tasteful life so widely diffused among all classes, the fine houses and fair gardens thickly scattered where a chopper's shanty or a common flower-pot would have seemed to him a marvel and a mystery. In those many men of science of whom Canada can boast, the wisest of Indians could not be expected

to see more than wonderful medicine men and magicians, armed with more potent medicines and mightier conjuring instruments than his people had ever known. He could have recognized more easily, perhaps, the character and office of the bards now singing their songs over the graves of his scattered race. For the simple children of the forest, as well as nobler nations, loved and honoured the sweet singer, who

"Now stirred their hearts to passion,  
And now melted them to pity.  
For he sang of peace and freedom,  
Sang of beauty, love, and longing;  
Sang of death and life undying  
In the Islands of the blessed!"

After all, it is in such perennial themes, forever springing out of the restless, longing, passionate, human heart, and not in the mechanical wonders, energy, perseverance, and skill can achieve, or even the grand triumphs of science and art, that the poet finds his truest inspiration; and the elements of such songs lie waiting to be sung in Canada to-day, as they did in the days of Hiawatha, and will a thousand years hence, with all suitable scenery and circumstances for garb and elucidation. We all know, however, that Poetry, like Love, is a capricious spirit, winging its way where it listeth and not where the wise ones looking on would choose to direct its flight, so we must not blame our Canadian poets too much if they leave the broad daylight of their wide-awake, work-a-day young world, over which the shadows and mists of antiquity have not yet thrown their picturesque and mystic spells, oftener than we might choose, to wander in those time-honoured regions which legend and song and story have forever made Poetry's enchanted ground. At the same time, we ought to hail with satisfaction every attempt to embody the life of the people of Canada and the varying aspects of nature surrounding them (changing so marvellously with the changes of its strongly contrasted seasons) in poetic forms of beauty and harmony. And while waiting for the advent of a poet who shall be to her a Burns or a Béranger, let Canada congratulate herself on the poets she already possesses. She has reason to rejoice in her agricultural and commercial prosperity, her progress in science and civilization, her free men and brave hearts, but she has not less cause to rejoice that her soil has proved itself fitted to nourish and sustain the poetic element in her people. A nation's best benefactors are its poets, for it is their office to refine and exalt material progress by evolving from it that divine life and thought without which it is but a body without a soul. It is their part to show us that if we do not seek to love and follow nature's laws, morally as well as physically, though we chain her to our chariot-wheels, our highest mas-

tery over her will only be the dangerous power of a tyrant over a slave; for as the great philosopher long ago said, (and in a deeper sense than he meant it,) "Nature can only be truly conquered by obeying her;"—their part to preserve us from a heartless slavery to wealth, luxury, and artificial distinctions, by enlarging our sympathies with our fellow men, and uniting us by a thousand sweet and holy ties to all that is good and lovely in Nature and Humanity.

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## REVIEWS.

*The Natural Laws of Husbandry.* By Justus Liebig; Edited by John Blyth, M. D. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; Toronto: Rollo & Adam—1863.

Few men have acquired such a wide spread reputation as an expositor of the principles of Scientific Husbandry as Baron Liebig. He stands at the head of a school of which he himself may be said to be the founder, and which occupies a high position in the science it is designed to teach. The basis of Liebig's theory rests upon the proposition, that of the constituent elements of the soil, the mineral or inorganic portion, is the most important source of the food of plants, and that a plant, in order to attain superior excellence, must find in the soil an abundance of those mineral elements which it requires for its food, not only in a soluble condition, but on the surfaces of particles of soil. The atmosphere supplies carbonic acid and ammonia, in sufficient quantities by means of rains and dews and the decomposition of vegetable and animal substances; but no excess of nitrogen supplied in the form of manure is of use to plants if the necessary mineral elements be not available. The proper use of the artifice commonly called Rotation of Crops, together with the constant application of the manure of the farm yard has been thought by many sufficient to ensure perennial fertility. That this is not the case will be seen by an examination of the action of soils on manures. It is the property of soils to arrest certain kinds of plant food, and cause them to enter into a state of either *physical* or chemical combination. If they are in the first condition they are available as plant food after solution, in the last condition they may require to undergo decomposition before they can be made soluble, and consequently available. Soils consist of two parts—the arable surface soil, and the subsoil—when manure is applied it is, in general, absorbed, and made to pass into a state of *physical* combination by the upper few inches of the soil, a smaller quantity penetrates to the lower layers, and scarcely any at all to the deep layers or subsoil—hence when a subsoil is exhausted manures cannot restore its fertility. The questions are then, how is a subsoil rendered

sterile? and how may it be made fertile again? By rotating deep rooted green crops, the mineral food of the subsoil is brought to the surface by and in the plant itself. As farm yard manure a part is returned again to the surface soil and enriches it, but a part is sold and removed from the farm in the form of grain or stock, and as the surface soil retains all the mineral food applied in the form of manure, the process of cropping and selling the produce will, in course of time, exhaust the subsoil, and it can no longer produce deep-rooted green crops. The surface soil depending upon its supply of food from the manure obtained, in part, originally from the subsoil, will, when that becomes exhausted, be necessarily unable to bear remunerative crops; recourse must then be had to an extra supply of manure from other sources than the produce of the farm. Hence, also, the necessity of restoring the subsoil to a fertile condition, which is done by mechanical operations, so that upon disintegration certain chemical changes will take place, liberating plant food from an insoluble and unavailable condition. This end can also be attained by special means, certain chemical salts, &c. Another point to which importance is attached is the relative quantity of different minerals in the soil available for plants. The average crop of an unmanured field is always regulated by that element of food which is present in a *minimum* quantity.

The first chapter in the work before us refers to the Plant, and great stress is laid upon the necessity for obtaining good and proper seeds, as the development of a plant depends upon its first radication. In the selection of seeds it is always important to take into account the soil and climate from which they have been derived. In England seed wheat from a poor soil is considered particularly well suited to a rich soil. Clover seed and oats from mountainous districts are preferred to the same seeds from plains. German flax growers, who wish to produce tall plants of uniform size attach particular value to linseed from Courland and Livonia, where ripe and perfect seeds are produced.

A proper knowledge of the radication of plants is the ground work of agriculture; all the operations which the farmer applies to the land must be adapted to the nature and adaptations of the roots of the plants he wishes to cultivate. On the root he should bestow his whole care, upon that which grows from it, he can no longer exert any influence. Chapter II. relates to the soil. The necessity of mechanical preparation is advocated, and the deduction drawn from a knowledge of the function of the roots, establishes the law that the nutritive substances existing in a fertile soil are not made to change their place by the water circulating in it. We confess that this view seems to be opposed to Graham's law of diffusion and to the remarkable phenomena called dialysis. Cultivated plants are said to receive their food principally from the earthy particles with which the roots are in direct contact, out of a solution formed around the roots themselves, and all nutritive substances lying beyond the reach of the roots, though in themselves quite effective as food are not directly available for the use of the plants. The roots of plants appear to possess the power of searching out food. They enfold a bone with a net work by a species of attraction between the cells of the root, and the substance of the bone, and in order to obtain food, they must be in im-

mediate contact with it. They receive their food from the thin layers of water which is retained by capillary attraction in intimate contact with the earth particle and the root surface, and not from remote layers of water, which may nevertheless contain the food in solution; the soil must first fix it, as it were, by surface attraction, hence the necessity of attention to the physical condition of the soil so that it may present, like charcoal, a great extent of surface on account of its porosity. With reference to manures and rotation of crops, the author observes:—"A system of farming to be truly rational must be exactly suited to the nature and condition of the soil; for it is only when the rotation of crops or the mode of manuring is conformable to the composition of the soil, that the farmer has a sure prospect of realising the highest possible returns from his labour or from the capital invested."

There is a limit to the power of absorption in a cultivable soil for plant food. Although earth possesses the remarkable property of attracting the substances which serve for the nourishment of plants, yet when saturated the property becomes arrested, and valuable food passes off in drainage. In a clay soil this property exists to the greatest degree, and the least in sand.—The absorption of plant food takes place by the co-operation of an organic acid in the last cell of the radicle; and it is probable that this acid gives to roots the faculty of choosing the substances that suit them.

The 4th chapter relates to farm yard manure. Stable manure contains all the principles necessary for the nourishment of plants, but in different proportions, as a considerable quantity of phosphoric acid is carried off the land in the form of cereals or stock. The beneficial effects of stable manure are due also to its influence in warming the soil, and assisting in the decomposition or dissolution of mineral substances.

It is essential that the law of restoration be properly understood, for the application of certain manures, however costly, may be wholly inadequate to produce the desired results, if they do not contain sufficient of the missing element, or if they are absorbed by the surface soil, and never reach the sub-soil, which may be the source of the unfertility observed.

The remaining chapters are devoted to Guano, Poudrette, Earthy Phosphates, Ground Rape-cake, Wood-ash, Ammonia, Nitric Acid, and Salts of Soda, Ammonia and Lime.

The style in which Baron Leibig's book is written is very forcible, very dogmatic, sometimes very satirical, and often intolerant. The general results at which he arrives are possibly correct, according to the present state of our knowledge, if we permit him to class Ammonia among the mineral elements, but we must not receive many points of his theories as absolute truths.

It can not be overlooked that the experiments of Messrs. Lawes & Gilbert have led to results which are diametrically opposed to Liebig's views in many important particulars. It is true that the Baron ridicules these experiments in no measured terms, and endeavours to make out that what they do prove really tends to establish his own opinions.

The views he expresses respecting the power of the upper two or three inches of an arable soil to arrest all the fertilizing elements in a manure is, we think, carried too far. It is only very recently that the public have been

made familiar with Graham's admirable experiments on dialysis, and it is impossible to say, how far differently constituted layers of soil may act as dialysers and thus assist in decomposing and rendering soluble certain mineral substances; neither can we fully accept Liebig's view of the circulation of water in a soil *not* conveying plant food, from particle to particle of the soil. Why should not this *physically* combined food be carried from particle to particle by water in the same way as carbon is conveyed during the process of cementation in the manufacture of steel, or rather by a method more analogous to diffusion.

We must bear in mind that Liebig himself has changed his views in some most important and even fundamental points, and in reply to Mulder's opinions as to the illogical nature of the alteration in the views held by him some years since, he admits the charge, and pleads an excuse, the progress of chemistry. He considers that this progress compels the chemist to submit to a continual condition of moulting. When new feathers grow the old ones fall out of the wings, which will no longer carry him, and after moulting he flies so much the better. This is a very pleasant way of getting over a difficulty, and it is well to bear in mind that it may be applied a few years hence to the uncompromising adherents of Liebig's school, when fresh discoveries establish the necessity for getting a new stock of feathers, and appearing in a new dress, ready to take another and stronger flight. This is, no doubt, the proper spirit in which to view the propositions of modern experimental science. They are "theories," and "theory" as Liebig himself has said, is but the best exposition of our knowledge at the present time. No man is justified in calling all other men who do not agree with him ignorant and unphilosophical, or designating the views they advocate as crude absurdities, a vain delusion, while his own are so manifestly subjected to a moulting and refeathering process which almost entirely changes their original character.

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*The Constitutional History of England since the Accession of George the Third, 1760-1860.* By Thomas Erskine May, C.B. Two volumes. Boston: Crosby & Nichols. Toronto: Rollo & Adam.

The first volume of this already celebrated work appeared some time since, and was received with very general and well merited favour. The second volume has now made its appearance from the press of the well known firm, Crosby & Nichols, Boston.

The design of the work, as stated by the author, is to trace the progress of the British Constitution during a period of one hundred years; and to illustrate every material change—whether of legislation, custom, or policy,—by which the institutions have been improved and abuses in the Government corrected. The first volume embraces a history of the prerogatives, influence and revenues of the Crown; and of the constitution, powers, functions, and political relations of both Houses of Parliament. It shows how gradually the nearly absolute and very arbitrary power (derived from the mere influence of the Crown) of George III. has gradually become transformed into the gentle,

equitable, and just administration of Queen Victoria, during a period too, when the power and patronage of the Crown has extended itself over 200,000,000 human creatures and over one sixth of the habitable globe. It shows how that influence, constitutionally exercised, has ceased to be regarded with jealousy, and how its continual enlargement has been watched by Parliament without any of those efforts to restrain it which marked the parliamentary history of the eighteenth century. The secret of this constant addition to the power and patronage is, that that power and that patronage have been *constitutionally* increased.

The second volume, which forms the subject of this notice, comprises chapters on "Party;" "The Press and liberty of opinion;" "Liberty of the subject;" "The Church and religious liberty;" "Local government;" "Ireland before the Union;" "British Colonies and dependencies;" and "Progress of general legislation." We turn with especial interest to the chapter which treats of the colonies. In 1847 we are told responsible government was fully established under Lord Elgin in Canada, and the same principle was adopted about the same time in Nova Scotia and has since been the rule of administration in other colonies. A colonial constitution is the very image and reflection of parliamentary government in England. The Governor leaves contending parties to fight out their own battles and by admitting the stronger party to his councils brings the executive authority into harmony with popular sentiments. The Crown has reserved its veto upon the acts of the Colonial Legislatures, but its practical exercise has been found scarcely more compatible with responsible government in the colonies than in England. Hence colonies have adopted principles of legislation inconsistent with the policy and interests of the mother country, as, for example, protection *versus* free trade. Canada has adhered to protection, and in deference to the principle of self government the laws relating to protection have been confirmed by the Crown.

The constitution granted to Canada in 1840, on the reunion of the provinces, was popular but not democratic, it has since been placed upon a more popular basis by provincial acts. Democracy has made more rapid progress among the Australian Colonies. In 1842, a new constitution had been granted to New South Wales, which, departing from the accustomed model of colonial constitutions, provided for the legislation of the colony by a single chamber. The constitution of an Upper Chamber in a colonial society, without an aristocracy, and with few persons of high attainments and adequate leisure, has ever been a difficult problem. The experiment was tried of bringing into a Single Chamber the aristocratic and democratic elements of colonial government. "The experiment has found favour with experienced statesmen; yet it can scarcely be doubted that it is a concession to democracy. Timely delays in legislation, a cautious review of public measures, resistance to the tyranny of a majority and the violence of a faction, the means of judicious compromise, are wanting in such a constitution. The majority of a Single Chamber is absolute." "The Constitution of the United States is scarcely so democratic as that of Canada, or the Australian Colonies." Had Mr. May written a comparison between the Canadian system of government and that of the United States at the present time, he would have doubtless used much stronger

language and wider comparisons. The power of the American Executive has become almost absolute during the past two years, and such infringements of the liberty of the subject, the liberty of the Press and the rights of citizenship, have been so repeatedly and openly made since the commencement of the civil war, that the democratic element of the Federal States Government has been almost annihilated by an autocracy. Mr. May says "The president's fixed tenure of office and large executive powers, the independent position and authority of the Senate, and the control of the Supreme Court, are checks upon the democracy of Congress." They have recently become checks of a most alarming character, and no one can now tell, even from day to day, into what difficulties the overwhelming power of the president and the unscrupulous use of that power may suddenly but not unexpectedly plunge the Federal States. With reference to the colonies, however, we are told that the principle of self government once recognized, has been carried out without hesitation, and although failures and discouragements have arisen, yet the political future of the colonies affords far more ground for hope than dependency. And now we come to a subject which is exciting much discussion at the present moment and is likely to attract general attention for some time to come, but which may, as far as Canada is concerned, receive an unexpected solution at no very distant date, according to the changes which the chances of civil war may lead in the future disposition of the States contiguous to her frontiers, or affected by her geographical position and possible commercial relations.

"We have seen how, in the earlier history of the colonies, they strove to defend themselves. But during the long hostilities of the French revolutionary war, assault upon our colonies naturally formed part of the tactics of the enemy, which were met on our part by costly naval and military armaments. And, after the peace, England continued to garrison her colonies with large military forces—wholly paid by herself—and to construct fortifications, requiring still larger garrisons. Wars were undertaken against the natives, as in the Cape of Good Hope and New Zealand—of which England bore all the cost and the Colonies gained all the profits. English soldiers have further performed the services of colonial police. Instead of taxing her colonies, England has suffered herself to be taxed heavily on their account. The annual military expenditure, on account of the colonies, ultimately reached £3,225,081, of which £1,715,246 was incurred for free colonies, and £1,509,835 for military garrisons and dependencies, maintained chiefly for imperial purposes. Many of the colonies have already contributed towards the maintenance of British troops, and have further raised considerable bodies of militia and volunteers; but Parliament has recently pronounced it to be just that the colonies which enjoy self government should undertake the responsibility and cost of their own military defence. To carry this policy into effect must be the work of time. But whenever it may be effected, the last material bond of connection with the colonies will have been severed; and Colonial States, acknowledging the honorary sovereignty of England, and fully armed for self defence—as well against herself as others—will have grown out of the dependencies of the British Empire. They will still look



to her, in time of war, for, at least, naval protection; and, in peace, they will continue to imitate her laws and institutions, and to glory in the proud distinction of British citizenship."

If Mr. May correctly foreshadows the future policy of the imperial government towards Canada and other British provinces, and there can be little doubt that his view is the correct one, it is high time we should determine upon some course of future action. The first article in this number of the *British American* has especial reference to our, as yet, undistinguishable future. The sole remaining ties of kindred, affection and honour, will not, we most devoutly trust, be severed between the British Crown and the British American Provinces. Apart from all considerations of attachment to the glorious old Flag, and to the proud distinction of forming an important integral part of the greatest empire the sun ever shone upon, there is the inestimable blessing of an alliance, most intimate and affectionate, with the only true symbol of civil and religious freedom in the world, which we should endeavour to secure for our descendants in the same fulness as we enjoy it ourselves. Our British brethren, be it remembered, have won their freedom by many ennobling struggles and by the patient exercise of many public virtues. Are we to relinquish lightly the high privilege of calling these victories our own? and of appealing to them for the future guidance of the rulers of this country in another generation as belonging to ourselves and our forefathers? British America is now in a transition state; it may become one of the most powerful and wealthy empires on the globe, unassailable and self-relying in everything which constitutes a state; but it can only arrive at this proud eminence by drawing yet closer the ties which bind us to the mother country with a higher motive than mere commercial advantage, and by aspiring continually to a nationality, which, with the safest and best of British Institutions, shall combine a close connection with the British Crown.

Mr. May's "Constitutional History of England" ought at the present juncture to be in the hands of all who wish to express a rational and unfettered opinion on the great questions which cannot fail, sooner or later, to be forced upon us. Happily the fierce revolution which is desolating so fair a portion of the United States and bringing mourning and misery into almost every household, has not yet had the slightest effect upon our political relations; but the crisis has yet to come, and it is a fitting moment for all men to weigh well their course of action when the hour arrives. Those who have leisure to read and study the volume under review will find many doubts satisfied, and many difficulties removed, which the present anomalous condition of Canada necessarily creates in the mind of the patriot and the patriotic politician. The "Constitutional History of England" will be a most admirable and opportune text book in the hands of British Americans for some years to come.

*A Critical History of Free Thought: Eight Lectures preached before the University of Oxford, in the year 1862, on the foundation of the late Rev. John Bampton, M.A.* By Adam Storey Farrar, M.A., Michel Fellow, of Queen's College, Oxford. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Toronto: Rollo & Adam. pp. 487.

Whether Mr. Austin Caxton's *History of Human Error* was ever completed or not, it is certain that we have here a convenient and copious work on a cognate subject—the *History of Human Doubt*. We have no intention or inclination to trespass on theological ground; but we think we are justified in commending this production to the notice of the general reader, at a time when it is manifest from magazine articles, newspaper leaders, and parliamentary debates, that many questions which it discusses have ceased to be simply theological, and have become literary and political. They are questions in fact which have begun seriously to agitate the usually tranquil British mind everywhere. At such a moment a work like this of Mr. Farrar's will be of pre-eminent use. Written in a calm, fair, and truly Christian spirit, it tends to shew that in the history of man things keep repeating themselves in endless cycles; that that which has been, is, and will be, doubtless, to the end; in other words, that the earnestness of human religious faith has been from time to time solemnly tested by events, and has ever survived the test. So will it be again, we hence derive reason to believe.

The existing determination to revise and modify the national formulæ of belief in some minute points, has sprung, as the lectures well demonstrate, from the increased materials of knowledge which have been discovered in Criticism, in Physical, Moral, and Ontological Science. In illustration of the changes introduced in the literary spirit and standard of judgment by fluctuations in the predominant philosophy in three successive generations, we quote a passage descriptive of the tone observable in the works of three well-known poets: "If we commence," says the lecturer, "with the author of *Paradise Lost*, we listen to the last echo of the poetry which had belonged to the great outburst of mind of the earlier part of the seventeenth century, and of the faith in the supernatural which had characterized Puritanism. His philosophy is Hebrew: he hesitates not to interpret the Divine counsels; but it is by the supposed light of revelation. Doubt is unknown to him. The anthropomorphic conception of Deity prevails. Material nature is the instrument of God's personal providence for the objects of His care.—But if we pass to the author of the *Essay on Man*, the revolution which has given artistic precision to the form is not more observable than the indications of a philosophy which has chilled the spiritual faculties. The supernatural is gone. Nature is a vast machine which moves by fixed laws impressed upon it by a Creator. The soul feels chilled with the desolation of a universe wherein it cannot reach forth by prayer to a loving Father. Scripture is displaced by science. Doubt has passed into unbelief. The universe is viewed by the cold materialism which arraigns spiritual subjects at the bar of sense.—If now we turn to the work consecrated by the great living poet to the memory of his early friend, we find ourselves in contact with a medi-

tative soul, separated from the age just named by a complete intellectual chasm; whose spiritual perceptions reflect a philosophy which expresses the sorrows and doubts of a cultivated mind of the present day, 'perplexed in faith, but not in deeds.' The material has become transfigured into the spiritual. The objective has been replaced by the subjective. Nature is studied, as in Pope, without the assumption of a revelation; but it is no longer regarded as a machine conducted by material laws; it is a motive soul which embodies God's presence; a mystery to be felt, not understood. God is not afar off so that we cannot reach Him: He is so nigh that his omnipresence seems to obscure His personality."—p. 23. Thus there is a reflex action ever going on from the scientific on the literary and moral worlds, until from time to time open adjustment, reconciliation, and harmonizing become needful. We feel confident that the practical British mind will be guided as usual to sensible and satisfactory solutions of its present difficulties, settling itself as ever on a solid, well-grounded faith. To this result Mr. Farrar's book will contribute. To all thoughtful persons requiring a friendly hand to help them amidst the perplexities into which certain widely-circulated publications of the day have thrown them, we beg to recommend it, characterized as it is by candour, reverence, and an evident love of truth.

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*Louis Napoleon: The Destined Monarch of the World, and Personal Antichrist, &c.* By the Rev. M. Baxter. Philadelphia: William S. and A. Marten. Toronto: Chewett & Co.

The reader who ventures on the task of perusing this volume, cannot fail to be impressed with the remarkable intolerance which characterizes almost every page. It is not a humble attempt to explain the wonderful mysteries of God's providence, as dimly revealed to us in the books of prophecy and revelation: it is, on the contrary, a positive, and, we are almost tempted to say, a most arrogant demand on the part of the writer, for all men to accept his interpretations of the Divine will, under penalty of "eternal damnation." The following extract shows the object and scope of this work:

"This great Personal Antichrist is distinctly foreshown to be none other than Louis Napoleon, who is consequently very soon to acquire supreme ascendancy over the whole of Christendom, and for three and a half years is ruthlessly to slay nearly every one who will not acknowledge him to be God. Christendom will then become a slaughter-house or shambles, in which tens of thousands of Christ's sheep will be butchered, and scarcely any one will escape the awful ordeal of being put to the test, whether they will confess Christ and be killed,—perhaps with dreadful tortures; or whether they will acknowledge Napoleon to be God, and thus purchase temporary safety at the cost of eternal damnation. Those who choose the latter alternative will be branded in their forehead or hand with Napoleon's name, or the number 666, or some particular mark, just as cattle have stamped upon them the name of their owner (Rev. xiii.) This exterminating persecution is the leading feature in the three and a half years Great Tribulation; there will, however,

be superadded unparalleled wars, earthquakes, pestilences, and famines.”—(*Introduction*, page 7.)

The remarkable discovery which is narrated in succeeding paragraphs, will prove sufficient excuse for any further reference to this work until the whole question is sifted, and the terrible suspicions which will crowd upon the reader's mind are either removed or confirmed; if confirmed, then “let every man look to himself.”

The Rev. Mr. Baxter lays great stress upon the word NAPOLEON. He enumerates the following among the prominent reasons why Louis Napoleon is the personal Antichrist: “Because in respect of his name he fulfils the prophecy, that the name of the Eighth Head or Antichrist should be in the Greek tongue Apollyon (or Apoleon); and should numerically be equal to the number 666.”—Rev. ix. and xiii. First; we may enter a protest against the words in the brackets. Mr. Baxter does not tell us why Apollyon is the same as Apoleon; yet he inserts it in brackets as if it were identical. Second; we may take exception to Mr. Baxter's views respecting the numerical value of the name Napoleon. We do not wish to be at all personal, but we really think that Mr. Baxter has some claim on this ground to be considered the personal Antichrist himself. He tells us the old story, that when Napoleon's name is written in the dative case in Greek, it becomes *Ναπολεωντι*, which contains the fatal number:  $N 50 + \alpha 1 + \pi 80 + o 70 + \lambda 30 + \epsilon 5 + o 70 + \nu 50 + \tau 300 + i 10 = 666$ . We object to Mr. Baxter's mode of putting this point, and to his far-fetched introduction of the dative case. He should, in justice to his subject, have asked the question, “Who is the Antichrist?” And the answer would be, “The number 666, *i. e.* Napoleon.” The words “*id est* Napoleon,” are universally written “*i. e.* Napoleon,” and should be examined in their integrity, and not separated for a special purpose. The numerical value of the expression “*i. e.* Napoleon,” is not, we affirm, 666, it is 681; but, let the author of the work before us note well, the expression, “*i. e.* M. Baxter,” is, numerically, the fatal number 666, as can be seen at a glance.

M. Baxter, written in the Greek symbols, would be  $\mu$ . βαγστερ, a form which, by the way, is not uncommon in English. The matter now stands thus: “Who is the personal Antichrist?” *Ans.* “The number 666, *i. e.*  $\mu$ . βαγστερ.” Now the numerical value of this last expression is:  $i 10 + \epsilon 5 + \mu 40 + \beta 2 + \alpha 1 + \gamma 3 + s 200 + \tau 300 + \epsilon 5 + \rho 100 = 666$ , the FATAL NUMBER. Under such suspicious circumstances, we must protest against Mr. M. Baxter attempting to throw the onus of this mysterious symbol upon Louis Napoleon. The name M. Baxter, written in Greek characters, with *ks* for *x* instead of *gs*, and without the significant and unmistakable part of the answer “*i. e.*,” is, numerically, frightfully near 666—it is, in fact, 668; and it is only when the name is correctly written and interpreted, without rude and unphilosophical disruption from the context “*i. e.*,” that its true significance can be understood. It certainly affords an unexpected proof of the value of that wise but neglected line of Pope:

“Know thou thyself—presume not God to scan.”

Under the circumstances we have attempted to develop, we are justified in declining further notice of a work which bears such appalling testimony on its title-page of the real character of its author, as expressed by his own name, when interpreted according to the rules which he himself lays down, and applies, without the least compunction, to a living fellow-creature.

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*Report of the Geology of Canada.* Geological Survey of Canada. Sir W. E. Logan, F.R.S., Director.\*

The resources and condition of Canada are exciting at the present time more than usual attention in Europe. The future of this vast portion of the British Empire is being canvassed with considerable eagerness by the Germans and French. Beautiful German compilations of the Canadian and British maps of the North-West Territory and British Columbia have been published by that distinguished geographer, Peterman, of Gotha, and since the high standing acquired by Canada at the International Exhibitions of 1851, 1855, and 1862 attracted general attention to the country, its rapid progress, and the great future which lies within its grasp, have been and continue to be subjects of more wide-spread discussion in Europe than Canadians generally seem to be aware of. In England there are many weighty reasons why Canada should attract especial attention at the present moment, and all signs of popular feeling watched and canvassed with eagerness, not unattended, on the part of many, with a pardonable asperity of language.

We have before us a considerable portion of the results of nearly twenty years labour of the Geological Commission of Canada. Until the work is complete we do not intend to notice critically the part which has been printed, although it occupies not less than 672 pages of royal octavo, enriched with a vast number of drawings and diagrams. It is sufficient to say for the present that Canada may well be proud that such an able, scientific and thorough description of her geological conformation and mineral resources has been given to the world.

#### GEOGRAPHICAL FEATURES.

The Basin of the St. Lawrence, the great river of Canada, which penetrates two thousand miles into the continent of America at its broadest part, drains a region equal to little less than one-third the area of all the kingdoms of

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\* We are indebted to the kindness of Sir William Logan for a large number of the advanced sheets of this able and most valuable Report. The article above is a condensed and popular summary of a portion of that truly national work, to be continued in future numbers of the *Magazine*. When the Report is completed we shall review in the proper place the labours of those gentlemen, who, in conjunction with Sir William Logan, and under his direction, have so ably contributed to develop the geological history of Canada, ascertain and describe its geographical features and mineral treasures, and whose labours in Europe have drawn such a large share of public attention to the mineral wealth of this Province.

Europe, exclusive of Russia. Of the half million square miles tributary to the St. Lawrence, the great lakes and the estuary comprise 130,000 square miles, and of the remainder more than eight-tenths, or about 350,000 square miles, belong to Canada, the other two-tenths constituting a part of the United States.

A range of mountains rises on each side of the great estuary of the St. Lawrence—the Laurentides on the north, and the Mountains of Notre Dame on the south. The opposing flanks of these ranges keep close on the margin of the water for a considerable distance up the river. The Notre Dame mountains begin to leave the margin about one hundred miles below Quebec, where the river is fifteen miles wide. Opposite to Quebec the range is thirty miles distant, and opposite to Montreal fifty miles, where it enters the State of Vermont and is known under the name of the Green Mountains. The Laurentides diverge from the St. Lawrence about twenty miles below Quebec, and at Montreal are distant from the river about thirty miles. Beyond this they extend up the Ottawa on the north side for a hundred miles, and then sweep round to the Thousand Islands near Kingston, from which point they stretch to Georgian Bay and continue along the eastern and northern shores of Lakes Huron and Superior; they then turn northwards and ultimately reach the Arctic Ocean.

Both of these ranges are composed of sedimentary rocks in an altered condition. The Shickshock Mountains in Gaspé, although very narrow, yet rise into points attaining heights of 3000 and 4000 feet; and the main ridge of the Laurentides, cut by the Saguenay River, attains 4000 feet above the sea. Mount St. Anne, near Quebec, is 2687 feet; one of the peaks of the Trembling Mountain in Argenteuil, 2060; and in the country between the Ottawa and Lake Huron the highest summits do not appear to exceed 1500 or 1700 feet, with the exception of one near the sources of the Muskoka which probably attains 2300 feet. The general elevation of the Laurentide range in Canada is about 1500 or 1600 feet.

The country between the great mountain ranges which have been described, is a vast plain sloping to the river. In Canada this plain rises at an average rate of six inches to the mile between Quebec and the Niagara escarpment, and from the summit of the great falls to the extremity of Lake Superior the average ascent is only three-quarters of an inch to the mile.

The entire range of the Laurentides is bespangled with a vast number of lakes, and indeed such is their profusion, and so short the intervals of land between them, that, though they may belong to different river systems, they afford, with the aid of birch-bark canoes, a ready means of passing from one navigable stream to another in whatever part an explorer may be.

One of the highest levels passed over by the Grand Trunk Railway is at Rockwood, where the altitude of the plain is 1200 feet above the sea; at Petersburg, in Wilmet, it is 1235 feet, and at Stratford 1207. The Buffalo and Goderich Railway rises to a summit level of 1209 feet in Fullarton, and seventeen miles from Lake Huron it is 1050 feet above the sea. The Blue Mountains in Collingwood culminate in a broken-edged semidome 1600 feet high, which overlooks the valley of the Nottawasaga. Between Lake Huron

and Ontario a depression in the dividing ridge of Drift is 904 feet above the sea, or 83 feet lower than the point where the Northern Railway crosses it.

A depression of 442 feet would bring the ocean into Lake Ontario by the valleys of the Mohawk and the Hudson Rivers as well as by that of the St. Lawrence. It would drown the entire plain of Eastern Canada, and convert the Ottawa into an inlet 200 miles above Montreal, and carry the present inlet of the Saguenay beyond Lake St. John.

The Canadian part of the upper plain, forming the rich agricultural region commonly called the Western Peninsula, about 10,000 square miles in area, has a general smooth surface, yet it swells to a height in the Blue Mountains not inferior in elevation to some of the highest points in the more rugged Laurentian country between Lake Huron and the Ottawa. It has a coast line about 800 miles in extent, and being thickly covered with Drift, largely derived from calcareous rocks, it possesses soils of remarkable fertility, and is endowed with great agricultural capabilities. That portion of the lower plain which lies north of Lake Ontario has an area of about 16,000 square miles, and is equally favoured with remarkable agricultural resources. The great escarpment which separates the upper plain from the lower stretches from the Niagara Falls to the Indian Peninsula, and thence to the Manitoulin Islands and beyond. Not only in the Valley of the Nottawasaga, but in many other parts, the escarpment has the aspect of an ancient sea cliff, and when the plain at its foot is seen from a favourable spot on the summit, the great extent of surface over which the eye wanders without perceiving any undulation, and the even, unbroken, straight line of the distant horizon, deceive the imagination into the belief that they still belong to a sea instead of to a fertile wooded land.

#### ROCK FORMATIONS.

The Canadian Rocks have been designated as follows in descending order :

#### CARBONIFEROUS.

20 Bonaventure Formation.

#### DEVONIAN.

19 Portage and Chemung Group.

18 Hamilton Formation.

17 Corniferous “

16 Oriskany “

} Upper Helderburg Group.

#### UPPER SILURIAN.

15 Lower Helderburg Group.

14 Onondaga Formation.

#### MIDDLE SILURIAN.

13 Guelph Formation.

12 Niagara “

11 Clinton “

10 Medina “

} Anticosti Group.

## LOWER SILURIAN.

- 9 Hudson River Formation.
- 8 Utica                   “
- 7 Trenton               “
- 6 Birdseye and Black River Formation.
- 5 Chazy = Silery.        }
- 4 Calciferous = Levis. } Quebec Group.
- 3 Potsdam Group.

## AZOIC.

- 2 Huronian Series.
- 1 Laurentian Series.

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*Country Life: a handbook of Agriculture, Horticulture, and Landscape Gardening.* By R. Morris Copeland. Boston: Crosby & Nichols. Toronto: Rollo & Adam.

The mechanical execution of this work is very superior. It is well printed on good paper, and adorned with some excellent wood cuts and a large number of diagrams and minor illustrations. The literary portion of the work does not rise to the level of this well merited praise. The author has endeavoured to embrace too wide a field and has not exercised that discrimination and care which one would expect to find in a work of its external pretensions.

Nevertheless the title informs us that it professes to be a handbook, and as such it will be of considerable value to a certain class of readers, which we would be inclined to designate as “gentleman farmers,” for whom it is far better designed than for the man who styles himself a “practical farmer.” The author is by profession a landscape gardener, and as such he has devoted the greater part of his work to that delightful subject. It is written for “men of small fortunes,” and, as leading those who take an interest in horticulture and agriculture to a study of both these important necessities of a country life, it will be an acceptable addition to their library. If the success of the work should call for another edition there is room for considerable improvement and correction in not a few points. To some of these we will call attention in a spirit of friendly criticism.

In the chapter on the green-house the important question of ventilation is discussed, and the old system of admitting air at the bottom strongly recommended, as opposed to a view which is now rapidly gaining ground that top ventilation is the only security against that bane of the graperies—mildew. Zinc paint is recommended for the inside of greenhouses, but zinc paint is unfortunately too apt to peel off, and has grown into disfavour on that account. The author cautions farmers against allowing their cattle to drink water which has lain in lead pipes, and suggests that the water in the pipes should always be allowed to run off before cattle are permitted to drink. It would have been more philosophical to have limited the caution to lead pipes leading from soft water tanks, for it is well known that all spring water con-



tains sensible traces of gypsum, and a lead pipe from a well becomes rapidly coated with the insoluble and innocuous sulphate of lead. In describing a compost for potting, we are told to add to every bushel, or thereabouts, a shovelful of lime, ashes, or gypsum. These three substances differ so widely in their action and composition, that we are at a loss to know why they are indiscriminately recommended. "Mildew and blights," we are told "are consequences of imperfect drainage." In this we differ from the author. Imperfect drainage may predispose a potted plant to be attacked by mildew, but it is most assuredly established that this destructive fungus is very largely dependant upon atmospheric conditions for the development of its ever present spores. We might take exception to much of the chemistry of the work, especially those portions relating to "salts," but as it is intended merely as a handbook for amateurs and men of small fortunes it will lead to further enquiry in subjects open to widely different opinions and views.

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### THE BRITISH MONTHLIES.\*

BLACKWOOD.—JUNE.

"*A Glance at the Italy of Cavour.*"—The title of this paper is a compliment to the great name under whose protecting shield Italy grew to be united and strong. Cavour was a great and gifted man, but he was also an unscrupulous one. He was at once patient and impulsive, a quick reasoner, a reflective thinker; cautious to what seemed timidity at times, and then bold with a courage that scorned danger. With a manner and address the most insinuating, he carried insolence, when it suited his purpose, even into the presence of royalty. He was a statesman by predilection, and a soldier by instinct; but, above all, in his persistent scheming, his unwearied resources of craft, of apparent *bonhomie* and seeming truthfulness, he was the *beau idéal* of his nation—a perfect Italian. Had Cavour lived, the position of Italy had now been different. Discontent would not, as now, lift its voice in the north, nor brigandage ravage the south.

"*Rough Notes of a Ride to Babylon*" contains a splendid description of a desert-storm in the east. The ruins of Babylon is a great mound of earth and mounds of earth, the remains of hanging gardens, masses of vitrified brick-work, a colossal stone lion with his paws on a prostrate human figure, and a few other remnants of the former glory of Babylon. What may be

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

hidden beneath the mounds of earth time and explorations may show, and have, to a certain extent, shown; but Babylon is a wonderful example of the fulfilment of awful prophecies, and the golden city is now a frightful desert.

"*Constitutional tendencies.*"—An article well worthy of the perusal of those who fancy that they inherit a certain determination to particular infirmities, which are really brought on by neglect or gross indulgence.

"*Girolamo Savonarola.*"—A narrative of the life and death of the saviour and martyr of Florence.

"*A Letter from Poland.*"

"*Charles James Blomfield.*"—A review of the life of Charles James Blomfield, late Bishop of London. By his son, the Rev. Alfred Blomfield.

"*Chronicles of Carlingford: The Perpetual Curate,*" Part I., chap. 1—3. This "chronicle" is commenced at the close of the volume.

TEMPLE BAR.—JUNE.

"*Our Pipes and Palettes.*"—A satirical article on painters and painting, and particularly abusive of the Council of the Royal Academy. "When there is a vacancy in the numbers, they elect some weak inanity, of whom no one has ever heard, and whose greatest recommendation is that he is almost as bad a painter as those who elect him."

"*Breakfast in Bed.*"—After months' beating about the bush, certainly in a very humorous and rhapsodical way, the author approaches the question "On what people should have for breakfast?" and still does not answer it, but informs the reader, with great gravity, that it is a far more difficult question to solve than "What shall we have for dinner?" These papers contain many amusing criticisms on things in general and London abuses in particular; and it is pretty clear that the writer, who says he has been accustomed latterly to breakfast on "a cup of tea and the papers," will never be able to solve the difficulty with which he has endeavoured to grapple so long, but which has hitherto so successfully and artfully eluded his grasp.

"*Truth in Art.*"—Men now long for the Real. The field of Art is widening, and its appreciation is becoming universal. Poet and painter alike have ample scope for their genius in the scenes and events which lie around them. Art at one time was limited in its field, its sympathies, its devotees. But notwithstanding all this, it is a wonder that this century has not produced a single poem on the events of our time, and men are still hunting among the incidents of the past, where the materials of many epics lie in an orderly mass around them and beneath their eyes.

"*Cloudy Memories of an Old Passport.*"—A record of one day in Denmark, with nothing particularly striking to narrate or describe.

"*William Lisle Bowles.*"—A biographical sketch and notice of the poems of this author.

"*The Public Press in matters of Science.*"—A severe condemnation of the course taken by the *Times* newspaper in defending Sir William Armstrong and his guns, to the great cost of the nation. The opinion is expressed that the Armstrong guns will disappear from the service when artillery is required on a field of battle. The Whitworth gun is also condemned; and the Ad-

miralty's steps, in regard to the material for ships' construction, must be tentative for some time yet. Further experience is wanting.

"*John Marchmont's Legacy*," and the "*Trials of the Tredgolds*," are continued.

## THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE.—JUNE.

"*Romola*."

"*Spiritualism*."—This is a very sensible article on a subject which is exciting considerable attention in America as well as in Europe. "Who supposes Buddhism to be true because, perhaps, 300,000,000 people believe it, and because all their ancestors, for many centuries, have believed it?" This is a matter of fact question, which those who are inclined to pin their faith upon the belief of others would do well to consider.

"*Sibyl's Disappointment*."—A very melancholy "true" story. Sibyl, an amiable innocent girl, quietly falls in love with Mr. Digby Stuart, an honourable, good-looking, and attractive man, who is quite ignorant of the impression he has produced. Isabel Vernon, a clever, jealous cousin of Sibyl's, discovers the secret, and writes a tender declaration of love, in Mr. Stuart's name, to her innocent rival. Sibyl and her mother, Lady Mary Rivers, receive the letter unsuspectingly, and Sibyl answers it tenderly. Mr. Digby Stuart is astonished and mortified beyond expression at the cruel jest, and persuades Lady Raymond to undeceive Sibyl and her mother. "Lady Mary, that love-letter Sibyl replied to yesterday was not written by Mr. Digby Stuart, but by her cousin Isabel Vernon." She could not have added another syllable to soften these words if her own life had depended on it, and for the next five minutes there was no sound in the room. And Sibyl?—"So they laid her down, and where they laid her there she remained, never closing eye or moving limb or lip, suddenly stricken as by a total suspension of every sense, of every faculty." Sibyl survived several years, but the light of reason never returned. And Isabel?—"I did it in jest. I never expected the letter would deceive her or Aunt Mary either." Good-natured persons gave her the benefit of the doubt.

"*The Small House at Allington*."

"*Eugénie de Guérin*."—The story of the life of this remarkable French girl, who united extraordinary power of intelligence to extraordinary force of character and singular strength of affection. All these excellent qualities were under the control of deep religious feeling. We gain an insight into the depth of her feelings by the following paragraph from one of her letters: "My journal has been untouched for a long while. Do you want to know why? It is because the time seems to me mis-spent which I spend in writing it. We owe God an account of every minute; and is it not a wrong use of our minutes to employ them in writing a history of our transitory days?" She was intensely attached to her brother Maurice, and when he died the energy of her life ebbed away.

"*On the future extinction of Blue Eyes*."—The predominating tendency to dark hair and eyes is as one hundred to seventy, therefore, in the course of time, the dark must triumph over the fair. To the many fervent admirers

of blue eyes the possibility, nay, the probability, of black eyes one day having undivided empire, cannot be a pleasant suggestion. Even those who loudly proclaim the superior splendour of dark eyes may hear of such a prophecy with a misgiving. Tastes, we know, admit of no dispute, and we also know how incessantly they are disputed. On the colour of hair and eyes the dispute is animated. Yet Nature, in spite of a seeming impartiality in her acts, has a decided preference for black; and, if we are to trust a physiologist, has decreed their ultimate empire, if not the final extinction of the blue. This is not pleasant news. Let us hope it is not true. Even as a variety—apart from the preferences of individuals—one would like to preserve the shade of blonde hair (except, perhaps, the whitey-brown), and all the tints of grey or blue eyes. Without whispering a word of treason against the lustrous splendour of the black, we may own the magical thrill which responds to the tender violet, or the thoughtful grey. And if what we have to announce be true, if Nature really carries out her threat, and extinguishes the fair complexions, we must pity our remote descendants; in spite of their rich inheritance of civilisation, which will make them regard us as beggarly pioneers, they will have the drawback of living under the dynasty of universal black; *monarchia monochromatica!* Such is the conclusion we draw from the facts recorded by Dr. Bergholz, of Venezuela, in the *Archiv für Anatomie*.

“*Newspaper writers in Germany*” do things in a rather different manner to what we are accustomed in England or America. Restraint on the liberty of the press forms the grand distinction between German and English journalism. Ability and capital is more scattered there than in the United Kingdom. The newspaper press of Prussia has received a great stimulus recently. There are not less than 528 newspapers in that kingdom, of which 71 are dailies; Austria Proper has 77, of which 38 are dailies; and Bavaria 138, of which 44 are dailies. This speaks well for the literary progress of Bavaria. Some of the newspaper proprietors of Vienna are very wealthy; the editor and owner of one daily is supposed to make \$45,000 a year. A delightful feature among German journalists is the sound harmony which prevails. A society has been organized, the heads of which are chosen from editors and writers, without regard to their political views, and the bitterest foes in newspaper controversy meet there on the most friendly footing. Many of the editors of Viennese newspapers are Jews, as also are a large number of the contributors. The law requires the editor to sign his name, and all contributions must be marked by some distinguishing sign. Consistency is, indeed, a well valued and highly preserved jewel in the conduct of a German newspaper. It would ruin a newspaper to make any deviation from the principles by which it is known. The correspondents of the German newspapers are a most numerous and important class of men. They are paid about a penny a line. Foreign correspondents are paid better, especially those in the east and in America. Court secrets are sacredly kept; but anything relating to foreign matters, or, indeed, to home government, even unpublished despatches, are familiar as every day occurrences to the German correspondent, and even outstrip, in their astonishing familiarity with important state secrets, and the mysterious manner in which they hint at them,

the wildest American telegraphs or the boldest speculations of the New York *Herald*. But the most open scandal in the court circle, if of real moment, is altogether ignored by the correspondent, and not the faintest allusion is made to the matter. The German paper frequently contains literary discussions of interest, but the purely literary element is gradually being driven out by the pressure of political events, and the anxiety of the ruled to know what the rulers have done, are doing, or propose to do.

## GOOD WORDS.—JUNE.

Papers like "*Education in the Army*," in *Good Words*, and "*Life in a Barracks*," &c., &c., in *Cornhill*, if persisted in will effect a vast amount of good. It is only by these popular appeals to the common sense of the public at large that we can hope for a rapid amelioration in the education, and morality of the army. Great improvements have been made in the soldier's condition during the last few years, yet there is abundant room for more, and the spirit of the age seems to be tending towards addressing at last as much attention to education in the army as to reformatories for criminals. We are far behind the French in these matters.

"*Up the Rhine in Winter*" is a narrative of a journey undertaken by the Editor of *Good Words* and three genial companions to Dr. Fliedner's Hospital Institution in Germany.

"*A Touch of Nature*" is an excellent tale, showing how lasting and true filial love may be, even among the homeless wanderers of the earth.

"*A Plea for the Queen's English*."—The learned Dean of Canterbury brought whole nests of bees, wasps, and hornets about his head soon after he published his first paper on the Queen's English, in *Good Words*. Letters began to flow in from all parts of England, on all imaginable subjects connected with the article. Criticisms, complaints, abuse, and satire appeared to have been showered upon him with no unsparing hand, and in the present article he replies to the most prominent and pertinacious of his antagonists. There are several points in the Dean's argument to which exception might be taken, and we do not doubt but that many persons will still adhere to their own rules of speech and orthography. The portion of the essay referring to "shall and will" might have been improved by reference to Sir Edmund Head's amusing article on the same subject, published some time ago. Occasionally the worthy and learned Dean gets a little angry at one of his reviewers, a Mr. Moon, who has published a reply to the first essay on the Queen's English.

"*Reminiscences of a Highland Parish*" is continued.

"*A true Woman's Question*" is simply "why should women pay taxes," and a ludicrous description of many of the fancied troubles nervous ladies bring on themselves by entertaining too exalted an idea of the enormity of not being instantly prepared at the call of the tax gatherer.

"What would happen if you were not in time?"

"Goodness gracious! child, don't you know? A Sheriff's-Officer would come probably—do you hear—probably, and carry away your table, or per-

haps the sofa you are sitting upon—you may well jump!—for the NATIONAL DEBT.”

“Well, not to have contracted that debt, and yet to live in such awful apprehension of the creditors is hard.”

“*Essays for Sunday Reading.*”—VI. “*Marriage, and a Single Life.*”—The only union that deserves and does not dishonour the name of marriage is one in which, whatever external attractions accompany it, there is mental and moral sympathy, and, above all, the hallowing presence of religious faith. For this alone brings us into real union with another. We may dwell in the same home with another, and yet be wide apart as if oceans rolled between us. But where there is congeniality of taste, sympathy of souls, union of heart in the same God and Saviour, no external distance can affect, or lapse of time weaken it, nor can even that which breaks up all other connections, dissolve this. The hands that were clasped at Mammon’s altar may soon drop from each other’s grasp. The hearts which passion’s force united, when passion’s fire has cooled, may fall off from each other, or, in the recoil, fly apart. But they whom God and holy love bind together, none can ever put asunder. Money may go, hardship and ill fortune betide them, but there are those, many and many a one, whom sorrow and toil and suffering, borne together, have only bound into a closer, deeper, dearer affection. The ardour of youthful passion may evaporate, but there is a calmer, serener, profounder feeling that rises, as the years pass on, in hearts that have known and trusted each other long. The fair face may lose its outer loveliness, and the form its roundness, and the once light and airy step its elasticity. But even on the outward face and form there is a beauty which steals out often, to replace with a more exquisite charm that which the years bear away—the beauty of Christian gentleness and sweetness, of maturing character and more deeply settled inward peace,—“the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit.” Onward through life’s path, stage after stage, truer and more trusted, loving and more beloved, they who are thus united may tread together;—on, amidst the gathering evening shadows and the soft waning lights that tell how fast their sun of earthly joy is westering—pensively, it may be, yet not sadly or despairingly;—on, hand clasped in hand, heart knit to heart, till the hour when the inevitable parting comes. And yet even in that which to all besides has in it a horror of darkness too dreadful to be calmly contemplated, there is no lasting gloom for them. A little longer, and the loved and lost shall be once more and forever united; and when the churchyard shadows in summer and winter days play softly on the grave where side by side their dust reposes, bright with immortal beauty, loving as immortal spirits only love, they shall dwell together in the presence of the Lamb.

LONDON SOCIETY.—JUNE.

“*London Society Abroad*” is rather a commonplace sketch, and contains nothing new or particularly interesting.

“*Out of Town in the Season.*”—A short love story, well told, very satisfactory in its termination, and of not uncommon occurrence.

"*A Dreadful Discovery.*"—Mr. Twiddles ventures to indulge in private theatricals without informing his wife. Mrs. Twiddles finds a letter which Mr. Twiddles had dropped, containing most astounding sentiments of affection and signed "Angelina." Mrs. Twiddles follows Mr. Twiddles and catches him rehearsing his part with Angelina, both being dressed in costume. Mrs. Twiddles seizes Mr. Twiddles by his lace collar; explanations ensue, and Mrs. Twiddles consents to become a spectator of the play. But the excitement of "being caught" so preys upon Twiddles that he breaks down; and the moral of this story of *London Society* is, that it serves him right for joining in private theatricals without the knowledge and permission of his wife.

"*Cricketana.*"—A sketch of the history of cricket in England.

"*The Royal Academy Exhibition.*"—A brief description of the most attractive pictures in this year's Exhibition.

"*The Flowers of the Season.*"—Useful hints for ladies in arranging floral decorations for fêtes, rooms, and fountains.

"*Kent and its Oysters.*"

The illustrations in *London Society* are as usual admirable, but the literary part of this popular magazine requires the least possible amount of mental effort.

#### THE EXCHANGE.

We are sorry to learn that this valuable monthly has ceased to exist. Many of the essays it contained were of great value. The February number contains an article on the "*British West Indies,*" showing that from 1854 to 1860, the import trade has increased more than twenty-six per cent., the export trade nine per cent., and the shipping twenty-seven per cent. The total value of imports received in the United Kingdom from the West India colonies, is about a seventh of that from all other colonies, and about a thirty-fifth part of the value of the whole imports of the country. Cotton used to be largely grown. At the beginning of the present century, 80,000 bales were sent to England—in 1861, only about 10,000 bales. But the cultivation of cotton is reviving, and public companies have been formed for establishing cotton plantations in Jamaica. They export coffee, cocoa, rum, and raw sugar. The trade between the West Indies and Canada might be profitably extended, to the mutual advantage of both Colonies, and no time appears to be so favourable as the present for establishing a permanent commercial connexion.

"*The Commerce and Manufactures of Great Britain in 1862,*" is a lengthy and important statistical document, and discloses the extraordinary extent and progress of British industry in 1862. Such is the magnitude and elasticity of British commerce, that though it may be temporarily deranged, it cannot be permanently injured by any disturbing cause, such as that of the deficiency in the supply of cotton. A considerable impetus has been given by that deficiency to other manufactures.

"*Trade and Finance in 1862,*" furnishes us with materials from which we

may endeavour to gain some idea of the business of the unemployed wealth of Britain. The new Banks established in 1862 may be thus classified :

Home.....	8,	with	£12,000,000	capital.
Colonial.....	5,	“	3,750,000	“
Indian.....	2,	“	2,000,000	“
Foreign.....	4,	“	4,000,000	“
Total.....			£21,750,000	“

The Foreign Loans during the same year were as follows :—

Egypt.....	£2,908,040
Italy.....	1,782,000
Morocco.....	501,200
Peru.....	5,500,000
Portugal.....	1,700,000
Russia.....	4,670,000
Switzerland.....	285,000
Turkey.....	5,400,000
Venezuala.....	1,000,000
Total.....	£23,746,240

The imports of the precious metals were :—

Gold.....	£14,389,000
Silver.....	7,583,000

During the same period the exports were :—

Gold.....	£11,201,000
Silver.....	9,817,010

Of joint stock companies, the following are the most important :—

	Home.	Colonial.	Foreign.
Mining Companies.....	£ 770,000	£ 710,000	£ 356,000
Land “.....	625,000	1,650,000	4,300,000
Sundry “.....	3,450,000	.....	.....

#### ONCE A WEEK.

Some Canadian cricketers appear to have doubts respecting the laws of this noble game, and the authority to whom appeal must be made in case of dispute. We commend the following extract, from *Once a Week*, to the notice of the unbelievers in the Marylebone Club :—

In 1774 cricket made a great start. Sir Horace Mann, who had promoted cricket in Kent, and the Duke of Dorset and Lord Tankerville, who seem to have been the leaders of the Surrey and Hants Eleven, conjointly with our noblemen and gentlemen formed a committee under the presidency of Sir William Draper. They met at the Star and Garter, in Pall-mall, and laid down the rules of cricket, which very rules form the basis of the laws of cricket of this day. The old skeleton hurdle was abolished, and wickets (two in num-



ber) twenty-two inches high and six inches wide were substituted, the weight of the balls was determined to be (as now) five ounces and a half to five ounces and three-quarters. In the following year, 1775, a middle stump was added, and although the height and width of the wickets, were twice increased subsequently, until they attained their present size, still in all essential points—even allowing for the difference of cricket grounds, the comparatively rough materials for the game, and the change in style—a cricket match in 1775 must have much resembled a cricket match in 1863. The next great step in cricket was the establishment of the White Conduit Club, in the year 1799; and among its members, in addition to the before-named patrons of the game, we find the names of Lord Winchilsea, Lord Stratheven, and Sir P. Burrell.—Their place of meeting was still the Star and Garter, and their ground was in White Conduit-fields. One of the attendants on this club, of the name of Lord, was persuaded to take a ground, which he did; and under the patronage of the old White Conduit Club, a new club called the Marylebone Club, was formed at Lord's ground, which was then situate on the site of the present Dorset Square. It would be superfluous to say anything about the Marylebone Club, as the fact is notorious that the rules of the Marylebone Club are the only rules recognized as authentic throughout the world wherever cricket is played, and that the very mention of the name of the club in connexion with anything said or done in the cricketing world is sufficient to stamp it as the right thing to say or do.

“*The Migration of Salmon.*”—Where does the salmon go to when it reaches the salt water? What is the cause of its going to the sea at all? What does it find to feed upon, and how quick does it grow? are slight samples of the questions which have been asked in reference to salmon growth. At one time wise people abounded who could answer these and similar questions off hand, as it were; and one of the gravest assertions of the old writers about the salmon was, that the smelt, on arriving at salt water, went off direct, and at lightening speed to the North Pole; a place where the common herring was supposed to be a constant visitor. The real truth, however, is, that no one knows where the salmon goes when it reaches the sea:—whether it proceeds to a great distance, or finds a luxuriant feeding-ground in the nearest deep water, has never been properly ascertained, but that it grows rapidly under the influence of the brine is certain. The curious instinct which leads the salmon, at certain seasons, to seek the salt water, and then to return to its native stream in order to perpetuate its kind, is another of the mysteries of salmon growth upon which different ideas prevail. It is said, that while in the salt water the salmon becomes infested with parasites of the crustacean kind, which it cannot get quit of till it reaches its native streams, or at least the fresh water. Then, again, a kind of fresh-water louse fastens upon the animal in the river that is supposed to force it seaward; doubtless, however, these are but weak inventions of man to account for phases of life which are the nature of the animal, and which it was created to undergo. The sea seems to provide a rich feeding ground for the salmon, for it returns home improved in condition and increased in size. Many of the smelts liberated from the breeding-ponds at Stormontfield were marked, in order to ascertain how long

they would be absent, and at what rate they increased in size. These points have been from time to time pretty satisfactorily detailed. It will be found for instance, that a moiety of the salmon born in March of the present year, (1863) will go off to sea as smelts in the months of April and May, 1864, and that in the autumn of that year they will come back as pretty sizeable grilses, whilst the half of their brothers and sisters will be still in the breeding-ponds as parr! Smelts a few ounces in weight, when liberated, or marked in April (we speak now of the river Shin experiments) have been recaptured in the month of July, after having attained a weight of from four to seven pounds.

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## AMERICAN PERIODICALS.

### AMERICAN JOURNAL OF SCIENCE AND ART.—MAY.

The articles in this able Journal are most of them of a strictly scientific character. "*Key West Physical Notes*," contains accounts of some very interesting and curious atmospheric phenomena at Key West and over the gulf stream which will be interesting to the general reader. The Zodiacal Light is thus described by Major E. B. Hunt, Corps of Engineers, U. S. A.

*Zodiacal Light.*—During the winter, and especially in February, the zodiacal light habitually attains at Key West a remarkable degree of distinctness. I have repeatedly traced it nearly to the zenith, but never reliably beyond. The main point to which I would draw attention, is the great amount of light proceeding from this source. I have over and over again observed a distinct *shadow* cast by the zodiacal light. Walking from it, I have seen my shadow moving before me on the white roadway, as if cast by moonlight, though without definite boundaries. I have, by passing along close to a whitewashed wall, seen my shadow very positive in darkness, though obscure in outline. Waving my arm up and down within a few inches of the wall, a tolerably defined outline of shadow resulted. In all respects, the shadows are what should result from so diffused a light. It may be remarked that much the largest volume of light comes from the portion below  $15^{\circ}$  to  $20^{\circ}$  from the horizon. Sometimes Venus, by its brilliancy and position, rendered the observations doubtful; but I have seen these shadows unmistakably when Venus was not visible, and so late as to exclude the idea of twilight refractions as their cause. I do not know if shadows by zodiacal light have before been noted, but other persons corroborated my impressions, leaving no doubt that real, but dimly outlined shadows, of readily observable darkness, are habitually produced by the winter zodiacal light. This gives a more correct idea of its great increase of brightness on nearing the tropics, than can be conveyed by general terms. It is indeed a singularly beautiful thing, to see this grand mass of mellow light, softly fading out into the clear sky, and quite obscuring the lustre of the Milky Way by its superior brightness. Where it intersects the Milky Way, I think the two are, at the brightest, about equal in glow, but from thence to the

horizon the zodiacal light so increases in radiance as to seem almost a prolongation of twilight.

## HUNTS' MERCHANT MAGAZINE.—JULY.

“*Ship Canals and Railroads.—Chicago Convention.*”—The great canal system of the United States is 1,724 miles long and is composed of the following main arteries :

	Miles.
Erie Canal, connecting Hudson River and the Lakes .....	363
Pennsylvania Canal, connecting Delaware and Ohio.....	395
Ohio Canal, connecting Ohio River and Lakes.....	307
Miami Canal, “ “ “ .....	178
Indiana Canal, “ “ “ .....	379
Illinois Canal, connecting Illinois River and Lakes.....	102
	1,724

This enumeration does not include the minor canals which feed the great trunks. The Ohio system alone is 817 miles long and the coal canals are 693 miles in length. Notwithstanding the great reduction which has been made in canal rates, the traffic has sought the railroads. The Illinois Canal, though almost a dead level, having but two locks, cannot compete with railroads. It is proposed by the late Convention at Chicago to increase the capacity of the Illinois Canal and of the Erie Canal, to admit of the passage of ships to the ocean. The cost of the first improvement is estimated to be \$13,500,000, and of the last, \$3,500,000 which it is proposed to ask Congress to pay. The question is considered to be purely a commercial one, for although the treaty with England excludes the presence of armed vessels of either power on the lakes, the ability to send iron-clads through in canal boats, to be put together in a short time, is too well appreciated to admit of spending \$20,000,000 to make a passage for them. The United States Government has sent iron-clads to San Francisco in sailing vessels with great success. It is argued that if the mercantile sagacity of New York saw the want of an Erie Canal, the merchants, who have paid \$400,000,000 for railroads, will not grudge \$4,000,000 for that object, and the mode in which a ship outlet down the Mississippi may improve New York business is not clearly demonstrated.

“*Paper Money.—The Lessons of History.*”

“*Legal Tender United States Notes.*”—In September next the decision of the Court of Appeal on this important question will be made known. Congress declares treasury notes lawful money and makes them a legal tender. The First District Court (New York City) holds that no such power exists in Congress, while in the Seventh District the Judges took the opposite view.

“*Appropriations of the last Session of Congress.*”—The total sum appropriated during the last session of Congress for the public service was \$973,055,670, out of which \$729,861,898 was for the support of the army, and a deficiency of \$108,732,745, also for the support of the army. The vote for naval service was \$89,848,205.

## THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.—MAY, JUNE, AND JULY.

We cannot do more than give the contents of this popular monthly for May and June. Notices written at the time were crowded out in the July Number of the *British American*.

MAY.—Charles Lamb's Uncollected Writings—Dark Ways—After 'Taps'—The Human Wheel—its Spokes and Fellows; Paul Blecker; Up the Thames; The Fern Forests of the Carboniferous Period; To E. W.; The Countess; Gala Days; Give; Only an Irish Girl; Shall we Compromise?

JUNE.—Weak Lungs, and how to make them Strong; Violet Planting; Paul Blecker; The Hancock House and its Founder; Why Thomas was Discharged; Light and Darkness; Wet Weather Work; The Member from Foxden; Mountains and their Origin; Camilla's Concert; Spring at the Capital; Horrors of San Domingo.

JULY.—"*Doings of the Sunbeam*."—A popular description of some marvellous results of photography, showing the wide application of this wonderful art, and the curious development to which it leads. Six hundred faces to the square inch are shown on some of the London Stereoscopic Company's photographs of the Great Exhibition. One picture gives the musicians. Although the faces are mere dots, yet when viewed with a microscope, they are seen to be complete, and all with their mouths open, being taken in the act of singing. Among the curious facts related of portraits, are the great number of aspects belonging to each countenance;—the family likeness which runs through a wide connection. The field of photography has a singular and very unhappy development in America. The terrible mementoes of the battle-field have been indelibly recorded by the sun. The field of Antietam shows war in its dreadful reality. The photographs of the moon are of a singularly interesting character; and not less interesting are the microscopic photographs. The method of taking spiritual photographs is explained, and the deception laid bare.

"*Outside Glimpses of English Poverty*," is a sad, and, we fear, a not over-drawn picture of the misery which exists in many large towns in England.

"*The Growth of Continents*."—An excellent popular description of the slow separation of the land from the sea, and the formation of islands and continents, with their mountain ranges. But in order to appreciate this article thoroughly, an elementary knowledge of geology is implied. The short description of the Alps and the Jura at nightfall, is very beautiful.

"*English Naval Power and English Colonies*."—The faith men have in the maritime greatness of England, is based upon the fact that, from one end of the country to the other, she is one gigantic workshop, and there is no out-measuring her mechanical activity. The United States is a strong naval power, on account of her capacity to produce ships of war, as recent events have shewn. England has now 900 vessels of war, carrying 20,000 guns. The great strength of England for maritime warfare lies in her colonies. Her war ships can go to every commercial centre on the globe, with canvas. In the Mediterranean she has Gibraltar and Malta; on the highroad to India she has refreshment stations all along it with the utmost regularity. England, Gibraltar, Sierre Leone, Ascension, St. Helena, Cape Colony, Mauritius, Ceylon, Calcutta. Thence on to Singapore and Hong Kong,—and we

may soon add a port in Japan to New Westminster. Then there is the West Indies; the commanding ports and forts at the southern points of all the continents, and the overland route to India,—Gibraltar, Malta, Persia, Aden, Bombay. The Falkland Islands, near Cape Horn; Cape of Good Hope, Ceylon, Singapore, Tasmania. The steady march towards the centre of the commercial waters of the earth, reveals a fixed purpose, which nothing is permitted to change. "Mistress and Sovereign of the Seas," she is and will continue to be.

"*Our General*," is a defence of General Butler. It makes him out to be a very amiable man, full of humanity, and with much delicacy of feeling. The description given of the morality of the slaveholders is horrifying.

AMERICAN PUBLISHERS' CIRCULAR AND LITERARY GAZETTE.

Each number contains a considerable amount of interesting literary information altogether separate from the usual monthly book-list of the different publishers. Messrs. Pereirè and Mons, Michel Chevalier are preparing a great French Encyclopedia, on the scale of the "Encyclopedia Britannica"—the work is intended to advocate the free-trade and credit doctrines held by the forwarders. Mons. Thiers' *History of the Revolution, Consulate and Empire* will be criticised and exposed in Colonel Charras's fourth edition of his *Waterloo Campaign*. The Gipsies have found a historian in Mr. Walter Simson. A collective edition of Mr. Monckton Mill's works is announced in London: Mr. Gregor's work, "*Trois Rois, Trois Peuples et Trois Siècles*," is ready for the press—Bishop Colenso's third volume is in the press. Mrs. Frances Anne Kemble's journal during her residence upon a plantation in Georgia, will soon be issued. With respect to government books, the *Circular* says. "Heavy editions of every document (seldom less than five thousand, often ten or fifteen thousand) are printed, not for sale to that portion of the public who want them, but for distribution at hap-hazard through the ponderous mail-bags of honourable Congressmen. Who get the books? In a vast majority of cases, the noisy politicians, the bar-room oracles, the idle talkers, the thoughtless class of people who read nothing but their newspapers. They are used to make votes. The quiet student, the man of scientific tastes, the intelligent mechanic, the young man hungry for knowledge,—these are seldom favored with a perusal of the volumes they could use so well. This is one side of the case, it is a pity to be obliged to add it is also the most favourable one."

HARPER'S MAGAZINE.—JULY.

"*Scenes in the War of 1812*."—The incidents of the War of 1812 are narrated in these "Scenes" with much animosity, especially against the victors in many important battles in which Hull and Winchester suffered defeat. The conduct of the British and the Indian Allies, as well as that of the British Government in sanctioning and cordially approving of the conduct of their gallant officers and troops, is severely reprobated. The writer paints one side of the picture only, and we need not say which side that is. The present time is particularly unsuited for a rehash of those barbarities which the Indians engaged on both sides indulged in. Indian warfare is always cruel, and there is no doubt that shameful excesses were permitted by

the British and Americans in the War of 1812 which would not be tolerated at the present day, if they could be prevented. The Civil War now raging supplies scenes of atrocious cruelty on a gigantic scale, which throw into the shade the comparatively insignificant incidents of the War of 1812.

"*An American Family in Germany.*"—The sketches in this laughable narrative are admirable and very correct. The writer has described with more than usual fidelity the peculiarities of German life. Many of the excellent characteristics of family intercourse are well drawn, and the domestic *ménage* is hit off with happy effect.

"*Rosemary*" is a wild imaginative rhapsody, written in very "tall" language, and is frequently mysterious, but it will suit a certain class of readers.

"*England in the Good Old Times.*"—The student of history would not find this sketch a safe guide, if he read it without perusing the other chapters of the book from which it is taken. It is a part of Draper's *History of the Intellectual Development of Europe* which will be noticed in the next number of the *British American*.

"*Margaret Freyer's Heart,*" and "*Forward and Back,*" and "*Easter Flowers,*" will find many readers. In "*Easter Flowers*" the writer refers to "our American religion." What new sect is this? or, if not a new sect, will the broad generalization it implies be acceptable to Roman Catholics and Methodists, Episcopalians and Plymouth Brethren?

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## CANADIAN PERIODICALS.

### THE AGRICULTURIST AND JOURNAL OF THE BOARD OF AGRICULTURE.

This periodical continues to supply the farmers of the country with a great variety of useful information on all matters pertaining to Agriculture. A country like Canada, in which nine-tenths of the population are engaged in agricultural operations, or in branches of industry intimately associated with the cultivation of the soil, ought to afford every encouragement to an Agricultural Journal, and on those who have the ability to communicate the result of their observations rests a duty which is too often wholly neglected or but partially fulfilled. We observe in the last number of the *Agriculturist* some communications on flax and hemp. At the present time there can be no more profitable subjects of enquiry than the best methods of raising, and preparing for the market these important fibre yielding plants. It would perhaps be a matter worthy of the consideration of the Board of Agriculture whether the interests of the Province would not be materially served, if a handsome special annual prize were awarded for the cultivation of flax and hemp, separate from the ordinary prizes of the Association.

The *Agriculturist* has been many years in existence, but since it has been under the able management of Professor Buckland and the zealous secretary of the Board, Mr. H. C. Thomson it has been greatly enlarged and improved. Each number contains not less than forty pages illustrated by wood cuts.

The June number contains a variety of important articles on the theory and practice of agriculture, agricultural and horticultural intelligence, valuable veterinary articles, and miscellaneous intelligence. More general attention

to the advice and information given in the pages of the *Agriculturist* would prove an annual saving to farmers throughout the country, and as the price is only 50 cents a year, there can be no excuse for not consulting and supporting a publication deserving of a wide-spread circulation among the farmers of Canada.

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### THE DISCOVERY OF THE SOURCE OF THE NILE.

Geographers have been thrown in extacies by the discovery of the source of the Nile. The fortunate discoverers were Captains Speke and Grant. His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales attended the Royal Institute for the purpose of hearing the gallant and successful explorers narrate their travels—at a meeting of the Royal Geographical Society, Captain Speke read a paper on this exciting subject, of which the following is a report. The paper will be published at length in the Society's Journal.

Captain Speke commenced his paper, "The Nile and its Tributaries Compared," by describing the lake Nyanza, the principal head of the Nile. This lake is situated in latitude 3 degrees south, and from that point to its debouchure, in the Mediterranean, in latitude 31 degrees north, the Nile traverses a distance of over 3,000 geographical miles, or nearly one-tenth of the circumference of the earth. When he discovered the Nyanza lake in 1858, he found it a large sheet of sweet water, lying about 3,500 feet above the level of the sea, and he at once felt certain that it could only be the source of some vast river such as the Nile. The natives had traditions, too, of its great extent, and certain Arab merchants of Zanzibar, who penetrated those regions in search of ivory assured him that Nyanza was the source of some great river. Other traditions heard from the natives confirmed him in this opinion; and he believes he would have settled the question of the source of the Nile in 1859, by travelling to Uganda with an Indian merchant, had not the chief of the expedition fallen ill. On his return to England he found Sir Roderick Murchison deeply imbued with the necessity of at once completing the work he had left undone. He himself could not rest satisfied until the world had accepted his views, now happily confirmed by actual inspection and observation. On returning with his brave companion, Captain Grant, to Unvanyombe, five degrees south of the lake, in 1861, he hit upon a new route, which he supposed, from the accounts of the ivory merchants, would lead to a creek in the western flank of the lake, but owing to the confusion in the language of the country with regard to the terms river and lake, it turned out to be a new lake, the Luero-lo-Urigi, which once contained large quantities of water, but is now fast drying up. It is to the west and north of Karagwe that the great lake receives its largest supply of terrestrial water, through the medium of the Kltangule river, which drains off the Luero-lo-Urigi and many minor lakes. These lakes are all mere puddles compared to the Nyanza, but the Kltangule is a noble river, sunk low in the earth like a huge canal, and measuring eighty yards across. The question now arises, what forms these lakes without number? The Mountains of the Moon, from whence they derive their waters, are in the middle of the rainy zone, where he observed in 1862 that no less than 233 days out of the year were more or less wet days. The first place from which he ob

tained a view of lake Nyanza during the second expedition was from the town of Mashonde, in the Uidu portion of the country of Uganda, on the western side of the lake. Pursuing his way northward along the shore to the valley of Katonga, which is situated on the equator, the land above the lake becomes very beautiful, being composed of low sandstone hills deeply scored and seamed by the heavy rains, covered with gigantic grass of unsurpassed verdure, and by groves of trees as tall and straight as the blue gums of Australia. Travelling however is most irksome in this part of the country, for, owing to the gradual subsidence of all the streams, the moorlands surrounding them are mere net-works of rushes covering unfathomable soft bogs. Crossing the equator he reached the Mworongo, a stream of moderate size, and said to flow out of the lake. It runs north, and joins the Nile in the kingdom of Unyuru, when its name is changed to Kafu. Further on the Luajerri follows its example, and still further on, at the centre of the northern coast of the lake, issues the parent stream of the Nile, falling over rocks of an igneous character, and forming falls twelve feet high, which he had christened by the name of the "Ripon Falls," in honour of the President of the Geographical Society at the time of the starting of the expedition. The escape of the Nyanza's waters, twenty miles north of the equator, was the only outlet examined, owing to the barbarous restrictions placed on travellers by the King of the country. They, however, saw the junction of the Nile with the Kafu and Asua rivers, and crossed the Luajerri half way between its escape from the lake and its junction with the parent stream. Proceeding down the Nile from the Ripon Falls, they first passed through a row of sandstone hills, after which the river rushes down due north with the beauty of a mountain torrent, running off at last into long flats, more like a lake than a river. In Unyuru it is increased by the contributions of the Kafu and Luajerri, and continues navigable as far as the Keruma Falls, where it rushes on with boisterous liveliness. They could not continue their passage beyond this point owing to a war that was raging in the country. They next met the old river in the Madi country, where it still bears the unmistakable character of the Nile—long flats and long rapids. Here it is that another great feeder from the Nyanza lake, the Assua river, joins it on the eastern side. On the other side a long flat extends far into the country—as far, Captain Speke believes, as the little Luta Nzigi lake. With the rest of the Nile we ought to be well acquainted; but little is really known about it, owing to the fact of no one having yet taken the trouble to place nilometers at proper spots. Proceeding onwards the next great affluent is the Bahr-ol-Gaszai, which joins the Nile with hardly any visible stream, having more the appearance of a lake than of a river. The second is the Geraffee river, which may be said to be only one-third of the Nile in size at its point of junction. Its source has yet to be discovered. Its character suggests the possibility of its coming from lake Nyanza. The third affluent is the Southern Sobat river, also full and navigable. The Northern Sobat they passed without knowing it. Captain Speke then went on to describe some other tributaries of the Nile, concluding by giving an account of his meeting with Mr. Baker at Khartoum, who had nobly come up the Nile to meet him, with no less than three ladies. Mr. Baker and his party intended following out the stream supposed to lead to the little Luta Nzigi lake to its source. They would be pleased to hear that Mr. Petherick was in perfect health and excellent spirits, and trading energetically when last he heard of him.