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For the " Hearthstone." THE DEPARTURE OF WINTER. BY ISABELLA VALANCY CRAWFORD.

The storms of the Western Winter were past, The snow spirits spread her broad wings on the blast, And the rour of the winds sank in silonce away, As they fied from the land o'er the bright gleaming spray.

Up, up, rose the sun! An enchanter of might, His arrows as spolls, chas'd the shadows of night, His banners streamed out, bright with orimson and Thro' the sky, as he marched like a warrior bold.

The king of the Winter rose up in his might, And he call'd back the winds as they pass'd on their ______ dight.

They heard, and with fury returned again, And loudly they roar'd o'er the secan and plain.

Ho sounded his trumpets, the sky darkened o'er, As the snow spirit turned to his summens once more, And he laughed as he shook his bright spear to the "Who shall reign in the West but the wild winds and 1?"

He muttor'd his spells, like pale ghosts to their graves Sank down in his fotters the wild, heaving waves, And nature half waken'd, once more veiled her faco, As she slumber'd again in th' snow spirit's embrace j

And the king of the Winter taugh'd loudly and gay "Where new are thy triumphs bold monarch of day?" The sun all undurated came onward in flame, And to his bright standard full many there came.

The wild swans their pinions outsprend in his train, And the breezes of Summer swept over the main. They pass over the fetters the ice king hath made, Before them the glittering manuales indo.

And the billows released from their wearisome chains, Throw up to the Heavens their wild, tasime manus. They breaths on the spirit of snow, and her ciss! Grows wonk round the earth, and she bursts from the

She wakens, she rises, she shakes off the spell, The Summer hath triumph'd, snow spiri farewell (The king of the Winter in wrath shock his spear, " I go, but I come again, Summer beware !"

(For the Ilcarthetone) FROM BAD TO WORSE.

A TALE OF MONTREAL LIFE. BY J. A. PHILLIPS.

CHAPTER I.

OUT OF THE STREETS.

IT was a cold, windy morning in December; It was a cool, what morning in December; the snow which had fallen during the night was drifting about in blinding clouds, rendering tra-vel exceedingly uncomfortable, and making those who were indoors very loth to quit their warm rooms to face the chilling blast. Perhaps it was the desire to get a little warmth into their half-frozen limbs which caused the crowd the sureflucts' millions of the Recorderis their null-trozen innos which caused the crowd filling the spectators' gallery of the Recorder's Court to be so great; but far more likely it was that enrious and depraved taste which delights in witnessing the punishment of others, and which so large a number of the lower orders in Montreal seem to have. It is a curious thing to sit and watch this gallery in the Recorder's church one the more which here prices the second set. Court ; to see the men and boys who day after day frequent it and stund patiently (there are no seats) for hours listening with infinite relish to the dull monoto v of the cases of "drunks and disorderlies." an the stereotyped sonten "One dollar or eight ys" full from the lips of the Recordor. I have often sat and watched the Recorder. the gallery-when 1 was obliged to attend the Court daily-and wondered what possible sure these people could find in visiting the Court so regularly and hearing the same old story told again and again. It isn't funny were. Once in a while a little bit of humor will ge, into a case, His Honor will say something funny and all the policemen, as in duty bound, will laugh a quiet decorous laugh, just sufficient to show that "see the point "-which they generally do they -which they generally don't but as a general thing it is dreary work; and how any one can attend the Court from pleasure could discover I remember one old man whose silvery locks mave him a venerable and benevolent appear-, and who seemed rather above the ordinary run of visitors to the gallery, who actually attended during the whole sitting of the Court for seventcen consecutive days and really seemed b enjoy it. I got quite accustomed to seein is white head in the crowd, and felt quite dis to seeing his white appointed on the eighteenth day when he failed to appear. I am afraid he must be dead or has to appear. I am utrim he must be dead or has left the city, for I have not seen him since; and I scarcely think he could have withstood the pleasure it afforded him to attend the Court if ho was in the city. This gallery is not an invit-ing place. It is the very concentration of flith, although Sergeant Nelson tries manfully to make it presentable; but no amount of soap and water and scrubbing can possibly get much of a start on the constant stream of tobacco inice which is squirted on the floor and on the little platform which runs in front of the gallery. The smell is at most insufferable, and the nor-mal condition of the walls is dirt. On the morning in question the Court was more than ordinarily crowded, for it was Mon-day, and, as is usual on that morning, the number of cases was large. The Court was a little late in opening, and practised observers express-ed an opinion that the delinquents would "catch it heavy," as the Recorder came in with a dark frown on his generally good-natured, jolly coun-tenance. Evidently something had disturbed the usual screenty of his temper, and "the quality of meray "was not at all likely to be strained that morning.



" ONE DOLLAR OR RIGHT DAYS."

ever get out i'll take precious good care i neve ever get out i "It take precious good care i never get in again." "Then you must give up drink." "I have dono so; I have had my inst drop of strong drink for my whole life." "Good," said the old gentleman, patting him on the back. "Stick to that yow, and you'll be -u risks "

nli right."

"Were you ever locked up before ?" " Never," he said with a shudder; " and if I

" I've made no vow, and need to make none; " "I've made no yow, and need to make none; the memory of the misery I suffered in that cell and in the prisoners' dock this morning is stronger than all the eaths I could make." "The old gentleman talked to him for some

The onl genterman intervention into the source of time, and at last paid his fine, gave him adollar to buy something to eat, and told him to call at his office at two o'clock. On the eard which he gave the young man was printed a Labouck, Lownds & Co., Produce and Commission Mer-chants. — Common Street." The old gentleman was Mr. Stephen Lubbuck, the head of the Grm.

That visit of Arthur Austin's to Mr. Lubbuck proved the turn-point in his life, and opened to him a new and honorable career. The old gen-tleman had taken quite a fancy to the young man, one of those curious freaks of a generous nature which sometimes occur with elderly gentlemen towards those whom they look on as young enough to be their sons. The quiet, gen-demanly manner and plain, straightforward answers of the young man increased this feel-Ing, and it was, therefore, not surprising that before the interview was over Arthur Austin found himself engaged at a fair salary as assistant bookkeeper to the firm of Lubback, Lowads and monockeeper to the firm of Laboures, Lowness & Co. He had several letters of Introduction from New York and Boston bouses; and the firm by whom he had been employed here gave him an excellent character for everything ex-cept temperance. That part Mr. Labbuck de-termined to overlook and trust to better conduct in the fource in their connect.

In the foture in that respect. Arthur Austin's conduct for the next four months fully justified Mr. Lubbuck's good opi-nion of him, and the old gentleman congratulated himself on having secured a frequence. Early and his Arthur was at his post, and per-formed his duffes in a manner no other cierk had ever done. Quick, attentive, faily acquaint. ad with his business, rendy and willing to assist every one in his work, Arthur Austin not only gained the confidence of his employer, but of his two fellow clerks,

Arthur Austin had now a career of bonor and sachiness opened to him, and see, et deter-mined to profit by his opportunity. He left the boarding house be had been in, so as to remove beaming muss he had been in, so it to remove himself from his old companions, and went to another one in a little more respectable and quieter neighborhood. The avoided all his old haunts, in order more securely to guard himself from temptation, joined a temperance associa-tion, and devoted his spare time almost entirely to attempting to the duties of his Leden and to to attending to the duties of his Lodge and to

As the spring gradually advanced and navigation opened, Arthur Austin proved himself of still greater service to his employer; he was ac-quainted with many of the leading Produce and Commission houses in Boston, New York and Chicago, and speedily gained several new and valuable correspondents for labbuck, Lowads & Co., whose business was greatly increased, and Arthur rose still higher in his employers' estimation.

It was his custom on leaving the office to alk up St. James Street and through Victoria Square on his way home, and one evening as he was crossing through the Square he noticed a young lady standing by the fountain, with her parasol resting on the low wall surrounding it. She was gazing in an abstracted, pre-occupied manner into the water, and only presented a profile view, but as Arthur Austin first caught a glimpse of that outline he thought he had never seen anything half so beautiful in his life. Just as he stepped close behind her, she started sud-denly and looked up, and in the action of surprise lossed her hold of her parasol, and it in mediately tumbled over into the water, It was the work of a moment for Arthur

There was very little of interest in the first really a pity," he continued, indulging in one of man while he was in the dock, and seemed dozen cases or so, they all coming under the his little lectures, " to see so, young and respect- greatly interested in him. He took off his gold-able-looking a man as you are given over to the rimmed spectacles, and after wiping them carecase caused the Recorder to smile as he read the name "John Smith."

"What is his real name?" said His Honor, leaning over his desk and speaking confiden-tially to Sergeant Keboe, who was checking off "I don't know," replied the Sergeant. "I

never saw him before, He was very drunk when he was brought in, and refused to give other name." John Smith," shouted Sergeant Nelson, and any

John Smith stepped into the dock. He was quite different in appearance from the "hard cases" who had preceded him. He was apparently about twenty-five years of age, tall. dark-complexioned, with long straight black hair and bright piercing black eyes. His car-riage was easy and graceful, and the hand which grasped the rall of the dock was small and shapely as a woman's. His dress was shabby, but looked like the miserable remains of a once elegant suit. But for the sodden, bloated appegrance which drink had stamped on his face, he would have been a remarkably handsome man; but in his present condition he looked like a fair sample of that miserable state of existence known as "shabby genteel." He seemed vory much ashamed, and hung his head

as if to hide his features as much as possible. "What is your name ?" said His Honor.

" John Smith."

That won't do. What is your real name! No answer.

"I won't have any one giving false names bere," said His Honor, getting cross. "I want your real name. What is it ?"

"Arthur Austin." This was said very low

scarcely reached half way across the Court What " said His Honor, rather irritably. and s No answer.

"Nelson, bring him round here," and the nrisoner prisoner was placed in the small iron enclosure immediately in front of the Recorder.

"Now, what is your real name?" "Arthur Austin," still so low as to be almost unintelligible.

"Arthur Austin," should Sergeant Nelson, who possesses exceedingly sharp ears, and sel-dom misses anything. "Arthur Austin," repeated His Honor, writ-

ig. ' repeated His Honor, writ-that of John Smith. " It is ing the name over that of John Smith.

demon of drink. With your appearance of in-telligence you ought to be filling some lucrative

and honorable position, instead of which you stand here a miserable object picked up drunk in a gutter, where you ought to be thankful you were not left to freeze to death, and so be hur-

ried into the presence of your Maker in a beastly state of intoxication. What is the case, Ser-

State of intextigation. What is the case, ser-geant? Call the pollceman who arcested him." A venerable pollceman, with a large develop-ment of under lip, and who had probably ar-rested many hundred similar cases during his long carner in the force, stepped into the box, and began in the usual style.

"Between eight and nine o'clock last night. rer Honor, as I was a coming down Craig Street

" In the City of Montreal ?" asked the Crown Prosecutor, Mr. Ibbotson, suddenly jumping up and as suddenly collapsing. "In the City of Montreal," repeated the

"When I see the prisoner at the bar," continued the pollceman, correcting himself, "a lying on the sidewalk near St. Lambert's Hill. He was very drunk, so I arrested him and took him down to the Station."

"Did he make any resistance?" asked the Recorder.

No, your Honor."

" Did you take a sleigh ?"

"No. your Honor.

His Honor looked at the sheet and saw that all the money recorded as being found on the prisoner's person was five cents. "Was five cents all the money found on him?" he asked the Sergeant.

" That was all, your Honor."

"One dollar or eight days;" and Arthur Aus-tin stepped back into the prisoners' waitingroom and made way for another victim to the demon of drink.

There was a very respectable, well dressed, pleasant looking old gentleman sitting in one of There was a the seats appropriated for witnesses, or the better class of visitors, who had watched the young

fully replaced them on his noso; and, turning to the person sitting noxt to him, asked, "Will be be sent to gaol if he don't pay that

dollar ?'

" Of course he will, for eight days," was the answer

" Could any one pay it for him ?"

"Certainly; perhaps his friends will, if he has any.

"Where is the money paid ?"

"Where is the money paid ?" "Down stairs to the Sergeant in charge." The old gentleman said no more, but sat quietly until the case in which he was interest-ed was called. It was a very simple one; his youngest nephew, a boy of ten, had been caught consting, and an energetic bolby blessed with long legs had arrested him. The boy was fined fifty cents, and His Honor read him a nice little lecture, which seemed to make a great in pres-sion on him, as he put his tongue in his check, and winked significantly at another small boy who had been arrested for the same beloous offence.

When his business was over the old gentle man went down stairs and received from the Sergeant the difference between the amount at which the boy had been balled—two dollars and a hulf—and the amount of the fine.

" Has Arthur Austin's fine been paid ?" asked the old gentleman.

"No, nor not likely to be. He says he has no friends

" Could I see him, and talk to him for a few minutes ?

Certainly," said the Sergeant politely, "just step this way.'

The old man followed the Sergeant, and was soon seated in the inner room of the Station talking to Arthur Austin. The young man's story was very simple. He was an Englishman who had lived some years in the States; had come to Canada in search of employment as bookkeeper or general clerk ; he had succeeded but had been dismissed three weeks ago for drunkenness; he was without friends or money, and had no means of getting back to the States, where he thought he could get employment.'

He told his story vory simply, made no ex-cuses, and seemed greatly ashamed. The old gentleman looked at him quietly for

about a minute, and then said:

Austin to step forward, rescue the parasol and return it to its owner, with a few words of apo-logy for having unintentionally startled her. " Oh! dont apologise," she said, turning on

him the full battery of the sweetest pair of blue oyes he had ever encountered, while a smile ripplet for a moment across the restest and most kissable lips he had ever seen; "It was my fault, I stood dreaming while I waited for Frank, and your step startled me, that was all." Arthur stood for a moment gazing at her in admiration, and wondering whether he might with propriety endeavour to improve the chance acquaintance, or whether he should sim ply raise his hat and pass on. "Who was Frank? he thought and somehow a feeling of deadly anithat unknown individual stole mosity to him, and he would have very much liked to have had "Frank" there and have had it out with him on the spot.

(To be continued.)

An Imperial Chinese edict is noticed in The Pekin Gazette, having for its object an Army Reform. After providing for certain promutions, it ameunces that Liout.-Col. Hwa Feng "is dismissed on account of old age and general infimity ; and that Ting Jen-lin is degraded because of his physical workness." These are honorable dismissals and degradations ; but shas 1 Capt. Han Histonohuen, of the Kiang-yin battalion, is cashiered "on account of his slowness and stupidity," while Major Wang-won of the liung-hu regiment is dismissed "on account of obstinney, atupidity, laziness, and cupidity." This Major Wang-won must be a charactor, and perhaps he ought to have been retained as an ornament of the service. An officer combining the charactor of the mule, of the jackase, and of the sloth, with the omi-neatly human foible of averice, is what we have never been able to boast of in our own army. We have had each of these virtues separately in indi-riduals : but have we over had them united in one person ?