

## SONG.

(From Victor Hugo.)

If you have really thought to say,  
Why come so often in my way!  
Or why those smiles upon me shed,  
Smiles that would turn a monarch's head!  
If you have really thought to say,  
Why come so often in my way!

If you would have me understand  
No secret, wherefore press my hand!  
I know that, as you hither strayed,  
Sweet dreams about your fancy played:  
Why, therefore, clasp my hand, unless  
Some riddle you would have me guess!

If you would really have me go,  
Far from your sight, why tempt me so!  
Filled with no rapture and despair  
Tremble, when I see you there!  
Then, pray, then, come to tempt me so,  
If you would really have me go!

Montreal.

GEO. MURRAY.

OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT  
AT MORRISBURG.A VETERAN OF 1812—SHOT THROUGH THE HEAD  
—PICKING OFF A REBEL—SPOON BAIT.

Judging from the number of old folks one meets, and hears about, Morrisburg must be a healthy place. There are quite a number of "old inhabitants" jogging quietly on to the "nineties." Those who have known them twenty years or so, say they have not changed any, and it is really hard to assign a reason why they should. Among the young-old boys Mr. Carlo D. Carlo, or "Uncle Carlo," as the villagers love to call him, is a representative man. He is a good type of "the fine old English gentleman," and though in his eighty-second year, he is hale and hearty and as active as a kitten—so to speak. He entered the Incorporated Militia when sixteen years old, and took part in the war of 1812 and the suppression of the rebellion of 1837. He was first stationed at Prescott and remembers well seeing the American boats passing down the river, tied one behind the other so as to present as small a mark as possible to the gunners of the fort. The bulk of the American army, as will be remembered, left their boats above Prescott and marched down on their own side of the river, taking to their flotilla again when out of reach of the British guns. Uncle Carlo says the guns in the fort were too high for good work, and only one or two of the boats were struck.

In connection with the battle of Lundy's Lane, 25th July, 1814, Uncle Carlo relates that Lt. Colonel Robinson was shot through the head and yet lived. The bullet entered near the left eye and in its course almost grazed the brain. The gallant Colonel was not long in hospital, and came out apparently none the worse for the wound, but when he rejoined his regiment he found that he could not bear the report of firearms—the sound almost sending him crazy. The Government thereupon gave him a comfortable position in one of the West India Islands.

Uncle Carlo was at the battle of the Windmill, November 13th, 1837, and relates how, to use his own expression, he shot a rebel as coolly as he would a squirrel. The rebels had been driven from the stone fences and were hiding behind the houses clustered about the Windmill. The regulars and militia were waiting for the order to charge—for it had been resolved to carry the position at the bayonet's point. Strict orders had been issued that not a shot should be fired. Uncle Carlo, then a sergeant, was at the extreme left of the advancing line. Meanwhile the rebels kept up a galling fire, and not far from where our hero was stationed a fine-looking fellow, armed with a rifle resplendent with inlaid silver, was busy picking off the British officers. The sharp-shooter would stand out boldly in the open, aim, fire and retire to lead as deliberately as a marksman at a prize meeting. Uncle Carlo watched him some little time and remarked to his lieutenant, standing near by, what a shame it was that they should have to remain still while the fellow pursued his murderous work. The lieutenant admitted the force of the argument, but reminded the sergeant of the order prohibiting firing. The next time the rebel appeared Uncle Carlo's wrath overcame his sense of duty and turning to the officers he said, "I know well that a soldier's first obligation is obedience to orders, but I am willing that my military career shall finish here rather than that fellow shall continue to slay our officers." Asking one of the privates for the loan of his musket, the plucky sergeant rested the piece on the fence and fired. The bullet struck the house a short distance from the rebel's body. Declaring that the musket didn't carry straight, Uncle Carlo borrowed another and again levelled, resting the piece on the fence as before and, as he says, aims as coolly as he would have done at a squirrel. Crack! went the musket, and this time the bullet found its billet, the rebel was seen to jump several feet and fall flat on his back, shot through the heart. "I dream of him often," said the old soldier as he related the story, "but I never have felt a pang of regret for what I did." When the commanding officer heard the shot he rode down the line and asked who had dared to disobey orders. Uncle Carlo stepped forward and saluted. "You know that orders had been given that there was to be no firing, did you not?" said the officer. "Yes sir," replied the sergeant, "but I could not bear to see yonder rebel picking off our gallant officers, so I resolved that cost what it might I would shoot him and so I have." "You did right, my

man," said the officer, adding: "and if I had been in your place I should have done the same."

Uncle Carlo retired with the rank of lieutenant, and can boast of having commanded representatives of three generations of one family. After his military career he was appointed a lock master, first on the Beauharnois Canal and latterly at Morrisburg. The latter position he retained until quite recently. During the past twenty-seven years he has been an active worker in the temperance cause, and as a local preacher in the Wesleyan Church he has earned considerable popularity. He is an ardent disciple of Isaac Walton. Taking advantage of the wonderfully mild weather, he on the 12th and 14th of last month, got his trim skiff out over the shore ice and, inviting the writer to accompany him, went over the fishing grounds in the bays of the adjacent islands, where at such a date there is usually ice two feet thick. Success did not attend the remarkable venture, but the week previous the venerable angler landed some splendid maskinonge.

Uncle Carlo claims to be the inventor of the spoon bait. He says that once when out fishing he accidentally dropped a ten cent piece overboard. As it went wobbling, a fine bass rushed forward and swallowed it, evidently mistaking it for the gleaming side of a minnow. Uncle Carlo lost no time in experimenting and at last his fertile brain evolved the "spoon" now universally used by those who war against the finny tribe.

## HEARTH AND HOME.

**DRESS.**—It is quite as foolish to dally dress as it is to make dress the first object in life. A proper attention to it is not only necessary but praiseworthy. A person, male or female, seeking employment, who is modestly, neatly, and becomingly attired, will be more likely to secure a situation than one who repels by slovenliness and carelessness of dress. Nor does this necessarily involve an expensive outlay. Combs, soap, water, and towels are very rarely beyond reach even of the poorest. Nor is a neatly mended or threadbare garment, carefully put on, of necessity inconsistent with good appearance. A person may spend thousands upon dress and yet always look untidy; while another, who counts every shilling as it goes, may look much better even in his well-worn suit.

**REAL FRIENDSHIP.**—Some true heart has given expression to its generous nature in the following beautiful sentiment:—Never desert a friend when enemies gather around him. When sickness falls on the heart, when the world is dark and cheerless, is the time to try a true friend. They who turn from a scene of distress betray their hypocrisy, and prove that interest moves them. If you have a friend who loves you, studies your interest and happiness, be sure and sustain him in adversity. Let him feel that his former kindness is appreciated, and that his love is not thrown away. Real fidelity may be rare, but it exists in the heart. Who has not seen and felt its power? They deny its worth who never loved a friend, or laboured to make a friend happy.

**LIFE'S CHANGES.**—How many to-night, through the length and breadth of our crowded city, are vainly clinging to the life which is fast ebbing away; and how many more soul-sick of deceit, and treachery, and injustice, finding no resting place for a weary over-tired heart, shrinking from a hopeless future—stung with sorrowful memories of the past—would gladly change places with them, and sleep their last sleep. He who made the heart, alone knoweth its bitterness when thus turned back upon itself. He only knoweth, who counteth our tears, how it is with such an experience not to turn, distrustful, away from our kind. He only knoweth how dark even the bright heaven may be, when such clouds roll between.

**FROM HOME.** Travelling has its delights if you are fortunate enough to secure a pleasant fellow traveller. You may imagine that you have found that ideal in your wife. Not at all. If it be the honeymoon, the happy couple are still almost strangers, and a close intimacy must subsist to keep the peace between travelling companions. If long married, *matrimonia* drags where she goes an ever-lengthening chain, or she counts the hours to her return to the little ones she has left behind. And in no case could the weaker sex be expected to exhibit those traits of endurance and cheerful submission to hardship which must be present among travellers worthy really of the name. Nor is perpetual harmony certain always in a simple *de-a-tête*. Change of companionship is necessary to prevent dire boredom.

**ORIGIN IN QUARRELS.**—The sweetest, the most clinging affection is often shaken by the slightest breath of unkindness, as the delicate rings and tendrils of the vine are agitated by the faintest air that blows in summer. An unkind word from one beloved often draws blood from many a heart which would defy the battle-axe of hatred or the keenest edge of vindictive satire. Nay, the shade, the gloom of the face familiar and dear, awakens grief and pain. These are the little thorns which, though men of a rougher form may make their way through them without feeling much, extremely incommode persons of a more refined turn in their journey through life, and make their travelling unskome and unpleasant.

**KISSING.**—It is because there is so much hypocrisy in promiscuous kissing that we object

strongly to the senseless custom. It is well enough for a man to kiss his wife, a lover his mistress, a mother her children, and a brother his sister; but it is another thing for a person to kiss anybody and everybody. It is a question whether all public kissing is not objectionable; it is certain that very little can be advanced in favour of public promiscuous kissing. Except in some cases, there is nothing enjoyable in a kiss, and it is certainly not a very beautiful thing to look at. It should, therefore, be only necessary to prove that it has ceased to be a reliable symbol of affection in order to persuade the great majority of sensible persons to do their best to bring general kissing into disfavour.

**REPUTATION.**—Reputation is but a synonym of popularity—dependent on suffrage, to be increased or diminished at the will of the voters. It is the creature, so to speak, of its particular age, or rather a particular state of society; consequently, dying with that which sustained it. Hence we can scarcely go over a page of history that we do not as in churchyard, tread upon some buried reputation. But fame cannot be voted down, having its immediate foundation in the essential. It is the eternal shadow of excellence from which it can never be separated; nor is it ever made visible but in the light of an intellect kindred with that of its author. It is that light which projects the shadow which is seen of the multitude, to be wondered at and revered, even while so little comprehended as to be often confounded with the substance—the substance being admitted from the shadow, as a matter of faith. It is the economy of Providence to provide such lights: like rising and setting stars they follow each other through successive ages; and thus the monumental form of genius stands forever relieved against its own imperishable shadow.

**LOWLINESS.**—The world needs men more than anything else. Rubies are not to be mentioned by the side of men that are stable, men that are thoroughly honest and reliable, men that are right, men that are competent in their sphere. Such men are more precious than the gold of Ophir. There are lots of things lying loose all through human society which are called men, but which are poor stuff. They are over-swollen. They falsely estimate themselves. They are without moral judgment, or their moral judgment rests on a false basis. They do not judge themselves by the higher law of manhood, or by the divine standard. They are not content to stand at a point where they are really fitted to stand and execute the duties of life. So multitudes of men rise and are smitten down again. Only here and there do we see men beginning low, progressing with moderation, maintaining what they gain, rising to the very end, and at last having the verdict of men that they were more than they ought themselves to be. Universal just judgment and generosity tend to put men higher who put themselves low, and to put down the man who thinks himself to be greater than he really is.

**GOOD LISTENERS.**—It is all very well to complain of the dearth of good listeners, and to say the man who listens well is as desirable a companion as the man who talks well. But it is not easy to be a good listener, for it requires certain high moral qualities. A man to listen well must be unselfish, he must be willing both to give and take. He must have power of self-control, for he must be ready to give his mind for a moment into another man's custody. He must have a certain amount of deference and humility, which the man who accompanies your words with a running commentary of protest or contradiction does not possess. The person who lets his eye wander while you are talking to him, shows that he is deficient in the first elements of good breeding, courtesy. Even in this, its simple form, few people would learn the art of attention. They, themselves, want to talk—not that they have anything to say, but because they love the music of their own words. We rarely meet with anyone who ever thinks of ruling the tongue. But still, although talking goes on in the world without intermission, conversation, in its proper sense, is fast dying out. Our talking, like our writing, is serious and dull, and is unrelieved by wit and brilliancy. There is no greater nuisance than when a company at dinner is forced to listen to two liberty lions, who try to be clever and smart. No doubt it is pleasing to them, and to them only, but it is not conversation, because all present do not share in it.

## BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

"How's your husband this evening, Mrs. Quaggs?"—"No improvement, doctor, one way or the other."

A BOSTON teacher, who in a fit of vexation called her pupils a set of young adders, on being reproved for her language, explained by saying that she was speaking to those just commencing arithmetic.

A DELAWARE man, arrested for murder, proved that on that night, and at the hour of the murder, he was at home whipping his wife, and this fact saved him. A word to the wise is, and so forth.

"Doctor," said a lady, who vowed herself tired of housekeeping, "I want my husband to take me to Florida this winter. Now, what is the matter with me, that renders it necessary for me to go?"

BISHOP CLARK, of Rhode Island, always will

have his joke, and it's always worth having, too. He once went to see one of his parishioners, a lady with a prodigious family, which had recently been increased. As he rose to leave, the lady stopped him with "But you haven't seen my last baby."—"No," he quickly replied, "and I never expect to." Then he fled.

A YOUNG lady who had some idea of marrying a young parson, asked advice of the venerable widow of a clergyman. The old lady said, "If you ever marry a minister, marry one who, in an emergency, has enough of grace of God in his heart to get from the pulpit to the kitchen and pare the potatoes for dinner without growling." A woman who draws such a matrimonial and ministerial prize as this, ought to be willing to go into the pulpit and take her turn at preaching, when an emergency compels.

AN extremely significant custom is observed by a race of girls which we call barbarians. When lovers present themselves they put a live coal into the hand of each, and the one who holds it longest wins a wife. There is a great deal of honesty in this practice which is to be commended. They make it hot for a man before marriage instead of after. Our customs are entirely different, for the young girls now-a-days put a smile in your hand first and the live coal afterwards. This is called domestic bliss.

## LITERARY.

VICTOR HUGO never wears an overcoat, and goes out in all weathers without one.

MISS BLANCHE HOWARD, author of "One Summer" is said to be thirty-one years old, and a remarkably beautiful girl.

A LONDON correspondent says that Tennyson and Longfellow are the only poets for whose works there is a real demand in England.

HACKLANDER, "the Dickens of Germany," received from a single publisher during the twenty-six years ending 1851 the large sum of \$90,000.

MR. GRANT, the chief correspondent of the London Times, as well as Messrs. MacGahan and Millet, the special correspondents of the Daily News, are all Americans.

SIR WALTER SCOTT told Leslie he had known a labouring man who was with Burns when the ploughshare turned up the mouse. His first impulse was to kill it, but checking himself as his eye followed the little creature, he said, "I'll make that mouse immortal."

At a recent examination of a bankrupt it was observed that he kept a great number of banking accounts. "I see," said the learned judge, "that you have had six or seven bankers. What could you want so many for?"—"To overdraw them, to be sure," was the frank and candid reply.

GAIL HAMILTON is described as a plump, square-jawed, determined looking lady, with brown hair, freckled complexion, retreating nose, and eyes of a crooked, not to say mischievous, archness. She is haughty in her manner toward ephemeral female journalists, and in general likes to talk with men better than with women.

HENRY MORLEY, in a recent lecture on English novelists, vindicated Charles Dickens' "Black House" from the objection that its purpose was to expose the abuses of the Court of Chancery. That, he contended, was not the essential purpose of the novel, though a Chancery suit was at the root of the story—but that was simply taken to illustrate the truth that we must live our own lives and work out our own problems, and, however tempting the invitation to look for something outside ourselves, that we must resist the temptation, be ourselves, and do our duty. That, therefore, was the cardinal truth of "Black House."

Come now and let us reason  
together.

Why do people so frequently say to Dr. Pierce, "I suppose your Golden Medical Discovery cures everything?" Because it has been the practice of knavish charlatans to manufacture worthless nostrums and attempt to dupe the ignorant and credulous by recommending them to cure every form of disease. To such an extent has this been practiced that it is no wonder that many have acquired prejudices against all advertised remedies. But Dr. Pierce does not advertise his standard preparations as "cure-alls," does not claim that they will perform miracles, but simply publishes the fact that they have been developed as specifics for certain forms of disease for which he recommends them, after having tested their efficacy in many hundred cases with the most gratifying success. It is a fact known to every well informed physician that many single remedies possess several different properties. Quinine, for instance, has a tonic quality, which suggests its use in case of debility; an anti-periodic, by which it is efficacious in ague; and a febrifuge property, which renders it efficacious in cases of fever. The result of its administration will also vary with the quantity given and the circumstance under which it is employed. So, likewise, the Golden Medical Discovery possesses both pectoral and alterative, or blood-cleansing properties of the highest order. By reason of these two prominent properties it cures two classes of diseases. First, those of the respiratory organs, as throat, bronchial, and lung affections, chronic coughs and asthma, and second, disease of the blood and glandular system, in which affections all skillful physicians employ alteratives, as in cases of blotches, eruptions, ulcers, swellings, tumors, abscesses, and in torpor of the liver or "biliousness." While its use is, by its combination of properties, suggested in cases of pulmonary consumption, yet you need not take it expecting it will cure you if your lungs are half consumed, nor because it is recommended as a blood medicine would its proprietor advise you to take it expecting it to cure cancer. It will not perform miracles, but it will cure many grave forms of disease.