

(CONTINUED FROM THIRD PAGE.)

"You must be kind to my people, darling, when I am gone. Remember they have lived on Terreverde, dear Terreverde!—(how I wish I was to die there, Toty) and never sell them from the home where they were reared. Promise me this, Lansing, for Terreverde will soon be all your own."

"I promise," said Dacre, solemnly, "and I shall love Terreverde as no other spot on earth, for every object will be alive with the memory of Maud La Grange, when I first saw her that pleasant September morning, not quite one year ago. But you must not die, Maud. Now I am in danger of losing you, I know how I love you, and I look at my past as the wild wanderings of a dream."

Then she was silent for a few moments; but turned to Toty after a little, and put her tiny arms about the dark, clustering curls of her young friend, which gave her pale face an unearthly whiteness, as she whispered:

"Toty! you and I need no words now. Toty, we were more than sisters from the hour we first knew one another, when we were little mites of creatures in short frocks, and long, white aprons. You will find, Toty, I have not forgotten you, when I am gone; and prythee, when you lie with him to the North [pointing to me], 'do not forget Maud, but keep her grave green in your heart.'"

"Guardy," said the dying girl, as the noble, kind-hearted old man approached her closer, "do not be unkind to Lansing when I am gone. No! you cannot be unkind to him, I know—but love him just as ever, won't you, Guardy, for my sake?"

"For your sake I'll try, Maud. Oh, my dear child, I so wished to see you happy all your life!" he rejoined.

"Uncle Abe, come here; tell Emily to come in; I want to see her very much. Call Aunt Chloe, too, Uncle Abe. You won't have to bear many more commands from Maud. Do you remember, Uncle Abe, what a naughty child I used to be, and how I used to disobey poor mamma and play in the sand, and make mud pies, and you—"

Here a fit of coughing seized her, but in a few moments she continued:

"You used to go with me to Aunt Chloe's cabin, and get me clean clothes, and wash my hands, and never let poor mamma know how disobedient I was. Uncle Abe, tell all my people at Terreverde Maud loves them all, and that they must remember Mr. Dacre will be kind to them forever, for my sake! Oh! Uncle Abe, if I could but see Terreverde for a little moment more! Dear Terreverde!"

"De Lor' am a comin' sure. Dat angel speak jes as her mudder did wen she was a goin' for to leav us. Bless you, Missey Maud. Abe'm allu's sez, Missey Maud was too good for dis world."

Emily entered the room in her widow's garb—very pale and sad, and with a heavy care in her heart. Was she afraid of the dying child whose husband's heart she had stolen before his hand had been given? I know not. Mentor averted his face to hide grief too deep for tears.

Emily knelt at the couch of little Maud, and her black raiment contrasted strangely with the flockless white that the Wee One wore; but Maud kissed the high, narrow brow of the Widowed Girl, and toyed with a tress of her amber hair.

We were all silent for some moments, when Maud whispered her husband's name. She motioned him to kneel at her side, and pressed her lips to his for an instant, and then, with a sound that I thought was a sigh, she placed Lansing's hand in that of Emily, and gave them a glance that words are dead blocks of emptiness to represent.

In that look was a Woman who had risen above earth's petty rivalries, envyings and distrusts; in that look was a spirit scattering golden blessings ere it took its flight from earth; in that look was the Girl transfigured to a Saint—a martyr at the sacred altar of a wife's fond heart.

The shadows lengthened rapidly, and the last rays of the setting sun stole into the

chamber, as we waited for the Little One to speak to us again; but no sound was audible to Mentor, as he listened to catch her faint breathing; for the pure spirit had returned to the God who gave it, so quietly, so peacefully, that none of us knew the moment when the Death-Angel bore the willing soul away from the beautiful form that seemed so like unto marble, as the very last beams of the dying day fell upon it from the open window of the quaint little sitting-room, in the cottage that was 'Summer Rest' indeed, and which still stands in Corpus Christi, "Down on the Beach."

TORONTO, June 25, 1861.

OUR HOME CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the Home Journal:

I am quite proud that we have a literary paper of our own. I have, for the want of a local medium, been in the habit, for the past few years, of sending articles to the *Waverley Magazine*, published in Boston, and other American periodicals, and have had many invitations to others, but it is impossible to serve them all—at least many have found it difficult, particularly when they know that their productions were sent adrift in a land of strangers, where no familiar friend, and no countryman, whose thoughts are for the great, the aspiring, and the noble of his own land, can be expected to eulogise the sentiment, appreciate the national peculiarity, and redeem the modulated cadences of the Canadian Muse from the icy oblivion and the chilling atmosphere of foreign indifference and neglect. This must be the idea of all Canadians who have contributed to foreign literature, and really some of it is foreign enough. I received a letter from N. P. Willis, who was astonished that Canadians had no literary paper of their own, and no books of national essays, &c., as some of his best contributors were Canadians. Now, when I speak of Canadian genius, and the Canadian Muse, I am authorised, as it were, to do so by the sentiments of such a distinguished person as N. P. Willis.

Time will tell; we shall see who are our great thinkers, our essayists, our moralists and poets. We shall see if Willis is not right, and we shall also see the merits of the various writers, and we may have from some of the humblest mechanics and artisans of this romantic soil—men from the land of bold and primeval forests, old and mighty rivers, and broad lakes and sparkling cataracts—we may have, I say, amongst the humble and unassuming of this new country, those who can put to shame the gilded and hollow pretensions of the old and proud, the sounding and brassy lucubrations of the would-be monarchs of the quill—we may, by engendering through years a moral atmosphere, capable of wooing the native spirit of song into existence; we may, by encouraging this, and sensitising the region of native thought, adorning the path, and making it soft, beautiful and attractive, give to the rising generation the foundation of a national literature, the love of all that is either sublime or beautiful in nature, or bold, glorious or promising in man. We have never, as a people, seemed to call or to yearn for a national literature; we should value it, for anything that is not worth valuing will not be worth the trouble of seeking. The more it progresses amongst our happy million of free and thinking people, the more will the valuation increase. A full and an immediate development would be impracticable; but progress and perseverance lead to the great result in the end. We must have some writers of experience in this country—we must have many who, if joined together in the laudable desire of contributing their strength to uphold a literary periodical amongst us, could, by their praiseworthy, intellectual co-operation, prevent the possibility of that periodical from sinking.

Literature is the ornament of a nation; we may see the pomp and excellence of mural grandeur—the effect of riches and architectural design; but it is not the leading ornament of a people's boast. All people are foremost in boasting of their poets, historians, and their orators—their men of ta-

lent and their men of mind. Prowess is essential to a nation's security; the soldier has his reward in the annals of a nation; and he has his place peculiar to his position and circumstances; but the march of intellect, the onward, steady and persevering march, transcends the monuments of wealth, outlives the existence of the pyramids, and exercises a triumph over everything of an inimical tendency and a hostile influence. It will be the duty of every man who can wield his pen—who has gone through its "exercises" in moral warfare, as the soldier with his sword on the "listed field;" it will be the *tyro's* duty, the duty of the cultivated and refined, to merge into this sunny and inviting channel. We must have a fleet upon it to guard the treasures of intellect and virtue from the invasion of the vices, the pennon of hope must fly aloft, and stream triumphantly and beautifully in the cerulean of the moral heaven, and wave with the *etesias* and the airs, wafted from the ocean of illimitable thought.

I trust, sir, that your step, which was taken with confidence and courage, will lead you safely to your expected goal. If there is anything that I felt more disagreeable than another, when speaking to aliens about this country and our neighbors, it was the fact of not being able to boast, as the Americans truly could—"We have literature encouraged in our country."

TH. FENTON.

Chatham, June 6, 1861.

The Ladies' Cabinet.

We have received so many kind little satin-paper, gilt-edged notes this week, that we feel more than a common hesitation in unlocking the Cabinet, lest eyes may peep over our shoulder that have no right to such a liberty, but will take it without so much as saying "by your leave." The first topic you will want touched upon ladies, is,

THE FASHIONS.

Gored dresses have now become an institution among us, no skirts being now considered fashionable unless made in this manner, which after the first shock always produced by a decided innovation are exceedingly admired, as they enable a lady to appear gracefully with a short dress in front and an exceedingly long train. All skirts, whether plain, flounced or puffed, are now gored.

The new style for walking dresses more thoroughly combines neatness, elegance and comfort than any mode which we have ever chronicled. They are made of Mozambique, poplin and other thin materials too numerous to mention, with skirts into which gores are introduced at the sides. The sleeves are made either tight at the wrist, with two large puffs above, or coat sleeves trimmed with buttons or gimp. Down the front a row of large buttons are placed, covered with some decided color. A small rounded cape completes this costume, which has somewhat the appearance of a coat.

For dress goods plain silks are much worn also narrow plain silks, which are always tasteful and lady like, either for home or street wear. We have seen some made up with a single flounce, eight inches in depth, bound with a different color from the dress, the flounce continuing up to within a quarter of a yard to the waist on the left side, and terminating in a rosette with ends.

Dresses trimmed with flounces *en tablier* are considered the latest as well as the most elegant novelty. Plain silks are extremely pretty made in this style; for instance, a light gray silk with four small flounces pinked, of alternate gray and Solferino, the flounces forming a tablier in front, and extending up the waist to the shoulders; at the head of the four lower flounces and at the side of the tablier, a quilling of Solferino silk. The sleeves demi-closed, trimmed around the bottom and up the back with alternate flounces of the same shade.

Cloves with the seams worked in a different color down the back of the hand are exceedingly pretty, and very much worn. Black and white are the colors most adopted, but we have also seen them of every different hue.

LEISURE OF SERVANTS.

Some of our lady readers can appreciate this anecdote:—

Mr. B.—hired two servants, James and Eliza. One morning he called to James:—

"James, are you down stairs?"

"Yes, sir."

"What are you doing?"

"Nothing, sir."

"Eliza, where are you?"

"Down here, sir."

"What are you doing?"

"Helping James, sir."

"Well, when you have both leisure, one of you may bring me my boots."

GOOD ADVICE.

Ladies, listen to some advice—you need it badly enough, there's not a question about that. Don't give your beau a chance to feel sure of you. It's bad for them, and it's worse for you. There are exceptions, to be sure; there are men who may be safely trusted with the knowledge that they are all in all to the heart of the woman they are wooing; but such are deplorably few. The ardor of most men lasts only so long as lasts their uncertainty. Keep them off and they'll grow more and more devoted; bring them near, and they'll cool off as fast as a flat-iron in the snow. Let them think that you care but little for them or their love, and they will try hard to become more worthy of your regard. Not flirt, nor strive to wound their feelings; we don't mean that—heaven forbid! But don't make yourself cheap. Just keep your own counsel, and the more hopelessly in love you are, the more do you guard the knowledge of the fact from your lover.

THE ST. JAMES' MAGAZINE.

This publication is conducted by Mrs. S. C. Hall, and is issued every month, from Paternoster Row, London. It is worth a great deal to the ladies, and should be on every boudoir table.

LADY EQUESTRIANS.

To ride well is a great female accomplishment, giving grace to the carriage and health to the entire system.

The art of horsemanship does not consist merely in knowing how to mount, how to hold the reins, how to sit with security and grace, nor how to compel the horse to walk that canter or gallops, at the will of the rider. All these are indispensable. But there is also to be acquired the art of drawing forth the willing obedience of the animal. This is to be obtained only by a kind, temperate, and uniform treatment, and by a thorough knowledge of his habits and instincts. How different is a ride on a well-kept, well-used horse, who feels that he carries a friend, to one on a broken-spirited or timid creature, in whom ill-usage has produced many defects. In the former case, the ride is as great a pleasure to the horse as his rider. He sniffs the air, he pricks up his ears, he throws forward his feet with energy. Life has, to him, delights beyond his stall and corn. The horse is naturally gentle, intelligent, and affectionate; but these qualities are not sufficiently studied or appreciated. He is usually regarded merely as a means of health and pleasure to his owner, and not often is either gratitude, kindness, or sympathy extended to him in return.

CANTERING.

On your very first setting forth, the horse should be allowed to walk a short distance. Some riders gather up their reins hastily, and before they have secured them properly, allow the animal to trot or canter off. Such a proceeding is often productive of mischief, sometimes of accident. A lady's horse should canter with the right foot. The left produces a rough unpleasant motion and ungraceful appearance. The whole body is jerked at every stride. Should the animal have been trained to canter with the left foot, a little perseverance will soon teach him better. Hold the rein so as to tighten it slightly on the left side of the mouth, touch (not hit) him gently on the right shoulder with the whip—sit well back in the saddle, so as not to throw weight on the shoulder. The horse will soon understand what is required of him. But if he does not, try again after an interval of a few minutes. Straighten the reins immediately