

Literature.

What is a Newspaper?

Organs that gentlemen play, To answer the taste of the day, Whatever it be. They hit on the key And pipe in full concert away. News from countries and climes, Advertisements, essays, and rhymes, Mixed up with all sorts Of (O) lying reports, And publish at regular times. Articles able and wise, At least in the editor's eyes, And logic so grand That few understand. To what the world it applies. Statistics, reflections, reviews, Little scraps to instruct and amuse, And lengthy debates Upon matters of state For wise-headed folks to peruse. The funds as they were, and are, The quibbles and quirks of the bar, And every week A clever critique On some raising theatrical star. The age of Jupiter's moons, The stealing of somebody's spoons, The state of the crops, The style of the fops, And the wit of the public buffons. List of all physical ills, Banished by somebody's pills, Till you ask with surprise Why any one dies. Or what's the disorder that kills. Who has got married, to whom, Who were out off in the bloom, Who has had birth On this sorrow stained earth, And who totters fast to the tomb. The prices of cattle and grain, Directions to dig and to drain, But 'twould take me too long To tell you in song A quarter of all they contain. Home Journal.

UP AND BE A HERO.

BY ALEX. M'CALLAN, AUTHOR OF THE "EMIGRANT."

Up my friend, be bold and true, There is noble work to do, Hear the voice which calls on you— Up and be a hero! What tho' fate has fixed thy lot, To the lowly sunset cot; Tho' thou art not worth a groat, Thou may'st be a hero! High heroic deeds are done, Many a battle's lost or won Without either sword or gun— Up, and be a hero! Not to gain a worldly height, Not for sensual delight; But for very love of right, Up, and be a hero! Follow not the worldling's creed? Be an honest man in deed; God will help thee in thy need, Only be a hero! There is seed, which must be sown, Mighty truths to be made known, Tyrannies to be o'erthrown, Up, and be a hero! There are hatreds and suspicions, There are social inquisitions, Worse than ancient superstitions; Strike them like a hero! In the mighty fields of thought, There are battles to be fought, Revolutions to be wrought, Up and be a hero! Bloodless battles to be gained, Spirits to be disenchanted, Holy heights to be attained, Up, and be a hero! To the noble soul alone Nature's mystic heart is shown; God will make his secrets known, Only to a hero! If thou only art but true, What may not thy spirit do? All is possible to you— Only be a hero!

A WIFE'S STORY.

"Lift me up, Katherine," said my father, in the low, faint voice of extreme weakness. "I want to look out of the west window once more. If I ever see these hills again it will be with eyes that can not be sealed by death or dimmed by old age." I lifted him up aided by the young physician who had had the care of him during his six week's illness, and who seldom left him now. My father was the oldest medical practitioner in Woodstock. In fact the town contained but one other, a man of nearly the same age. Perhaps the rivalry of half a life time had not made them any better friends. At all events, I believe that my father, though he permitted me to send for Dr. Greene at the commencement of his severe illness, was not sorry to learn that he was temporarily out of town. In this emergency I had recourse to Dr. Bartholemew—a young man, not more than thirty, who was rusticated during the summer months at the village hotel, enjoying the kindred pleasures of retirement and trout-fishing. From the first my father had been pleased with his manners and satisfied with his skill; though he had asserted that he needed no physician, and that the illness which was upon him was beyond the reach of earthly aid. Dr. Bartholemew had in fact, filled for six weeks the post of nurse rather than medical adviser. Beside mine, his was the only face that did not seem to bring confusion and disquiet into the sick-room. I was only eighteen, though my father was nearly seventy. I was the child of his old age, the last of seven, and my six brothers and sisters slept in sight of our windows, where the church spire cast its long shadow, and the light streamed lovingly over a sunny hill-side. My mother had died so long ago that I only cherished a memory of a sweet, kind face, a low, soft voice, a memory as dim as our childish fancies about saints and angels. Since her death I had been my father's all, as he had been mine. When he was gone I could see no love or hope for me in the world—no friend, no comfort. But my heart struggled desperately against admitting for an instant the idea of his death. I read no encouragement in Dr. Bartholemew's eyes, yet for a long time I strove to persuade myself that there were signs and possibilities of recovery which only watching as anxious as mine could discover. We piled pillows behind and around him, and placed him, as he requested, in a position where his eyes could take in the range of the outside landscape. He looked forth long and silently. At length his gaze rested on a tall elm whose branches overshadowed nearly half the yard, and he spoke, in a dreamy, absent voice: "How large it is, Kathie! I planted it forty-five years ago—the very day I brought your mother home a bride. See how young and fresh it looks! Birds sing in its boughs; the sun loves its greenness. It lives, and Rachel is still and dead beside her six children in the church-yard. It will be hale and young still when I have been sleeping a hundred years by her side. What do I say? Perhaps she and I will be young also: It is not all of us, Kathie, that you leave under the ground. There is another part that feels, and thinks, and loves. We call it soul, for want of a better name. Perhaps Rachel's soul is waiting for mine—now—out there." He lapsed again into silence, but his eyes were looking very far off, striving, it seemed, to pierce through clouds and sky to seek the soft beauty of a face as far away from his vision as time is from eternity. How far is that? Sometimes I think a breath would lift the curtain between us and the invisible ones beyond. I thought so then. The truth came home to me that he must go. I felt that his aged, trembling feet had reached the brink of that sea which flows forever toward the ocean of eternity—on this shore earth, on that—what? No bridge spans those tideless waters, no voyager has ever returned to reveal the secrets of that land. Not even an echo floats back to us across the waves. I almost held my breath to listen; but I heard no summons, no oar-plash from the ferryman of death. Did my father read my thoughts? He sank back against the pillows and turned his eyes on me fondly. As if answering my fears, he said: "The messenger has come, Kathie; he is waiting. I must go. It will not be long before I shall understand the mystery. I think I shall see Rachel. Good-by, dear child, good child. There is a love beyond the earth that will not leave you desolate." His eyes lingered with a holy, clinging tenderness upon my face. His hand fluttered softly to and fro over my hair. This had been from my infancy his one habitual caress; but the thin, shaking hands moved very feebly now. At length they grew still. I thought his eyes were losing their look of recognition. I clasped my arms about him close, close. I tried to call to him, to beseech his blessing, to implore him to stay with me, but my lips refused to move. I could not speak one word. I dared not look into those eyes, growing so frightfully dim and glassy. I buried my face in his bosom. Soon the Doctor said, gently, "God pity you, poor child! he is dead." My father had been buried a week when Dr. Bartholemew came to bid me good-bye. He had prolonged his stay in Woodstock a month beyond his intentions—at first, because of my father's illness; and since his death, in order to afford me all the comfort and assistance that was in his power. I knew this, and felt something as nearly approaching to gratitude as a heart so stupefied by grief could experience. All post

ive emotion seemed swallowed up for the time by the one great wave which had engulfed my life. I sat alone in the room where my father and I had passed so many evenings together. It was nearly dark, and I had lighted no lamp. A fire smouldered in the grate, for it was a chilly evening in September, but I had not enough energy to stir it into life. I sat with my head upon my hands, trying morbidly to recall every instance in which I had ever failed in duty to my dead father; every sorrow I might have shared and did not; every pang I had failed to assuage. I did not even look up when Dr. Bartholemew came in. More than any one I ever knew he had the habit of respecting the moods of others. He took a chair and sat down quietly at the other side of the hearth. Neither of us spoke for a while, until I had begun to feel soothed by his silent companionship, and find it rather pleasant than intrusive. Then he said, in those quiet tones I had learned in my father's sick-room to know so well, and obey so cordially and instinctively, "Kathie, this is not good for you, sitting here in the dark with the fire burning low, and thinking, as I know you are, about a past which death had sealed up forever. I shall not like you to do so when I am gone. You know I leave Woodstock to-morrow." "To-morrow! So soon?" I said, sadly. It seemed to me as if my last friend would be gone, and I thought I could not bear it. He stirred the fire till it burned up brilliantly, lit a lamp, and placed it in the little round table in the centre of the room, and then came and sat down near me. "Yes, Kathie, to-morrow." He looked at me searchingly, with his grave, truthful eyes. "I came to Woodstock because I had had a hard winter, and was in need of rest. I have staid already much longer than I intended, and I should be tempted to stay longer still but it is impossible. The friend who took my practice during my absence is imperatively called away, and I am needed at once in Philadelphia. I am sorry to leave you, Kathie, while the wound in your heart is still so fresh and sore." He paused for me to answer him, but my tears came instead of words. After a while I faltered, "You were so kind to him. I can not thank you, but I shall indeed feel as if I had lost all when you are gone." Again that searching look, as he would pierce through my words to my thought, and know my whole meaning. Then a light, a gleam of something I had never met in any man's eyes before came into his, and I heard the first words of love that had ever fallen upon my maiden ears. "I shall feel as if I had left all in leaving you. I did not mean to say it to-night, Kathie, but in these past weeks of sorrow you have grown into my heart; it is full of you. Some day I shall ask if you can give me love for love; if you will share my home and my future—some time, but not to-night. You are lonely and sorrowful now; you think you have reason to be grateful to me; and these things might mislead you. I will not have your answer until, through months of absence, you have learned to know your own heart. But this winter I shall write to you—may I not?—and in the spring I shall come to hear what message your soul has for mine." "I could not have answered him if I would; he had put it out of my power. Nor do I think I was prepared to tell him then that I loved him with my lifetime's love; the idea was too new—too strange. So I sat silent till he spoke again, on another theme. "You must not live here alone, Kathie. Have you thought of any plan? I could wish all might be settled before I go." "Yes, I have arranged that. You know Miss Willis?" "What, the pattern old maid—the best woman in Woodstock? Yes." "To-day I saw her. She is boarding with strangers now. You know that she has been for many years an orphan, without any near ties—like myself. I have asked her to come to me for the winter, and I think she is glad to do so. She will be here on Monday." "This relieves me, Kathie, of much anxiety. If Miss Willis is not very original or amusing, she is good, and will take good care of you, with her old Janet you will do very well." "We did not talk long after that. I was tired and excited, and Dr. Bartholemew saw it. Soon he rose to go. "I shall write you every week," he said, as we stood side by side before the fire, "and you must tell me all about your life—all that troubles, all that pleases you; and in any doubt or perplexity be sure I shall not fail you. I only want one promise. It is sin to rebel against God's will—to give our whole hearts and lives up to despair because any human friend is taken away even the dearest. We have always Heaven's work to do, and it is no human being's right to unfit himself for it. Promise me, then, that you will try to struggle against grief—to think of your father only as he would wish to have you think. You should keep busy; that is the sovereign antidote for undue grief; read and study, and keep house, and make yourself useful where ever sorrow is." "You are right, I know," I answered, as I met the kind eyes bent upon me with a look of entreaty more controlling than a command; "I will do my best to obey you." (Continued in our next.)

CATTLE BREEDING.

Cattle breeding is regarded, as it really is, one of the most important branches of husbandry in this country. The events of the past ten months have not made it less so than formerly. But, as with horse breeding, that degree of intelligence and science has not been brought to it that should have been, to make it as profitable to him who engages in it or to the country, as it may or should be. Too many farmers and stock breeders have taken their fathers and grandfathers as their only guide, rather than experiment for themselves or seek information from the various sources open to them and to all who choose to avail themselves of the knowledge and experience of those whose lives, as it were, have been devoted to the pursuit of knowledge upon a single branch. In this country less attention has been paid to the science of breeding for the different purposes—work, dairy and beef—than in Great Britain, where whatever branch is pursued by the farmer must be with the view of producing the greatest amount of value upon a given quantity of land. In Great Britain the value of neat cattle alone is four hundred millions of dollars, and that of sheep and swine half as much more, making the total value of cattle, sheep and swine, about six hundred millions of dollars. In Great Britain much more attention is being paid to breeding for the different purposes than formerly. For work the Devons are regarded as best, being very active, docile and tractable. Much of their docility, however, we doubt not, may be attributed to the uniform kind treatment bestowed upon them by their masters. They are put to work from two to three years old, and are worked carefully, under good care and keep, until five or six, when they are turned to pasture, and after six months are generally brought to market good beef. Wm. Youatt, in his book on the breeds, diseases and management of cattle, gives some very interesting facts in regard to the treatment of working steers in north and south Devon. He says "there is a peculiarity in driving the ox team which is very pleasing to the stranger, and the remembrance of which, connected with his early days, the natives do not soon lose. A man and a boy attend each team; the boy chants that which can scarcely be regarded as any distinct tune, but which is a very pleasing succession of sounds, resembling the counter tenor in the service of the cathedral. He sings away with unwearied lungs, as he trudges along, almost from morning to night, while every now and then the ploughman, as he directs the movement of the team, puts in his lower notes, but in perfect concord. When the traveler stops in one of the Devonshire valleys, and hears this simple music from the drivers of the ploughs on the slope of the hill on either side, he experiences a pleasure which this operation of husbandry could scarcely be supposed to be capable of affording. This chanting is said to animate the oxen somewhat in the same way as the musical bells that are so prevalent in the same country. Certainly the oxen move along with an agility that would scarcely be expected from cattle; and the team may be watched a long while without one harsh word being heard, or the goad or the whip applied. The opponents of ox-husbandry should visit the valleys of north or south Devon, to see what this animal is capable of performing and how he performs it." The same writer says that the profit derived from the use of oxen in this district arises from the activity to which they are trained, and which is unknown in any other part of the kingdom. During harvest time, and in catching weather, they are sometimes trotted along with the empty wagons, at the rate of six miles an hour, a degree of speed which no other ox but the Devon has been able to stand.

Miscellaneous.

"Porter," asked an old lady, of an Irish railway porter, "when does the nine o'clock train leave?" "Sixty minutes past eight!" Was Mike's reply. CLEVER RETORT.—Gent on horseback: "Get out of the way, boy, get out of the way. My horse don't like donkeys!" "Boy: "Don't he? Then why don't he kick you off?" "Waitah! (said a dity exquisite,) got any gree peas?" "Yes, sir; have some?" "Yaas, bring me three." "Anything else, sir?" "Yaas, a slice or two of strawberry, cut very thin." "Certainly, sir, any thing more?" "More! Ah, what do you take me for? perfect hog, ah?" PREMATURE.—A steamboat was about to start from Cincinnati, one day a young man came on board, leading a blushing damsel by the hand, and approaching the polite clerk, and said in a suppressed voice:—"I say, me and my wife have just got married, and I'm looking for accommodations." "Looking for a berth?" hastily inquired the clerk, passing tickets out to another passenger. "A berth! thunder and lightning, no!" gasped the astonished man, "we hain't but just got married; we want a place to stay all night."

The Atlantic

The January number of this Magazine. It is intended to be a grand and no industry will volume adequate to the most with great events of the Republic, the best of literature a manly and ductors of this journal will best talent of the count those those oginous great public heart to Right. An elevat Monthly will never give and it will be the consa its variety greater add than the last. Among the contrib following will commens for every family bers for household read Professor Agassiz wi series of articles on Na topics, to be continued the year. The name of in connection with the any of the great ben count butions. A New Romance, by in the pages of the 4th A New Story by the of "Cecil Dreaime" wi number. Dr. George B. Wind ble experiments in Gyn lantic "The Autobiogr ing an account of his strength, with advice of "To-Day," will conta year. Articles by Prof. Ja national interest, will Bayard Taylor has w in the February numb The staff of Writers regularly to the Atlan popular names, the fol James Russell Lowell, Henry W Longfellow Ralph Waldo Emerson Nathaniel Hawthorne, C. C Hazewell, T. W. Higginson, Author of "Life in th Mills," and "Story of Oliver Wendell Holme John G. Whittier, E. P. Whipple, Bayard Taylor, Three Dollars per an bers. Upon the recip lishers will mail the in the February num State, prepaid. Sub s, or any subsequent latic are stereotyped, specimen numbers for CLUBBING Subscribers to pay Five Dollars; Five C ies for Twenty Dollars. Invoices sent on app &c., furnished on re TICKNOR 135 WAS BLACKWOOD'S BRIT IN SCOTT & CO., N the following le THE LONDON QU THE EDINBURGH THE NORTH BRIT THE WESTMINST BLACKWOOD'S EI The present critica der these publicatio for the coming year. between the hastily tions, and flying run ponderous foms of living interest and ex of the time shall hav radicals that readers lightle and reliable h in addition to their theological character tion of the reading p EA The receipt of Adv ers, gives additional they can now be plac as soon as the origi For any one of the For any two of the For any three of the For all four of the For Blackwood's M For Blackwood and For Blackwood and For Blackwood and Money current in the A discount of twen ee will be allowed at any one or more copies of Blackwood one address for \$9; Blackwood for \$30; Canadian Mail Sub N. B.—The price is above named is \$31 Remittances for always be addressed LE