

THE
BRITISH AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

OCTOBER, 1863.

A FURTHER PLEA FOR BRITISH AMERICAN
NATIONALITY.

BY THE HONOURABLE THOMAS D'ARCY M'GEE.

To consider well of their own condition, has been recommended to individuals from the remotest times as the highest wisdom ; and assuredly the duty of self-examination is no less salutary to great communities.— It may indeed be said, that the secret of national vigor and longevity, lies hidden in this capacity for searching self-examination. Those empires which have possessed, and never parted with that gift, have retained power longest, and recovered most readily from all their reverses ; while those who form false confidence or false tenderness, from the dearth of moral courage, or the decay of judicial authority, have shown their impotence to interrogate, and to judge themselves, have perished like *fungi* crushed beneath the hoof of conquest, or exploded in atoms, before the pressure of events too powerful to be resisted by such defective organizations.

If ever a people of the New World were called to prove their capacity for self-examination and self-guidance, it is the British Americans of our day. All men who think at all, admit that we have entered into a veritable new era—that we are hereafter to dwell in a New America, to feel the pressure upon us of new forces, and the necessity of finding, if we do not intend to succumb to that pressure, adequate means of resistance. The sudden overcasting of our whole firmament has almost baffled the speed of thought. No natural storm ever spread over a fair prospect with more awful rapidity. Like the lightning that cometh out of the east, it appeared even unto the west ; the evening went down calm and silent, but the morning woke dark and menacing. There, upon our visible horizon, the elements of aggression, are gathered together apparent to every observant eye ; there they hang and blacken, ready to

pour out their deluge upon our fields and cities, at the first shifting of the wind to the northward; in which hour the cry of the land will be for those prompt measures of defence, which can never be improvised, on the spur of momentary necessity.

If we should be called to fight for our existence against the aggressions of a warlike democracy, for what shall we fight? Will either section of Canada fight for "the Union as it is?" Is there that hearty attachment to our present constitution, that strong sentiment of pride in its excellencies, that undoubting belief in its perpetuity, which can inspire the spirit of self-sacrifice, into our tax-payers and our armed men—into the youth and the proprietary of the land?

It is not too much to say that our present constitution, with all its merits, excites no popular enthusiasm. It was in its origin, no creation of ours. It was the offspring of Imperial policy, imposed by Imperial power. It may have been a very much better frame of government than Upper and Lower Canada could have devised for themselves, a quarter of a century ago, but better or worse, it was not a government of our own making, and large classes of people destined to live under it have never heartily acknowledged all its advantages. We have, indeed, in consequence of the Union, been enabled to borrow by millions, instead of thousands, but there is a deep-seated conviction, at the same time, that the United government has sanctioned an extravagance in expenditure, which neither of the former Provinces, had they continued to keep distinct accounts, would have tolerated. The twofold division of our judicial and administrative establishments, also, keeps alive the feeling, that the existing constitution is provisional; that it is rather a league than a Union; and in this way deprives it of that undoubting confidence and unconditional attachment, which men give only to institutions which they believe destined to outlive themselves, and to become a precious inheritance to their posterity. We feel, in consequence, towards our present system, neither the constitutional enthusiasm of the Americans, nor of the British; we look on it neither with the pride of parentage, nor as the hope of our posterity; prospectively and retrospectively it excites no intense patriotic passion in our hearts, and its fall would not be lamented, as an universal calamity, either above or below Coteau Landing.

What men love best they defend best; what they truly believe in, for that they will bravely die. Enthusiasm is to war, as the stream to the mill-wheel, or the steam to the steam-engine. Whoever or whatever excites this irresistible spirit, whether for a creed or a constitution, an idea or a chief, brings into the field a living power, sufficient to combat the most serious disparities, and to overflow the most formidable obstacles. Where enthusiasm for the cause is wanting, men fight

mechanically, with bravery no doubt, but without that dashing disregard of the immediate end, which has carried armies so far, in all ages. When the Prussian dynasty was swept away before the cannon of Jena, poet voices were raised in Germany, singing the songs of a common fatherland, extending from the Baltic to the Tyrol and the Rhine; upon the wings of this inspiration, the prostrate monarchy rose to a greater height than that from which it had been hurled, and this enthusiasm for German unity was not the least of the causes which drove the Conqueror of Jena a fugitive from his throne. Austria, which profited by this enthusiasm only less than Prussia, has since been taught in another field, how stronger than battalions is the united purpose of a brave people, who *will* strongly what they desire ardently. The enthusiasm for Italian unity, excited by the writings, speeches, and sacrifices of so many gifted Italians of our own and the past age, has invested the descendants of the Dukes of Savoy, with the power and resources of the Cæsars. Against that power, the veteran captains and the gallant troops of Austria have contended in vain, and if this Italian passion for a united Italy, be as profound as it is ardent, no power on earth can prevent the Latin Peninsula from accomplishing its own centralization.

In pleading again the cause of British American Nationality, we do so on this, among other grounds, that the bare idea is capable of exciting in our breasts that force which only patriotic enthusiasm can give. It is an idea which begets a whole progeny, kindred to itself,—such as ideas of extension, construction, permanence, grandeur, and historical renown. It expands, as we observe it, opening up long, gleaming perspectives, into both time and space. It comprehends the erection of a new North American Nation, inheriting among other advantages the law of nations for its shield and guidance. For, whether the dis-united republican States, south of us, shall finally come together under one government again or not, it is quite clear, that if two or more really independent powers, founded on distinct schemes of polity, should hereafter stand side by side on this continent, the international law of Christendom, or some substitute for it, must regulate the relations of neighborhood between such powers.

Hitherto, as our readers are aware, the United States have not considered themselves included in what they persisted, in calling “the European system” of the balance of power, and the international justice symbolized by that balance. The only chapters of the common code of Christendom, which our republican neighbors have hitherto recognized as binding on themselves, are certain provisions of maritime law, applicable and useful to them as a leading Atlantic power, for the rest they have rejected or accepted, arbitrarily, as occasion arose, as much or

as little as suited their convenience. Their scheme resembled that of the Romans, who erected their own standards of the *jus gentium*, and then imposed them by force upon the outside world, whose ethics on usages they preferred to consider as no part of a mutually obligatory law of Nations. Towards the populations of both continents—north and south,—they have, indeed, laid down as the basis of a new American system, “the Munroe doctrine,” declaring the era of Colonization closed and the founding of new communities recognizing any sovereignty in an European state, inadmissible. Hitherto this doctrine has neither been formally admitted nor rejected, by the great colonizing powers; but there can hardly be a doubt that the erection of British Columbia into a Crown Colony, and the intervention of France in the government of Mexico, would, at any past period, have been regarded by the professors of “the American system” as flagrant violations of the *doctrine* of Mr. Munroe.

To extend the European system of international law to North America, it is necessary that there should be two or more States desirous to enjoy the benefits of that system. While there was but one important power north of Panama, it was natural that power should dictate its own will to an anarchical Mexico, and an impotent British America. But should Mexico, under the guarantee of France, recover her lost unity and authority, and British America, under the protection of England, attain to the dignity of a kingdom or principality—dependent on the Imperial Crown, as Hungary on Austria, Egypt on the Sultan, or Hindostan on England—then the two great western powers of Europe would feel, equally with Mexico and British America, the importance of extending to this continent that code, under which, by the admission of Wheaton, the highest American authority, the Old World has made “a considerable advance, *both in the theory of international morality, and in the practice of justice among States.*” If this result should follow the union of these Provinces into one power, it is quite apparent our future history, like that of the Netherlands, would derive additional lustre from its intimate connexion with the history of international law on this continent.

We are arrived at that stage of experience, and we find ourselves surrounded by circumstances which enable us to play an essentially different part from that forced upon the revolted colonies of 1776. If we had been subjected to the same treatment they were, if the Imperial Parliament had denied us also the right of local self-government, there would be some propriety in our imitating, at whatever risks, the revolutionary example of those colonies. But as the Atlantic of this age is no longer the tremendous and perilous sea which it was to our great grandfathers, so neither is the empire so exacting, nor are the colonies

so restive, as in those times. Every age and every set of circumstances prescribe their own duties to statesmen, and just as truly as it might have been right and wise for the American Congress of eighty years ago to declare its utter severance from the European system, so equally truly, may it be wise and right for Canadian statesmen of this day to cultivate the connexion, and to endeavour, on patriotic grounds, to extend to these shores the international law of Europe.

The Union of British America into one nationality would, then, according to our view, perpetuate our connexion with the European family of States, and make this country instrumental in bringing the whole of America within the circle of international law. To enable us to play this distinguished part before both the New and the Old Worlds, it is essential that we should have first a constitution, framed from our own *sensus communis*; the offspring and image of our own intelligence; a constitution to love and to live for; a cherished inheritance for our children; in comprehension, noble; in justice, admirable; in wisdom, venerable.

Pleading for such a constitution, it is neither logical nor witty to meet us with objections of detail, as to the cost or incongruity of a larger infusion of the monarchical element which we advocate. How this or the other detail may best be contrived is not for any individual to answer in advance. Our race have had but one way of arriving at such results from the beginning, and that is, by taking the *sensus communis* of the people to be governed. Whether on the Thames or the Delaware, at Runnymede or Philadelphia, that is the mode by which, in the past, the English-speaking communities have searched their own hearts, and obeyed the dictates of their own best judgments. We will not, therefore, argue details with any one; we will not wrangle over this subject as disputants; it is a matter more for contemplation than for controversy in its first stages, as it must be a matter for the decision of the community, acting as such, in its last.

All these changes which we advocate, internal and external, we may be told, tend to one result—separation from the Empire. We would be altogether misunderstood if any reader was left under that impression. That which we advocate we do most sincerely believe to be the only means to perpetuate a future connection between Great Britain and the trans-oceanic Provinces of the Empire, which connection is the interest of these Provinces; and of civilization itself we hold to be beyond all price desirable. What we advocate is to substitute for the present provincial connection of dissociated provinces, belonging *to* rather than being *of* the Empire, a new explicit relation, more suited to our actual wants, dangers, and dimensions, in other words, a modification of the Federal principle, reduced to the conditions

of a compact equally intelligible to the central and the outlying administrations. The idea of a Federal monarchy, embracing a number of perfect states, dependent on the same Imperial head, is, indeed, less familiar to this age than to former times. But in it is an idea neither chimerical nor novel. The German Empire from the peace of Westphalia (1648), to the substitution of the title of Emperor of Austria for that of Germany, by Francis II., in 1806, was a Federal Empire. At one time it contained not less than three hundred and fifty-five sovereign states or cities, royal, ducal, hereditary, electoral, ecclesiastical, and republican. The Spanish Empire, under Charles V. and Phillip II., was, in its structure, essentially federal. The Viceroyalties of Naples, the Netherlands and the Indies, committed to the custody of royal Princes or eminent noblemen, supported their own peace and war establishments, collected and expended their own revenues, paying, of course, Imperial tribute; executed their own local laws and ordinances, and were represented abroad by their own commercial and political agents. It is to be observed, also, that should the statesmen of Great Britain decide to develop the Federal principle throughout the Empire hereafter, they will have much less incongruous institutions and elements of population to retain in the bonds of a free unity, than had those German and Spanish sovereigns. Most of the States, now advancing to sovereignty in America and Australia, will be the offspring of British parentage, speaking the Imperial language, and inheriting the same common laws, and chartered liberties. Except in the conspicuous instance of Hindostan, and the less striking cases of Lower Canada, the Cape, and one or two of the West Indian Isles, the dependent states will be essentially kindred, and, therefore, justice observed, will naturally fall into the condition of perpetual allies. That they should advance to sovereignty is as natural as that youth should grow to manhood; but there is no inevitable inference to be drawn, either from the nature of the case, or from past experience, that sovereignty should include separation. The two ideas, we know, are popularly identical. But a very limited acquaintance with the varieties of Imperial constitutions which have existed and do even still exist in the world, will show sovereignty in the members of an Empire, to be entirely compatible with the unity of the whole body. It is true that where the separate courts and legislatures approached each other too narrowly in space, or where the united or allied kingdom pushed to its last result its latent independence, or where the central power flagrantly disregarded the charters and customs of the associated state, very serious discontents and insurrections have followed. But the American and Australian Provinces of Great Britain, have both moral and national guarantees against these evil contingencies. In the spirit of the age, in their own internal resources, and above all, in their

safe and salutary distance, from the great vortex of over-centralization, they have every desirable safeguard for their local independence.

Our greatest dangers lie in the opposite direction from centralization. Divided by vast oceans from the metropolis and arsenal of the Empire, divided from one another, even here in North America, by long tracts of roadless wilderness, we are vulnerable in our separated resources, and dis-united means. We cease to be secure, when we cease to be formidable, and we cease to be formidable because our enemies know that we are not now crown colonies, to be thought for, and fought for, by the crown, neither are we allied states, claiming protection under any well understood compact with our own sovereign. We have passed out of the stage of pupilage, and we have not emerged into the stage of partnership. We are retained in the Empire under a temporary engagement, terminable at a month's notice, because we have not shown ourselves truly desirous of understanding or acting upon the duties of another more intimate and more responsible relationship.

THE MAPLE.

BY THE REV. H. F. DARNELL, M. A.

I.

ALL hail to the broad-leaved Maple!
 With its fair and changeful dress—
 A type of our youthful country
 In its pride and loveliness;
 Whether in Spring or Summer,
 Or in the dreary Fall,
 'Mid Nature's forest children,
 She's fairest of them all!

II.

Down sunny slopes and valleys
 Her graceful form is seen,
 Her wide, umbrageous branches
 The sun-burnt reaper screen;

'Mid the dark-browed firs and cedars
 Her livelier colors shine,
 Like the dawn of a brighter future
 On the settler's hut of pine.

III.

She crowns the pleasant hill top,
 Whispers on breezy downs,
 And casts refreshing shadows
 O'er the streets of our busy towns ;
 She gladdens the aching eye-ball,
 Shelters the weary head,
 And scatters her crimson glories
 On the graves of the silent dead.

IV.

When Winter's frosts are yielding
 To the sun's returning sway,
 And merry groups are speeding
 To sugar-woods away,
 The sweet and welling juices,
 Which form their welcome spoil,
 Tell of the teeming plenty
 Which here waits honest toil.

V.

When sweet-voiced Spring, soft-breathing,
 Breaks Nature's icy sleep,
 And the forest boughs are swaying
 Like the green waves of the deep ;
 In her fair and budding beauty
 A fitting emblem she
 Of this our land of promise,
 Of hope, of liberty.

VI.

And when her leaves, all crimson,
 Droop silently and fall,
 Like drops of life-blood welling
 From a warrior brave and tall,

They tell how fast and freely
 Would her childrens' blood be shed
 Ere the soil of our faith and freedom
 Should echo a foeman's tread.

VII.

Then hail to the broad-leaved Maple!
 With her fair and changeful dress—
 A type of our youthful country
 In its pride and loveliness ;
 Whether in Spring or Summer,
 Or in the dreary Fall,
 'Mid Nature's forest children:
 She's fairest of them all.

A TALE OF THE BAY OF QUINTE.

BY H. T. DEVON.

CHAPTER I.

It was during the administration of the government of this fair Province of Canada, by Monsieur de Frontenac, that the Seignory of Cataraqui previously founded by that governor—after having been selected as a suitable spot for the erection of a fort by the Marquis de Courcelles, in a visit there, performed in 1672—was granted by his Majesty King Louis XIV. to Monsieur de La Sale, in 1678.

De La Sale arrived at Quebec during the summer of that year, and was eagerly welcomed by the meagre society of the capital, which, though fast emerging from the barbarism of the surrounding wilderness, was still too like a place of banishment ; a sort of colonial Sahara to its pleasure loving denizens, contrasted with remembrances of Parisian gaieties, and reminiscences of the brilliant court of King Louis.

One morning early in the beautiful month of September, it was announced at the Viceroy's levee that the whole viceregal court intended accompanying the Chevalier in his voyage up the St. Lawrence to his newly acquired domain, partly on a trip of pleasure, and partly with

the idea of giving Monsieur de Frontenac an opportunity of concluding a treaty with a powerful band of Iroquois Indians, whom the French were always anxious to retain, though generally with small success, as friends and allies.

It had been carefully ascertained by the government of the colony from the runners or scouts whom it kept in constant employ, that the children of the forest intended encamping on a large island near the mouth of a river, at the head of the Bay of Quintè, and to that spot the governor proposed going, in order to discuss and terminate the treaty in question.

As soon then as the necessary preparations were completed, Monsieur de La Sale and the viceroy embarked, with a numerous company of retainers and friends, among whom were the Bishop of Quebec, a large party of ladies, and such other notabilities as the Province then contained—in batteaux or barges, a kind of low flat vessel perfectly adapted to the river navigation of the time—under the protection of a company of military from the garrison, without whose escort prudence would not have allowed the Governor to proceed on a journey not unattended with danger, no less from the difficult and partially unknown navigation, than from the prowling bands of savages who might or might not infest the vicinity of the route.

The navigation of the St. Lawrence at that time, and indeed for more than a century after, was both tedious and difficult, from the fact of the rapids and rocks with the other obstructions attending the majestic current of the mighty river being so little understood and so imperfectly known.

The travellers were, however, sufficiently animated by the beauty of the scenery, the novelty of the enterprise, and the freshness of the September air, to be insensible alike to the influences of fatigue, and the weariness attending so lengthened a voyage. Sojourning a day or two at *La Ville Marie*, as the fort and village where the island city of Montreal now stands were then named, they proceeded with renewed buoyance of spirit through the mazes of the beautiful wilderness of St. Lawrence river scenery, until they succeeded in safely attaining the delightful vicinity of the Thousand Islands at the head of the river. There it pleased La Sale to precede his companions, in order to superintend the arrangement and unpacking of the contents of several barges which had been despatched from Quebec, laden with provisions and baggage, previous to the departure of the Viceregal Court for the almost unknown regions, whose depths were about to be penetrated by all the Colony then contained of beauty, station, and wealth—by the chivalrous old Count de Frontenac, with his adventurous companions and suite.

Fort Cataraqui, which was afterwards destroyed by the Iroquois, was situated on a slight eminence near the river of that name, and commanded a fine look out on the lake and surrounding bay. Constructed partly for the purpose of defence, it was roughly though strongly put together, and consisted of a main building of logs with wings and projections, added more for convenience than beauty. Its walls were pierced with loop-holes for the use of musketry in case of attack, and the roof, which was high and slanting, was protected by a small cannon on each side, attached to the rafters from the interior. The building was enclosed within a spacious courtyard, which was in turn surrounded by a stockade or fence, one side of which was firmly planted on the rock which rose perpendicularly from the waters edge, and this end was further strengthened by a carronade placed on a platform inside the fence, where a sentry constantly paced on the look-out for the approach of either friend or foe. The walls of the fort, and of the fence which surrounded it, were neatly white-washed, and the national standard of France floated from a flagstaff in the court-yard. The interminable forest stretched almost to the waters edge, but left a space of about half a mile of trees, or rather shrubs mingled with trees of small growth, from its margin to the shore. This intervening space was slightly swampy from the low banks of the river away to the further bed of the lake, and had been partially stripped of its timber by the artizans employed in the construction of the fort; so that around its walls for many yards there was a comparatively cleared space of ground, which proved of great service on many future occasions, as by that means the soldiers of the garrison were enabled to grow such vegetables and grain as they needed for their own consumption, and also, when necessity required it, to detect the approach of their cunning and ferocious enemies, who rarely appeared in open numbers unless sure of an easy victory; but, according to the traditions of Indian warfare, preferred attacking an enemy by stealth, a mode which the heavy growth of timber enabled them to do with ease, since it would be quite impossible for the eye to penetrate the depths of the primeval bushes and trees of the forest.

La Sale was full of the chivalry of his enterprise, he was still young, and had achieved a good military reputation at home. In person he was delicately formed though muscular and with the natural agility of the Frenchman, possessed the ever active vigilance of the trained warrior. His face was of that clear slightly brown waxy hue which bears the impress of time so lightly. His hair and military moustache were jet black, and his eyes were clear brown. On the whole he was about as fine looking a cavalier as graced the court of King Louis; and his manners had all the charm of the high born gentlemen, whom it was that luxurious monarch's pleasure to gather around him.

And here I must remark, that it has ever seemed to me, that we Upper Canadians have never properly appreciated those adventurous and heroic spirits—the French explorers, or pioneers I suppose they may be called, of this province. They were the first white men who ever beheld the glories of Niagara, or sailed over the trackless lakes of the interior; and with undaunted spirit and unsubdued energy they pushed on through miles and miles of wilderness, of forest, and water-course, and prairie; until the vast extent and resources of regions, till then unknown, rewarded their researches with the precious knowledge of their existence.

Father Marquette and Hennepin braved danger that might have appalled the stoutest heart, in order to carry the knowledge of God to the natives of the forest, and seemingly never tired of their wearisome march, but went on with an energy and devotedness, worthy alike of the Priest of God, and the adventurous spirit of the pioneer.

The autumn day was drawing to a close when the barges were observed approaching the declivity, on whose extremity the fort was perched. The Count de Frontenac, anxious to impress on the minds of the Indians a favourable idea of royal magnificence and state, invariably travelled with all the pomp and as many military retainers as his exalted station entitled him to display and the colony enabled him to maintain. The lilies of old France waved from the stern of the Viceroy's barge, which was sheltered by a striped awning of scarlet and white cloth, while various standards and pennons fluttered over the attendant vessels. The boats swept majestically round the distant point, and were rapidly propelled by the untiring exertions of the voyageurs over the silvery bosom of the lake, into the darker waters of Cataragui Bay, whose waves were now crested by the gorgeous rays reflected from the setting sun.

The scene was like a tale of *Faerie*! There were gallant officers in splendid uniform, who handed fair ladies from the boats, chatting gaily in the brilliant and voluble dialect of France. There was the Viceroy's body guard, and there were four pages of noble birth after the fashion of the times, attired in suits of velvet and silk, who bore the governor's badge embroidered in gold upon their arms.

Monsieur de Frontenac, attired in the magnificent costume of the period, stood in the midst of a group with the Bishop and some prominent ecclesiastics of his virgin diocese. The white hair of the governor waved in the breeze, and his tall knightly form towered above the retainers who surrounded him. La Sale, hat in hand, eagerly approached and welcomed him to his poor Seigniory of Cataragui, while he led the way to the open door of the barricade by which the courtyard was entered.

The dying sun cast sombre shadows on some, and threw out in picturesque relief, others of the brilliant assemblage as they gathered around the Bishop and his attendant priests, who proceeded to sing vespers as a thanksgiving for their preservation from the perils of the voyage. Plumes waved in the breeze, while gold and jewels with the polished cuirasses of the officers and soldiers glittered and flashed as they caught the rosy light of a Canadian sunset. The royal banner of France floated for the first time over Fort Cataragui, while strains of martial music and shouts of gay laughter were wafted through the courtyard, as the Viceroy and his suite passed through the gates of the barricade and entered the unpretending looking and incommodious habitation of their entertainer; which, with its arrangements for defence, and commanding, though solitary position, with the wild forest closing it in on every side, presented an appearance half military, half domestic, and was pervaded by an air of savage desolation, to which its present visitors formed a striking contrast, and adorned with an effect quite chivalrous-like in its character.

A week passed quickly away at the fort, during which the forest rung with echoes from the horn of the huntsman, and resounded with the baying of the deer hounds, and the merry voices of the gentlemen engaged in the hunt, who gallantly pursued the untamed deer through glades and wild-wood openings, apparently forgetting their position, and imagining themselves again in the royal forests of Fontainebleau or Compeigne attending the King and Madame de Maintenon as they revelled and roamed in gorgeous magnificence through miles of park and alleys of stately grandeur, attended by gay and gallant courtiers pursuing the stag or following the falcon in the chase.

CHAPTER II.

The Bay of Quintè runs in a north-westerly direction, with many indentations and curves, nearly seventy miles parallel with the boundary of Lake Ontario; from which it is separated by the peninsula County of Prince Edward. Rivers and streams from the interior, flowing in sinuous courses through miles and miles of shaly limestone rock abounding in curious shell and coral fossils pour their tribute of waters into its bosom. Great boulders of igneous rock dot these river banks, telling in silent but truthful language a tale of important geological action; so distant and so mysterious as to be hardly comprehensible to the unscientific observer.

There is one of these boulder stones about three miles from the village of Trenton, not far from the banks of the Trent river, of huge dimensions. Its length is upwards of fifty feet, its height thirty; parts of its

surface are covered with lichens and moss; the rest lies black and bare, washed by the rains of more than a thousand years. It is traversed by innumerable veins of quartz, which peep out here and there through the dusky surface of the stone like streaks of dawn in a cloudy sky. What convulsion of nature tore this immense block from its native cliff in the North, and conveyed it to its present resting place no man can tell. It is one of the secrets of God.*

In the year of grace 1678, the Count de Frontenac, with La Sale, and their friends, found themselves ascending this Bay of Quintè in batteaux, numbering six in all; each containing its proper complement of oarsmen. The Bay, at that early period, was known and used as a highway, or means of communication with the lake at its upper extremity, by the various tribes of Indians, and by those adventurous whites whose explorations led them to avoid the dangerous navigation of the lake, which, at that time, and with the craft then in use, was hazardous beyond conception. These seventy miles of comparatively calm water, are only separated from Lake Ontario by a portage or carrying place of one mile in width at the head of the Bay. By the use of this natural means of communication the lake mariner avoided the dangers of a rocky and uninhabited coast, without a harbour along its whole extent, and where nothing could save a vessel from instant destruction if dashed by the force of the waves upon the rocks. The natural sagacity of the Indians taught them the value of this route; and thus was the Bay of Quintè first navigated by the natives of the forest, and adapted to that purpose for which nature seems to have so beautifully designed it.

Among the ladies of the party was a young and charming widow, who, when only seventeen years old, had contracted, or rather, whose guardian, (for she was an orphan), had contracted for her, a *mariage de convenance* with a noble but impoverished old officer, who afterwards came over to Canada in some official capacity, and shrewdly invested his means in the fur trade, which, for the colony in its then infant state, was very considerable, hoping in time to return to France with his fortune, doubled. In this resolve, however, he was disappointed, for he died just three years after his arrival, and left his old bones to bleach on

* The existence of this very remarkable boulder was quite unknown until the summer of last year to any but the surrounding settlers, who are by no means remarkable for intellectual attainments, and probably saw nothing curious about it. It was then accidentally discovered by Professor Lauzon of Queen's College, and the Rev. Mr. Bleasdel, M. A., Rector of Trenton; who were out botanizing, who greatly to their astonishment, met with it in their excursion. There has since been a correct scientific description of it published by Mr. Bleasdel, with a full account of its geological peculiarities, in a periodical, whose title I forget, conducted by some of the Professors, and put forth under the auspices of the University of Queen's College at Kingston.

the banks of the St. Lawrence river; and with them he left his fascinating and brisk young widow; not to bleach, but to bloom; who, with her wealth proved a great attraction in the saloons of Quebec, and who, having no friends to speak of in France, and nothing particular to regret in that gay land—her childhood and youth having passed gloomily away in the educational strictness of conventual seclusion—wisely resolved to remain in the land of her adoption and enjoy herself; and as her wealth gave her far more consequence in the colony than it would have obtained for her in the mother country, she seemed destined to pass the remainder of her days in the region of Quebec.

Now, Madame le Bourdonnais loved Monsieur de La Sale. But did Monsieur reciprocate the passion. Alas, no! he was quite unconscious of the interesting state of the fair lady's heart. It was certainly very apathetic, or stupid of Monsieur de La Sale to have been the object of a young and beautiful woman's adoration, and remain unconscious of the circumstance, but then, the chevalier was a soldier; most of his life had been passed on the battle-field, or in camp, and at the age of thirty-five he found himself better able to play a conspicuous part in some military expedition, or prosecute some deed of adventurous daring, than penetrate the secrets of a woman's heart.

Madame, however, nothing daunted, was not to be deterred on this account; she was quite determined to catch the chevalier, even if she had to stick to him like a leech, as the manner of some ladies is; and nothing else induced her to join the expedition but the sole view of bringing matters to a crisis before its termination; for to say the truth she practised a little deception in accepting the viceroy's invitation, because she was not a bit enthusiastic about Indians or forest scenery, and, indeed, when the expedition was first proposed, rather turned a cold shoulder on the affair, for as she remarked to a friend: "Who knows, mon cher, what may happen among these savage Indians; and then think of the mosquitoes, and the hot sun on one's complexion. Oh horrible! But when it became known that the chevalier was to accompany the party, the lady changed her tactics, and declared that the trip would be the most "charmingly romantic thing in the world."

Both hero and heroine of this narrative, occupied the same vessel with the Viceroy and his suite, for the mysteries of colonial precedence were quite as intricate and quite as important then as they are now.

The Chevalier and the lady, as I have said, sat in the stern of the Viceroy's barge, along with the other notabilities of the party. Madame le Bourdonnais coquetted with her wished for lover, while the Viceroy discussed the advantages to be derived from a friendly alliance with the tribe they were about to visit, with the Bishop, and some other gentlemen stationed around the canopy at the head of the vessel. The

acute mind of Monsieur de Frontenac already comprehended the series of alarming contests likely to ensue between the colonists of New France, and the tribes along the southern shore of the St. Lawrence; arising from the slow but certain progress of the English, the hereditary and invincible enemies of the French nation, in their colonization of the vast territory at the South. A shade of sorrow passed over his features as he thought, too, of the growing power of that rival, whose flag was soon destined to supplant the banner of France in the colony, and already the old man saw in anticipation the splendid future of the Provinces; destined in the end to achieve so brilliant a position beneath the protecting influence of that lion power, whose encroachments Monsieur de Frontenac dreaded, and, for the honor of France, deplored.

To the eyes of the travellers the scenery wore the appearance of unexplored solitude, there was no vestige of human habitation to the right nor to the left. No hideous bridges nor unsightly wharves offended the eye with their ugliness; nature appeared fresh and untrammelled, and wanted only the appearance of cultivation to produce a picture of settled perfection.

Nearly two centuries after this time, the royal standard of England floated over the head of her future king from the deck of the *Kingston*, as she proudly bore her illustrious passenger over those scenes, then beheld for the first time by the French Viceroy, in his humble barge.—Then, Monsieur de Frontenac landed and planted the Gallic lily over his couch as he slept, but the superior civilization of two centuries later denied the Prince of Wales this privilege, and so the royal youth, over whose princely head the emblazoned lions waved, was not permitted to land on the shores of the Bay of Quintè by the too pressing exercise of untimely, if not intemperate, zeal.

CHAPTER III.

Though the rightful heritage of the Iroquois Indians was to the south of the St. Lawrence river, in what was once the British Provinces, but is now the extreme north of the American States, it was no unusual thing to find that powerful and warlike people making predatory excursions across the great natural boundary that divided them from their French neighbours.

On the occasion of Count Frontenac's visit to a portion of their tribe, they were assembled in considerable numbers at the head of the Bay of Quintè; partly with the idea of obtaining concessions from the Viceroy, which, if not granted, they knew themselves to be in a position to enforce; and partly for the purpose of forming negotiations with the Algonquins, for the mutual protection of both, against the

well-known avarice and deceit of those whites, who were engaged in the fur trade—a branch of commerce in which the utmost dishonesty was practised by the merchants who directed and controlled that profitable traffic—large fortunes being often amassed by shrewd individuals in a fabulously short time, which were solely the results of the gross frauds practised on the unsuspecting Indians. This particular locality at the head of the Bay was chosen for the conference, as being a sort of debatable ground; for though, strictly speaking, within the limits of French jurisdiction, it was still too distant from the frontier, or from any inhabited portion of the Colony, to be under any control of the government; and, indeed, neither the French nor the English, even if they had the will, possessed the power of disputing the movements of the ancient and lawful owners of the forest, who, then in the very zenith of their power, and rendered yet more formidable by the introduction of fire-arms among them by the English, generally contrived, and usually succeeded, with that sagacity peculiar to their character, in making themselves both respected and feared.

The island on which the savages were encamped was admirably situated for the purpose; it was long and low, almost on a level with the water's edge, and was only about a stone's throw from the shore. It lay near the mouth of a river, which, at that particular spot, curved around a sort of a cliff that rose almost perpendicularly from the water's edge, and was there much broader than in other parts of its channel. One extremity of the island was washed by the foam crested rapids of the river, the other nestled lovingly in its deep still bed. Scattered groups of the drooping elm tree rose in graceful luxuriance from the smooth green turf, while here and there a clump of evergreens embowered a patch of the shore with their sombre foliage. The whole surface of ground was smooth and green as a well kept lawn, save where the lady fern shadowed the wild flowers with its drooping feathers. The hills of what are now the surrounding townships shadowed this lovely spot with their tree-clad dreariness, while the wild deer browsed in the valleys around, or swam in peaceful security the fierce torrent of the river.

It was late in the afternoon of the second day of their departure from Fort Cataragui, when Count Frontenac's party found themselves approaching the place of rendezvous. All was eagerness and impatience on board the Viceroy's barge, and every eye was restlessly employed in surveying the surrounding scenery, or engaged in the look out for traces of Indian habitation. "Truly," said the Bishop, as a benignant smile passed over his placid features, "our dusky friends have chosen a delightful spot for the conference. I was not aware," he added, addressing the Viceroy, "that the red men possessed so keen a sense for the appreciation of the beauties of nature."

"Oh, the Iroquois are a wary and artful people," replied the Viceroy, who better understood the peculiarities of Indian character than the benevolent ecclesiastic, "and none know better than they the value of external circumstances. But see, gentlemen!" he exclaimed, pointing to the distant island, "there lie the wigwams of our friends; sound the bugles, and let the attending boats follow as closely as possible in our wake. It will be as well to approach with as much of the appearance of military discipline as we can muster."

"Now, Chevalier, do play the gallant for once, and promise me the protection of your arm when we get among those horrid Indians," said Madame le Bourdonnais to the human fish she was trying to catch, in the half-coquettish, half-ironical way she had adopted when addressing that individual—for she had begun to regard La Sale as her own especial protector—so that Chevalier here, and Chevalier there, were constantly dropping from her very pretty lips, greatly to the chagrin and annoyance of some other ladies of the party, who, perhaps, secretly wished to monopolize the desirable Chevalier themselves, and devoutly wished the young widow at the bottom of the bay or at home in Quebec. "Remember now, Monsieur de La Sale," she added, "I select you as my knight errant, and expect you to comport yourself accordingly."

La Sale gallantly placed his hand on his heart and with an affectation of sentimentality assured the lady, "that, as in duty bound, he would be her slave till death."

"Or, rather, till we get back to Quebec, Chevalier," said the lady, as she darted away, and gaily kissed her hand in token of approbation of the arrangement.

As the boats neared the island, the Viceroy's party found the Indians drawn up along the shore to receive them. The most renowned of the chiefs stood in advance of the rest, attired in all the barbarism of paint and scalp-lock. As Count Frontenac stepped from his barge the most renowned of the Indians approached, and in the dialect then used by the Iroquois in their intercourse with the French said, "My great brother is welcome to the lodge of Oureonhare," for this was one of the chiefs whom Monsieur Denonville afterwards treacherously kidnapped and sent to France for the amusement of King Louis; "many moons have passed since we met my brother at Stadacona," alluding to a former interview held in Quebec, "and the promises then made to us," he said, drawing himself up with dignity, "have been broken; but," he added, "the heart of the Iroquois is generous—he is willing to forget the past. My people can afford to forgive the deception practised upon them by their white brethren. For," and his eyes sparkled with savage pride, "are we not masters of the hunting fields along the shores of all the great lakes, even to the setting sun? We have driven

our enemies before us like smoke before the wind. But the hatchet is now buried in peace, so let my great brother come to the lodge of Oureonhare and bring with him his young men and his squaws."

Thinking it best to humour the savage, Count Frontenac ordered his whole party to follow, which they accordingly did, though not without some trepidation on the part of the ladies, whose eyes were not yet sufficiently inured to the ferocious wildness of the dusky sons of the forest to meet them with perfect composure. Groups of the young braves stood around, or peeped furtively through the tree branches as the party passed, standing erect, with folded arms and impassioned countenances, like the naked bronze statues of antiquity, which, indeed, they most resembled in their sculptural beauty of form. The old women and the younger squaws stood aloof, and seemed watching with feelings of envy the jewels and rich dresses of the ladies, who, in their turn, gazed with mingled feelings of compassion and curiosity on several young dusky creatures, attired in the short petticoat of dressed deer skin, with its embroidery of porcupine quills, and having attached to the back, in its cradle or covering of birch work, the papoose, of all ages from a month to a year.

The fascinating manners of Count Frontenac made a deep impression on these Indians, and led to the belief that a permanent treaty of peace might be concluded between them. This hope, however, proved fallacious, for the Iroquois were never entirely friendly to the French, and on many occasions proved their bitterest enemies.

The subjects to be discussed were left for the following days, when the council fire would be lighted, and the pipe of peace smoked, and for that night nothing was said or done but what pertained to the laws of hospitality, and the passage of metaphorical compliments between the heads of the respective parties.

The viceregal party slept in tents with which they were provided, or on the barges, which were luxuriously fitted up, and so arranged as to provide every comfort that the Colony could command or that wealth could procure; and as I shall not advert to the subject again it may be as well to say here that some conciliations were made by both parties in the next day's council, and in the end Monsieur de Frontenac left his red friends greatly pleased with his promises, most of which were broken as he was shortly afterwards recalled to France to make way for another governor who lacked both his ability and discretion, having neither the sense to conciliate the Indians as friends nor the power to cope with them as enemies.

And now, like a faithful chronicler, I must relate the adventure that befel the heroine of my story, and gave her the husband of her desire, which interesting and truly romantic episode will form the finale of this narrative in a concluding chapter.

LONGFELLOW AND HIS POETRY.

It is said that good poetry is that which is most patent to the general understanding, and I know of no living poet whose works appeal more to the approval or disapproval of the common sense of the reader than those of Longfellow. Inferior to Tennyson in delicacy of sentiment and elegance of diction, he far surpasses him in truth and fervency. True, Longfellow's strains are never heavenly; no seraphic being breathes on his lyre, inspiring his songs, or lending him wings to mount in the ethereal region of poesy; but humanity is the invoker of his pen, and that he is "brother to man shows itself in all he writes." The strongest feature in the poems of Longfellow is their intense earnestness. Life, with all its realities, its strivings, its throbs, its throes, is his study and theme.

No doubt the poet is a lover of nature, his soul is awed by its sublimity and grandeur; he also loves rural life, with its sunshine and quiet, and the lanes and by-paths of the country, with its blossoms and fruits, its hills and valleys, all these are to him glorious; but he seldom writes of them, except as imagery to some honest truth. He regards them but "the decorations and painted scenery in the great drama of life," and he draws his poetry not from the physical but from the moral world, with all its seams and chasms, its gulfs and graves, but ever and ever bridged over with Faith in the glorious hereafter—with its immortality. Glorious, indeed, is the world of God around us, but more glorious the world of God within us. "The river of life that flows through streets tumultuous, bearing along so many gallant hearts, so many wrecks of humanity; the many homes and households, each a little world in itself, all forms of human joy and suffering, brought into that narrow compass; and to be in this, and to be a part of this; acting, thinking, rejoicing, sorrowing with his fellow men,"—such, such indeed, is life, and here lies the poet's "land of song." Who can read "the Psalm of Life," and not gain wisdom? And who can tell how many fainting and desponding ones its truthful, trustful words may have raised from dust and sloth, feeding them with bread and meat, and sending them on their way with manly hearts, content "to labour and to wait?"

"Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul.

"Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;

But to act that each to-morrow
Finds us farther than to-day."

Longfellow reminds us that nothing is small or trivial, but that all is of weight and importance in the balance of life, that even each minute has a life by itself, a starting-place, a race, a goal, and at the last great day will be revived to stand our friends or foes. What a lesson is taught in "the Village Blacksmith!" With what nobleness does he clothe and drape that stalworth form; with what a vigorous pen has he drawn the sinews and muscles of those brawny arms, bared for honesty and toil!

"His brow is wet with honest sweat,
He earns what e'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man."

Thus he works out his destiny, thus he fills his niche in the economy of lowly life; and week out, week in, from morn till night, he is a helper with the great Artificer. Better this than an idler and a dreamer.

And again the artist paints him. He has washed off the week's dust and rust, and we behold with admiration the beauty of his good and manly heart. It is Sunday morning, and the smithy is shut, the fire is dead, the bellows and sledge are quiet in the corner, and the week and the sparks have flown like chaff from a threshing floor.

There is a hum of birds and bees, and the sun is warm and bright, and in the village church sits this mighty, brawny man among his boys, a child-like worshipper clothed with humility and reverence. We now behold the delectable mountains of his soul. He hears his parson pray and preach, perhaps he now and then falls asleep, and how ashamed he is of his weakness; but when they praise God aloud he joins in the psalm, and

"He hears his daughter's voice,
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice."

How akin is joy and sorrow; what a thin partition separates our bliss and woe; what a contiguity between our smiles and tears!

"It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
Singing in Paradise!
He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies;
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
A tear out of his eyes."

Here is great pathos and tenderness. We forget about the poet or

his numbers; all we see is that tanned brow wrung with pain, and we follow his eyes out of the open window, and they rest on the mound with the white slab just visible through the grass.

“Toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begin,
Each evening sees its close;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

“Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught!
Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought!”

These are manly thoughts, and good, wholesome truths do these verses embody. Longfellow is no poet of love; he has not what can properly be named a song of love in his works.

Hiawatha contains his most tender passages, and even these charm more by their simple words and fitness than depth of passion or warmth of imagination. He has written no song breathing such a delicacy of sentiment as Mackay's "I sent a message by the Rose," or any of such prolific fancy and gorgeous imagery as Tennyson's "Come into the garden, Maud." Longfellow's "Songs of Affection" embody much domestic tenderness, but his conception always embraces those who gather around his own hearth-stone, those who he can take to his heart and call "his own." Wedded love, with its fairness, its beauty, its purity, fills the poet's soul, and invokes his most tender strains, when he speaks of the

————— "being beauteous,
Who unto my youth was given,
More than all things else to love me,
And is now a saint in heaven.

"With a slow and noiseless footstep
Comes that messenger divine,
Takes the vacant chair beside me,
Lays her gentle hand in mine.

"And she sits and gazes at me
With those deep and tender eyes,
Like the stars, so still and saint-like,
Looking downward from the skies.

"Uttered not, yet comprehended
Is the spirit's voiceless prayer

Soft rebukes, in blessings ended,
Breathing from her lips of air."

See, this "being beautiful" is no fair and gentle maiden, but a wife, a helpmate, who comes chiding and rebuking him.

Another feature of Longfellow is his conciseness. He condenses in one bold idea or range of thought, a multiplicity of actions, with all their ramifications and wanderings; they are gathered up into one body, clothed with one garment, displaying a beauty and fulness of form and blending which is at once simple and effective. In "the Rainy day," which we quote in full, see the whole history of a life, past and present, is there told.

The wretched, despairing being is wandering in a charnel ground, shuddering among unclosed graves of the past; and how gently he binds up his bruises, and leads him by the hand into the highway, showing him the break in the clouds.

"The day is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
The vine still clings to the mouldering wall,
But at every gust the dead leaves fall,
And the day is dark and dreary.

"My life is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the winds are never weary;
My thoughts still cling to the mouldering past,
But the hopes of youth fall thick in the blast,
And the days are dark and dreary.

"Be still, sad heart! and cease repining,
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining;
Thy fate is the common fate of all,
Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary."

The most finished of Longfellow's poems is "Resignation," and so beautiful is its conception, so choice and elegant in its words, and in the spirit which pervades the verses, such genuine sympathy, that it will always be a gem in English Poetry. Longfellow is like Cowper in the christian and moral bearings of his poetry, but unlike him in being no satirist. He never points a finger of scorn at musty evils, or exposes to ridicule our prejudices and foibles. No playful wit or pungent satire ever falls from his pen, and the reader is never startled by coming suddenly on some original turn or salient point. Had Hood written Hiawatha, what a witty rogue would he have made "Pau-Puk-Keewis," whilst Longfellow leaves him only a malicious mischief-loving rake. Longfellow lacks one grand characteristic of a great poet. He has displayed no originality or power of invention, but he seizes on old

truths and wholesome lessons of morality, and dresses them up so pleasantly, and with so much good judgment, that we are pleased to have them for companions. And if Longfellow does not charm the ear by the full flow of his numbers, or ravish the senses by his rich imagery and gorgeous visions, he does not disgust or weary with quaint conceits or affected rhapsodies. For, unlike a great deal of the poetry of the present day, Longfellow's is never speculative, his language is never mystical or his sentences enigmatical.

He uses his reason more than his imagination, consequently he is always within the range of good sense and common understanding. All is real and tangible; he depicts not the shadow, but the substance, and his poems are the genuine workings of a mind filled with the philosophy of life; one who believes that action is more noble than thought or theory; one who feels it is a glorious thing to live, to belong to, and have a part in that union of brotherhood, which, in its full development, reaches into another world; one who realizes it is a noble thing "to suffer and be strong," and a sublime task to help onward his fellow men. And if he has roused the sleeping elements of one sluggard, if he has lifted in any way the cross from the weary one, or strengthened the sinews and muscles of one right arm, truly we may then say, "He has fashioned his work well." M. L. C.

THE CITED CURATE.

BY MISS MURRAY.

CHAPTER XI.

AFTER what I had seen I felt little inclination to re-enter the church, and taking a seat on a grave stone, I waited there till the congregation came out. How Eardley went through the rest of the service I never heard, but from his manner when we met, I conclude he contrived to perform it with but little alteration of demeanor. Somewhat later than the rest of the congregation he and Sir Francis came out of a side door which led from the vestry, and immediately came up to me. He grasped my hand warmly, and presented me to Sir Francis with perhaps a little more hurry of manner than usual; that was all. I asked myself had he steeled himself already against all emotion, all remorse, or were there ser-

pent fangs tearing his soul while he so mastered his voice and look as to suppress every sign of suffering? As I looked at him furtively, the last supposition seemed the true one. His face was still of that colourless hue to which the first glance of Kate had blanched it, and every feature seemed locked in fixed immobility, as if he felt that to have relaxed them from that tense rigidity would have destroyed their power of dissimulation, and forced them to betray the fiery anguish that was working within. I noticed, too, that he steadily avoided meeting my eye, and his voice sounded cold and expressionless to my ear, all the spirit and energy that had given such life and soul to its music was gone. I saw at once that the strange scene that had just taken place had not disturbed the affectionate cordiality that appeared to exist between Sir Francis and his son-in-law. It was evident that he had accepted whatever explanation Eardley had chosen to give. To a man of the world like Sir Francis Denzil, the sufferings of a poor girl, like Kate Redmond, were of very little importance, and as long as Eardley did nothing to sink him in the world's esteem, he was not likely to incur his father-in-law's displeasure.

As we walked to the carriage, Sir Francis said, carelessly, "They have taken that poor girl home, I am told. What a beautiful creature she must have been before she lost her senses."

"Beautiful, indeed," I answered, scarcely knowing what I said, for my thoughts were fixed on Eardley, who was walking beside me, and whose face I could not see.

"She must always have been of a singularly romantic turn of mind," pursued Sir Francis; "one would scarcely have believed that a girl in her rank could feel such an insane passion for a man so much above her, if we had not seen it."

"No, indeed," I said, in the same mechanical way.

"It is really a great pity," continued Sir Francis, "but you see such great personal attractions, and such wonderful talents as your friend possesses must pay some penalty—unnatural hate, or more unnatural love!—What is it, Eardley?"

"Oh, we have all heard of maniacs taking still more extraordinary and unaccountable fancies," said Eardley, goaded into speaking, at last, "fancies of which they never dreamed when they were sane."

"I am inclined to think this girl did, though," said Sir Francis coolly, "and that it was the struggle between her love and its utter hopelessness that turned her brain. By the bye, I am glad Evelyn was not at church to-day; she would have been so dreadfully shocked and frightened."

"Yes, it was well," said Eardley, speaking between his shut teeth.

"Eardley feels a good deal cut up about this poor girl," whispered Sir Francis to me, as we came up to the carriage, "and I don't wonder, for it is really a most disagreeable thing. We must get Dr. Maunsell to see

her. He is very clever, and if her malady admits of a cure he will be certain to effect one. Come, Mr. French, get in. You had better tell him to drive fast, Eardley, it is bitterly cold."

During our drive to Grey Court, Sir Francis and I talked on more agreeable topics than poor Kate Redmond presented, but Eardley said so little that at last Sir Francis enquired, I thought, a little sarcastically, if it was his long absence from Evelyn that had made him so dull. "Your friend and my daughter are lovers still," he added, turning towards me, "though more than a month married, and consequently they are the worst possible companions for every body but each other."

I suppose Eardley thought it would not exactly do to let his proud father-in-law suspect that his marriage with Miss Denzil had been solely one of interest, and that his heart had been all the time with that crazed unhappy peasant girl of whom he had just been so carelessly speaking, for he roused himself to say, "You have not seen Evelyn yet, Walter, but when you do you will see loveliness enough to excuse a man for any amount of idolatry."

Sir Francis at this unbent his brow. Evelyn was his darling, the sole object that divided with himself the possession of his selfish heart. "The truth is, Mr. French," he said, "Eardley and I rival each other in trying who shall spoil her most. Here's the gate. You're welcome to your friend's home."

The gate was of heavy antique iron, hung between square, massive pillars, with a lodge built of large rough stones; low-roofed, substantial, and shaded by a couple of splendid walnut trees. The avenue was straight, with a row of walnut and Spanish chestnut trees at each side. The domain was one of old fashioned beauty, full of steep banks, bosky thickets, dells and dingles; a broad clear river ran close by the house, and beyond it, the bank, partly clothed with copse wood, rose to a stone terrace where a pretty gothic summer-house gleamed out through the thick foliage that embowered it. A flower-garden sloped from one wing of the mansion down to the river, running deep and dark beneath the shade of some gigantic and ancient horse-chestnut, which threw their spreading boughs half way across the stream. A large old fashioned walled-in fruit and vegetable garden was separated from the house by a field, with a winding path running through it, in which cattle of a great size and beauty were grazing. At the other side of the house was the rookery, where, amidst giant furs and elms, the caving dusky people had lived for ages unmolested. There was also a wilderness, where the trees were allowed to grow wild and thick, and where, as you walked, you sank up to your ancles in withered leaves. A mount ascended by a narrow zigzag path, and bearing on its summit yew trees so old that Strongbow and his archers may have cut bows there; a dark walk, shut in by evergreens and

strange antique shrubs, emitting in the warm Summer eves delicious aromatic odours; grottos of shell and spar, moss-houses, rustic cottages, labyrinths and alleys, and terraces, and all the quaint devices in which our fore-fathers took delight. The house was large and handsome, and had an aspect of strength, dignity and venerable antiquity. It was built of hewn grey stone, elaborately carved about the doors and windows and with the family arms and crest cut over the entrance.

As the carriage drove up to the door, Eardley's young wife came into the portico to meet us. She was certainly very lovely, and looked as if she had been formed out of the fairest and sweetest elements in nature.—Her skin was like newly fallen snow, with the softest rose bloom on the cheek, deepened into crimson on her smiling, pouting lips; her eyes were the very colour of the summer sunlit heaven, and they were shaded by golden brown curls, shining like rays of light—every feature expressing a bewitching union of gaiety and sweetness. She looked as innocent, as bright, and lovely as the flowers, and as ignorant of toil, of sorrow or sin. She wore a crimson merino dress, its warm rich hues contrasting well with her fair complexion, and she had twisted a sable boa round her throat and head to shield her from the cold, through which her golden curls peeped, reminding me of a legend I had once read, of a fair-haired Danish princess who had loved and followed a famous Berserkir, though he had no robe to give her to wear, but a bear-skin—"Yet Love," saith the legend, "made it so become her beauty, that her bright eyes and golden hair shone above its darkness, as the sun does, coming from beneath a cloud!" A little red and white spaniel frisked round her, barking for joy at the return of the carriage.

"Naughty girl!" cried her father, "what are you doing out in the cold? Do you want to have such another cough as you had in London?"

"Oh, I only came out this moment, papa, and I am so tired of being in the house all day. How long you have been."

"Have you good fires, Evelyn? We are all frozen, and Eardley's friend has come."

"Mr. French—I am so glad," and she came forward to welcome me with the most engaging frankness; "Eardley has been longing for you so much, Mr. French, and has talked so much about you, that he has made us all nearly as anxious for your arrival as he has been himself."

"Bring luncheon into the library, Johnson," said Sir Francis to a servant as we entered the hall;—a large apartment hung with family pictures, and containing a great number of doors and windows, a huge fireplace, and a magnificent oak stair-case leading to the upper story. From thence we passed to the library, where a bright fire, sofas, easy chairs, and reading-tables, covered with books, magazines and newspapers, drawn around it, looked temptingly comfortable.

Now that Eardley's hat was off, and that we were in a warm atmosphere, his pale severe aspect looked more remarkable, and I saw Evelyn's eyes turn anxiously towards him. At that moment there was an expression in those lovely eyes which, though not in itself sad, gave me a sensation of pain, a sort of hovering doubt, and undefined fear seemed struggling in them with a yearning tenderness, as if she had already a vague consciousness that there were mysterious depths in Eardley's heart and mind into which it was impossible her simple nature could ever enter; and yet, perhaps, this feeling only deepened the intensity of her affection, for mystery always shadows forth danger and gloom, and what true woman's heart does not cling the closer to the loved one at the very thought of evil or sorrow hanging over him.

"And now listen to my news," said Evelyn. "More newspapers and letters than I could count have come, and there is one from Lady Medwyn, and she says Eardley is sure of the Rocksley living."

Eardley had been leaning against the mantel-piece, complaining of the cold, and apparently trying to warm himself, as quickly as possible, but he now turned round hastily, "Where are the letters?" he asked.

"In the breakfast room. I will get them for you," said Evelyn, jumping up to do so with that ingenuous child-like simplicity that marked all she did and said; that unaffected frankness and forgetfulness of self which had already disarmed me of every prejudice which my sympathy for poor Kate Redmond had raised against her.

"Stay, Evelyn," said her father, "better wait till after luncheon; that is the most important consideration just now, and if Eardley will take my advice he will not look at his letters till he fortifies himself against all contingencies with something to eat. Many a good appetite has been spoiled by opening an unlucky letter just before sitting down to table."

"Oh, I am not afraid of my appetite being spoiled by any letter I can possibly receive," said Eardley, with a laugh, "and I am anxious to see every thing about Rocksley. Evelyn take care of Walter till I come back; I shall not stay long," and evidently glad of an excuse to leave the room, he departed.

"That Rocksley living is a good thing," said Sir Francis, "I am glad Eardley is to have it, though I often wish he had never entered the church. Parliament is the proper arena for such talents as his. He has the most splendid debating powers, and the clearest and strongest head for affairs I ever met with. It is a thousand pities that the country is deprived of such a statesman as he would make."

"His genius must always command distinction, no matter in what field it is displayed," I said.

"True, and I suppose we must console ourselves with the hope of seeing him a bishop. But I am happy to say here comes luncheon."

"I suppose, Mrs. Temple, you are delighted at the thoughts of returning to England," I said, a little while after.

"I have always loved this place," she answered, "but then, Eardley dislikes it, so I shall not be sorry to leave it."

"No wonder he should detest it," said Sir Francis, "think of such a magnificent fellow being buried in such a miserable hole, a wretched country curate; it really was too bad!"

Though Evelyn performed her duties as hostess with hospitable grace her eyes were constantly wandering towards the door, and a sort of restless uneasiness, which occasionally flitted over her face showed that her thoughts were with Eardley, and that instead of talking polite nothings to me, and playing with the delicacies her father put on her plate, she would have gladly followed him, had he not told her to remain. Sir Francis, in the mean time, satisfied the appetite that he had been so much afraid of disturbing, unconscious of her uneasiness, for much as he loved her, his sympathies were not delicate or quick enough to discern the suppressed emotions even of the being dearest to him in the world.

Eardley, however, did not stay long away, and when he returned, his gloom had either been dissipated by the new prospects opened to his ambition, or he had taken in a fresh stock of dissimulation, for now he seemed really cheerful, and till dinner was the gayest and most agreeable of companions. His young wife's fair face reflected all his brightness, and her buoyant fancy and blithe spirit, relieved from the vague shadow that Eardley's stern looks had thrown over them, sparkled and shone in the light of his smiles, like a dancing rill in the sunshine.

CHAPTER XII.

I never remember seeing Eardley more lively and entertaining than he was during dinner, but when the desert was placed on the table. I fancied (for I could not help watching him with the most painful and anxious interest) that his spirits began to flag. He grew more silent, and the cloud seemed gathering again on his brow. Then suddenly catching the expression of my eyes, he started, seemed to rouse himself again, and taking some walnuts on his plate said, "The most delicious walnuts I ever tasted were given me by a gipsy girl in the Isle of Wight."

"What, a real gipsy?" cried Evelyn.

"Yes, a real Rommany, and a very handsome one, too, with a slender and perfectly moulded shape, mobile, impassioned features, and eyes that sometimes seemed to emit actual rays of light through the lustrous haze that always give such a peculiar look to a gipsy's eye."

"Oh, tell more about her, Eardley; I never saw a gipsy; did this one tell your fortune?"

"Thereby hangs a tale," said Eardley.

"A tale? Oh that is delightful. Begin at the beginning, and tell your story properly. Where did you meet her?"

"Lord Cassils and I were riding through a green lane near Newport one evening in a certain September. The day had been hot, we had ridden a long way, and our horses were tired, so we let them walk quietly, and enjoy the soft turf beneath their feet. At a turn in the lane we came to a stile which gave entrance to a field of clover—by the bye how deliciously it scented the air that lovely afternoon—and seated on the top-most step of the stile was a gipsy girl, in a black silk hat and scarlet cloak. Her lap was full of fine large walnuts, which she was cracking and eating, and instead of nut-crackers she used her teeth, white as ivory and even as dies; they must have been tolerably strong, too, for they broke the walnuts with apparent ease."

"Oh!" said Evelyn, "it sets my teeth on edge to think of it."

"I assure you she did it so dexterously, it was quite pleasant to watch her, and if you had seen how neatly she picked the white creamy kernel from the shell with her supple fingers, I am not sure that you would not have longed for a share. She was certainly a beautiful creature, like some Princess of Persia or Hindostan, some genie or peri in disguise, or anything else you may choose to imagine that is dark, brilliant and beautiful. But she was not alone. With her was a creature bent with age, whose witch like countenance expressed the most hideous malignity.—Her skin was like creased old leather, her lips black and skinny, one or two canine-like teeth protruding through them; her large hooked nose met her pointed chin; if she had any forehead the red handkerchief bound round her head completely hid it, and in the midst of this vile caricature of the human face divine, her black eyes glowed like two live coals from under her pent-house brows. She stood beside the stile, one hand holding a short pipe, the other extended for some of her companions cracked walnuts. I thought of Shakspeare's hag begging chestnuts from the sailor's wife, and wondered whether it was possible that such hideous ugliness could be the mother of such a rare piece of beauty as the houri beside her. They did not appear to see us till we were close to them, but then the girl instantly jumped off the stile, and coming coquetishly forward, offered us some nuts."

"And of course you took them."

"Yes, and as I said before they were the best I ever ate."

"Well, go on, what next?" asked Evelyn. "I hate people to stop in the middle of a story; don't you Mr. French?"

"There is nothing more worth telling," said Eardley. "We left them

where we had found them, and I have never heard or seen anything of them since; scarcely ever thought of them till to-day."

"But they told you your fortunes, did they not?" said Evelyn. "I am sure you never left them without having your fortunes told."

I was sure of it, too, and could not help thinking that something more than a mere chance meeting with two gipsys, probably like a hundred others to be met with every day in England, made him recall the circumstance now.

"Come, Eardley," said Sir Francis, "you have excited our love of the marvellous, and must gratify it now, either with fact or fiction."

"Nonsense, papa," said Evelyn, "fiction won't do, we want to know what really did happen—we want to hear what the gipsy girl really did say to them. You must tell, Eardley."

"Don't be disappointed, Evelyn, but I assure you I have nothing strange or marvellous to relate. We wanted the girl to read our palms but the old sorceress stepped forward and insisted on deciphering them herself. Cassils submitted, afraid, I suppose, of rousing the old hag's wrath if he resisted, but I was obstinate, and declared that my fortune should be told by the vermilion lips of the young beauty, or not at all, for I was certain nothing but evil could proceed from the lips of such a mummy-like professor of the black art, as that old witch."

"But you did not say so to her, did you?" asked Evelyn,

"Not exactly, but I think her quick ear heard me saying as much to Cassils."

"Well, what followed? Did she let the pretty gipsy tell your fortune?"

"Yes, I carried my point, at last openly declaring that I preferred a white witch to a black one, and the old hag cursed me heartily."

"But what did your pretty sybil say? How can you be so ill-natured Eardley, as not to tell the story properly? We must have every word. Must not we, Mr. French?"

"Oh, certainly; we will not bate a letter, Eardley; let us have your sybil's leaves unmutilated."

"I am sorry to disappoint your curiosity, good people, but in truth I have nearly forgotten what she said. I remember, however, that the old sorceress promised Cassils all sorts of good things, by way of rewarding his docility, I suppose. He was to marry a beauty and an heiress with profuse golden tresses, and blue eyes sparkling like the north star, whose usual attire was to be white satin embroidered with gold, and a necklace of diamonds as large as hazel nuts, (it was odd she did not say walnuts); and he was to have seven sons with eyes as blue as their mother's."

"But your own destiny, Eardley; I am sure you must remember some-

thing of it at least ; you only pretend to forget it just to tease me. What did the beautiful gipsy tell you ? ”

“ Oh, she was an ungrateful thing,” said Eardley, with an odd sort of a laugh, “ and whether from the spirit of mischief, or a dread of displeasing her companion prophesied nothing but evil for me. She told me that nothing I set my heart upon should come to good ; that none of my ambitious hopes should ever be realized ; that I should be crossed in love and die young. But it is all nonsense, Evelyn,” he exclaimed suddenly breaking off, “ as we wise folk of this nineteenth century know, is it not ? ”

Evelyn looked up at him with a smile that would have been bright, had it not been dashed by a faint shade of superstitious terror, and at that moment a servant came behind Sir Francis Denzil’s chair, and spoke a few words to him in a low voice.

“ Good God ! ” exclaimed Sir Francis, “ is it possible ! Poor unhappy girl ! ”

The contracted brow, the eager eye, the strained attention with which Eardley listened now showed plainly how hollow had been his assumed gaiety.

“ Evelyn’s gentle heart was always ready to melt at the sound of woe or misfortune. “ What is it, papa ? What has happened ? ” she asked eagerly.

“ A young girl, Evelyn, a poor mad creature that we saw at church this morning was drowned on her way home. ”

I looked at Eardley. His face was livid with the violent struggle he made to suppress his feelings. Beside him stood a stand of liqueurs, and half filling a tumbler with some strong cordial, he drank it off.

“ Ah ! poor thing ! poor unfortunate girl ! How did it happen, Johnson ? ” and Evelyn’s blue eyes filled with tears.

“ Why ma’am,” said Johnson, “ there’s a flood in the river, and the bridge at Blackraths’ broken at one spot, and just as the car was passing by she jumped up, though she had been lying quiet enough before, and threw herself over the broken battlements. ”

“ Where did you learn all this,” asked Sir Francis, sipping his wine with apparent coolness, and (I fancied) keeping his eyes purposely fixed on the man that he might not look at Eardley.

“ From Kelly, the errand boy, Sir Francis. He helped the people to take her out of the river, but the flood was very strong, and by the time they got her out she was quite dead. ”

“ What were the people that were with her on the car about that they did not take better care of her ? ” said Sir Francis.

“ There was no one, Sir Francis, but the driver, and he was minding

his horse, except her father, and he's very old and feeble. Kelly says this will be his death."

"Oh, Eardley," said Evelyn, looking at her husband through a mist of tears which hid from her the ghastly expression of his face, "what a sad thing! Did you know this poor girl?"

"Yes, I knew her well!" said Eardley.

"What set her mad?" asked Evelyn.

"Some religious doubts or scruples," answered Sir Francis, quickly. "Her father was a Catholic and her mother a Protestant, and between the two creeds the poor thing's reason gave way. I have heard that she was always of a very peculiar turn of mind, thoughtful and sensitive and fond of books and solitude. She has not been in her right senses for some weeks, but she never was violent till to-day, when she ran away from home, and frightened us all by rushing into church, and talking the wildest nonsense. Poor girl, her sufferings are over now."

"They say, sir," said Johnson, looking at Eardley, "that just before she threw herself into the river, she called out that some one was waiting for her in the black waters below, and that she saw him floating on the stream, and heard him calling her to come to him. But there's no believing half what we hear."

"Oh, she was full of all sorts of insane fancies like other mad people," said Sir Francis, so sternly as to stop any further revelations from Johnson.

"What a shame they don't get that bridge mended," he added abruptly. "I must see about it at the next sitting of the Bench. There, Johnson, that will do. Evelyn clear those mists from your face, and let me see you smile again. I will not hear another word about this poor creature, for I cannot bear to see your brow clouded."

"But we must do something for that poor old man, papa?"

"Of course, my dear, whatever you wish shall be done; but it will be time enough to-morrow to speak of that."

"He wants nothing that we can do for him, Evelyn," said her husband; "he is not poor, and death is the only boon he need covet now."

"Eardley, I beg you will say no more on the subject!" exclaimed Sir Francis. "Evelyn go into the drawing-room and have tea brought in; we'll join you immediately."

In spite of Eardley's astonishing self-command, Sir Francis had evidently seen something of the effect the tidings of Kate Redmond's death had had upon him, and anxious to give him time to recover himself, and prevent me, as he thought, from noticing his emotions, he exerted himself to entertain me during the short time we stayed in the dining-room. For a while Eardley scarcely seemed to know we were present, but drank glass after glass of wine in a reckless sort of haste; by degrees, however,

he seemed to come back to himself, and at last joined in our conversation as indifferently as if nothing had happened. Then Sir Francis rose from the table and we joined Evelyn in the drawing room.

CHAPTER XIII.

Eardley did not again assume that forced gaiety which I had felt so painful at dinner, and which, however it had seemed to others, I had known to be so false and hollow. The unusual quantity of wine he had taken did not appear to have had the least effect on him, but, probably, but for it he could not have braced his nerves to that steely firmness which carried him steadily through the unnatural part he was acting.

As soon as tea was removed, Sir Francis asked Evelyn to play and sing some sacred music. "If you care about music, Mr. French," he continued to me, "I think I may promise you a treat."

"Take care, Evelyn," said Eardley, "you could not play before a more fastidious critic."

"Now, you want to frighten me, Eardley," said Evelyn, with a little smile of conscious triumph; "but no matter. I will play as well as I can and 'He does well who does his best.'"

Simple and unpretending as she was, Evelyn knew her strong point.—She played exquisitely, and had one of the sweetest and most enchanting voices I ever heard, and for a while I forgot everything but my delight in listening to some of Handel's glorious strains, sung with the most perfect skill and taste, the truest feeling, the most unaffected, yet most powerful expression of the great soul of that mighty master.

Sir Francis, in the meantime, dosed over his Sunday paper, and Eardley, who had thrown himself on a sofa out of the glare of the lights, remained silent and motionless, if not at rest.

At ten o'clock the servants came in for prayers, and Eardley read a chapter in the Bible, and delivered a highly calvinistic prayer. I have never heard any one read so beautifully as Temple, and some how or other his voice had never sounded so rich, so deep and impressive as that night when for the last time I heard him read the grand words in which the sacred poet makes God address Job. But the prayer! Could I have heard him pour out his heart to the God of the spirits of all flesh, in whom we live, and move, and have our being; that God in whose presence and power the voice within the breast attests its involuntary, indestructible belief, whenever the soul's depths are stirred, to whom, in the hour of anguish, when the floods overwhelm us, and the waters cover our heads, we blindly cry for a help and a pity, no where else to be found—that God above us, beyond us, yet forever near—whom many alas! regard with a sad superstitious fear, where no fear is—it would have

been an inexpressible relief; but to listen to him uttering formal words for which he had neither faith, nor reverence, words involving so many harsh and cold-hearted dogmas, which I knew he utterly condemned and disbelieved, and invoking Him who reads all hearts to hear them—while all the time he neither felt nor knew anything except that the barbed arrows which had that day entered his soul were fastening their fangs in it deeper and deeper—was a mockery I could hardly bear. Yet what know I? It is not the spoken words, but the silent voice within that God marks, and even then, under all this weight of dead words, Eardley's tortured heart may have sent up a living cry for pardon and peace that was heard and answered, though in a way dark and inscrutable to mortal eyes.

Soon after prayers were over, Sir Francis went to his room, and then Evelyn rose and said she would leave Eardley and me together, as she knew we were longing to have a good talk by ourselves.

"Yes," said Eardley, "I have so much to say to Walter that I mean to keep him up all night."

"All night?" exclaimed Evelyn. "Why what can you have to talk about that will keep you up all night?"

"Oh, a thousand things. But seriously, Evelyn, I know it will be so late before Walter and I can make up our minds to part, that I will not disturb you; I will sleep in the green room."

"Very well," she said, "I shall order a fire to be made there, and so good night, gentle friends!"

Eardley looked after her with a heavy sigh, and turning away began to walk up and down the room. At last going up to the fire-place, he rang the bell, and on Johnson's entrance directed that the fire in his study should be replenished, and wine and biscuits taken there. He then led me to his study where I had not been before. It had been newly furnished and fitted up for him, and I have never seen a more delightful room. Every thing in it was rich and handsome, yet supremely *comfortable*. The book-cases were elegantly designed and exquisitely carved, the writing-tables and easy chairs might have pleased an artist's eye, but at the same time it was easy to see at a glance their perfect adaptation to the purposes for which they were intended. It was a great contrast to his sanctum in the little mountain cottage, and on looking round I could not recognize a single picture, statuette, or any other object that I had seen there. Some very fine water colour pictures, chiefly oriental scenes, hung on the walls, and as I looked at them Eardley said, "You will find no Francesca there; but I see it still—I shall see it forever!"

He began to walk up and down the room as he had done before we left the drawing room, but after a little while he came up to me as I stood on the hearth-rug, scarcely knowing whether to speak or be silent, and said

slowly and deliberately, "Walter I am going into the mountains to-night, will you come with me?"

"Into the mountains? What to do there?" I asked in astonishment.

"Can't you tell?" he said wistfully. "To look upon her once more before the worms have her for their prey."

"Madness, Eardley!" I cried. "It would be certain death to you to go there after what has happened."

"You are mistaken. There is no danger. I shall come back without a scratch."

"But have you thought how extraordinary it will seem? It will set every one talking."

No one will know anything of it except *her* friends, and all things considered they are not likely to speak of it; for what could they say that any one whose opinion is of consequence to me would believe."

"Think of Sir Francis—" I urged. "Think of your lovely young wife—"

"Hush!" he exclaimed, a little wildly, "don't talk of her! But for her—but for her— And yet what am I saying? It was the demon in my own breast!"

He leaned his head against the mantel-piece, and was silent for a minute; then he looked up again. "Walter, I know you despise me heartily, but for all that, for old friendship's sake I believe you would do me any good in your power! Now the only thing you can do for me is to come with me to-night, and let me see her face once more—only once—I shall never see it again, unless——" He broke off abruptly. "Well, will you come?"

"How can I countenance a piece of insanity, which, if it does not end in your death, is almost certain to involve you in disgrace and ruin?"

"Disgrace? ruin?—humbug! Trust me I know how to avert any such fearful consequences. There is no one in this place I need care about except Sir Francis and Evelyn, and I can manage them. You need not waste words in warnings and dissuasions; they are all thrown away; I am determined to go, and you have only to decide whether you will accompany me or not."

It was certainly a wild, and, in his case, almost an insane project, but I could not think of any means of preventing it that would not, in all probability, have injured him more deeply than the mad step I deprecated. My refusal to go with him would not have had the slightest effect in detaining him, I well knew, so rather than let him go alone, I reluctantly agreed to accompany him. He received my unwilling consent without a remark, and then taking up a bed light told me to wait for him where I was, and he would return as quickly as possible. An hour passed

before he came back, one of the longest hours I ever spent in my life, and when he did, the dress he wore disguised him so much that, till he spoke, I did not recognize him. He had put on a coarse frieze coat, and a rough felt hat, coming low over his forehead, and he carried a similar coat and hat which he laid down before me. "These are some of the Christmas gifts for the poor," he said. "Evelyn little surmised the use that was to be made of them. I don't know whether any disguise would be of much use where we are going, but we may as well have them on."

I dressed myself in them, accordingly, and he then handed me a revolver, an admirable one, belonging to Sir Francis, and showed me that he had another in his own pocket. "All the servants are in bed by this time," he said, "and we shall have no difficulty in getting to the stables unseen by any one; so now, if you are ready, let us go."

Leading the way through galleries and corridors, down a back flight of stairs, and through a long stone passage, he entered a small room where Sir Francis received his tenants and those who had business with him as a magistrate. The low window opened on the stable-yard; unfastening it, he passed out through it, and I followed.

It was a fine cloudless night full of stars, and we found our way to the stables without any trouble. We saddled our horses as quickly as possible, but Eardley's steed, knowing his master's hand, suffered himself to be made ready more willingly than the horse I was to ride to which of course, I was a stranger, so that Eardley had to wait for me two or three minutes, and though he said nothing, I knew how the slight delay chafed his impatient spirit. When all was ready we led our horses through a small gate of which Eardley had got the key. Apparently we got away unseen by any one, and though the watch dog followed us to the gate, he did not bark, but after quietly watching us out, stalked back to his kennel.

As soon as we had mounted, Eardley set off at a gallop, and I kept up with him as closely as I could. He struck into a bridle path which led to the mountain road by a shorter way than the avenue, and when he came to the loose bars which, instead of a gate, divided it from the high road, instead of dismounting to let them down, he leaped over them.— There was no moon, and the faint, clear light of the stars was just sufficient to enable me to follow my reckless guide; the road was broken, rough, and stony, but no obstacle made him slacken his pace; faster and faster he pressed on, like one who fled for his life. Once or twice he looked behind as if to see that I was following, but he never spoke, and neither did I. Once only he paused, and that was in crossing the old bridge at Blackrath. When he came to the breach in the stone-work, through which Kate had thrown herself so short a time before, he pulled quite up and stood for a minute looking down into the dark gurgling current, too

muddy to reflect the pale stars in the wintry sky. A sudden dread lest the sight of those sullen, rushing depths, and the thought of the drowned girl torn from thence that morning should excite him to temporary madness, and urge him to share her fate, came over me, but just as I reached him, he struck spurs to his horse and was off again. After dashing up steep rugged tracks unworthy the name of road, fording streams, and toiling through turf-bogs, we at last reached a piece of comparatively level ground, where a few fields enclosed by hedges showed some signs of cultivation. A clump of old thorns, and a well, stood by the wayside, and here Eardley stopped and sprang to the ground. I followed his example and now for the first time since we set out on our wild ride, he spoke, as he tied his horse's bridle to one of the thorn trees, and I did the same.

"Remember, you are not to use your pistols unless I tell you to do so," he said, "I understand the people we are going among, and you must let me manage them my own way."

"Very well," I answered, "but if I see your life in actual danger, I don't think I shall wait till you give me leave to defend it."

"Trust me to take care of my life," he said. "These savages are all cowards in spite of their noise and bluster, when they are opposed to a really brave self-possessed man. After all, we may not meet with any opposition, but we'll soon see."

After walking a few yards, we came to a lane with thick thorn hedges at each side, to which a wooden gate, now lying open, gave entrance.—At the end of the lane a piece of mossy land, with a wild little rivulet running through it, spread before us, and at the other side of the stream rose a long, low, thatched farm-house, lights flashing from its windows. As we came nearer to the house, the sounds of laughter, singing, and talking, mingled in a strange confused medley, struck on our ears, through which, every now and then, shrill wailing measured cries, such as I had never heard before, pierced; a sort of supernatural-like accompaniment to the revelry that seemed to freeze the blood in my veins.

"What is it?" I asked, as we reached the door.

The strong light within shed a broad glare without through the shutterless windows, and I could see the strong shudder that shook Eardley's frame. "The Keeners!" he answered; "they are keeping her wake!"

"And the house will be full of people!" I exclaimed. "For God's sake, think what you are going to do and come back before it is too late!"

Whether Eardley had from the first contemplated entering thus abruptly among a crowd of people, every one of whom, most likely, execrated him as the murderer of fair Kate Redmond, I do not know, probably not, but he was now excited beyond his own control or that of any one else.

“Don't talk to me now,” he said, raising the latch of the door. And so we entered.

THE LABRADORIANS.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE language spoken by the Labradorians of the gulf generally indicates the race from which they or their ancestors originally sprang, although it does not inform us of the place of their birth. The French language is most generally spoken between Mingan and the St. Augustine, while the residents are chiefly of Acadian or Canadian origin, with a few settled fishermen from France. From the St. Augustine to the Bay of Bradore, the English tongue is universally employed; but there are great numbers of the Labradorians who can speak both languages.

The houses of the residents are constructed of wood, brought ready prepared from Quebec, Gaspé, or Newfoundland. In process of time limestone, which abounds on the Mingan Islands, and is easily accessible, will be employed by those who can afford that luxury. Writing in 1853, Mr. Bowen, who visited Labrador in that year, states that the largest collection of buildings, sixteen in number, then on the coast, was at Spar Point, the residence of Mr. S. Robertson, in the Bay of Tabatière, 900 miles from Quebec. Generally the settlers live in groups of two or three families, four or five miles apart, each of which constitutes a seal-fishing berth, or pêcheurie. In 1861 a great change had already taken place.—At Esquimaux Point an Acadian village has sprung up, and some excellent two-storied wooden houses give the appearance of civilization to this once desolate shore. The first family went there four years ago. Ferman Bondrot was the leader of the party; they hailed from the Magdalen Islands, where, finding living too expensive, with no prospect of improvement, they determined to brave all the threats of seigneurs, and establish themselves on the north shore of the gulf in the Seigneurie of Mingan. There are now more than fifty families at Esquimaux Point, or rather Pointe St. Paul, as it has been named by the priest who has lately come to live with the new colonists. They have already cleared and fenced some acres of land, and at the time of my visit in August, 1861, the gardens were well stocked with potatoes, cabbages, and turnips. The

situation of this new settlement is beautiful, and the back country well capable of sustaining a large number of cattle in the vast marshes at the foot of the hills, which rise in rugged masses a few miles from the shore. The houses are very neat and roomy; the one in which I passed the night contained one large room thirty feet square, with a space partitioned off for a bed-room; the upper story was divided into sleeping apartments.— A stair, or rather ladder, led to the dormitories which the younger members of the families tenanted, the parents occupying the ground floor.— The old-fashioned double stove, so common throughout Rupert's Land, was placed in the middle of the room, and served both for cooking and heating purposes. The floors were neatly boarded with tongued and grooved flooring brought from Quebec, and an air of cleanliness and comfort was common to this as well as to other houses I visited. Alas! it was only an air of comfort and cleanliness, for when I lay down to sleep on an Acadian bed, white and clean externally, it was soon painfully evident that there were hundreds of other occupants, of which the less that is said the better. At this nucleus of a fishing village, which may yet rise to the dignity of a small town, they have already some pigs and sheep, and propose to bring cows from Gaspé or the Magdalen Islands. They enjoy the ministrations of a resident priest, and have a school for the young.

Abbé Ferland asked one of the newly arrived emigrants why he had brought his family from the distant Magdalen Islands, and sought a home on the north shore. 'Why,' replied the Acadian, 'the plagues of Egypt had fallen upon us. The three first came with bad harvests, the seigneurs, and the traders; the remaining four arrived with the gentlemen of the law. The moment lawyers set their feet upon our island, there was no longer any hope left of maintaining ourselves there.'

East of Esquimaux Point there are not many places where the advantages for settlement are so many or so attractive; but the new village is still some hundreds of miles from the settlements of the estuary of the St. Lawrence, and nearly five hundred miles from Quebec by the winter road. The Acadian settlers at Natishquan, some forty families in number, will also soon have a priest in residence; they made an attempt to establish a school two years since, but could not raise sufficient funds to pay the teacher. These new settlements ought to obtain their share of public money for school purposes, and then there will be no doubt that schools will soon be established at Esquimaux Point, Natishquan, Salmon Harbour, &c. East of Natishquan it is not yet known whether land capable of being cultivated, and fuel in sufficient abundance exists, to warrant the expectation that such settlements as Esquimaux Point can take so rapid a rise with such fair prospects of increase and permanency. The importance of a few permanent fishing villages or towns on the gulf

shore, and even on the Atlantic coast, can scarcely be over estimated in view of the wonderful extent of the fishing-grounds which they command, and the growing fish trade of the 'North Shore.'

The spring and summer life of the Labradorians is exclusively devoted to fishing. They have no leisure at that period to attend to other occupations, so that it will not be wondered at that until 1860 the only cow on the vast extent of gulf coast east of Esquimaux Point, was at Natagamou; the happy proprietor obtained but little profit from his charge, for the impression gained ground among the simple people that cow's milk was a cure for all imaginable maladies. From far and near, within the limits of thirty miles on either hand, they sent for a 'drop of milk' when sickness was upon them; and as no charge is ever made for such items on this hospitable coast, the owner of the cow had no milk left for himself.

The Acadian colony, near Natishquan, ninety miles from Mingan, was established in 1857; it already numbers thirty families. Natishquan is famous for its seals, and it is chiefly for the convenience of catching these 'marine wolves' in the spring of the year that the Acadians have permanently established themselves there. From the month of April to the month of November, the fishermen of Natishquan are engaged in fishing, first seals, then salmon, cod, herring, and mackerel. They own three schooners, while the more wealthy residents of Esquimaux Point boast of a round dozen. In the rear of this settlement there is abundance of timber for fuel, and a short distance from the shore the trees are sufficiently large for building purposes. Communication between the different settlements on the coast is chiefly by water during the summer, and in winter on snow-shoes or by dog-trains.

Each family has generally eight or ten dogs, either of the pure Esquimaux breed or intermixed with other varieties from Newfoundland or Canada. During the summer time the dogs have nothing to do but eat, drink, sleep and quarrel; when, however, the first snow falls, their days of ease are numbered, and the working season begins. The Labrador dogs are excessively quarrelsome, and, wolf-like, always attack the weaker. All seem anxious to take part in the fray, and scarcely a season passes without the settlers losing two or three dogs during the summer from the wounds which they receive in their frequent quarrels among themselves. Confirmed bullies are generally made comparatively harmless, by tying one of their forefeet to the neck, which, although it does not prevent them from joining in any extempore scuffle which may spring up, yet so hampers their movements that the younger and weaker combatants have time to escape. Peace is instantly restored among the most savage combatants, even if twenty or more are engaged in the affray, by the sound, or even sight, of the dreaded Esquimaux whip used by the

Labradorians. Up to the present time, with two or three exceptions, says Abbé Ferland, no settler has succeeded in raising any domesticated animal on account of the dogs; cats, cows, pigs, and sheep have all been destroyed by them. Even if a dog has been brought up in the house, his doom is sealed; at the first opportunity, when the master is away, the others pounce upon him and worry him to death. A settler had procured a fine dog of the Newfoundland breed, full of intelligence, and capable, by his extraordinary swimming powers, of rendering great service to the fishermen in the sea. The Newfoundland enjoyed the privilege of entering into his master's house and receiving the caresses of the different members of his family. This evident preference excited deep jealousy in the breasts of the Labrador dogs. They patiently waited for an occasion to avenge themselves. When their master was present, all was fair, open, and peaceable; but one day a favourable opportunity occurred, and they fell on the poor Newfoundland, killed him, and dragged his body to the sea. On their return to the house, the embarrassed mien of the conscious dogs led the settler to suspect that something was wrong. He soon missed the pet Newfoundland, and after a few hours discovered the mangled body of his favourite lying on the beach, where it had been left by the retiring waves. Only one pig and one goat escaped the general massacre when Abbé Ferland was on the coast in 1858.

A Boston merchant, in search of health, which was far more precious to him than codfish or seal-skins, came to seek benefit from the keen invigorating air of Labrador during a summer sojourn on the coast. He brought a goat to supply him with milk, and a pig because it was a pet. Scarcely had he succeeded in landing his cargo, when both animals were attacked by the dogs. The pig was immediately snatched from their powerful jaws, not without receiving some severe bites, and put into a barrel; the goat proved a match for his savage assailants: the first which attacked was received on his horns and tossed howling over the goat's head. A second was served in the same way. The others, astonished, drew back, and from a short distance contemplated their new antagonist with more of awe than curiosity. The goat stood firm, with head depressed, ready for a third attack; the dogs wavered, the goat charged at the nearest, away went the pack helter skelter, and from that moment never attempted to molest the goat again. Matters, however, did not stop here; peace being proclaimed between the goat and the dogs, a cautious reserve gradually grew into confidence, confidence into positive friendship, and in a few weeks the goat and dogs took their rambles together, and at night lay on the moss as if they were members of the same family.

During the winter season the Labrador dogs make a full return to their masters for all the anxiety and trouble they give them during the summer months. Harnessed to the sledge, or commetique as it is termed

on the coast, they will travel fifty or sixty miles a day over the snow. They haul wood from the interior, carry supplies to the hunters in the forests far back from the rocky and desolate coasts, merrily draw their masters from house to house, and with their wonderful noses pick out the right path even in the most pitiless storm. If the traveller will only trust to the sagacity of an experienced leader, he may wrap himself up in his bear and seal-skin robes, and defying piercing winds and blinding snow-drifts, these sagacious and faithful animals will draw him safely to his own door or to the nearest house. The commetique is about thirty inches broad and ten or twelve feet long; it is formed of two longitudinal runners, fastened together by means of transverse bars let into the runners and strengthened with strips of copper. The runners are shod with whalebone, which, by friction over the snow, soon becomes beautifully polished and looks like ivory. The commetique is well floored with seal-skins, over which bear or seal-skins are nailed all round, with an opening for the traveller to introduce his body. The harness is made of seal-skin, the foremost dog, called the guide, is placed about thirty feet in advance, the others are ranged in pairs behind the guide; sometimes three, sometimes four, pairs of dogs are thus attached to one commetique in addition to the guide.

The Esquimaux dog of pure breed, with his strong built frame, long white fur, pointed ears, and bushy tail, is capable of enduring hunger to a far greater extent than the mixed breed. But the mixed breed beat him in long journeys if they are fed but once a day. An Esquimaux dog will travel for two days without food; one of the mixed breed must be fed at the close of the first day or he can do little the next. These powerful, quarrelsome, and even savage animals are kept under absolute control by the formidable Esquimaux whip. Even in the middle of summer, the first glimpse of the whip is sufficient to arrest the most bloody battle. The lash of a good whip is about thirty-five feet long, attached to a handle of not more than eight or ten inches. An experienced driver can hit any part of the leader he chooses with the extremity of his formidable weapon. The best 'whippers' are well known on the coast, and to become an experienced hand is an object of the highest ambition among the young men and the rising generation.

Abbé Ferland tells a capital tale of a long Boston Yankee, who was emulous of the fame of one of the most distinguished Labradorian whippers. He offered for a bottle of rum to receive two blows on his legs from the hands of a celebrated driver. With a wise precaution, he enveloped his lower extremities with two pair of stout drawers, and over them he placed two pairs of strong trowsers. Relying upon this four-fold shield, he placed himself in position, at a distance of forty feet. The Labradorian, arming himself with one of the longest whips, whirled it

about his head for a few seconds, and then brought it down with such terrific effect upon the legs of the poor Yankee that the lash cut through trousers, drawers, and flesh nearly to the bone. A loud and prolonged nasal shriek broke upon the ears of the anxious spectators; the long Yankee stooped down to probe the depth of his wound, but when the proposition to receive the second blow was made to him, he generously renounced the bottle of rum, and, with characteristic twang, replied, 'Wall! I guess I'd be too leaky to hold liquor with another stroke.'

Uniform hospitality is the characteristic trait of the Labradorians. With a few exceptions, they are very like one another in their manners and customs. Under many circumstances, property may be said to be held in common. When the stock of provisions belonging to one family is exhausted, those of a neighbour are offered as a matter of course, without any payment being exacted or even expected. When a 'planter,' as they are often termed on the coast, has occasion to leave his house with his family, it is the custom to leave the door on the latch, so that a passer-by or a neighbour can enter at any time. Provisions are left in accessible places, and sometimes a notice, written with charcoal or chalk, faces the stranger as he enters, informing him where he may find a supply of the necessaries of life if he should be in want of them. Father Pinet (O. M. I.*) relates that he came one day to the house of a planter during the absence of the family, and not only found directions how and where to find the provisions, rudely written in chalk, for the benefit of any passing stranger, but one of his party, on opening a box, saw a purse lying quite exposed, and containing a considerable sum of money.

The vice of drunkenness is the only one of which the missionaries complain in their reports. The swarms of American fishermen who come here during the summer months bring an ample supply of whiskey and rum for the purposes of trade. It would be a boon to the Labradorians if the importation, in any form, of ardent spirits were strictly prohibited by the Canadian and Newfoundland Governments. Give these people an ample supply of tea and coffee, instead of infernal whiskey, and they will become the happiest colonists on the face of the earth.

It is remarkable that Canadians who have lived for years on the coast, sometimes gratify a longing to see their village homes again, but it is only for a few months. The insatiable desire for the wild free air of Labrador comes over them once more as spring returns; they miss the glorious sea, the coming ships, the excitement of the seal hunt, the millions of wild birds which make the coast their home in summer; they pine to return, which in five cases out of six, if not an impossibility, they succeed in doing. 'It is impossible to describe any spot more wild,

* Oblat de Marie Immaculée.

barren, and desolate than the port of Labrador (Long Point, near Bradore Bay),’ says the Bishop of Newfoundland, ‘and yet here families from the beautiful downs and combs of Dorsetshire have settled themselves, and live happily; though hard labour, not without danger, is added to their many other privations. I presume the attractions of such a situation to consist in their entire liberty and independence, with a full supply of all things absolutely necessary for their present life.’

Mr. McLean* describes the European inhabitants of Labrador on the Atlantic coast as consisting for the most part of British sailors who prefer the freedom of a semi-barbarous life to the restraints of civilisation. They pass the summer in situations favourable for catching salmon, which they barter on the spot with the traders for such commodities as they are in want of. When the salmon fishing is at an end, they proceed to the coast for the purpose of fishing for cod for their own consumption, and return late in autumn to the interior, where they pass the winter in trapping fur-bearing animals. The Esquimaux† half-breeds live much in the same way as their European progenitors, and though unacquainted with any particular form of religious worship, they evince in their general conduct a greater regard for the precepts of Christianity than many who call themselves Christians. Mr. McLean was surprised to find all the Esquimaux half-breeds able to read and write, although without schools or schoolmasters. The task of teaching devolves upon the mother; should she, however, be unqualified, a neighbour is always ready to impart the desired instruction. Here we see the good effect of the work of the Moravian missionaries. Conjure up, if we can, the picture of an Esquimaux half-breed mother, seated in her rude ‘tilt,’‡ and teaching her children to read and write. The thermometer is perhaps 20 degrees below zero, the ceaseless hum of the Atlantic swell is heard as the breakers dash on the rocks or masses of ice piled up in front like a wall, which the freezing spray consolidates, until a barrier is formed strong enough to last until spring loosens the band, or a storm tears it away.

The Esquimaux half-breeds are very ingenious; the men make their own boats, and the women prepare everything required for domestic convenience; almost every man is his own blacksmith and carpenter, and every woman a tailor and shoemaker. ‘They seem,’ says Mr. McLean, ‘to possess all the virtues of the different races from which they are sprung, except courage; they are generally allowed to be more

* Notes of a Twenty-five years service in the Hudson’s Bay Territories.

† Esquimaux—from the Cree words ‘ashki,’ raw; ‘mow,’ to eat—eaters of raw flesh.

‡ ‘Tilt.’ The planters on the Atlantic coast call their houses ‘tilts.’ They are generally formed of stakes driven into the ground, chinked with moss, and covered with bark. They are warmed with stoves.

timid than the natives. But if not courageous, they possess virtues that render courage less necessary; they avoid giving offence, and are seldom, therefore, injured by others.'

Death is at all times solemn and sad, but if we may judge of the feelings which weigh upon the Labradorians by the rude inscriptions upon their still ruder tombs, or hung near their places of sepulture (for cemeteries they cannot be named), the loss of friends in those rocky wave-washed wilds is most keenly felt.

There is something very touching in the stern necessity which compels the people on some part of these desolate coasts between Cape Whittle and Bradore Bay to bury their dead in clefts and holes of the rocks. They dare not, for fear of the bears, lay them, as the Lake Huron Indians do, on the bare gneiss, and cover them with stones. They 'hide them in caves and holes of the earth,' and sometimes inscribe their grief on the hard rock, or on pieces of wood beyond the reach of beasts of prey. The Roman Catholic priests, on their annual arrivals, often visit these primitive resting-places of the dead, and sanctify the spot, reciting the *Libera* over the natural tombs of those who have died during the year. Some of the epitaphs are very mournful; the following touching lines, rudely carved on a block of wood over the grave of a young girl twenty-two years old, reveal a blessed hope in a future meeting, and a love not often excelled on earth, if these words express the true feelings of the heart:—

We loved her!

Yes! no language can tell how we loved her.

God in His Love

Called her to the home of peace and repose;—

and this on the rocky and desert coast of the most sterile part of Labrador. The grave a cleft in the rock, the rude tablet which recorded the love and faith of those she had left behind inscribed with words as beautifully expressed and as full of hope as if they had been written on the tomb of a fair English girl who had drooped beneath the shade of the 'tall ancestral trees' of an English home.

MARGARET.

A LEGEND OF THE HOUSE OF ST. CLAIR.*

BY MRS. CAROLINE CONNON, TORONTO.

Oh! gentle little Margaret! my lady-bird! my flower!
 I have sought thee in thy father's hall and in my lady's bower;
 I have sought thee in the pleasance and through the gardens wide,
 And I trembled lest some evil my darling should betide.
 The grim old wolf hound shew'd his teeth, the mastiff tugged his chain,
 I fear'd to pass the lily-pond such thoughts were in my brain.
 But haste thee to thy chamber, sweet, and don thy kirtle fair,
 Twill take some time, my lady-bird, to braid this golden hair;
 These golden curls to wreath and twine with strings of pearl so pale;
 Then hasten, for the abbey chimes come pealing down the dale.

Oh! leave me, kind old Ursula, oh leave me here this day,
 Beneath these spreading orchard boughs I fain would rest and pray.
 The blue, blue sky is fair and bright, and blossoms o'er me spread,
 Oh! they are better company than are the silent dead!
 I cannot think, I cannot pray, in yon grim, gaunt old pile,
 Where the half heard prayer, so faint and low, dies down the gloomy
 aisle—

* Among the voluminous and miscellaneous literary collections of my late lamented relative, the Rev. Dr. Dyvendust, sometime curate of Thistlethwaite, late rector of Grimesbro-cum-Grit, I alighted upon some old-chronicles—one of which suggested the ballad of "Margaret." It was to this effect:—In a certain noble family, and during the reign of James I., the daughter, a fair and comely damsel, while yet of tender years, did have a strange dream or vision, which dream, having been made known to her family, to their sorrow and amazement came to be fulfilled. She dreamed that on her marriage day she stood before the altar of the abbey church wherein her kindred lay buried; the large monumental statue of her ancestor, Sir Hildebrand St. Clair, did speak strange and terrible words, and did then fall and kill her; and so great was her fear and dread on awaking, that from that time she would not enter the abbey, but did worship elsewhere. At length, upon the occasion of her marriage, she yielded to the request of her parents that the ceremony should be performed in the abbey church, and, deferring to their will, did with much fear and misgiving approach the altar. Scarcely had she plighted her troth when a mighty peal of thunder did so shake the building, which was of great age, that a portion of the wall gave way, and the mighty statue of brass and marble did fall upon the altar steps. As by a miracle, although many were assembled there, not one was slain save the bride, and she did change the vanity of life for the reality of death. So fulfilled was her dream.

Where the banners droop so mournfully, or fitfully they wave,
And each step to the holy altar is o'er a kinsman's grave!

But patience! good old Ursula, and listen now to me,
I had a dream—no, not a dream: Ah! say what may it be!
As I lay last night all wakeful, such often is my way,
I watched the glimmering moonbeams long upon the lattice play.
I watched them and the quiet stars, and heard the abbey bell
Toll out the hour of midnight, and it sounded like a knell.
Slowly paled the gentle moonlight, and, stiff, and stark, and chill,
My limbs they seemed to marble turned, my very heart stood still.
Lo! then before me changed the scene: I in the abbey stood
Beneath the stately monument of Hildebrand the good;
And music floated on the air, and many a dame and knight
Were standing round; the maidens fair all clad in snowy white!
I, too, thy little Margaret, apparelled as a bride,
Clung trembling to the altar rail—the bridegroom at my side.
Ah! little thought had I for him—my soul was full of dread,
As I gazed at that statue stern and the hand stretched o'er my head.
Oh! terrible the dark, dark frown upon that brow of stone,
And from those sculptured lips there came a voice for me alone!
Alone for me! the anthem was pealing loud and clear,
And there was naught but a bridal hymn for any other ear.
I heard but the solemn death dirge, it held me like a spell;
In the pause of each word he uttered low tolled the passing bell,
While pitiless those accents dread in measured cadence fell:
“Young Margaret! fair Margaret! the hour it draweth nigh
That calls thee from these empty rites—thou comest here to die!
I, Hildebrand, do summon thee! I, soldier of the truth!
I, Hildebrand, who gave to God the fleeting dreams of youth!
The vain, vain heart's deep yearning for hollow earthly ties
To me were as the foul fen fires that from the charnel rise;
Yet faithfully, for Holy Church, struck well this red right hand,
And spread her name, a name of dread, through many a distant land.
It laid the spell of silence deep upon that Alpine wild,
Nor left one foul apostate there nor wife nor maiden mild.
Why should I spare, who might not spare my father's erring child?
Oh beautiful that sister young, the Church's destined bride.
But the leprous spell on her spirit fell, I cast her from my side—
Denounced her heretic! Ah me! denounced that recreant one,
—Her spirit passed in fire and flame—then was my life work done!
In the holy guise of St. Dominique they bore me to my rest;
A relic of the blessed cross lay hidden on my breast—

Invincible his arm who should this sacred symbol bear,
 Well had we proved its awful power, we warriors of St. Clair.
 And still, through many a changing year, the gentle *Aves* rose,
 And the low deep *Miserere* for my sinful soul's repose ;
 But hush'd are now those heavenly strains, no more the sandalled feet
 Of the holy friars above my head wake echoes low and sweet.
 I hear the loud liturgic chaunt of a church accursed and vain,
 And this day at thy bridal, Margaret, denounce it yet again !
 Yet once again, and now in thee, the innocent and fair,
 Wipe out our house's heresy—close the long line of St. Clair !”

Oh Ursula ! I cannot tell what agony was mine !
 I lay all crushed and dying beneath that grim old shrine.
 And vainly, vainly did they strive to raise me where I lay,
 When through my chamber lattice stole the first faint dawn of day.

Thou moody little dreamer, lo, this thy wondrous tale
 Has scared the roses from thy cheek—thy very lips are pale.
 Thou hast heard some grandame's gossip beside the yule log's blaze.
 Go to ! the good house of St. Clair hath liv'd but half its days ;
 In thy brothers gay and gallant, and, my lady-bird, in thee,
 Spread the rootlets, green and healthy, of thine ancestral tree.
 They would laugh at thee, bright Margaret, scared by a thing of stone
 A dream about that fierce old man who ages since hath gone,
 And changed to dust and harmless lies within the chancel lone.
 But haste thee ! darling, haste thee ! or the good Sir Hugh will chide,
 And thy lady mother blame me if thou'rt not by her side.
 Then cast these wilding blossoms from thee, nestling in thy hair,
 And don thy silken kirtle and to the church repair.
 All lowly there, and meekly, upon thy bended knee,
 Thou'lt feel as safe as sheltered bird upon the greenwood tree.

DIRGE.

Dead ! dead ! dead ! in life's spring time fair,
 Low she lieth—Margaret St. Clair !
 Vain the vows with which they bound her,
 Vain the pomp that did surround her,
 Vain the bridal wreath that crowned her.
 Sped the lightning bolt of heaven—fell the iron hand,
 Of the time worn statue of old Sir Hildebrand !
 Low she lieth cold and dead—the maimed statue overhead
 Looks coldly down !

Ring out the knell. Ah me! the startled dale
 Hath heard too oft a sorrow burthened tale:

“In the raging battle slain,
 Lost upon the stormy main,
 Perish'd on the desert plain,
 Ne'er shall see their home again
 The sons of proud St. Clair!”

Ring out the knell! The sweetest, last of that old race
 They bear unto her narrow resting place!
 In vestal garments let her rest—
 Earth, lie lightly on her breast.

THE SETTLER'S DAUGHTER.

BY MRS. HOLIWELL,

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

CHAPTER VII.

SHADOWS.

FIVE years have passed and left no record in sunny Mapleton save of improvement and prosperity. Hemsley Claridge has more than fulfilled the old settler's sanguine hopes; the blue book has revealed annual progress, the clearing of wild land has gone on steadily, and all who have business to transact with the estate speak well of Mr. Claridge. He has proved himself acute, yet liberal; reliable in his promises, and exact in his reckonings. Mr. Mapleton looks younger than of yore with his rest and increase of enjoyment. Two lovely babes follow his footsteps, and divert him with their pretty prattle, while Lawrence is nothing changed—a trifle more dignified, perhaps, more matronly. But life cannot be always rose colored, and, as the spring melted into summer, sickness visited the happy inmates of the Vale. It was an unhealthy season, a period which particularly tries infancy and old age; and Lawrence experienced much anxiety concerning her father and her little ones. Walter, the elder child, seemed languid and delicate without any apparent cause, and little toddling Hemsley was teething fractiously. Claridge shared his wife's troubles, great and small, and she was thus enabled to support the wear

and tear of domestic anxieties without any diminution of her vivacity. Her own health was not very strong; she looked forward to a third link in the chain of married love by Christmas, and often pondered, foolish young thing, whether she should have a spare corner in her full heart for another little stranger.

One oppressive morning towards the middle of August, as Lawrence sat sewing in her own pleasant work-room, she observed Paddy returning from the village with the papers and letters. Hoping that the news might arouse her father, who was suffering much from depression, she threw down her work and went to meet him. Among the letters was one for Hemsley, addressed in a lady's hand—the post-mark, Toronto. She turned it over curiously; she knew all her husband's correspondents, but had never seen that writing before. Placing it with the others on his desk, she took her father's share and proceeded to his room. He asked her to read to him, and culling the most interesting items from the papers, she amused herself and him so effectually that the dinner bell surprised them both. She noticed as she passed her husband's desk that he had been in, for all the letters were removed; but her meal lost its pleasure when Maggie said that Mr. Claridge had gone out and left word that he should not return till evening.

Such an unusual proceeding could not fail to excite Lawrence's anxiety, but she strove to hide it from her father who could ill bear an agitating thought. In vain the young wife played with her two sweet boys—her heart was sore and sad. It was not till she perceived Hemsley riding up the hill that she could shake off the weight on her spirits. Taking Walter by the hand she went to meet him, as was her custom when Claridge went out alone; he always dismounted, put the happy child on the noble animal, and, walking beside Lawrence, related what he had seen and heard. On this evening he was silent and moody; true, he lifted Walter into the saddle, but he had little to say to his wife, who had been thirsting for hours for one love look, one fond word. He accounted for his absence by saying that he had received a letter on business, the date of which showed there had been some days delay, and as it could not afford to wait any longer, he had attended to it at once. He spoke of the matter at tea time to Mr. Mapleton, and Lawrence listened almost impatiently while they discussed the value of this lot and that acre, longing to penetrate the mystery that had so suddenly changed Hemsley, and clouded his open brow with care. When at length they were alone, she tenderly inquired what troubled him, he denied being disturbed, and she, thinking to divert him if he were only dull, laughingly asked how he liked his love letter. The twilight hid the changes of his face, but Lawrence was conscious of a strange alteration of voice, when he answered that he did not know what she meant; he had received

no letters but on business. The cloud thus gathered on their domestic horizon did not disperse. Hemsley continued abstracted and gloomy, and Lawrence distressed beyond words. For five years they had never had a wish separate, scarcely a separate thought; and now doubt and mistrust seemed to shut out the sunlight of loving confidence. The sad wife, condemned to brood in silence over her husband's alienation, began to connect his conduct with the suspicious letter, that had not been shown to her as she fully expected, for Claridge never yet had a secret, however trifling, from her. Thoughts that should never have had birth, fears that should never have existed, pierced her heart, and wearied her troubled brain. She rose in the morning hoping Claridge's trust and love would be restored ere night; she went to rest at night praying for his returning confidence. He had never before been so overwhelmed with business, whether real or assumed to conceal his mental distraction Lawrence could not fathom; Mr. Mapleton observed that Claridge was making some very advantageous sales of lands, and his daughter was thankful that he saw nothing but attention to business in his son-in-law's pre-occupation.

About ten days after the receipt of the letter to which Lawrence ascribed her unhappiness, Claridge entered her sitting room where she was sewing, with the children playing on the floor, equipped for a journey.

"My dear Lawrence, I am obliged to go to Toronto. I will not stay longer than I can possibly help. Take care of yourself, my love; I will write as soon as I arrive."

Poor Lawrence was so surprised and distressed that words failed her. She felt his warm kisses on her lips, and saw him embrace his boys, before she recovered her speech.

"Hemsley, dear Hemsley, don't leave me so!" she exclaimed; but he had closed the door, and in his quick vigorous way had reached the hall. Another moment and it would be too late; he was stealing away from her, perhaps never to return. He evidently wished to take her by surprise and save himself the pain of her remonstrances and reproaches, for Bess was saddled and waiting at the door, and Paddy half way to the village with his young master's trunk.

Lawrence flew with the speed of lightning down the stairs. Hemsley was mounting; she threw her arms round the arched neck of Bess, and, overcome with many days of concealed grief, burst into tears—the first Claridge had seen her shed since her marriage.

"Oh, husband, why are you going from me so mysteriously, so abruptly? My heart is heavy with fear. Will you ever return?"

He was by her side in a moment soothing her, gently eluding her questions while leading her into the house.

"Bear with my unreasonable conduct for a little, dearest of wives; I will explain all when I come back, only believe in my love and excuse anything that may appear inconsistent. God bless you, Lawrence. I leave my heart in your keeping."

He was gone! Bess galloped off proud of her burden; and the poor sorrowful one stood gazing through her blinding tears till they were lost to sight, then, with a burst of grief fresh to her young bosom, she fled up to her room to indulge it in solitude. Little feet soon followed her, little prattling voices lisped, "Mamma, don't cry;" soft arms clasped her neck, and rosy lips kissed her cheeks. She returned their caresses, put back her tears for their sake, played with them, and listened with silent joy to their glad laugh. Thus Lawrence found but little time for the indulgence of grief, and days passed on till she might reasonably expect a letter; but none came. Then her presentiments of evil gained double strength. Still, she kept up, cheered her father, unbent to her children; but in the retirement of night sleep no longer visited her aching eyes and weary brain. It was fortunate for old Mr. Mapleton that the egotism of illness rendered him blind to his daughter's altered looks, and changed spirits. At length the wished for letter came. It set her fears for his return and safety at rest, but there was a coldness and restraint running through it that fell like a weight of iron on her hopes.

He said that he found it impossible to get home as early as he anticipated; that he had met a Mr. and Mrs. Marchmont, people whom he had known in England, and that in all probability they would return with him for a short visit to Mapleton.

Lawrence set her house in order; her husband's friends must receive all honor at her hands. In vain she speculated whether they were intimate friends or casual acquaintances, whether the letter she had noticed came from them, or if the meeting was altogether accidental. At all events he was coming home and her eyes would be gladdened by his presence.

A few lines received a week later fixed the day of their arrival, and Paddy took the carriage to meet the stage—the only means of conveyance from the neighbouring town to Mapleton. During his absence, Lawrence, her father, and the children, walked up and down the lawn, pleased, yet restless, looking out for the visitors. At length the vehicle appeared in sight. Claridge was driving, and a few minutes brought the travellers to the door. Hemsley threw down the reins, sprang out, kissed his wife, greeted his father-in-law, and then, turning to the carriage, gave his assistance to a noble looking lady, a few years Lawrence's senior, who was followed by an elderly gentleman; they were introduced as Mr. and Mrs. Marchmont, and were received by Mrs. Claridge with

that grace and dignity of manner so eminently her own, though country born and innocent of polish. Charming, indeed, looked the youthful matron, scarcely past girlhood, with her curly headed prattlers hiding their blushing faces in her muslin robe, and scarcely less interesting stood her father, a little in the back ground, his benevolent face lighting up with smiles at the pleasure of welcoming home Hemsley, whom he regarded with the affection of a parent.

During the evening meal the Lieutenant and Mr. Marchmont found much to converse upon, while Claridge and the strange lady seemed equally well suited. A transient feeling of something akin to neglect came over Lawrence, and for a moment filled her eyes as she assisted herself to water from her tea urn, Hemsley's constant duty. But she put it from her as selfish and exacting, and exerted herself to appear pleased and lively, doing the honours of her table with graceful hospitality. The children came running in as soon as tea was over, to lisp their good night. Mrs. Marchmont took the eldest child on her knee, and remarked with an expression that grated on the mother's feelings that he was the image of his father. She bestowed a kiss on the miniature resemblance of one she evidently admired, contenting herself with patting little Hemsley's head and saying indifferently, "Good night, dear."

As Lawrence, a little later in the evening, stood beside the white bed that contained her darlings, breathing soft soothing words to the sleepy ones, two tears welling out of the deepest recesses of her heart flowed silently down her cheeks. What was this cross that had been laid upon her? Would it be heavier than she could bear? What would life be without Claridge's true, tender love? With a sigh she moved to the door; a cry escaped her lips—a cry of sudden joy; Hemsley was standing on the threshold, enjoying the domestic scene. Like a persecuted dove that had reached its dove-cote, she threw herself into his open arms, and hid her agitated face on his breast. May that refuge ever be yours, fair wife; and though storms may lower and threaten, they can never make shipwreck of your happiness.

CHAPTER VIII.

Mr. and Mrs. Marchmont seemed in no hurry to terminate their visit. The former was quite pleased with the old settler, for, although some years his junior, his feelings, prejudices, and opinions, belonged to the past generation, and he found he entertained much in common with the man who had been a stranger to the world, in the usual acceptation of the word, for half a life time. Mr. Marchmont was an English country gentleman, and took the deepest interest in agriculture, both practically and as a science; there was one point, consequently, on which they could

meet equally well informed, in theory, and after exhausting the topic in conversation, they adjourned to the fields and beheld it illustrated. Then they could discourse untiringly on the politics of a past age, the days of Pitt and Fox, of Wellington and Napoleon. Mapleton had never kept up with the times; when he left Europe he lost track of progress, and in conversation ignored the lapse of many wonder producing years. His nature was so gentle and generous that his little peculiarities never degenerated into bigotry and narrow-mindedness. From the world at large they could only excite a smile; to a man like Marchmont they appeared the perfection of honest sentiments. The only difference between the host and guest was, that one overflowed with the milk of human kindness, and while he defended his own opinions, he acknowledged the right that everybody else had, of holding his; while the other considered those who dissented from his views in the darkness of ignorance.

Mrs. Marchmont enjoyed herself quite as much as her husband in her own way. She excelled in horsemanship, and as Lawrence was deprived of the exercise just then, her beautiful pony was at the stranger's service. Scarcely a day passed without an excursion somewhere, and as the lady could not ride alone, Claridge was, of course, her escort. Lawrence often looked after them wistfully, with brimming eyes, trying to believe Hemsley would rather have remained at home had not politeness demanded his attentions to their guest. Lawrence was quick to see her own deficiencies, and being quite impressed with the elegance of Mrs. Marchmont's manners and demeanour, she tormented herself with comparisons. Why could she not walk with as much dignity? talk with as much self possession? dress with as much taste? Claridge had asked her if she could not take some hints from Mrs. Marchmont's wardrobe; he styled her appearance, carriage, and air, "perfect." There was a time when he thought so of his wife's; the soft folds of her muslin robe, the natural flowers with which she decked her hair, used to meet his approval, and excite his admiration. Now he was in raptures with velvets and jewels, and Lawrence could not help thinking that however beautiful and becoming such things were in themselves, they were a little out of place in a Canadian farm house; for Mapleton Vale, though very comfortable, plentiful, and refined, was doubtless but a farm house.

Another small trouble of Lawrence's was that Mrs. Marchmont and Hemsley always chose subjects of conversation in which she could not join, family gossip of people she had never heard of. Not that she minded listening, or was ever over desirous of talking, but a sense of Claridge's neglect would creep over her, and a thrill of pain to see how he hung on the stranger's words, would pierce her heart sharper than a sword.

Hemsley had told her that this lady of so many perfections was a daughter of Squire Hemsley. They had been together a great deal as children, and it was quite a treat to hear of people he had not seen for years; it took him back to his young days at home. Nothing could be more natural; and Lawrence chided herself severely for her selfishness in grudging their fair guest so much of her husband's attentions. Still, she could not help often feeling *de trop* when Mrs. Marchmont, sweeping half the sofa over with the ample folds of her rich dress, would turn to Claridge with a smile, and begin in this style:—

"You remember Graves Dudley, who used to come to our hunts, and eclipsed you all in the splendour of his turn out, and the high-bred beauty of his hunter? Well, whom do you think he married, after flirting with that elegant Miss Rathbone for two years?"

"I'm sure I don't know," returned Claridge; "I never liked him. He was a proud fellow, though certainly he had something to be proud of, for it must be acknowledged he was clever and handsome, and an estate, too, of £10,000 a year."

"Oh! you boys were all jealous of him; you know he took a fancy to your sister Emily, but it did not last long though we were in hopes something would come of it; but *revenons à nos moutons*, he married, last year, Bertha Clinton."

"Bertha Clinton? I do not remember her name."

"I dare say you never heard it; she is *nobody*, and it is positively aggravating to think of the foolish fellow throwing himself away, with so many advantages as he possessed."

"Not the least of them his estate of £10,000 per annum."

"Certainly not," returned the lady, with a faint tinge of pink on her delicate cheek; "it is of no use to despise money. I expect more marriages than Bertha Clinton's have their origin in self-interest, were motives thoroughly sifted."

It was now Hemsley's turn to colour, not that the shaft pierced home, but he knew where it was aimed, and felt that appearances were against him. After an awkward pause, Mrs. Marchmont resumed.

"You remember old Tom Clinton of Bolton?"

Claridge assented.

"Well, Bertha was his only daughter; if my memory is correct, he used to visit his nephew at York College at the time you and my brothers were there, and made himself so ridiculous that the poor boy wished him farther."

"Oh, yes; I recollect him perfectly—a good soul, but very eccentric. He always left us boys a guinea for cakes, and gave the old woman who kept an apple-stall at our gate five shillings to buy patience with! He

wore such a hat that it furnished the boys with a drawing subject for a week ; but I never heard of his daughter."

"I suppose not ; she never went into society. People say she is very pretty, but I think her excessively plebeian looking, and countrified in her manners ; she does not know how to dress at all, and, I heard, was the 'observed of all observers' at the county ball through her toilette, which could not have cost ten pounds altogether, and her husband so rich ! but how often we see that people who do not understand spending money have it lavished upon them ?"

So they would run on ; and Lawrence stitched and stitched, and looked out of the window till her hands grew cold and refused their office. Then an irresistible impulse would impel her forth into the fresh air among the flowers and birds, there to recover her serenity and pray for peace. Such scenes occurred daily, and Lawrence was painfully conscious that the depression of her spirits paled the bright hue of her cheeks, and deprived her manners of the playful vivacity that Claridge had always regarded as their peculiar charm. Still she knew intuitively that in high moral motives, in purity of thought, and singleness of purpose, Mrs. Marchmont could bear no comparison with herself ; she knew that, in spite of her queenly bearing, her aristocratic sentiments, and varied accomplishments, she blushed not to stoop to base means to attain an end, and at that very moment was engaged in the most contemptible employment that woman can debase herself to—that of depreciating a wife to a hitherto devoted husband ; and, by artifice and equivocation, conjuring up clouds and coldness between two faithful hearts. "Oh, that the case were reversed," exclaimed Lawrence, mentally ; "would I not show Claridge that an angel could not tempt me for one moment to neglect the husband of my choice, the dear friend of my heart ! How can Mrs. Marchmont please, if he loves me yet ?"

Towards the close of the period named as the limit of the Marchmonts' visit, Hemsley expressed a wish to his wife that she would give a little entertainment in their honour. Lawrence did not reply, as she well might, that she felt but ill fitted, either in health or spirits, for such an undertaking ; but while she assented to his desires, she suggested that probably their Mapleton friends, whom from association and knowledge of their moral worth *they* might appreciate and like, would prove very distasteful to a lady fastidious as Mrs. Marchmont. A flash of bright colour dyed Hemsley's face as he replied hurriedly, "Perhaps so ; yet it is only common civility."

Lawrence made her preparations with a heavy heart. What did Claridge mean when he appeared so annoyed at her remark ? Was he ashamed of Mapleton, of their friends, of her ? The thought brought a feeling so bitter that not even the caresses of her children could win a smile to her pale lips.

The affair went off better than the poor worried young hostess expected, though many of those whose society she liked best, McLeod among the number, were excluded by Hemsley's fears of Mrs. Marchmont's criticisms. Maurice Strauss was paying a flying visit to his old friends in the village, and gladly availed himself of his quondam pupil's invitation. Major Gleg was there with Ailsie, still a maid for Ralph Sheldon's sake. It did not alter her faithful love that hope was quenched forever. The perverted young man, bent on his own destruction, had, immediately on receiving his little fortune, left his mother to the charity of strangers, and gone in full blown pride and passion to finish his career of sin in the States. Mrs. Sheldon's only support was Miss Gleg, for though receiving much pecuniary assistance from the neighbourhood generally, it was Ailsie alone who listened with patience to her twaddle about Ralph, or who spoke about reformation in the future. Ailsie had grown so gentle and forbearing under her mental discipline that her companionship had become precious to Lawrence, and many hours valuable to both were passed together. It was, then, with a genuine feeling of pleasure they met on the evening in question.

While Mrs. Claridge was occupied in seeking out and amusing the retiring and neglected guests, Hemsley enjoyed introducing his distinguished looking visitor to the most polished of their small circle. It must be owned, Mapleton did not display itself to advantage on the occasion. Mrs. Marchmont's style and appearance awed some and provoked others; she understood none of the topics that could interest them, nor could they amuse her. During the evening, Claridge led her to the piano, and with a scornful feeling that there was no one present worth pleasing, except Hemsley, she sang an Italian air that he had often heard her sing in times, once thought happy, now past and gone. The room was hushed. Mrs. Marchmont had charmed more fastidious audiences than Mapleton could produce; no wonder all were silent in the Vale drawing room. As she rose from the instrument, leaning on Hemsley's arm, and listening to his thanks, she observed Mrs. Claridge looking towards them.

"Does your wife sing?"

"Yes."

"Oh, do ask her."

Did the lady anticipate a failure or a triumph for the depressed young matron?

Lawrence felt her heart beating rather unpleasantly for her composure as she acceded to her husband's request, but Maurice Strauss made his way to her side and put a song before her, saying, "Sing that, you do it charmingly."

Hemsley stood by her, although his late companion looked invitingly

to an ottoman at her feet ; but, truth to tell, he was really carried away with the power and beauty of his wife's voice. He had not heard it in comparison before, and he felt he had never sufficiently appreciated her great gift. Even an unpractised ear could perceive the contrast of her pure musical pronunciation of the Italian with the anglicised accent of Mrs. Marchmont's, who, whatever her advantages, had certainly not benefited by her master as much as the country born Mrs. Claridge. Mortification swelled the proud woman's heart, and signifying to Hemsley that she needed his services, she professed herself faint, and begged him to take her into the air. Lawrence was pressed and sang again, but her pleasure departed with Hemsley. At length the guests dispersed, and Lawrence, tired in mind and body, was at liberty to retire. On paying her accustomed visit to the nursery she found that the lamp usually burning in that apartment had been pressed into use below stairs, and she descended to seek it. Passing through the drawing room, she heard voices on the verandah, and, looking out of one of the open windows, she saw her father and Mr. Marchmont taking a turn on the lawn, and Mrs. Marchmont and Claridge sitting on the steps. She was hurrying on when her name arrested her attention. It was pronounced in Mrs. Marchmont's most insinuating tones.

"Mrs. Claridge is certainly a charming specimen of country simplicity and rustic beauty ; there was a time, though, when I thought Hemsley Claridge looked beyond such qualifications. But doubtless you had your reasons, and our tastes change so as we grow older."

Stop, Lawrence, stop ! Stay your trembling feet for your husband's answer. What, no ! you must fly, or betray your indignant agony ! Hemsley false ! Hemsley interested ! he, her idol, her generous, tender friend, her "bosom's lord !" Whither flee, poor wounded bird ? To your room ? He will soon join you, with hypocrisy smiling on his brow ! To your children ? He, too, will seek them, and kiss them ere he sleeps ! To your father ? And harrow his mind with your inconsolable grief ? No ; out, out into the air, under heaven's stars, which, like angels' eyes, may shed pitying tears on you. Through the dewy grass, the bowed and fragrant flowers, under the shadows of the sycamores and maples, flitted a human form, fair to view, but, ah ! how unspeakably wretched !

She gained the arbour. She longed to unburden her soul in sobs and groans, but not there ! His presence filled the place ; there they sat long happy hours ere love was spoken ; there they had sat later, in calm happiness, reading, talking, botanizing. A few dead plants yet lay on the table, meet emblems of her fate. She must find a spot to weep in ; there is the old cherry tree where her father loves to sit ; his rustic chair stands under its shade, his gardening tools are scattered round. She reached it, and with a wild sob threw herself on the mossy ground, and

hid her face on the time-honoured seat, exhausting the first madness of her grief in bitter cries. Presently she became conscious that she was not alone. Was reason tottering on her throne, or was she really raised, gathered up, clasped with an overwhelming tenderness to that heart whose allegiance and honour she doubted for the first time. With all her girlhood's pride she withdrew herself from her husband's embrace, and standing cold and white in the pale moonlight she said firmly, "Hemsley Claridge! why practise as a duty what has ceased to be a pleasure?"

"Lawrence, wife! what do you mean? Do you believe me base? Do you think for a moment I care for Mrs. Marchmont, for I feel it is of her you are thinking?"

"Your conscience speaks my wrongs. I only believe what I see and hear. I see myself forgotten, I hear myself slightly spoken of."

"I am right in my conjectures, then. You overheard our conversation; but, if so, Lawrence, you heard my answer—an intemperate and scornful one it was. I saw your white dress hover for a moment at the open window, and disappear. I have sought you everywhere with a full heart. I have much for which to pray your indulgence, my wife, but not so much as perhaps you think."

The excitement and the reaction were too much for Lawrence, frail as she had become of late, and with a cold shudder she sank prone on the grass at his feet. False or true, kind or cruel, it was now all one to the senseless form before him. Was he her murderer, and had she died believing his faithlessness?

Softly and tenderly he bore her to her bed. The household were asleep, but he quickly roused Maggie, the only person whose presence he could tolerate, and bade her come to her mistress. Their united efforts soon restored Lawrence to partial consciousness, Maggie's apostrophes and incoherences meanwhile not adding much to Claridge's peace of mind. "Sure she's broke her heart all along of that furrin woman." "May be you'd as well not wake, child, for its a sorry world and full of sin and decay."

"For mercy's sake hold your tongue, Maggie, and don't talk nonsense," at last interrupted Claridge, well nigh distracted; "if Mrs. Claridge has had any cause for uneasiness, however imaginary, she shall not have it again."

"Imaginary! do you call it, sir? When has she had a comforting walk, or a talk with you, or even a glance of your eye, ever since that fine lady's been here? Have'nt you been a riding, and a chatting in whispers like, for all the world as lovers? Oh, but my mistress is too much of an angel, or she would have turned her out of the house, as I've longed to do many a time!"

"Hush, for pity's sake, Maggie; she is opening her eyes. Leave us, but do not go to bed; you may be wanted."

Maggie retired grumbling "that she would be a deal more comfort than the master;" but Claridge could command in a way that left no choice but to obey, so he was left alone with his wife.

Without a word of explanation, Lawrence felt, as full consciousness returned, and she met his eyes fixed with deep tenderness upon her, that no matter how dark had been the cloud, or how much appearances had been against him, her husband was innocent of aught save some venial error—his affection was true, his heart loyal, and she yet the richest of women.

Mrs. Marchmont was forgotten in the fond embrace that set the seal to reconciliation and renewed confidence. Perceiving that she was feverish and weak, Hemsley forbore conversation, though he now experienced as much impatience to withdraw the veil from the mystery of his late conduct as he had formerly felt to conceal the only secret of his life. So suddenly is frail humanity subject to reactions, and without any real change, we find a few hours passed under certain influences, alter the resolution of years. Thus it was with Claridge as he sat watching his wife's fitful slumber, her hand clasping his even in the insensibility of sleep, as if she feared he would forsake her. He reviewed in thought the mistake he had committed in not long ago confiding every thing connected with his previous life to his generous and devoted Lawrence. What anxiety and dissimulation it would have spared him! What sorrow it would have saved her! But for an accidental discovery of her sentiments, their future happiness might have been undermined, and suspicion have made its habitation in his wife's breast!

In spite of the manifold charms of his once loved Alethea, he now saw her in all the deformity of an intriguing and artful woman; and while his loving and beautiful Lawrence more than regained her throne in his heart, he shrank from the prospect of another interview with the elegant Mrs. Marchmont. Those who seduce us momentarily, and merely in thought, from the straight path of honour, forfeit, on reflection even the passing fancy we entertained for them. Mrs. Marchmont's brief reign limited and patched up with artifice as it was, was over for ever. Claridge had learned a lesson sharp and humiliating enough but never to be forgotten. When Lawrence awoke the morning sun was bright and high, and Hemsley was writing at a little table beside her; he had just concluded his labours and enquiring tenderly of her health he folded up the sheet with which he had been occupied and giving it to his wife with a manuscript book something the worse for wear, he said, "These will explain my equivocal conduct dearest; read the book first, it is a diary kept some six or seven years ago, when a boy of twenty I mistook a



transient admiration for a true affection. I shall need all your love, Lawrence, to enable you to forgive me for keeping so paltry a secret from you, had I been candid in the first instance we should have had no misunderstandings now, I am going out for a while to leave you time to read and judge between us, but be generous as you are powerful."

Not many minutes elapsed ere Mrs. Claridge in dressing gown and slippers was seated at the rose embowered window devouring with avidity the yellow schoolboy type of Hemsley's first love experiences.

SONG—"THE MEN OF GORE."

BY CHARLES SANGSTER.

Next to heaven's shelt'ring arm,
 Or the God of Battles' smile,
 Are the breasts where Freedom rests,
 Gath'ring strength to crush the vile!
 Brave and leal and loyal men!
 When the Hydra pressed us sore,
 Who the front of Danger's brunt
 Courted like the Men of Gore?
 Brave and leal, &c.

Rebel hearts may burn with rage,
 Rebel hands the sword may wield,
 Come what may in fight or fray,
 We've our bulwark and our shield.
 Treason may assail the state,
 Hostile feet may stain the shore,
 Let us stand on sea or land
 Dauntless as the Men of Gore!
 Brave and leal, &c.

Long may heaven's shelt'ring arm,
 And the God of Battles' smile,
 Nerve the breasts where Freedom rests,
 Gath'ring strength to crush the vile!
 When the cry, "To arms!" again

Stirs the Country to the core,
 May we just defend our trust
 Nobly as the Men of Gore!
 Brave and leal, &c.

HISTORICAL NOTES.*

NOTES ON THE EXTINCT TRIBES OF NORTH AMERICA.

THE MASCOUTENS.

Mascoutens, called by Sagard Assistagueronons, or Fire Nation (Hist., p. 201), and by Brebeuf (Rel., 1640-1). Allouez Rel., 1670-1, p. 169, affirms their identity.

Marquette, (Jour., § iii.) says Mascoutens *may* mean "Fire Nation." Dablon, in a subsequent relation, and Charlevoix after him, treat this as an error, and make it to be an Algonquin word for "Prairie."

To judge from the earlier writers, they must, from 1625 to 1675 at least, have dwelt beyond Lake Michigan. The first European who has recorded his visit to them is F. Allouez (1669-70, p. 92): he found them on the Wisconsin river. Marquette soon after found them mingled with the Miamis and Kikapoos on the head waters of Fox river near the portage. (Jour., § iii.) Hennepin places them with the Miamis and Foxes on Winnebago lake. Membre, however, puts them with the Foxes on Melleoki (Milwaukie) river, about 43° N.

In 1712, F. Marest writes that they had formed a settlement on the Ohio (Ouabache); it was not probably large, and suffered greatly from contagious disorders. (Lett. Edif., vol. ii.)

In the same year the Mascoutens with the Kikapoos joined the Foxes in their plot against the French, but were surprised by the Ottawas and Pottawatamies, and 150 were killed (Charlev., iv. 95), and probably suffered still more in the ultimate defeat of that nation. (*Id.*)

The list found in the Documents at Paris, and dated in 1736, gives the Maskoutin as comprising 60 men on Fox river, divided into two tribes, the Wolf and the Stag, but is silent as to any on the Ohio.

* These "Notes" are gleaned from the *Historical Magazine*, published by Charles B. Richardson, New York.

Sir William Johnson in his list, 1763, (N. Y. Doc. Hist., i. p. 29) is silent as to them. Bouquet, in 1764, however, puts them down as 500 on Lake Michigan, and Hutchins, in 1768, includes them with the other tribes in a pretty high estimate, (*Jeff. Notes on Virg.*, 172.)

Col. Croghan was attacked near the Wabash early in June, 1765, by 80 Indians, chiefly Kikapoos and Mascoutens.—*Reynolds' Illinois*, 59.

Reynolds put the Kikapoos on the Sangamon, p. 8.

Dodge, in 1779, (*Jeff.* 173), estimates the Mascoutins on the Wabash, with the Piankishaws and Vermillions (?) at 800.

Later than this they do not appear. Both divisions were probably swallowed up in neighbouring tribes. From their being named with the Foxes it seems not unlikely that the northern portion was absorbed in them or the Kikapoos. The southern portion near old Fort Ouiatenon, were probably incorporated into the double tribe of Weas and Piankishaws. This of course is mere supposition, but to supposition we must, for the present at least, resort to discover the close of the Mascoutens.

Under the name of Meadow Indians we find them mentioned in Clark's Journal (*Dillon's Indiana*, 144; *Western Annals*, 205). During a council held by Col. Clark at Cahokea in 1777, a party of this tribe attempted to cut them off by treachery, but were foiled; and the American officer availed himself of it to acquire a complete mastery over them.

The Mascoutens were the enemies of the Neuters on the Niagara river, and were apparently called by them "Agwa," a word not unlike Kahkwa, still mentioned in Seneca tradition as a hostile people.

THE NEUTERS.

THE NEUTRAL NATION.—Attionidarons, *Sag.*, 351, 753. Atiwendaronk, *Rel.*, 1659-60, 80. Attiwandarons, *Rel.*, 1639, 1640-1. Atirhagenrenrets, 1671-1673. Rhagenratka, 1674.

This nation was twice visited by Frenchmen who have left written accounts, enabling us to form some definite idea of their country, their numbers, government, and ruin.

The first of these was the Recollect or Franciscan Father, Joseph de la Roche d'Allion, who in 1626 proceeded to the Huron country with two Jesuits, Brebeuf and de Nouë. Encouraged by letters from his Superior, F. Le Caron, he resolved to visit a nation to which the French had given the name *Neutral*, from their taking no part in the war waged by the Hurons and Algonquins on the Iroquois. His object was exploration, and especially to discover the mouth of the river of the Iroquois, probably the Niagara.

Passing to the Petuns (Tinontatés), a tribe afterwards confounded with the Hurons (Wyandots), five days' journey in the woods brought

him to the first Neutral town. His stay was chiefly in Ounontisaston, the sixth town, till he was attacked, beaten, and robbed by some who came from Ouaronun, the nearest town to the Iroquois, from whom it was only one day's journey distant. After finding that his efforts to discover their river excited suspicions, which the Hurons zealously fanned from commercial views, the Father retired after a stay of several months. The country, which Sagard in his annotations describes as eighty leagues long, de la Roche describes as incomparably larger, finer, and better than any other in Canada, abounding in herds of deer, in moose, wild cat, and squirrels, with bustards, turkeys, cranes, and other game, with a winter far less rigorous than in the lower country. The people, who are called friends and relations of the Iroquois, lived in 28 villages, and were governed by Souharissen, chief of Ounontisaston, who by his prowess in war against 17 nations had acquired the supreme authority in the whole country. In manners the Neuters resembled the Hurons, but did not engage in commerce, and went perfectly naked. *Champ.*, 273; *Sagard*, 892. Like the Petuns, they raised great quantities of tobacco. Their language he represents as different from the Huron, but as his acquaintance with the latter must have been very limited, this must be taken as a mere opinion. Their territory he represents as fronting on Lake Iroquois (Ontario), opposite to the Iroquois. At this epoch they were on the point of breaking the neutrality and making war on the Hurons, but the difficulties were apparently settled. Their only enemy was a western tribe, the Assistageronon, or Mascoutens, against whom they aided the Ottawas.

This letter of F. de la Roche is given entire by Sagard, *Histoire du Canada*, Liv. iii., ch. 3, and by Le Clerc, *Establissement de la Foi*, vol. i., ch. 10.

The next who visited the country were the two Jesuits, Breuef and Chaumonot, who entered it in 1640. They went from Tenanstayae, the last Huron town, to Kandoucho, the first in the Neutral territory, which was four days' march N. or N.W. of the mouth of the famous river of the tribe, but like de la Roche proceeded to Andachkroh, on Lake Ontario, or St. Louis, the residence of Tsohahissen, the great chief, who was then absent. He was probably the same chief who had adopted de la Roche, or one raised up in his place, to use the Indian figure. The two Frenchmen could not be received in his absence, and the Hurons accusing them of sorcery made every effort to prevent the success of their visit. They contrived, however, to visit eighteen towns, in ten of which they preached. Besides Kandoucho, they mention Khioeta, which received them kindly, Teotogneatan, and Onguiaahra, the last Neuter town on the eastern side of the river, and nearest to the Sonoutoueronons

or Senecas, from which they were only one day's journey (10 leagues) distant.

Father Brebeuf was at the outlet of the river, but was so much watched and suspected that he durst not use his astrolabe to take the latitude—he supposed it to be about 42°. At this time four towns of the nation lay on the eastern side of the Onguiaahra, ranged from E. to W. towards the Cats or Eriechonons: of the ten which he visited, Brebeuf computed the population at 500 fires or 3,000 souls, and the whole nation at 12,000, with 4,000 warriors, intimating that former writers had included in the general name of Neuters some merely allied or tributary nations.

The name of Attiwandaronk, given to them by, and by them to, the Hurons, he explains as meaning People of a language a little different, adding that those who spoke no dialect of the Huron language were called Akwanake.—*Rel.* 40-1, p. 48.

As to the language of the Neuters he speaks confidently, as he spent most of the winter shut up in a hut at Teotongniaton, where, by the aid of a charitable woman, he compared his Huron dictionary with the Neutral dialect, and composed a comparative grammar, as Chaumonot tells us in his autobiography.

Various events prevented the following up of this mission. In 1647 the Senecas, for the first time, attacked the Attiwandaronk (Aondironons), *Rel.* 48, p. 15, and soon after took by storm one of their largest towns, Aondironon, then the nearest to the Hurons. On this they yielded and emigrated to New York, about 1650, probably at the same time as the Scanonaerat, a Huron tribe, with whom they afterwards resided.

As soon as the missions were formed in western New York in 1653, and the French began to report the state of the Iroquois, the Neuters are mentioned as living a kind of Helots in the cantons of their conquerors. They were called by the Iroquois Ati-rhagenrat, variously spelt, and sometimes curtailed to Rhagenratka. They were not contented with their slavery, they panted for freedom, and had formed a conspiracy to destroy their oppressors, but they had relied on French aid, and when this was denied the plot failed.

As long as the Jesuit relations last, that is to 1680, at least thirty years after their removal from Upper Canada, they are mentioned as living in the Iroquois country, and one town in the Seneca country, Gandougaræ, is stated as made up of Neuters, Hurons, and Tiogas. *Rel.* 1669-70. In course of time these distinctions were forgotten, and the descendants of the Neutrals now boast of their Iroquois name.

Bressani says: "South of the Petuns, turning a little westward, are the Neutral Nation: their first villages are only 100 miles from the

Hurons, and their territory 150 miles in extent. Lake Erie lay directly south of them."

Tuscaroras says that Neuters in early times were governed by a queen who ruled 12 forts, *School.*, p. 61.

Mr. Schoolcraft, who puts them on Oak Orchard Creek, gives in his Notes some Tuscarora traditions as to the Neuters, but as the Tuscaroras were not in that part of the country at the close of the national existence of the Neuters, these traditions would not seem very reliable.

THE EASTERN RANGE OF THE BUFFALO, OR AMERICAN BISON.

The following evidences bearing upon the question involved in the inquiry, were quoted in a paper read before the Buffalo Historical Society, by Mr. Ketchum.

1st. Thomas Morton, in his History of New English Canaan (New England), published in 1636, after describing the productions of the country on the south side of the "great Lake Erocoise" (Lake Ontario), says: "They (the natives) have also made description of great herds of well grown beasts that live about the parts of this lake, such as the Christian world (until this discovery) hath not been acquainted with. These beasts are of the bigness of a cow, their flesh being very good food, their hides good leather, their fleeces very useful—being a kind of wool almost as fine as the wool of the beaver, and the savages do make garments thereof." He adds: "It is ten years since first the relation of these things came to the ears of the English."

2nd. In the account of the journey of M. De La Salle, from Fort Crèvecoeur (or the Illinois river), by land to Quebeck, in the winter of 1679-80, which carried him through Indiana, Southern Ohio, Northwestern Pennsylvania, and a part of Western New York, on the ridge which divides the waters which empty into the Mississippi and the Lakes, a description of the animals is given then inhabiting the region through which they passed. "Bears, stags, wild goats, deers, turkey-cocks, and wolves so fierce as hardly to be frightened at our guns. The wild bulls have grown somewhat scarce since the Illinois have been at war with their neighbours (the Iroquois), for now all parties are continually a hunting of them."

3rd. The Baron La Hontan, who came down the south shore of Lake Erie, in 1687-8, with a war party of the Illinois on an expedition against the Iroquois, makes the following statement:—"I cannot express what vast quantities of deer and turkies are to be found in those woods, and in the vast meads that lie upon the shores of this lake. At the bottom of the Lake (Fond-du-lac) we find wild beeves upon the banks

of two rivers that disembogue into it without cataracts or rapid currents."

4th. M. de Vaudreuil, in a memoir on the Indians of Canada, says:—"Buffaloes abound on the south shore of Lake Erie, but not on the north."

"Thirty leagues up the Miamis River, at a place called La Glaise (F. Defiance) Buffaloes are always found."

They were observed to "roll in the mud and eat dirt." A salt lick existed there undoubtedly.

6th. In the journal of a voyage made by Charlevoix, in 1721, from Quebeck to Mackinack, by way of the Lakes, under date of June 1st, at Long Point, on Lake Erie, he says, "It (the Point) is very sandy, and produces naturally many vines. At every place where I landed I was enchanted with the variety and beauty of the landscape, bounded by the finest forests in the world. Besides this, water fowl abounded everywhere. I cannot say there is such plenty of game in the woods, but I know that on the south side of the Lake there are vast herds of wild cattle." He also speaks of their attempt to enter the mouth of the "Rivière aux Bœufs," on Lake Ontario, a few leagues below the entrance to the river Niagara, in which they failed by reason of the shallowness of the water.

5th. The following statement is copied from a letter of "Thos. Ashe," dated at Erie, Pennsylvania, April, 1806, giving a very minute account of a journey from Pittsburgh to Erie, and of the Monongahela and Alleghany rivers, as well as their tributary streams, and of the salt and oil springs in that region. He says:—"An old man, one of the first settlers in this country, built his log house on the immediate borders of a salt spring. He informed me that for five several seasons the buffalo paid him their visits with the utmost regularity. They travelled in single files, always following each other at equal distances, forming droves on their arrival of about three hundred each.

"The first and second years, so unacquainted were these poor brutes with the use of this man's house or his nature, that in a few hours they rubbed the house completely down, taking delight in turning the logs off with their horns, while he had some difficulty to escape being trampled under their feet, or being crushed to death under his own ruins." At that period he supposed there could not have been less than ten thousand in the neighbourhood of the spring.

If this "old man" was seventy-five years old when he made this statement to Mr. Ashe, in 1806, it was probably about 1756 when he built his "log house."

7th. The oldest of the Seneca Indians residing on the Buffalo Creek reservation in 1820, near this city, stated positively to persons now living that when they (the Senecas) came here to reside (which was probably not until after Sullivan's expedition in 1779), the bones of the buffalo,

with those of other animals, were found at the "Salt lick," on the banks of the Buffalo Creek, within four miles of the City Hall. That it was a tradition among the Indians (of the truth of which they had no doubt), that the buffalo visited the Salt Lick in great numbers at no very distant period before that time.

8th. In a journal kept by Sergeant John Buck, who was stationed at Fort Harmen (now Macitta, Ohio), under date of March 27th, 1787, is the following entry:—"Some of the hunters brought into the fort a buffalo that was eighteen hands high, and weighed one thousand pounds." The same year his regiment was ordered to "Post Vincent" (now the town of Vincennes, in Indiana); on their return to the falls of the Ohio, under date of October 4th, he says:—"On our march to-day we came across five buffaloes. They tried to force a passage through our column. The General ordered the men to fire on them; three were killed, and the others wounded."

9th. In a letter of Mr. Thomas Moorehead, of Zanesville, Ohio, dated February 13, 1863, he says, "Capt. James Ross, who has resided here fifty-five years, says that Ebn. and Jas. Ryan often talked with him of having killed buffaloes on the branch of Will's Creek, which still is called the 'Buffalo Fork,' twenty miles east of Zanesville."

"The Ryans were 'Indian fighters,' and this must have been before Hayne's treaty."

10th. Mr. S. P. Hildreth, of Marietta, Ohio, in a letter dated Feb. 25th, 1863, says, "I came to Marietta in 1806, and have seen many of the old inhabitants who have killed them (buffaloes), and eaten of their flesh. Near the vicinity of Salt Springs their paths or roads were very distinct and plain after I came to Ohio, and to this day on the hills and large patches of ground, destitute of bushes and trees, where they used to congregate to stamp off the flies, digging the surface into deep hollows, called 'Buffalo Stamps.'"

11th. Mr. Gallatin, when a young man, was engaged as a surveyor in Western Virginia, and made the question of the former range of the buffalo a special study, and has given the result of his labours in an article published in the Transactions of the American Ethnological Society (vol. ii., p. 50), introduction, etc. He says: "In my time, 1784-5, they (the buffaloes) were abundant on the south side of the Ohio, between the great and little Kanhawa. I have, during eight months, lived principally on their flesh.

"The American settlements have, of course, destroyed them, and now not one is seen east of the Mississippi." He says, "The frequent name of 'Buffalo Creek' indicates their former range."

SONNET TO THE HUMMING-BIRD.

BY CHARLES MAIR.

It comes!—this strange bird, from a distant clime
 Has fled with arrowy speed on flutt'ring wing;
 From the sweet South, all sick of revelling,
 It wanders hitherward to rest a time
 And taste the hardy flora of the West.
 And now, O joy! the urchins hear the mirth
 Of its light wings, and crouch unto the earth,
 In watchful eagerness, contented, blest.
 Bird of eternal summers! thou dost wake,
 Whene'er thou comest and where'er thou art,
 A new born gladness in my throbbing heart.
 Go, gentle flutterer, my blessing take:—
 Less like a bird thou hast appeared to me
 Than some sweet fancy in old poësie.

 THE FUTURE OF THE NORTH-WEST.

BY THE EDITOR.

A FEW months ago the public were taken by surprise at the announcement that the Hudson's Bay Company had disposed of the whole of its rights and interests in the vast territory over which it had so long held undisputed sway, to a new Company, bearing the same name but with far more liberal views of its duties and responsibilities. The Hudson's Bay Company of 1862 had but one object in view, namely, the prosecution of the fur trade; and in order to accomplish its mission as a great fur-trading monopoly it sought to retain the wilderness over which it exercised absolute control as a preserve for wild animals. The Hudson's Bay Company of 1863 have marked out a very different course of action, if we are to be guided by the prospectus issued, the announcements made in the public prints, and by the steps which have already been taken to carry out the projects of the Company, who are "to ex-

tend their operations, and develop the numerous resources of the country in accordance with the spirit of the age."*

It is not merely proposed to construct a telegraph across the Continent, but the work has been already commenced, and although no detailed plan has been officially given to the public, yet it is generally understood that the first step will be the construction of a line from Fort Garry to Jasper House, on the east flank of the Rocky Mountains. A continuation will then be made along the line of road now in course of construction from New Westminster to Cariboo, which, according to recent accounts from Victoria, is rapidly progressing to completion. Cariboo lies on the west flank of the Mountains, Jasper House on the east. The Leather Pass, through which the Canadian emigrants took their train of 150 oxen and 70 horses last year, offers an easy connection between these points. From Fort Garry one line will branch off to the Lake of the Woods, and another probably to Pembina. If the Canadian Government follow the example of British Columbia and grant this year a sum of \$50,000 per annum towards opening communication with the North West, the telegraph from Fort Garry to Collingwood, and from Fort Garry to Jasper House, may be in actual operation before the close of 1864, and there appears to be no reason to doubt that under such circumstances telegraphic communication across the continent may be complete before the autumn of the year 1865.

It will occur to the minds of many that the distance of nearly 1,000 miles by the north shores of Lake Huron and Lake Superior, from Collingwood to Fort William, would present a very great difficulty. But why follow the sinuosities of those barren and uninhabited coasts? Why not have a subaqueous telegraph from Collingwood, or Goderich, or any other suitable point on Lake Huron, to the Bruce Mines; a land line from the Bruce Mines to the Sault St. Marie, and a subaqueous line to Fort William.

A small telegraph cable would lie as safe at the bottom of Lakes Huron and Superior, from 300 to 1,000 feet, as in the Gulf of St. Lawrence or the English Channel. In fact the distance between Collingwood and Fort William is the simplest, and would probably be the cheapest part of the line, with the exception of that portion which passes through the prairie country.

Between Fort William and the Lake of the Woods, in the present condition of the country, is the most difficult part of the entire route east of the Mountains, not excepting, perhaps, the passage of the Rocky Mountain chains, which, be it remembered, are cut by deep valleys down to the level of the great prairie plateau on which they rest—so level, indeed, that when the Canadian emigrant party ascended the Miette River

* *Vide Prospectus.*

by the old Columbia trail, they only knew that they had reached and actually passed the water-shed by observing the waters flowing to the west.

There is one fact, however, well deserving of notice, respecting the country between Fort William and Rainy Lake, a distance of two hundred miles. It has been often alleged, on grounds wholly without foundation, that it is impracticable for a road and consequently for a telegraph, for the two will necessarily go together. If we frame our opinions of the character of the country from the canoe route,—the excavated valleys of rivers,—we shall form but a very inadequate idea of what may be called the table land between Dog Lake on the east, eighteen miles from Lake Superior, and Milles Lacs on the west of the water-shed or Dividing Ridge.

At the Summit Portages between those two lakes, well known to voyageurs as the Prairie and Savanne Portages, great deposits of drift occur, which stretch far on either hand, and probably have a breadth of some eighty or ninety miles. This Drift Deposit begins, indeed, at the Great Dog Portage, where it assumes the form of an immense bank of sand, 800 feet above Lake Superior. It appears to terminate west of Milles Lacs, a distance of about ninety miles in an air line. The rocky character of a portion of the canoe route through this drift region is occasioned by the river action having excavated its channel through the drift to the subjacent rugged metamorphic rocks. But at some distance from the river the drift clays, sands, and gravels still remain untouched. The almost uniform covering of drift over the extent of country indicated is shown by the forest trees. Hills of bare rock pierce the drift until within a few miles of the height of land, when, for a breadth of twenty miles, or more, the whole country is an uniformly swampy level, and deeply covered with drift.

Dr. Hector, the geologist attached to Capt. Palliser's expedition, paid particular attention to the drift of this region, and he says:—*

“The distribution of the drift on this axis is very interesting. On the east side for a considerable way above the Kakibica Falls the country is covered with an alluvial deposit of red marl earth. Along the Kaminitoquoiah this forms the high terraced banks of the river, for instance, opposite the mouth of the White Fish River, there are three of these terrace levels at the elevations above the river of 20, 60, and 90 feet. There are scarcely any boulders in this deposit, and when any are seen they are in spots from which this alluvial deposit has been removed and the underlying rock surface exposed.

“On the summit level there is a great deposit of drift, consisting of coarse red sand with many boulders large and small. This deposit forms a flat swampy plain level, and well wooded towards the west, but towards

* “Papers relative to the Exploration of British North America.” Blue Book, 1859.

its eastern margin, as at Cold Water Lake, worn into deep dry gullies and round pot-holes or conical depressions without exit. The thickness of this deposit must be about 200 feet. The highest level of it measured was 883 feet above Lake Superior.”*

It thus appears that there are no rocky impediments against the construction of a road across the height of land from Fort William to a point west of Milles Lacs, and with the road a telegraph line.

The telegraph is, however, to form but a small part of the works contemplated by the New Hudson's Bay Company. Communication both by road and steam forms part of their programme.

The successive steps of this great undertaking can be accomplished at first in the following manner :—

	Miles.
1. A road from Fort William to the northern indent of Rainy Lake <i>viâ</i> the Matawan River	200
2. Steam from the northern indent of Rainy Lake to the falls opposite Fort Francis	40
3. Steam from Fort Francis to the north-west corner of Shoal Lake, (Lake of the Woods)	130
	370
4. Road from Shoal Lake to Fort Garry	90
5. Steam from Fort Garry to the Grand Rapids of the Saskatchewan.	280
6. Grand Rapids to Edmonton	700
7. Edmonton to the Frazer <i>viâ</i> the Miette or Leather Pass by road.	290
Total distance to the Frazer River—Road	580
Steam navigation	1150
	1730
Total distance—Miles	1730

* The Red River Expedition in 1857 found the level of Prairie Portage to be 885 feet above Lake Superior, or only three feet higher than Dr. Hector's estimation. On Prairie Portage, pines five feet nine inches in circumference were measured. From a hill 200 feet high, a few miles west of the north-western extremity of Dog Lake, the writer of this article obtained a view of a wide expanse of this part of the country, and described it then in the following words :—“Some of the hills consisted of bare rock, others were covered with a young forest growth, which appeared to consist chiefly of Banksean pine and aspen. In the distance the tops of a few hills showed clumps of red pine, standing erect and tall above the surrounding forest. They may be the remnants of an ancient growth which probably covered a large portion of this region, having been destroyed by fire at different epochs; wide areas were still strewn with the blackened trunks of trees, and in the young forest, which seems fresh and green at a distance, the ground was found to sustain the charred remains of what had once been a far more vigorous vegetation.” At the western limits of the drift on this axis the vegetation was far more luxuriant, and is described in the narrative of the Canadian expeditions, p. 63. Where fine timber will grow it is reasonable to suppose that the construction of a road would not present many difficulties, through a comparatively level country.

When the route is thus established, the break at Fort Francis might be avoided by the construction of two locks, and also the break at the Grand Falls of the Saskatchewan. It is to be observed, however, that if the last break were overcome, an uninterrupted communication would be established between Georgetown, on the Red River, in the State of Minnesota,—already connected with St. Paul by stage coaches—and Edmonton, within two hundred miles of the Rocky Mountains.

Turning again to the prospectus, we find that one of the objects of the company is to “open the southern district to European colonization under a liberal and systematic scheme of land settlement.” We have shown in a former article on the North-West Territory,—printed before the existence of this company was even suspected—that there exists in the Basin of Lake Winnipeg an area of eighty-four million acres of land, immediately available for the purposes of settlement, and admirably fitted for the abode of man. This is five million acres more than exist in the whole of Canada, and yet it includes only those portions in the Basin of Lake Winnipeg which are of the first quality as regards soil and climate. This is certainly a most magnificent field for colonization; and now that we have the assurance of the Crown Land Commissioner that nearly all the good land in Canada is sold, and the testimony of the United States government employees in connection with the Pacific Railway, that the westward progress of settlement in the United States is arrested by the Great American Desert—which only thrusts its apex into British territory—no one can fail to recognize in the magnificent region watered by the Saskatchewan the seat of a people who are destined to take a very important part in the future history of this continent.

Besides a road, a telegraph, steam communication in summer, and a systematic scheme of colonization, it is intended to establish a complete postal communication throughout the year from the Atlantic to the Pacific; and we may soon hope to see the natural route across the continent through the St. Lawrence, the Great Lakes, and the valley of the Saskatchewan, begin to show the life and vigour of a new commercial activity which will brighten the future of British America to a degree none could have anticipated, if British Americans are true to themselves.

Recent developments have established the fact, that it is not upon its agricultural capabilities that the region drained by Lake Winnipeg will depend alone. It has been shown to possess great mineral wealth, in the form of coal, salt, iron, and more recently gold. Every mail from the Red River settlement brings cheering accounts of the wide distribution of the precious metal, and there can now be little reason to doubt that the Saskatchewan and Winnipeg gold fields, will soon become household words throughout the civilized world.

It is a singular co-incidence, that the rich and wide-spread prairies of the north-west, should be both fertile and auriferous. That rivers should roll over golden sands, through meads of extraordinary fertility; that the land should require no preparation to receive the plough, and that the miner may wash for gold in the waters of the streams on whose banks his crops are ripening. Yet such is the case in that vast prairie country of central British America, and who can foretel the future of a land so marvellously enriched?

It is not proposed to relinquish the Fur trade; on the contrary, that lucrative source of the former company's wealth and power, is still amazingly productive, and will be prosecuted with undiminished vigour in those regions which are unfitted for the abode of civilized man, and which, as long as the forests last, will always sustain their furred denizens, in numbers varying according to a natural law not yet understood. It is only where the white man permanently plants himself, with a view to cultivate the soil, that the fur bearing animals gradually diminish, and finally become so rare as to cease to be a source of remuneration to the trapper. But in those distant wilds which are only trodden by the foot of the Nomadic Indian, the utmost efforts of the hunter will only succeed for a time in thinning their numbers, which a few years of rest will bring up to the original standard, with unfailing regularity. Even when left to nature alone, it is remarkable how regular are the periodical returns of seasons of abundance and scarcity in the number of wild animals, in a perfectly wild country, owing to disease or migration.

Take the case of that valuable fur-bearing animal the marten, its periodical disappearance occurs in decades, or thereabouts, with wonderful regularity. They are not found dead. The failure extends throughout the Hudson's Bay Territories at one and the same time, and there is no tract or region to which they can migrate where the Hudson's Bay Company have not posts. When at their lowest ebb in point of numbers, they will scarcely take the hunter's bait; it is thus that Providence appears to have implanted some instinct in them, by which the total destruction of the species is prevented.*

The Rabbit affords another instance of unexplained increase and sudden disappearance. Every fourth year, in particular districts, the rabbit becomes remarkably scarce, and as these little animals form an important source of food to numerous tribes of Wood Indians, their almost total disappearance, for a year or two, is very severely felt. In two or three years they again become numerous, and then as suddenly decline in numbers.

* *Vide* "A Popular Treatise on the Fur-bearing Animals of the Mackenzie River District." By Bernard R. Ross, C. T., Canadian Naturalist and Geologist, 1861.

Enough has been said to show that the new Hudson's Bay Company have before them a magnificent enterprise, wholly independent of the lucrative trade which occupied the undivided attention of their predecessors. The construction of a telegraph and road across the continent, and the colonization of a vast area, rich in most things men consider it desirable to possess, is a work of extraordinary magnitude, and if conducted, to use the words of the prospectus "in accordance with the industrial spirit of the age, and the rapid advancement which colonization has made in the countries adjoining the Hudson's Bay Territories," it will secure to Central British America and Canada, population, trade, wealth, and political importance, with a rapidity which the wisest among us could not have foreseen, or the most sanguine enthusiast, looking to natural features alone, would never have ventured to predict.

REVIEWS.

The Capital of the Tycoon: A Narrative of a Three Years' Residence in Japan.

By Sir Rutherford Alcock, K.C.B., Her Majesty's Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary in Japan. Vol. I. and II. New York: Harper & Brothers; Toronto: Rollo & Adam.

Japan presents, in the year of grace 1863, the delineation of Western Europe in the twelfth century. There do we meet with a state of society, in many essential particulars, which has utterly past away with us, and an oriental phase of feudalism such as our ancestors knew in the time of the Plantagenets.

Every hundred yards or so in the vast City of Yeddo, ward gates, guarded by a sort of municipal sentries, divide the city off into innumerable portions, all of which can be isolated if necessary. The grand palaces of the Damios occupy vast areas shut off from the humbler dwellings of the common people, and partially surrounded by the houses of their retainers. Beggars are numerous, but jugglers who might rival Blondin and the Wizard of the North more numerous still. These Japanese performers not only swallow portentously long swords, and poise themselves on bottles, but out of their mouths come the most unimaginable things; swarms of flies, ribbons by the mile, and paper shavings without end. Life is held at a very small price in Yeddo; drunken loafers, always well armed, cut down any one whom they think insults them with impunity. All of a certain rank are armed with formidable

weapons projecting from their belt ; swords, like every thing else in Japan, being double, without much obvious distinction between military and civil, between Tycoon's officers and Damios' retainers. The servants of the Embassy were once attacked by a drunken bravo who insolently placed himself in their path ; and the secretary of the American Legation has comparatively recently met his death at the hands of some of these ruffians. Yeddo in summer is delightful enough, as soon as the olfactory nerves become accustomed to the horrible odour of the liquid manure which is carried through the street in pails by men and horses to assist in the remarkable agricultural operations of the Japanese. But Yeddo in winter is gloomy indeed, for although there is but little frost yet having no fires but a charcoal brazier sunk in a hole in the floor, the people seek for warmth in additional clothing, carefully covering the ends of their noses. The description of the Envoy's audience of the Tycoon cannot be curtailed, otherwise we should have been glad to have introduced an outline of this singular ceremony, and the astonishing customs which prevail at the Japanese Court. The following short extract, however, will show what were the impressions of the Envoy himself :—

“ I may say, in conclusion, that I was struck with the order and decorum of all I saw within the palace. As things are ordered at the levée, nothing can exceed the general simplicity of the arrangements. The suite of rooms and corridors are unencumbered with a vestige of furniture—a Japanese noble, like his serf or subject, as we know, sitting on his heels and eating off a little lacker tray on legs standing only a few inches from the ground, while both sleep on the mats of the floor with a pillow of lacker or wood not larger than the head. May they not truly congratulate themselves that they have well preserved the Spartan simplicity of their ancestors, content with the same simple fare of rice and fish, and requiring no foreign luxuries to absorb their wealth or enervate their energies? The rooms, admitting of being opened their whole width and length upon the ample corridors by merely removing the sliding screens, which are the only partitions in a Japanese house, allow a great display of officers and attendants in their costumes of ceremony without crowding. Passing through rank after rank of these, mute and motionless as I have described them, suddenly, on some signal apparently, there is a general and long-prolonged sibilated sound impossible to describe, something between a ‘hiss’ and a long-drawn ‘hish-t.’ It seems to circulate through the whole building far and near, and to be echoed through all the courts and corridors ; and is supposed, I fancy, to indicate some act or movement of the Tycoon bespeaking reverence and a hushed attention. It was immediately after one of these rustlings of the breeze of reverence vibrating through the lips of a thousand sibilating courtiers, that I received the signal to advance to the entrance of the council chamber. I have never seen or heard anything like it, or, indeed, in the least resembling this strange but impressive way of bespeaking profound reverence.”

As far as the observation of the Envoy permitted him to judge, no European country can show such a happy and contented peasantry as Japan. But the feeling which exists against foreigners on the part of the retainers of the Damios, or feudal princes, is bitter in the extreme. Although the Envoy acknowledges that there is extraordinary difficulty in obtaining reliable infor-

mation respecting the government, religion, laws, tenure of land, &c., in Japan, yet the insight this book affords respecting the customs, habits, agriculture, condition of civilization, morality, and general mode of life of this curious people, imparts singular interest to a work pleasantly written, well illustrated, and containing much that is new and valuable.

We have elsewhere referred to some of the characteristics of the Japanese, (see page 323) especially the marvellous perfection they have attained in top-spinning. Recent intelligence tells us that another Japanese war has commenced, and that the Damios or feudal princes will be made to pay the penalty of their insolent conduct towards the British, French, and Americans. We confidently expect to hear of a permanent British military occupation of a small portion of the Island, which will rapidly teach these representatives of the barbarous feudal system of the twelfth century what the civilization and power of the nineteenth really means in the hands of the British people.

Maple Leaves: A Budget of Legendary, Historical, Critical and Sporting Intelligence, By J. M. Le Moine, Esq., Quebec. Holiwell & Alexander, Buade Street.

We have here, in good idiomatic English, an odd phrase excepted, a most readable series of sketches, written by a French Canadian residing in Quebec. When we say the sketches are readable, however, we refer to the style merely; for the matter is so quaint and curious in itself—so entirely novel to British-American experience—that the book would be a godsend, even if the style were less agreeable and polished, than it is.

We have, within the limits of British America, no such strongholds of romance, as Quebec, and its surroundings. Nowhere else are such tragedies native to the scene, as the stories of Château Bigot, the *Chien D'or*, and the "Iron Cage." Much of the material of historical fiction which our own and foreign writers have so plentifully mined out of the annals of the French Monarchy, before the Revolution, exist also in abundance in the records and traditions of the Colony, of which Quebec was the well-known capital, before the smoke of a white man's hut arose west of the Ottawa. And the natural features of that wonderful land and river scenery, which one may take in at a glance from the celebrated citadel that crowns Cape Diamond, harmonizes perfectly with the gleams of tragedy and poetry, which still shoot athwart the waters of the St. Lawrence and St. Charles.

In Mr. Le Moine the ancient capital and its vicinity have found a congenial chronicler, patient, cheerful, and singularly free from all vulgar prejudices of race or religion. The English reader, not less than the French, should thank him for this first collection of *Maple Leaves*, and warmly encourage him to bring out that second series which he meditates. To contribute even a little to such encouragement; we quote here the titles of the present series, and

of those other sketches which we are promised, should the present venture be favorably received by the public.

The present series contains : The Grave of Cadieux, Château Bigot—The Hermitage ; Crumbs of Comfort for Lawyers ; A Sketch of Spencer Wood ; The Golden Dog—Le Chien D'or ; Canadian Names and Surnames ; The Legend of Holland Tree ; A Chapter on Canadian Noblesse ; The Loss of the "Auguste"—French Refugees ; On some peculiar Feudal Institutions ; La Corriveau—The Iron Cage ; An Episode of the War of the Conquest ; De Brebœuf & Lalemant—Lake Simcoe ; Fin and Feather in Canada ; Acclimitization of Birds and Animals ; A Parting Word.

And in his Parting Word the author says :

"Should this first instalment of *Maple Leaves* be acceptable to my readers, they can count on a second at no distant period. Amongst the notes and sketches still remaining in my portfolio, I notice many which merely require some long winter evenings to be expanded into readable form. The history of the mysterious French officer, who, after assuming holy orders, spent the remainder of his days on the Island St. Barnabé, opposite Rimouski, and of which we find mention in *Emily Montague's letters, written from Sillery in 1767, will doubtless be much relished by romantic readers ; and as my agents Messrs. Holiwell & Alexander, tell me that my book is obtaining many romantic readers, it may be as well to inform them that a literary friend has just become possessed of a manuscript memoir of the old hermit of the Island St. Barnabé. I think I am safe in promising them the first reliable intelligence in English of this saintly individual. The pirate of Anticosti, Gamache, also claims attention ; and I think I can furnish a sketch of the parliamentary career of the Honorable Louis Jos. Papineau ; a chapter on Indian customs, the war-whoop, burials, &c. One of the most attractive historical legends will be the melancholy fate of Françoise Brunon, the converted daughter of an Iroquois chief ; an abridged account of Indian ferocity at Detroit, as depicted by the Abbé Casgrain ; the story about Mdlle. Granville's brother, the Gosse Island captive ; the historical legend of Massacre Island, at Bic ; and a variety of stirring events, founded on history, in connection with local traditions, together with sporting intelligence.

The Poor Girl ; or, the Marchioness and her Secret. By Pierce Egan, Esq
New York : Dick & Fitzgerald. Toronto : M. Shewan.

This is a cleverly written but very intricate novel, embodying an interesting description of a tangled web of cunning and deception. Constance Plantagenet, the only daughter of a wealthy English commoner, (who prides himself on being the descendant of a king, —her mother the daughter of a peer) is both high-born and beautiful. She is seen and admired by the Marquis of

* Vol. i., page 161.

Westchester, who makes proposals to her father; the latter politely informs his daughter—through her mother—of the honour done her, and begs to know when she will receive the Marquis, who is rich, very aristocratic in feeling and origin, but a great deal older than Constance. She retires to commune with herself, decides to accept him; but, ere that, she must undo, as far as possible, a grave youthful indiscretion. She summons her foster-sister, Fanny Shelley, who has been her constant companion and confidante from infancy. She loves this girl as well as her proud, selfish disposition will permit her to care for any one, and the affection is returned with a heartfelt, self-sacrificing devotion. Fanny begs her not to do so wicked an action as to marry the Marquis. Constance tells her to come to her again that night, while she meets, by appointment, her husband, Viscount Bertram, to whom she was secretly married some time before. His father wishes him to marry a *parvenue* heiress; he is ready, were he not bound to Constance. In his presence she destroys her marriage certificate and ring, tells him he is free, that none but he, herself, and Fanny know the secret, as the other witnesses are dead. All appears safe; but there are such people as eavesdroppers. On Constance's return home she finds Fanny with a living witness—a lovely little girl of a year old—whom she has brought to try and prevent her committing the fearful sin she contemplates; but wealth and rank have a higher place than maternal love in her heart, and she sends her child and Fanny away from her for ever, amply provided with means. Fanny takes the infant to her native village, and sacrifices reputation, husband, and life for her foster-sister. Her lover, maddened by jealousy, thinking the child hers, kills her; her parents, broken-hearted, soon follow her to the grave, and the innocent cause of all this is left without a friend but the villagers of Beachborough, by whom she is called "the poor girl,"—a young girl named Susan Atten taking charge of her. Meanwhile Constance, after having first seen the marriage of Viscount Bertram in the newspaper, marries the Marquis, and for five years has a career of cold, heartless splendour, her beauty making her the admired of all admirers. Then, by chance, the "poor girl" is seen, and a resemblance to the Marchioness noticed; at her instigation she is stolen by gipsies, and is lost sight of for some years; when she re-appears at Ascot races, as a singing flower-girl. Here her singular beauty and exquisite voice attract the attention of the fashionable people assembled, and again the resemblance between her and the Marchioness of Westchester is noticed and remarked.

The story now becomes very interesting, and at the conclusion leaves the Marquis suspecting, nay, almost convinced, of his wife's sin; and the Viscountess Bertram, now the Countess of Brackleigh, more than doubting her husband. The reader curious to see the result of all the skilful machinations of the evil-minded, and how an overruling Fate baffles the best laid plans, will find the final result of all in the sequel, called "Hagar Lot; or, the Fate of the Poor Girl."

THE BRITISH QUARTERLIES.*

THE LONDON QUARTERLY—JULY.

"*Natural History of the Bible.*"—The importance of natural history in its bearings on the Bible has long been acknowledged. The animals and plants of which mention is made belong principally to the countries of Egypt, Palestine, and the peninsula of Sinai. Of all the animals of Egypt, the most remarkable are the crocodile and the hippopotamus, the former being occasionally mentioned as the leviathan of the authorised version—the latter by the Hebrew word behemoth. The leviathan may denote, however, any huge monster. The unicorn has received a large share of attention, and although the commonly received opinion identifies this animal with the one-horned rhinoceros, yet the so-called unicorn is no unicorn at all, for the Hebrew word *r'ém* denotes a two-horned animal. Our translators, seeing the contradiction involved in the expression "horns of a unicorn," have rendered the Hebrew singular noun as if it were a plural form. We may therefore dismiss the idea that the unicorn is spoken of anywhere in the Bible. The *r'ém* is said to push with its horns, and the word is supposed to represent the "wild ox" or urus.

The fish that swallowed Jonah was probably the "white shark," but the preservation of Jonah in the belly of this formidable creature was unquestionably miraculous; and here we may ask, why might not the fish have been miraculously prepared for this express purpose?

The wild ass still inhabits the deserts of Syria; so also does the ostrich, although travellers state that she does exhibit natural affection for her brood, but the eggs for the food of the young, which a "foot may crush," lie about the carefully concealed eggs, destined for incubation, on the bare sand.

The "ruminating" power of the hare and coney refers probably to the peculiar motion of the lips which can be observed in common rabbits; but the organization of the stomach shows that the hare is not normally a ruminating animal.

The Bible makes frequent mention of lions, bears, hyænas, wolves, leopards, foxes, and jackals, among carnivorous animals.

The migratory habits of some species of birds are especially noticed. "The stork in the heavens knoweth her appointed times, and the turtle, and the crane, and the swallow observe the time of their coming." Much has been written "on the subject of quails," which fed the wandering Israelites in the wilderness. Quails now migrate in immense numbers, and upwards of 100,000 have been taken near Nethuno in one day.

The reptiles are mentioned in the Bible only in the list of unclean animals. Serpents are frequently alluded to, and frogs are spoken of in connection with the Egyptian plague.

* The American reprints of the British Quarterlies, together with *Blackwood's Magazine*, can be procured from Messrs. Rollo & Adam, Toronto.

Fish are mentioned only in the aggregate. Of insects, the ant and the locust are particularly named. The Arabians held the wisdom of the ant in such estimation that they used to place one of these insects in the hand of a newly born infant, repeating the words "may the boy turn out clever and skilful."

In botany the Bible is still encumbered with some degree of doubt. The olive, the fig, and the palm are well known, but the "mustard tree" is a stumbling block to many. Some suppose it to be the *Salvadora persica*, but the tendency of modern belief is that the mustard tree of the Bible is nothing more than our common mustard plant, (*Sinapis nigra*) which in the east acquires dimensions much larger than in more temperate climes. The shittim wood was probably an acacia, and the cedars of Lebanon still flourish as of old in the days of Solomon.

"*Glacial Theories.*"—A glacier is the elongation below the snow-line of the general glacial mass which occupies the highest valleys and receptacles of mountains of sufficient elevation. The inclination of the surface to the horizon in large glaciers usually varies from 2° or 3° to 8° or 10° . There are generally three aggregations of *débris* or broken off fragments of rock on every glacier, termed morains—one central or median, and two lateral. The motion of a glacier is slow and persistent during all seasons, but slower in winter than in summer, and varying from a few inches to 20 or 30 inches in a day. The temperature of the interior of a glacier is very near 32° during the summer months. The cold of winter penetrates a few feet. The minimum temperature found during a period of two years at a depth of seven feet was observed to be $28\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ Fahr., or $2\frac{1}{4}^{\circ}$ below the freezing point. At the lower portions of a glacier the temperature may be regarded as nearly uniform. The process called regelation, or the freezing together of particles of ice under pressure, is one of the principal causes of the formation and preservation of glacial structure. In the formation of a glacier, snow, by the percolation of the upper melting portion in summer at great elevations becomes granular, and assumes the form of *névé*; this *névé*, by regelation, gradually assumes the form of compact glacial ice. With respect to the motions of glaciers it has been observed that:

- (1) The axial portion moves faster than its marginal portions.
- (2) The ratio which the velocity in the extreme marginal portion bears to the maximum velocity in the same transverse section is very variable.
- (3) A primary glacier slides over the bed of the valley containing it.
- (4) The superficial portion moves faster than the lower one.
- (5) The motion continues throughout the year, but is slower in winter than in summer.

"*Our Colonial System.*"—The arguments of those who, like Mr. Goldwin Smith, inculcate the necessity of dismembering the Colonial Empire, are obvious and simple, and based on the narrowest possible view of facts, excluding from consideration many facts of far greater importance. These arguments are generally stated as follows: Colonies "do not pay." They are useless for the purposes of commerce, and too costly for the purposes of power. Since the recognition of the principles of free trade by the leading statesmen of the great parties, they are superfluous for the supply of what

we consume, and equally superfluous for the consumption of what we produce.

“On the whole, then, what should we gain by the emancipation of our Colonies from the gentlest and easiest sway ever exercised? We should save some millions a year on the Army and Navy Estimates. We should have some millions a year which we now spend on Colonial defences by sea and by land. That would be our gain. But what should we lose? The friendship and devotion of millions of fellow-subjects in every sea, proud to be citizens of this great empire, and to feel that its highest prizes are open to them and to their children—the friendship and alliance of great nations now in their first germ—and let us not forget to add, markets which now annually consume thirty million pounds’ worth of our goods. But we should lose something more valuable and indispensable—the esteem and honour of all nations, who have looked to us as the great colonizers of modern days, as the people who were to found an empire no less compact and firm than that of ancient Rome, no less brilliant and heroic than those scattered but ephemeral communities which bore to alien shores and barbarous tribes the meteoric light of Grecian genius and art. We should exchange the loyal devotion of willing subjects and allies for the deep-seated antipathy of involuntary aliens, and should have the misery of reflecting that the contempt of some States, and the hatred of others, had been earned by our meanness and our cowardice.

“We trust that a better fate is in store for us. The day may come when rich, populous, and self-dependent colonies, grown into nations, will claim a dissolution of partnership. When that day comes, let us part in peace. But, till then, let us fulfil our appointed task, by laying carefully the foundations of civilized, peaceful and friendly nations. Let us not inflict that wound upon our own social order and prosperity which would follow the abandonment of those great fields of enterprise, or that deeper wound on honour and good faith which would be struck by the desertion of the helpless and confiding.”

The *London Quarterly* for July contains some very interesting articles which we have not space to notice on “*Washington Irving*,” “*The Resources and Future of Austria*,” “*Modern Spiritualism*,” “*Sacred Trees and Flowers*,” “*Roba di Roma*,” and “*The Nile: Speke and Grant*.”

THE EDINBURGH REVIEW.

“*Napier’s Memorials of Claverhouse*.”

“*Druids and Bards*.”—The inference drawn from the facts collected by the writer of this article, and from the absence of all contemporary evidence, compels the conclusions that is necessary to efface from the pages of history those stately and shadowy forms which have flitted for centuries through the groves of Avalon, and peopled the sanctuaries of an extinct religion. Had the Druids and Bards really existed in those periods in which they have been described, had they really exercised the powers imputed to them over the religion, the literature, and the arts of a great people or of immense tribes, it is scarcely possible to conceive that all positive evidence of their authority

would have disappeared. The place they fill in history is, in reality, indefinite and obscure; and all attempts to give a precise form to their traditions, by ingenious conjectures, has been, for the most part, unsuccessful.

“*Fergusson’s History of the Modern Styles of Architecture.*”

“*Louis Blanc’s French Revolution.*”—M. Louis Blanc has now completed his chosen labour of many years. When he first addressed himself to his subject he was a young man, and almost unknown; Guizot was prime minister of France, and Louis Phillippe at the height of his power. When the first two volumes of his work appeared the air was dark with the signs of an approaching catastrophe. Louis Blanc himself became one of the leading spirits of the revolution in 1848. He was soon driven into exile, and the next volumes of his work appeared in 1852, under the shadow of nascent imperialism, and the last in 1862, after imperialism has pruned republicanism to the ground. Louis Blanc has spent his exile in quietness, avoiding revolutionary schemes, yet retaining his own peculiar views, and writing a history of the great French revolutions of the preceding century.

“*Sir George Cornwall Lewis on Forms of Government.*”—This little book will suggest for the reader’s reflection far more than is presented in its pages. It is a thoughtful and interesting work, especially valuable in times like the present. A dialogue is supposed to take place between four Englishmen, belonging to the educated classes. Each of the three forms—Monarchy, Aristocracy, and Democracy—is represented by a sincere partisan. The controversy is conducted in such a manner as to represent the strength of each case, but the subject is not considered by the author to be exhausted.

“*Xavier Raymond on the Navies of France and England.*”—M. Raymond writes with unusual candour and freedom from national prejudice. He ascribes to England her due, he acknowledges the sea to be her element, and he sees in the enormous power she is capable of wielding only a secondary claim upon the admiration of other nations: the first being monopolized by the moral force she wields, as being the most free and united nation in the world. England, according to M. Raymond, is a gigantic workshop, capable, by private enterprise alone, of furnishing any amount of ironclads, guns, material of war, and naval stores. Let but the government give the order, and whole fleets, fully armed, will issue from her private dockyards. Just as powerful as she is in the means of creating fleets, so with the vast commercial marine can she man them at a moment’s notice. She might include in her naval resources 700,000 or even 800,000 men, and, as M. Raymond says, with a truthful grace most unusual in a foreigner when treating of such subjects, “yet, to be just, we must add that the *quality* corresponds to the *quantity.*”

“*The Sources of the Nile.*”—On page 447 a notice of the discovery of the sources of the Nile will be found, rendering it unnecessary for us to enlarge upon this interesting subject here. It may be stated, however, in addition, that the Nile is 2,380 miles long, in a direct line. By the course of the stream the Nile is 3,050 miles long, the Mississippi, 2,450. Captain Speke walked 1,300 miles through the equatorial regions of Africa, and has solved, it is said, the only remaining geographical problem of importance.

“*The Scots in France—The French in Scotland.*”—In Scotland the relics

of the alliance of France and Scotland meet us everywhere. In the institutions, habits, and speech of the people, from the organisation of the Court of Session, the terminology of the law, and the constitution of the Presbyterian Church, to the baking of "kickshaws" (quelquechoses) and "petticoattails" (petits-gâteaux), and the opening of an oyster. The high-roofed gable, and the pepper box turret of the French chateaux, gave to Scotland a style of architecture which became domestic amongst us in the sixteenth century, and which has been revived in our own days with great propriety and taste. So, also, with respect to cookery in Scotland, which is distinguished by an enlightened use of vegetables and broths, a marked superiority over the barbarous culinary preparations of South Britain.

"*Lyell on the Antiquity of Man.*"

THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW—JULY.

"*The Growth of Christianity.*"—No one who entertains true conceptions of Christianity as the religion of the followers of Christ, the adorable SON of the FATHER, would for a single moment expect to find a satisfactory history of the growth of Christianity epitomized in the *Westminster Review*. The views which are so well known to be held by the writers on religious subjects in this Quarterly are rationalistic in the extreme, and Christianity is regarded as a system of human origin. "Founded by a carpenter, proclaimed by fishermen, republished by a scholar who voluntarily accepted the condition of a working man, it addressed the glad tidings of social renovation to the poor, the persecuted, the despised; to the fallen, the ignorant, and the criminal." It is painful to read the calm and irreverent language in which belief of pardon and redemption through the blood of the Saviour is described and discussed, side by side with the impure imaginings of Pagans, and compared with them.

"*Gamesters and Gaming Houses.*"—Although public gambling houses are forbidden in England by law, yet the "Game of Speculation" is openly practised to an unprecedented extent. The incidents of the Civil War now raging on this Continent show how madly men pursue the gambler's profession on an enormous scale, and in some instances with successful results. The blockade runners and the Confederate loan are only other forms of gambling, allied to those which disgraced most European States even as late as 1838, and still disgrace some of the petty German Principalities.

Shall we conclude, then, that in the matter of gaming we are more enlightened and less open to censure than our forefathers? This much is true, the gambler is a less foolish man, and a less useless member of society than the gamester. While the objects of the gambler on the turf and the Stock Exchange, and of the gamester at cards and dice, are identical, experience has proved that the former may succeed, and that the latter must fail in attaining their objects; that the gambler may acquire wealth, but that the gamester must be ruined if he persevere in gaming. By speculating in shares, capital is circulated and commerce increased; thus, whether the speculator be enriched or impoverished, his fellow-men are vastly benefitted in consequence of his transactions. Of the gamester we may say what La

Bruyère said of him who was once engaged in intrigue : he must continue as he has begun, because nothing else gives him any gratification. A confirmed gamester exists only to deal cards or throw dice. The chances are that he will forfeit his honour as well as indulge his taste ; for, as Lord Chesterfield warned his son : ‘ A member of a gaming-club should be a cheat, or he will soon be a beggar.’ ”

“ *The Naturalist on the River Amazons.* ” — There are few objects in nature that impress the mind more fully with the idea of grandeur than a great river, and it is upon this alone that the interest of the Amazons reposes. The Ganges and the Indus have flowed for centuries past the seats of an ancient civilization ;—the waves of the Nile have witnessed the rise and extinction of a civilization more ancient still. The banks of the Tigris and Euphrates bore the earliest of recorded empires ; and these and many other rivers are associated with a thousand historical incidents which invest them with a special, if not sometimes almost a sacred, character. The Amazons appeals almost wholly to our senses—the short-lived glory attaching to it as the supposed highway to the fabulous golden region of the Spaniards having been too evanescent to invest it with a lasting halo of either historic or romantic interest.

But, however wanting in historical associations, it must be admitted that the Amazons is not deficient in the elements of natural grandeur. The largest river in the world, running a course of some 3,500 miles, nearly from one side of a great continent to the other, pouring into the ocean a volume of water equal in expanse at least, and probably in depth, to the Straits of Dover, the accumulated drainage of a basin nearly equal in its superficial extent to the whole of Europe, the mighty Amazons rolls on through the solitudes of the vast forests which rise in marvellous luxuriance upon its banks, performing its never-ending functions as one of the great arteries of the water-circulation of the globe. So wide is its channel that the influence of the tides is felt in it at a distance of more than 400 miles from its mouth, and Mr. Bates even observed a rise and fall which could only be ascribed to the tide in a small tributary 530 miles from the sea, whilst the volume of water which it pours into the sea is so great that even in the great estuary the water is scarcely brackish. Favoured by the moist atmosphere and the warmth of the climate, the vast plain which stretches on all sides of the great river and its affluents is clothed with a vegetation unsurpassed elsewhere in beauty and grandeur. The plants which furnish the necessaries and many of the luxuries of existence may be raised on its banks with the least possible expenditure of labour in their cultivation, and the vast facilities for water-carriage, the immense shore-line presented by the water-system of the Amazons, would seem to indicate the region traversed by it as one from which a most extensive commerce in tropical products might be carried on. Instead of this, we find its shores occupied by a scattered and scanty population, whose indolence and ignorance seem to be their most striking characteristics. As a rule, they seem scarcely to cultivate more than is absolutely necessary for their own wants, and in most parts of the country domestic animals are almost if not quite unknown, so that the inhabitants, being generally dependent for their supplies of animal food upon the natural re-

sources of a country offering comparatively few of the larger birds or quadrupeds, are driven perforce to adopt a fish diet, which Mr. Bates appears to have found by no means satisfactory.

The population consists of whites, Indians, and negroes, and of mixtures of these three in various proportions, and it is one of the most hopeful features in the social condition of the district that no prejudice exists against those who show marks of mixed blood: indeed, the cross of black or Indian blood seems so general that it is considered bad taste to boast of a pure white pedigree. In most cases the whites do not appear to have much to boast of, the lower Portuguese immigrants adopting the indolent habits of the Indians or Indian half-castes with great success. The people generally think more of their religious festivals than of anything else, and as these are very numerous, and last for nine or ten days, and their most important feature apparently consists in getting drunk on hot rum and ginger in honour of the saints, we can hardly be surprised that with all its natural advantages the Amazons province does not advance very rapidly. In most other respects the inhabitants of the Amazons valley seem generally to possess at least a negatively good character; acts of violence and dishonesty are of rare occurrence, and the morality of the sexes does not seem to be much lower than in other countries. Mr. Bates, indeed, tells us that 'most of the half-caste women on the Upper Amazons lead a little career of looseness before they marry and settle down for life;' and thinks it 'rather remarkable that the men do not seem to object much to their brides having had a child or two by various fathers before marriage,' although we fear that he might find very similar customs prevailing much nearer home.

The ignorance on the most ordinary subjects prevailing amongst the inhabitants of this favoured region is well shown by the question put to Mr. Bates by a man holding an important office in Santarem, namely, 'On what side of the river was Paris situated?' a question which, Mr. Bates says, 'did not arise, as might be supposed, from a desire for accurate topographical knowledge of the Seine, but from the idea that all the world was a great river, and that the different places he had heard of must lie on one side or the other.'

Amongst a society of this kind Mr. Bates passed eleven years of his life, and whatever may have been the intellectual barrenness of the soil around him, he seems to have found his existence on the Amazons so enjoyable that he was unwilling to leave its shores, and had it not been for his broken health, due rather to exposure and hard fare than to any influence of the climate, he would probably, as he himself says, have furnished an example of the truth of the Paraense proverb, 'He who goes to Pará stops there.' And in the pages of the two delightful volumes in which Mr. Bates records the memorabilia of his life during his sojourn in the Amazons region, the reader will find abundant evidence of its possessing attractions such as would cause the naturalist to regard with indifference the want of congenial society and of the appliances of civilized life."

"*Mr. Mill on Utilitarianism.*"

"*Marriages of Consanguinity.*"

"*Saint Simon and His Disciples.*"

"*M. Louis Blanc's History of the French Revolution.*"

"*Poland.*"—Whatever may be the result of the present insurrection, it has at least borne one remarkable fruit. The conduct of Russia in Poland since 1815 is acknowledged by all parties to have been, if not a crime, at least a mistake. Half a century's chronic discontent, breaking out in two formidable risings, of which the first was only crushed by the whole military force of Russia when she was the strongest power in Europe, and the second, attacking her in a moment of weakness, is threatening her very existence, is not to be explained away by the natural turbulence of a people or the agitation of a faction. It has become evident to every one that, so long as there is a Russian administration in Poland, the Poles will remain discontented, and be a constant source of disturbance to Europe. A national Government is, therefore, indispensable. But how is this to be obtained for Poland? Is the Charter of 1815 to be revived? Are the Poles to remain, as at present, under the rule of Russia, with a Russian viceroy and a Russian army, but with a national diet and Polish ministers enjoying the confidence of the people? Are the Kingdom of Poland and parts of Posen and Galicia to form a confederacy of small states? Is the kingdom of Poland to be made a separate state, with a Russian king? Finally, is the whole of the Poland of 1772 to be restored to its independence? Before considering these questions, it is necessary to lay down the principle, which is so often lost sight of, that whatever remedy may be adopted, it should, to be effectual, extend over the whole of the territory which has been wrested from Poland by Russia since 1772. It is over this territory that all the insurrections of Poland since that date have spread; and a concession to the Poles of the kingdom of Poland alone would evidently be no satisfaction to the Poles of Lithuania or Volhynia. Whatever may be the historical pretensions of Russia to these provinces (and we have shown that they have no foundation), it is impossible to ignore the fact that their inhabitants, both nobles and peasants, are bitterly hostile to Russia, and evidently desire union with Poland. This consideration at once disposes of the proposition to re-establish the Charter of 1815, which applied only to the kingdom of Poland, and which, moreover, was a signal failure. The proposals to detach the kingdom from Russia, and to form a Polish confederacy, are open to the same insuperable objection. It is, in fact, easier to suggest ingenious but impracticable solutions of this kind, than to look the real question at issue steadily in the face. There remains but one plan, except, indeed, to cut the knot by restoring the whole of Poland to her ancient independence. Last year the Poles petitioned for a national representation for the kingdom and the provinces, and were refused. If they were offered it now, would they accept the offer? We doubt it. Since then Russia has rendered reconciliation between her and Poland impossible. The barbarous conscription and its attendant horrors, the terrible insurrection which is its consequence, have established between Russia and Poland a barrier of blood and tears which it will take many long years to efface. And after the dreary series of deceptions which they have endured at the hands of Russia, especially since the accession of the present Emperor—the reforms introduced only to be withdrawn, the promises never to be fulfilled, the pretences of liberality and the terrible realities of uncompromising tyranny—

can the Poles, strong in their patriotism and their successes, accept the risk of a fresh and more bitter disappointment? Last year, while they yet hoped something from the reputed benevolence of the Emperor, and were powerless except in the justice of their cause, they were prepared to accept even a restricted degree of political existence under Russian rule. But now, with the blood of thousands of their slaughtered brethren dyeing their soil, with arms in their hands and the public opinion of Europe at their backs, nothing but complete independence can repay them for their sacrifices. The advocates of Russia tell us that this independence is a chimera. We have already given our reasons for thinking that, if it were once established, it would be a permanent reality. To compare a young and vigorous country like Poland, full of patriotism and political aspirations, to the effete and enslaved despotism of Turkey, is simply an absurdity. There is no reason why Poland, when re-established, should become 'the nursling of domineering embassies,' any more than Belgium or Italy. But how is she to be re-established? If left to herself, it seems only too certain that she will not succeed. The guerilla war which she has now for nearly six months carried on with such bravery and success may yet last a few years, but it must in the end die out before disciplined armies and resources almost unlimited. The results of such a struggle are terrible to anticipate. Poland would be a desert, and the best and bravest of her sons lie under her soil, or die a living death in the mines of the Oural, or the mysterious *oubliettes* of the Siberian fortresses. Her towns would be in ruins, her villages in ashes, her women and children dying of famine and the plague. Such are a few of the horrors which can alone be prevented by a strong Power coming forward to aid the Poles in the contest which they are evidently determined to fight out to the last. There are but three Powers that could give this assistance: England, France, and Austria. The first is unwilling to take the initiative, because, apart from a natural aversion to war, she knows that she could not refuse the alliance which France would be sure to propose to her, and she fears that a war on the continent in which the Emperor Napoleon would be engaged would lead to complications in which the original question at issue would vanish, and which would result in the aggrandizement of France. The French Emperor, on the other hand, is unwilling to move, because he fears England would not support him. We think that the fears of our Government are but too well founded, and that it would be extremely impolitic were England either to go to war for Poland, or allow France to do so. But if Austria were to assist the Poles, there would be no ground for the apprehension of a European war. The position of Austria with regard to Poland has always been a peculiar one. Since Maria Theresa signed the first act of partition under protest, both the sovereigns and the statesmen of Austria have expressed in various ways their regret at the dismemberment of Poland, and their desire to give up Galicia, provided they had the assurance that a strong and independent Poland would be interposed between Austria and Russia. The advantages which such an arrangement would bring not only to Austria, but to the whole of Germany, by closing what Lord Ellenborough has called Russia's door to Europe, are sufficiently obvious. The paralysing effect which Russian influence has had upon the action of Austria and Germany in European affairs is well known,

and has been often felt. Galicia, part of which in old times was called "Red Russia," forms a portion of the old kingdom of Wladimir which Russia has not yet "reconquered," and which, it is well known, Russia is intriguing to obtain for herself. Russia's pretensions to be a Slavonic Power, and her efforts to spread her influence over the Slavonic provinces of Austria, constitute another danger which threatens Austria's very existence. But so long as these dangers are at her door, Austria is compelled, though very unwillingly, to pursue a very timid policy with regard to Poland. She sees, as she did during the Crimean war and on other occasions, that if she takes any decisive step in favour of Poland, without the open support of France and England, she will expose herself to the risk of having to bear the brunt of a Russian war, whose result might be the advancement of the Russian frontier far into Austrian territory, thus bringing still nearer to Austria the dangers it is her greatest object to avoid. If, therefore, England and France are to do anything for Poland, they should endeavour to give such open support to Austria as would enable her to move fearlessly in the direction of her most vital interests. The means for giving her this support are ready at hand. The only sanction which has been given by England and France to the sovereignty of Russia over the Polish possessions she acquired since 1772 is that involved in the Treaty of Vienna. By that treaty conditions relative to her government of those possessions were imposed upon Russia. These conditions have been, over and over again, declared both by England and France to have been both completely and systematically violated. Both of these countries have now ample ground for withdrawing the recognition of Russia's dominion in Poland given in the treaty, Russia having for half a century proved herself unwilling or unable to comply with the conditions on which such recognition was given.* The declaration, by the same two Powers, of Poland's right to recover her independence, is the logical consequence of their denial of Russia's right to govern her. The course of Austria will then be clear. By making Galicia a distinct state, with a national representation, an Austrian sovereign, and an army of 80,000 men, consisting of Poles now in the Austrian army, she would at once establish a basis of operations for the Poles, where they might organise their troops, develop their administration, and communicate freely with the friendly powers of Europe, whose aid, in the shape of supplies, volunteers, and moral support, would not be wanting. Russia, weak and disorganised as she is, could not long resist so formidable a combination. Thus would Poland recover her independence by her own efforts, the fear of an European war be removed, and Europe be freed from the shame and disgrace of her tacit complicity in 'the greatest crime of modern times.'

* The Treaty of Vienna does not, as is commonly supposed, relate to the kingdom of Poland *alone*. It gives the kingdom "a constitution," the provinces "a national representation and national institutions," and commercial privileges to the whole of "Poland as it existed in 1772."

THE NORTH BRITISH REVIEW—AUGUST.

“Pretensions of Spiritualism—Life of D. D. Home.”—Mr. Daniel Douglas Home has written a book to which he gives the title “Incidents of my Life.” Mr. Home is a Scotsman. He has been in the habit of seeing visions from the age of four years and upwards. He may now be considered the arch-spiritualist of the age. The reviewer gives a brief history of spiritualism, and a special critical account of Mr. Home’s “Incidents of his life.” He concludes with paragraphs so forcible and just that we copy them without abbreviation.

“In his communion with the world of spirits, he claims to have a divine commission, and to exercise his ‘God-given powers’ for the benefit and instruction of mankind. He is specially charged with the conversion of infidels, and with the refutation of materialism; and he claims hundreds of converts to his faith. The divinity of his mission is attested by a series of prophecies and miracles, inferior neither in quality or number to those interruptions of the laws of nature by which the greatest of truths have been established.

1. He raises the dead, and commands their presence and their agency,—not as the shadowy apparitions of the nursery, but as flesh-and-blood realities, displaying superhuman muscular strength, not in deeds of utility and mercy, but in tossing to and fro tables, sofas, cushions, ottomans, and chairs, for the amusement of fools.

2. If he has found it difficult to exhume a full-length corpse from its lair, he has wrenched from it hands and feet, and sometimes a head and shoulders shining with the blue phosphorescence of the grave.

3. In defiance of the laws of gravity which keep the planets in their course he rises in the air, a living and breathing balloon, not to survey the distant battle-field, nor to rescue life from its rooftree in flames, but to make scratches on the ceiling, and baffle the efforts of his friends to pull him down by his boots!

4. In Mr. Home’s presence, dead and inorganic matter floats in the atmosphere, rings rush from their lair to the finger of their owner, and bells revolve like planets, but without a centre to curve their orbit, and without an object to be gained by their evolutions.

5. In his presence plants are endowed with locomotive life and with muscular power. They walk from their flower-pots—they roll themselves up—they place themselves between their medium patrons, and commit personal mutilation by throwing off sprigs and flowers to gratify the olfactory nerves of the party!

6. When our archimagus exclaims, ‘Let there be light,’ the darkness of midnight is dispelled, and his apartment shines with the brightness of the sun!

7. When the spirits lead him in his trance, his ‘God-given power’ is attested, not by the ring of light which encircles what is divine, but by a brilliant star shining on his forehead, and indicating the heaven-born functions of his guide!

8. If he does not turn water into wine, he extracts the perfume of plants by the wave of his hand, and by this extinction of their vital principle they

die in his presence ! Did not the law of the land protect the lieges, he could, doubtless, extract the principle of life from the sceptics that denounce, and the wits that deride his revelations.

9. If he does not multiply loaves and fishes to feed his disciples, he multiplies wine-decanter to astonish Mr. Cox of Jermyn Street.

10. If he has not given sight to the blind, he has, by a pass from his hand, given hearing to the deaf !

11. If he has not enabled the man ill of the palsy to take up his bed and walk, he has, in many instances, healed the sick, and he has cured a disease under which he himself laboured, by means of self-inflicted and involuntary blows !

12. If he cannot see into the human heart, and divine its working, he can do much more. He can look at a beautiful marble bust, and discern that the person whom it represents is *possessed with a demon*.

13. If 'gravitation does not cease when Home goes by,' he is divinely snatched from its influence. A spirit arm drags him from beneath the falling branch, and the heavy log thus cheated of its victim is pacified by the grant of supernatural powers !

In order to form a just idea of spiritualism, we should study its development in different countries, and under different articles of faith. We will not shock our readers by taking them to the United States, where spiritual domination stares at us in its most hideous features,—a modern Antichrist exalting itself above all that is called God, uttering from a thousand tongues its blasphemous inspirations, and hurling its victims in hecatombs to the halter of the suicide, or the cells of the madhouse.*

Such is spirit-rapping, spirit-raising, and spirit-seeing, and such the spawn which they have cast upon the waters. We have been bold enough to sketch their history from the pages of a 'weak, credulous, half-educated, and fanatical person,' as the Saturday Reviewer † calls Mr. Home ; but we want courage to characterize them in their moral, social, and religious bearings, and eloquence to express the horror and disgust which they inspire.

We borrow, therefore, the eloquent pen of a distinguished philosopher, who has poured out the vials of his wrath in 'thoughts that breathe, and words that burn :—

'The word,' says Professor Ferrier, 'by which the thinking principle is designated in all languages, bears evidence to the inveteracy of the superstition, that the conception of mind might be formed by conceiving a material substance of extreme fineness and tenuity. Many circumstances have conspired to keep the fanaticism in life. The supposed visibility of ghosts helps it on considerably ; and it is still further reinforced by some of the fashionable deliriums of the day, such as *Clairvoyance* and (even A. D. 1854, *credite*'

* Mr. Howitt tells us that in America spiritualism adds annually to its ranks 300,000 persons, and that there are, at a moderate estimate, *two millions and a half* of spiritualists in the United States !

† We recommend to our readers two admirable articles in the *Saturday Review* of March 21 and 28, on Howitt's *History of the Supernatural*, and on 'The Incidents' in Mr. Home's life.

poster) *Spirit rapping*. These, however, are not to be set down—at least so it is to be hoped—among the normal and catholic superstitions incident to humanity. They are much worse than the worst form of the doctrine of materiality. These aberrations betoken a perverse and prurient play of the abnormal fancy—groping for the very holy of holies in kennels running with the most senseless and God abandoned abominations. Our natural superstitions are bad enough; but thus to make a systematic business of fatuity, imposture, and profanity, and to imagine all the while that we are touching on the precincts of God's spiritual kingdom, is unspeakably shocking. The horror and disgrace of such proceedings were never even approached in the darkest days of heathendom and idolatry. Ye who make shattered nerves and depraved sensations the interpreters of truth, the keys which shall unlock the gates of heaven, and open the secrets of futurity—ye who inaugurate disease as the prophet of all wisdom, thus making sin, death, and the devil, the lords paramount of creation—have ye bethought yourselves of the backward and downward course which ye are running into the pit of the bestial and the abhorred? Oh, ye miserable mystics! when will ye know that all God's truths and all man's blessings lie in the broad heath, in the trodden ways, and in the laughing sunshine of the universe; and that all intellect, all genius, is merely the power of seeing wonders in common things?*

We do not ask the man of science, or the philosopher, or the moralist, to tell us what they think of the miracles of the spirit rapper; but the Christian is bound to compare them with the revelation which he has accepted, and with the truth which he professes to believe.

Has the Christian spiritualist, if there lives a person who can combine such jarring names—has he pondered the divine denunciation against the abominations of the 'users of divination'—against the consulters of familiar spirits—against 'wizards that peep and that mutter,'—and that 'whisper out of the dust'—against those 'who in latter times shall depart from the faith, giving heed to seducing spirits and doctrines of devils,'—against the spirits of devils working miracles—against the doers of great wonders—against the deceivers by miracles—against him whose coming is with signs and lying wonders—and against 'the false prophets, that shall give signs and wonders?'

If the spirit-raisers in former days, and their patrons, have been thus denounced, and deemed worthy of death, what shall be the doom of the Christian, who, in defiance of holy writ, and in contempt of the formularies of his church, calls up the souls and bodies of the dead to perpetrate deeds of revenge against the living, and to perform the tricks of the conjuror to gratify the prurient curiosity of fools.

We appeal, not to the Presbyterian, for he despises the spirit-rapper; but we remind the members of our sister-church, that they pray to be spared before they go hence, *and be no more seen*;—we remind them of their belief, that 'the dead who die in the Lord rest from their labours'—that death hath put all things under his feet—that God takes unto Himself the souls of the departed—that the spirits of the departed live with God—that the souls of the faithful who are delivered from the flesh are in joy and felicity—that the

* Ferrier's *Institutes of Metaphysic, the Theory of Knowing and Being*, pp. 224, 225.

faithful *sleep in Jesus* and *rest in Him*—and that the souls of them that sleep in the Lord enjoy *perpetual rest and felicity*.

If the dead can be raised from the grave to appear again upon earth, either in flesh or in spirit, then 'Christ is not the *first fruits of them that sleep*.'—Then death can have had no sting, and the grave no victory! If the human worm that is said to have crawled at the foot of its confessor, and to have violated oral and written oaths, can unlock the holy sanctuary of the dead, and disport with their mutilated remains before the living, he has anticipated the blast of the dread trumpet which is to summon the mighty dead from their graves, and usher in the great assize that is to fix the immortal destiny of man.

"Mormonism—Past and Present."

It is nearly impossible, so fluctuating are their religious views, to ascertain precisely what form of belief the Mormons adhere to. A new 'revelation' may descend any day, to revolutionize their whole convictions. So far as we have been able to ascertain it, however, the following is, in brief, something like what the Saints maintain. It is of course considerably simplified, and stripped of a fair share of unnecessary verbiage. From the authorised Confession of Faith one can gather that the Mormons profess to believe in the word of God recorded in the Bible, in the Book of Mormon, and the Book of Doctrines and Covenants, which in their view completes the 'Scriptures,' and forms the fulness of the Gospel. Their mode of interpreting is new, and quite peculiar. They describe 'God' in their symbolic books as 'a material, organized intelligence, possessing both body and parts. He is in the form of man, or rather man is in the form of God.' In answer to the question, 'Can you prove, then, that man is in the form of God?' the Mormon readily answers, 'Yes; Genesis v. 1: In the day that God created man, in the likeness of God made He him;' and so on with this realistic way of looking at nearly every word of the Scriptures. They maintain that the gift of prophecy, and the power of working miracles still belongs to the true Mormon Church, and that many of their number can work miracles and cast out devils. They hold that the end of the world is very near, and that they are the 'Saints' spoken of in the Apocalypse, who will reign with Christ in a temporal kingdom in this world. The seat of this kingdom they allege will be either Missouri or Great Salt Lake City. Men, in order to be saved, must comply with four conditions: they must believe in the atonement of Christ; they must repent of their sins; they must receive baptism by immersion, at the hands of an apostle of Christ's appointment (a Mormon one, of course); they must receive the laying on of hands for the gift of the Holy Ghost, by duly authorized apostles (that is, by the apostles of the Mormon Church). They recognize two orders of priesthood, the 'Aaronic' and the 'Melchizedek' orders, and are governed by a prophet, twelve apostles, the seventies, bishops, high-priests, deacons, elders, and teachers.

In 1859 M. Remy estimated the Mormons in Utah at 80,000, and 186,000 throughout the world. The anti-mormon Federal Marshal in 1860 gives the Mormons in Utah at 40,266. The Saints themselves aver that they cannot be less than 90,000 to 100,000 in Utah, and from 300,000 to 400,000 throughout the world.

“*The National Defences.*”—This is a very able and important article, on a subject dear to every British subject. The figures advanced by the writer, on the best authorities, are most encouraging as regards the present condition of the army and navy of Great Britain. The force maintained now for the protection of the British Empire is enormous. The army stands thus, and this comparison is made between the years 1847 when the Duke of Wellington wrote his celebrated letter on the defenceless state of the kingdom and the present roll of the army.

	Regulars.	Militia actually Trained	Volunteers ready for Service.	Volunteers in Reserve.	Total.
Total home force when the Duke wrote, . . .	67,000	None.	None.	None.	67,000
Total force the Duke wanted,	77,000	73,000	None.	None.	150,000
Total home force now maintained, <i>exclusive of</i> 72,676 men in India, .	84,000	95,000	48,000	100,000	327,000

The total now being five times what existed when the Duke wrote, and more than double what he asked for, as sufficient. This immense army is exclusive of 72,000 British soldiers in India.

The same favourable comparison holds good with reference to our naval force, France being compared with England in this particular.

	Armour-plated.	Liners. Screw.	Frigates. Screw.	Frigates. Paddle.	Corvettes. Screw.	Corvettes. Paddle.	Blockships. Screw.	Other Steam Ships.	Total Steam	Total Sail-ing.
England,	21	59	44	16	30	—	9	380	566	103
France,	16	57	29	18	7	9	—	244	360	122

The number of men voted for the French Marine of 1862-3 was 46,381 on shore and afloat, the number of British sailors voted was 76,000.

The numbers representing the military and naval force of the United Kingdom scatter to the winds all fears of the country being unprepared for war, however soon, and from whatever quarter that calamity should be threatened.

THE BRITISH MONTHLIES.*

BLACKWOOD.—AUGUST.

"*A Visit to an Insurgent Camp.*"—This is one of the "Letters from Poland," which have been read by the readers of *Blackwood* with such lively interest during the last three months. It is, perhaps, the most exciting, and yet the most melancholy, of the three which have appeared. It describes the wonderful constancy, energy, and activity of the insurgent bands, and especially of the Polish women. It shows how deeply rooted is the national feeling, and how bitter is the hatred towards the Russians. It shows, too, how the spirit of undying hostility is fed and nourished by women of all ranks, from the delicate flower of the noblesse to the sturdy wife of a Polish peasant. But it presents a gloomy picture of their almost inevitable fate. If they persist in carrying on the insurrection by means of armed bands, small in individual numbers, but scattered throughout the country, the insurrection may live throughout the winter; meanwhile, however, a vast system of confiscation of property, deportation of entire villages, and, in fact, the absolute annihilation of the Polish element is rapidly going on. The most barbarous cruelties are perpetrated by the Cossacks, and, in return, immediate death is the reward of any Russian soldier who may fall into the hands of the infuriated insurgents. History presents few such instances of wholesale abandonment of every domestic tie, every "household god," for the sake of the independence of their country; fathers relinquish their sons, wives their husbands, husbands imperil the safety of their wives, all in the inspiring hope that they may assist in driving the Russia from Polish soil. But they seem to be warring against hope. Without external assistance the nation will be decimated, and the rebellion crushed out of life by the presence of some 200,000 Russian troops, and the annihilation of the brave, heroic, and self-denying Poles.

"*Caxtoniana: a Series of Essays on Life, Literature, and Manners.*"—This number is especially devoted to some authors in whose writings knowledge of the world is eminently displayed. The writer describes what is meant by "knowledge of the world." He thinks that every skilled man of the world, at the ripe age of forty, has convinced himself that, considering all the mistakes made in our education and rearing—all the temptations to which flesh and blood are exposed—all the trials which poverty inflicts on the poor—all the seductions which wealth whispers to the rich—men, on the whole,—are rather good than otherwise; and women, on the whole, are rather better than the men. Taking a poet, in the proper acceptation of the term, as a man who ought to possess a correct knowledge of the world, he places among

* 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.

moderns, Shakespeare first and Goethe next. Goethe was the founder of a nation's literature, and through all the various phases of his marvellous intellect there runs an astonishing knowledge of man's nature, and therefore a surprising knowledge of the world. Knowledge of the world and its manifold infirmities makes a man indulgent, and those men who have possessed that knowledge to the greatest degree have shown themselves best able to comprehend the weaknesses of their fellow men, and to forgive the errors into which they were led.

The remaining articles are "*Novels*," "*Translations of Horace*," "*George Cruikshank*," "*The State and Prospects of the Church of England*," "*In the Garden*," "*Chronicles of Carlingford*," "*Captain Speke's Welcome*," and,

"*Indian Prosperity*."—This article refers to the most important of the numerous dependencies of the United Kingdom, and, consequently, will always possess interest to Canadians. The only drawback to the present condition of India, compared with the epochs of former greatness, is the fact that it is a conquered country ruled by a foreign race. That the Indian Empire is really very prosperous is now an incontrovertible fact. It is a "paying concern." What with the construction of trunk lines of railway, gigantic canals, with a thousand ramifications for irrigation and other purposes, a diminishing taxation, an increasing revenue, and peace throughout the entire country, with its hundred and sixty millions of people subject to British rule, India is prosperous and, in a very great measure, contented. The periodical famines, to which its people have been subjected in past times, will be lessened in degree by the remarkable facilities which railways afford for conveying provisions to the suffering districts. In ordinary years there is abundance of food, but occasionally wide-spread droughts occur which cut off all supplies; and so rapid is the consumption of food by the immense population, that, so long as inefficient means of communication exist, local famines will be dependent upon the seasons. Railways and canals, however, afford the means of alleviating these calamities; and in another decade, humanly speaking, India will be one of the most prosperous and powerful nations on the face of the earth.

GOOD WORDS.—AUGUST.

"*The Parables*."

"*Poems for Christie*."

In the Night.

Dark, dark the night, and fearfully I grope
Amidst the shadows, feeling for the way,
But cannot find it. There is no help, no hope.
And God is very far off with His day.

Hush, hush, faint heart! Why this may be thy chance,
When things are at the worst to prove thy faith;
Look up and wait thy great Deliverance,
And trust Him at the darkest unto Death.

What need of Faith, if all were visibly clear ?

'Tis for the trial time that this was given.

Though Clouds be thick, its sun is just as near,
And Faith will find Him in the heart of Heaven.

'Tis oft on the last green ridge of war,
God takes His stand to aid us in our fight ;
He watched us while we rolled the tide afar,
And beaten back, is near us in His might !

Under the wildest night the heaviest woe,
When Earth looks desolate—Heaven dark with doom,
Faith has a fire-flash of the heart to show
The face of the Eternal in the gloom.

—*Gerald Massey.*

“*On Comets.*” By Sir John F. W. Herschel, Bart.—The comet of Encke has revealed the remarkable fact that its successive revolutions are each a little shorter than the last. Biela’s comet, in 1846, suddenly split into two distinct comets on the 13th of January, each with a head and coma and a small nucleus of its own. In 1852 they were seen again, about the same distance from one another. If ever the earth swallows up a comet, it will about the 30th of November, the day on which the earth passes the spot intersected by the orbit of Biela’s comet. The number of comets whose return has been calculated, is 36,—four of which have periods of revolution from 70 to 80 years, and several from 3 to 7 years. Other comets are not periodical, wandering off into space in such directions—owing to perturbations and other causes—as to leave it a matter of doubt when they will return to our sun, or if ever.

The observations on the most recent comets show that an actual analysis of the cometic matter is effected by the sun’s influence, thus showing that comets consist of at least two kinds of matter possessing very different properties. The tail of a comet consists of matter capable of reflecting the light of the sun, yet so rare that very small stars can be seen through it. This material substance of the tail is inconceivably rare and ethereal ; it is a vapour so delicate that a star shines through 90,000 miles of distance with undiminished lustre.

There must be less matter in the tail of a comet 90,000 miles through than in the puff of a steam engine which obscures the light of the sun. The nucleus of some comets consists of a minute, brilliant and possibly solid body. Yet this is not always the case, as in Biela’s comet minute stars were seen through part of its head at least 80,000 miles in thickness. The tail is thrown out by evaporation of matter, and as the comet pursues its retrograde path this matter is again condensed. The recent history of comets proves the existence in nature of gravitating and levitating matter ; in other words, of a repulsive force co-extensive with, but enormously more powerful, than the attractive force we call gravity. This force is especially shown in the formation of the tails of comets ; its acknowledged existence opens a new field for physical research, at the same time it shows us that we

still stand but on the threshold of the temple of knowledge, and that within that temple there is an indefinite field for wonder, love, and praise.

"*A Bundle of Old Letters.*"—Some very amusing, others melancholy—all admirably written. The first describes the crossing of the English Channel; the second is dated from "Baalbec, the City of the Sun;" the third, "Crimea, June, 1855," describing in powerful language the first assault on the Redan, and its sad and depressing results.

"*Martin Ware's Temptation.*"—An admirable tale for the young.

"*Sleep.*"

I came to wake thee, but Sleep
Hath breathed about thee such a calm,—
Hath wrapt thee up in spells so deep
And soft,—I dare not break the charm.
* * * * *

Soon shall I watch within those Eyes,
The sweet light startle into morn,
And see upon thy cheek arise
The flushing of a rosy dawn.

The sunshine vainly round thee streams,
And I must rouse thee with a kiss :—
Oh! may Life never break thy dreams
With harsher summoning than this!

"*Bits of Garden.*"

"*Concerning the Right Tack.*"

THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE.—SEPTEMBER.

"*The Small House at Allington.*"

"*How we Slept at the Chalet des Chèvres.*"—Decidedly the most interesting little sketch of a small pic-nic party we have ever read. Two sisters and their brother determined to ascend to a broken down Chalet des Chèvres, or Goat's Chalet, at the summit of a very rugged cone, forming part of the Jura. Their object was to witness a sunset and a sunrise. They reached the dilapidated Chalet just after sunset, and so missed one of the glories of Alpine scenery; but they enjoyed the twilight and the supper, and the bright fire they kindled, and the rough beds they made to sleep on. At four A.M., they rose, after a doubtful sleep on hard boards. Already there was enough of diffused twilight to render Mount Blanc perfectly visible. Though the lake lay full in view, and the whole range of Alps and their neighbour hills for two hundred miles displayed their jagged horizon of grey rock and snowy points, the eye could rest on nothing but the king of mountains. The marvellous resemblance which the outline from the north bears to a massive human head, reclining on a pillow of snow and facing the east, was never more striking than now. The straight forehead, the finely chiselled nose, the firm mouth and flowing beard, all lay calm and still in the grey repose of death. But the sun is rising. There came first, for a single instant, a sus-

picion of a ray of light intercepted in the neighbourhood of the Diablerets, and the next moment a simultaneous cry, their first and last, announced that the sun, still invisible, had struck the highest crest of hair which gathers on the brow of the gigantic head. For a few minutes each instant brought a new delight, as the different levels of peaks were successively gilded by the rising sun. Gradually the glittering points seemed to descend, fixing in turn upon all the salient features of the profile. The mountains woke into life under the magic touch of light and heat, the face was no longer dead. With more of awe than they cared to confess, and in silence which they almost dared not break, the three adventurers turned at length to the hut which had afforded them so kindly a shelter. They felt the overpowering reality of a too great beauty.

"The Trials of the Tredgolds."

"Out of the World."—Horatia is a lady well-born, moving in the best society, and with many titled friends and relatives; but she is weary of the world; at thirty-two she pines for rest. Dr. Rich is a country physician who attends Horatia during a slight illness. Horatia tells Dr. Rich how weary she is of London gaiety—how glad she would be if she could purchase the peace, and repose, and calm of a country life. Dr. Rich has long admired the beautiful and desponding lady, and in the calmest manner offers himself, his love, and a quiet country home. Horatia is startled—asks time for consideration—considers, and in a few hours accepts. Her friends are horrified, all, except one or two. Horatia is determined; and Dr. Rich is well worthy the affections of the best of women. A future number will show how matters progress.

"Richelieu's Shabby Suit."

AMERICAN PERIODICALS.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY—SEPTEMBER.

"The Puritan Minister."—A very entertaining description of the manners and customs of the Puritans in New England. The office of a Puritan minister was no sinecure, for the minister's week-days were more arduous than his Sundays, and to have for each parish both pastor and teacher still left a formidable duty for each. He must visit families during several afternoons in every week, sending previous notice, so that children and domestics might be ready for catechizing. He was 'much visited for counsel' in his own home, and must set apart one day in the week for cases of conscience, ranging from the most fine-drawn self-tormentings up to the most unnatural secret crimes. He must often go to lectures in neighbouring towns, a kind of religious dissipation which increased so fast that the Legislature at last interfered to restrict it.

He must have five or six separate seasons for private prayer daily, devoting each day in the week to special meditations and intercessions,—as Monday to his family, Tuesday to his enemies, Wednesday to the churches, Thursday to other societies, Friday to persons afflicted, and Saturday to his own soul. He must have private fasts, spending whole days locked in his study and whole nights prostrate on the floor. Cotton Mather 'thought himself starved,' unless he fasted once a month at farthest, while he often did it twice in a week. Then there were public fasts quite frequently, 'because of sins, blastings, mildews, drought, grasshoppers, caterpillars, small pox, loss of cattle by cold and frowns of Providence.' Perhaps a mouse and a snake had a battle in the neighbourhood, and the minister must expound it as 'symbolizing the conflict betwixt Satan and God's poor people,' the latter being the mouse triumphant. Then if there were a military expedition, the minister might think it needful to accompany it. If there were even a muster, he must open and close it with prayer, or, in his absence, the captain must officiate instead.

One would naturally add to this record of labours the attendance on weddings and funerals. It is strange how few years are required to make a usage seem ancestral, or to reunite a traditional broken one. Who now remembers that our progenitors for more than a century disused religious services on both these solemn occasions? Magistrates alone could perform the marriage ceremony; though it was thought to be carrying the monopoly quite too far, when Governor Bellingham, in 1641, officiated at his own. Prayer was absolutely forbidden at funerals, as was done also by Calvin at Geneva, by John Knox in Scotland, by the English Puritans in the Westminster Assembly, and by the French Huguenots. The bell might ring, the friends might walk, two and two, to the grave; but their must be no prayer uttered. The secret was, that the traditions of the English and Romish Churches must be avoided at all sacrifices. 'Doctor,' said King James to a Puritan divine, 'do you go barefoot because the Papists wear shoes and stockings?' Even the origin of the frequent New England habit of eating salt fish on Saturday is supposed to have been the fact that Roman Catholics eat it on Friday."

The intolerant practices of the New England Puritans almost rivalled those of the Church of Rome at that period, only, with the exception of witches, they did not burn their fellow creatures to death, although children, according to the statute book, might be put to death if they "cursed their orderly parents" after the age of sixteen.

Sabbath-breaking was placed on a level with murder—though Calvin himself allowed the old men to play at bowls, and the young men to practise military training, after afternoon service, at Geneva. Down to 1769 not even a funeral could take place on Sunday in Massachusetts, without license from a magistrate. Then the stocks and the wooden cage were in frequent use, though 'barbarous and cruel' punishments were forbidden in 1641. Scolds and railers were set on a ducking-stool and dipped over head and ears three times, in running water, if possible. Mrs. Oliver, a troublesome theologian, was silenced with a cleft stick applied to her tongue. Thomas Scott, in 1649, was sentenced for some offence to learn 'the catechise,' or be fined ten shillings, and, after due consideration, paid the fine. Sometimes offend-

ers, with a refinement of cruelty, were obliged to 'go and talk with the elders.' And if any youth made matrimonial overtures to a young female without the consent of her parents, or, in their absence, of the County Court, he was first fined and then imprisoned. A new etymology for the word 'courting.'"

"*The Freedmen of Port Royal.*"—The writer thinks that "the negroes will work for their living. They will fight for their freedom. They are adapted to civil society. As a people, they are not *exempt from the frailties of our common humanity*, nor from the vices which hereditary bondage always superadds to these." These questions have been answered long before the appearance of this article. The condition of the free negroes in Canada and some of the Northern States, the black British regiments in the West Indies, the thriving, orderly, and progressive colony in Liberia, all point to the capabilities of the negro without referring to the recent experiences at Port Royal.

"*The Tertiary Age and its Characteristic Animals.*"—The writer says: "It is my belief, founded upon the tropical character of the Fauna, that a much milder climate then prevailed over the whole northern hemisphere than is now known to it. Some naturalists have supposed that the presence of the tropical Mammalia in the Northern Temperate Zone might be otherwise accounted for,—that they might have been endowed with warmer covering, with thicker hair or fur. But I think the simpler and more natural reason for their existence throughout the North is to be found in the difference of climate; and I am the more inclined to this opinion because the Tertiary animals generally, the Fishes, Shells, etc., in the same regions, are more closely allied in character to those now living in the Tropics than to those of the Temperate Zones. The Tertiary age may be called the geological summer; we shall see, hereafter, how abruptly it was brought to a close.

"One word more as to the relation of the Tertiary Mammalia to the creation which preceded them. I can only repeat here the argument used before: the huge quadrupeds characteristic of these epochs make their appearance suddenly, and the deposits containing them follow as immediately upon those of the Cretaceous epoch, in which no trace of them occurs, as do those of the Cretaceous upon those of the Jurassic epoch. I would remind the reader that in the central basin of France, in which Cuvier found his first Palæotherium, and which afterwards proved to have been thickly settled by the early Mammalia, the deposits of the Jurassic, Cretaceous, and Tertiary epochs follow each other in immediate, direct, uninterrupted succession; that the same is true of other localities, in Germany, in Southern Europe, in England, where the most complete collections have been made from all these deposits; and there has never been brought to light a single fact leading us to suppose that any intermediate forms have ever existed through which more recent types have been developed out of older ones. For thirty years Geology has been gradually establishing, by evidence the fulness and accuracy of which are truly amazing, the regularity in the sequence of the geological formations, and distinguishing, with ever-increasing precision, the specific differences of the animals and plants contained in these accumulations of past ages. These results bear living testimony to the won-

derful progress of the kindred sciences of Geology and Paleontology in the last half century; and the development-theory has but an insecure foundation so long as it attempts to strengthen itself by belittling the geological record, the assumed imperfectness of which, in default of positive facts, has now become the favourite argument of its upholders.

“*Thomas de Quincey.*”

“*Mrs. Lewis*” is Part I. of a very interesting New England romance, occurring some thirty years ago, before railways had changed the face of the country, and, in a measure, the manners and opinions of men.

AMERICAN JOURNAL OF SCIENCE AND ART.—SEPTEMBER.

The following are the contents of this able Scientific Journal for September:—On the Velocity of Light and the Sun’s Distance; by Prof. Joseph Lovering. Further Remarks on a method of Reducing Observations of Temperature; by Prof. J. D. Everett. On the Coal-Measures of Cape Breton N. B., with a Section; by J. P. Lesley. Hydraulics of the Report of Humphreys and Abbott on the Mississippi River; by Prof. F. A. P. Bernard. On Inhalation of Nitroglycerine; by John M. Merrick, Jr. On the Chemical and Mineralogical Relations of Metamorphic Rocks; By T. Sterry Hunt, F.R.S. On the Appalachians and Rocky Mountains as Time-boundaries in Geological History; by James D. Dana. On the Homologies of the Insectean and Crustacean Types; by James D. Dana. On the genus *Centronella*, with remarks on some other genera of Brachiopoda; by E. Billings. On the Explosive Force of Gunpowder; by Prof. F. A. P. Barnard. On Childrenite from Hebron, Maine; by George J. Brush. Crystallographic examination of the Hebron mineral, and comparison of it with the Childrenite from Tavistock; by J. P. Cook, Jr. Meteoric Iron from Dakota Territory—Description and analysis; by Charles T. Jackson, M.D.

HUNT’S MERCHANT’S MAGAZINE.—AUGUST AND SEPTEMBER.

The articles in these numbers have particular references to special departments of trade or industry. They are written with the usual vigour and force of the writers in Hunt’s Magazine:—Silver; Its production, coinage, and relative value as compared with gold. Commercial Economy. Flax; Its history, culture, importation, exportation, and consumption. Sales of Personal Property and Stoppage in Transitu. Ship Canals and Railroads. The Public Debt July 1, 1863. Disinfection of Vessels. The History and Principles of Money. Railway Travel in England. The Statute of Frauds.

AMERICAN PUBLISHERS’ CIRCULAR AND LITERARY GAZETTE.—AUGUST AND SEPTEMBER.

Each number of this periodical becomes more varied and more useful and attractive. The “Notes on Books and Booksellers,” are very valuable to literary men; so also are the “Notes and Queries” and the “Foreign Correspondence.” Both of the numbers before us contain far more pleasant reading matter than the title of the periodical would lead one to suspect; and the notices and announcements of works just issued or about to appear,

are invaluable. It speaks well for the energy and literary zeal of Mr. Childs, of Philadelphia; and as the price is only two dollars a-year, and the *Circular and Literary Gazette* is furnished twice a-month, it will no doubt rapidly attain a very wide circulation in America and in Europe, and prove, we hope, permanently remunerative to its enterprising and zealous publisher.

THE HISTORICAL MAGAZINE, AND NOTES AND QUERIES CONCERNING THE ANTIQUITIES, HISTORY, AND GEOGRAPHY OF AMERICA.—SEPTEMBER.

The title of this monthly will be sufficient to arrest the attention of many in Canada who are students of American and Canadian history. On another page we have gleaned some valuable information from this magazine on the "Former Indian Races inhabiting part of Canada," and on the "Eastern Range of the Buffalo."

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY.

An Unprotected Female in the East—Lady Dufferin. The Pennsylvania Coal Region—H. M. Alden. The Battle and Triumph of Dr. Susan (concluded)—Fitzhugh Ludlow. The Religious Life of the Negro Slave—Chas. A. Raymond. Paul Hayden's Confession—John Saunders. The Statesmanship of Shakspeare—Chas. T. Corydon. Romola (continued)—Miss Evans. The Small House at Allington (continued). My Operations in Gold—Lemuel Agar. Mistress Gowan and her Son—Caroline Chesebro'. The Battle of Antietam—Geo. J. Noyes. In Memoriam (F. B. C.)—Mrs. M. E. Lee. Five Years—Nora Perry. Parson's Russell's Secret—Fred. B. Allen. Harbour Defence. Monthly Record of Current Events, &c. &c.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Canada in Winter—In our next No. J. R., Montreal—Scarcely suitable. H. E. M.,—The sentiments in your "chapter" are excellent—but in its present form not suitable,—Could you not convert it into a tale? "The Spinster Mary Brown" received, also "Marian and Mary"—both are respectfully declined; but we should be very glad to receive an article in prose from the writer. "Smiley"—will appear in our next. E. V. N.,—We should be glad to see your MS.; perhaps you can send it by a friend to the care of the Publishers; we will return the notices..

BRITISH AMERICAN MAGAZINE, VOL. II.

In compliance with the request of many gentlemen who take a lively interest in the GAME OF CHESS, it has been decided to devote one or two pages, as occasion may require, in the Second Volume of the *British American Magazine*, to illustrate this scientific and deservedly popular game. We have much pleasure in being able to announce that a gentleman well known as a skilful Chessplayer, has kindly undertaken to conduct the Chess department. All communications to be addressed as usual, to the "Editor of the *British American Magazine*, Toronto," and in order to secure their insertion, if approved of, in the next succeeding number, they should be mailed before the 10th of the month.