

W. Carriff

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From HEARTH AND HOME.
The Mystery OF METROPOLISVILLE.
BY EDWARD EGGLESTON,
Author of "The Hoosier School-Master," "The End of the World," etc., etc.
CHAPTER XVII.
A COLLISION.

If this were a history of Metropolisville—but it isn't, and that is enough. You do not want to hear, and I do not want to tell you, how Dave Sawney, like another Samson, overthrew the Philistines; how he sauntered into the room where all the county officers did business together, he and his associates, at noon, when most of the officers were gone to dinner; how he seized the records—there were not many at that early day—loaded them into his wagon, and made off. You don't want to hear all that. If you do, call on Dave himself. He has told it over and over to everybody who would listen, from that time to this, and he would cheerfully get out of bed at three in the morning to tell it again, with the utmost circumstantiality, and with such little accretions of fictitious ornament as always gather about a story often and fondly told. Neither do you, gentle reader, who read for your amusement, care to be informed of all the schemes devised by Plausaby for removing the county officers to their offices, nor of the town lots and other perquisites which accrued to said officers. It is sufficient for the purposes of this story that the county-seat was carted off to Metropolisville, and abode there in basswood tabernacles for a while, and that it proved a great advertisement to the town; money was more freely invested in Metropolisville, an "Academy" was actually staked out, and the town grew rapidly. Not alone on account of its temporary political importance did it advance, for about this time Plausaby got himself elected a director of the St. Paul and Big Gun River Valley Land Grant Railroad, and the speculators, who scent a railroad station at once, began to buy lots—on long time, to be sure, and yet to buy them. So much did the fortunes of Plausaby, Esq., prosper that he began to invest also—on time and at high rates of interest—in a variety of speculations. It was the fashion of '56 to invest everything you had in first payments, and then to sell out at an advance before the second became due.

color of her lover's habits of thought and feeling; she expressed herself even more warmly than she felt, so that Albert was happy, and this story was doomed to suffer because of his happiness. I might give zest to this dull love-affair by telling you that Mr. Minorkey opposed the match. Next to a disdainful lady-love, the best thing for a writer and a reader is a furious father. But I must be truthful at all hazards, and I am obliged to say that while Mr. Minorkey would have been delighted to have had for a son-in-law some man whose investments might have multiplied Helen's inheritance, he was yet so completely under the influence of his admired daughter that he gave a consent, tacitly at least, to anything she chose to do. So that Helen became recognized presently as the prospective Mrs. Charlton. Mrs. Plausaby liked her because she wore nice dresses, and Katy loved her because she loved Brother Albert. For that matter, Katy did not need any reason for loving anybody. Even the stified envy she was unwilling to give place to, and declared that Miss Minorkey was smart, and just suited Albert, and supposed that Albert with all his crochets and theories, might make a person like Miss Minorkey happy. It wasn't every woman that could put up with them, you know.

softened in the repetition which Albert gave them at home. Even Mrs. Plausaby forgot her attire enough to express her indignation, and as for Miss Marlay, she combined with Albert in a direct bayonet-charge on Katy.

Plausaby had always made it a rule not to fight a current. Wait till the tide turns, he used to say, and row with the stream when it flows your way. So now he, too, denounced Westcott, and Katy was fairly borne off her feet for a while by the influences about her. In truth, Katy was not without her own private and personal indignation at Westcott. Not because he had spoken of her as a fool. That hurt her feelings, but did not anger her much. He was not in the habit of getting angry on her own account. But when she saw three frightful scratches and a black bruise on the nose of Brother Albert, she could not help thinking that Smith had acted badly. And then to draw a pistol, too! To threaten to kill her own dear, dear, brother! She couldn't ever forgive him, she said. If she had seen the much more serious damage which poor, dear, dear Smith had suffered at the tender hands of her dear, dear brother, I doubt not she would have had an equally strong indignation against Albert.

In the quiet little hamlet, In the crowded, surging city. And the golden sun shines through them, Shines through the falling leaflets, Shines upon the highways, Shines everywhere resplendent. And the leaves are gently falling, like the pattering of the rain-drops, like the dancing of the snowflakes!

The water in many waters, In their never ceasing motion, On their grand and solemn motion, Like the tramping of an army, Like the march of many giants, Like the swelling of some music, Some royal and lordly anthem!

So sings the old St. Lawrence, The smiling old St. Lawrence, In this free and happy Canada, In this great and broad Dominion; Where rolling fertile acres, With their forests and their meadows, With their pine, and oak, and hemlock; With their sugar-bearing maples, Are inviting men of sinew, Men of brain, and men of muscle, To come and raise their Venice, In the heart of the old forest, Within sound of the St. Lawrence.

Are glazed and frozen over. And the highways and the byways Have a mantle white and airy, Resting very lightly on them; Pressing down the weary eyelids Of some cold and silent dreamer, Who has been somebody's darling, Now dreaming in God's acre.

Far away a little dwelling, With its high and antique gables, With its red aspiring chimneys, Glisten in the air of morning, In the cutting air of morning, Right beside the old St. Lawrence, That is ever chanting dirges For cold, dead dreamers sleeping Underneath its babbling waters.

And 'tis by the old St. Lawrence, That we build this airy picture. In the cold and chilly winter, In the sweet and balmy spring time, In the blazing, scorching summer, In the golden, hazy autumn, That we build the life of EYRION, In all its beauty and its magic, All its symmetry and manhood. While the snow is softly falling, While the violets are blooming, While the earth is clothed in beauty, While the golden grain is falling Before the ruthless sickle.

PART THE SECOND.

SOMETHING MORE THAN THE INTRODUCTION.

Once more by the old-St. Lawrence, Listening to its magic music, As it flows along unheeding— Never caring, never thinking Of the blue eyes gazing upward To the starry belt above her. Never dreaming of the mourning, Of the sobbing, and the weeping, Of the watching and the praying, For some fair-haired idol sleeping: For some fair-haired idol dreaming Underneath the dashing billows.

Winter—and the snow is falling On the highways and the byways, Like a fleecy mantle falling. Falling on the rushing river, On the chanting old St. Lawrence, Whence they disappear forever.

Let us enter now the cottage, With its high and antique gables, With its red aspiring chimneys, Glistening in the air of morning, Glistening through the falling snow-flakes

With a sharp and brilliant glory. Let us tell you of our hero. Let us paint a faithful picture Of a man of brain and muscle, Of a man of heart and sinew. Did you ever see the monarch, See the royal and lordly monarch Of the forest, in his beauty? When the raging storms were twisting, Bending it in all directions, Leaving it more firmly rooted, Leaving it far more reliant! Just the same it was with EYRION. Tall and stately as a giant; Eyes as dark or even darker Than the eagle's princely plumage, With a wealth of curls to match them, Gathering in graceful clusters O'er a brow high and stately, High and stately as a hero, High and massive as a poet. Thus you have him: have our hero In his beauty and his magic, With a heart as good and noble, And as true as any metal. Heated in a mighty furnace, Welded by gigantic hammers.

CONTINUED.

VARIETIES

"What a wise mother gave to her boy when he went forth into the untried world to seek his fortune, and that boy grew up a poet."

No man stumbles upon success. Good luck may open the way to the front, but he will never reach it without brains. "What do you mix your paints with?" asked a visitor of Opie, the painter. "With brains, sir," was the reply.

Complaining people, people who are in a state of normal dissatisfaction with the universe generally, do not often master the situation. The wrong side of the tapestry of life is never the most beautiful or encouraging one.

Success rides on every hour; grapple it and you may win, but without a grapple it will never go with you. Work is the weapon of honor, and he who lacks the weapon will never triumph.

All great leaders have been inspired with a great belief. In nine cases out of ten, failure is born of unfaith. Tennyson sings, "Faith and unfaith can never be equal powers." To be a great leader, and so always master of the situation, one must of necessity have been a great thinker in action.

The one serviceable, safe, certain, remunerative, attainable quality in every study and in every pursuit is the quality of attention. Genius, vivacity, quickness of penetration, brilliancy in association of ideas, will not always be commanded but attention after due term of submissive service, always will. Like certain plants which the poorest peasant may grow in the poor soil, it may be cultivated by any one, and it is certain in its own good season to bring forth flower and fruit.

Half the misunderstanding of those who can least afford to misunderstand each other at all arise from two joint reasons—first, from want of frankness on the part of those who think they have no need to explain; next, from want of faith on the part of those who can take nothing for granted without an explanation.

Promptness is a grand leader! Procrastination limps behind, and is always in difficulty. To-day is master of the situation; To-morrow is an impostor who brings failure with him.

A New York editor is accused of being drunk because he printed a quotation as follows: "And the cock wept thrice, and Peter went out and crew bitterly."

A political orator, speaking of a certain general whom he admired, said he was always on the field of battle where the bullets were the thickest. "Where was that?" "In the ammunition wagon."

TO BE CONTINUED.
REVISED FOR PURE GOLD.
EYRION.—PART I.
A NEW ORIGINAL POEM.
BY WILL HENRY GANE.
PART THE FIRST.—INTRODUCTION.

The last halo of the setting sun—
The last murmur of the busy world;
The first glimmer of the evening star—
The first step of the shadowy host
Of white-winged angels!
And I shut away the busy world!
Shut away the cares of life!
And in the twilight halcyon shades,
I take my harp, and strike the cords.
The music brings a shadowy crowd
That gather round me; and I loose
All cares and sorrows and the like,
And I sink away in a purple sea,
Tinged with violet and gold,
Where little boats, and phantom ships,
And cavaliers and ladies fair,
Alternately appear and disappear,
And I am happy, for I dream!

The air is filled with falling leaflets—
Beautiful airy leaflets;
Silver, and gold, and brown,
And brown, and gold, and silver,
A happy mixture of the whole.
Falling on the highways and the meadows,
On the river and the brooklet,
On the brown, high-ridged furrows,
On the mountain, in the valley,