

I shall miss the low hum of their voices
And the tramp of their delicate feet.
When the lessons of life are all ended,
And Death says, "The school is dismissed!"
May the little ones gather around me
To bid me good night and be kissed.

2. ANOTHER PRINCE.

It will be matter for rejoicing in Canada as well as the mother country that the Prince of Wales has become a father, and that there is no apparent danger of a failure of heirs in the direct line to the throne of these realms. We all share, as it were, in the homely, household joys of the Royal family. We all know the joy it brings into a house, to father and mother and grand-mamma, and uncles and aunts when there is a baby to be caressed and tended, and made a play-thing of. Doubtless just such a flutter, gentle reader, has there been for the last fortnight in the two foremost families of these realms. Doubtless little aunt Beatrice and grand-mamma are the most happy, after the parents themselves; and uncle Alfred and Arthur will both pooh-pooh the fuss the aunts make over such a little baby; and doubtless too, they are just as pleased and happy inwardly as anybody, only the dignity of manhood forbids them to show it.

"One touch of nature makes the whole world kin."

Such as these gladsome events are with us, so it is with the Royal fathers and uncles. And as we lift up our hearts to bless those helpless little creatures whom God sends to us with a claim of kinship, so let us pray for this young right Royal mother and her infant boy, that God will preserve and abundantly bless them. Let us shake hands heartily in imagination with this young Royal father, whom we all know so well, offering our felicitations while his eyes and ours grow a little moist and dim in the operation: and then let us step into the court yard of the castle among the servants of the House, and fling up our caps with ringing cheers for our young Master and Mistress and their blessed baby. It will do us good my boy; and do that dear, kind soul good, too, who sits away in her quiet chamber, still wearing weeds, still sorrowing in her heart of hearts, one of those whom the "good word" tells us of, "who are widows indeed."—*Montreal Gazette.*

3. THE PRINCE'S WELL AT GLENESK.

It may be remembered that, during the royal residence at Balmoral in 1861, one of its most interesting episodes was an *incognito* visit by the Queen and Prince Consort into Glenmark, thence down Glensk to Fettercairn, and back by the Carino' Mount Deeside. The royal party, on horseback, duly attended by guides and gillies, came across Mount Ken early in the day, and, at the highest point at which the road crosses the hill, were received and welcomed by the Earl of Dalhousie. Facing the base of the Highland track stands the only house in that wild district, a cottage occupied by one of the Earl's foresters. The deer forest is a princely range, through which the impetuous Mark forces its rugged way for many a mile. A few hundred yards lower in the glen a beautiful sward of grass spreads out, of considerable extent, and fertile in natural hay—as to the annual appropriation of which there is, we understood to be much obstinate contention between the watcher and his deer neighbors. Near the centre of this oasis bursts forth a most noble spring, long famous in these parts; its waters are cold as ice and clear as crystal; its rush at one bound is full, bold, and free, as if impatient of restraint beneath. At its very source it could drive a mill. But, that day, gentler work awaited Tober-nan-clachan-thallach (we do not pledge ourselves for the Gaelic spelling)—the Well of the White Stones—a modest white cairn having been till then its only distinguishing mark.

The royal party had need of rest and refreshment, and both had been provided for by the noble Earl, who, as Lord of the Manor, had been let into the secret of this royal progress, though only the day before—and luncheon was laid on the shieling, and was duly partaken of. Afterwards Her Majesty and the Prince, in passing Tober-nan-clachan-thallach, stopping to enjoy its refreshing draught, and admire the noble scenery around—the hill of Craig-o'-Doon arresting special attention, and the marvellous riches of the well, not passing unobserved. Its single weakness seeming to be the unapproachable nature of its Gaelic name to a southern tongue; it naturally occurred to the Earl that this should be removed at once and for ever, in honor of the royal visitant, and Her Majesty readily consented that it should be called the *Queen's Well*.

Too soon, alas! this visit was followed by the sad event, which covered not Balmoral alone, but all Scotland with gloom; and Lord Dalhousie resolved to raise over the spot, rendered doubly interesting by the royal visit, a memorial to the late lamented Prince, after a

manner which reflects much credit on his taste and good feeling, and is in admirable keeping with the scenery around.

Over the well six solid arches of roughly-hewn granite rear themselves, about 20 feet high, terminating in a rude cross of white quartz, both kinds of stone from the neighbouring hills. This cross is said to be temporary, to be replaced by a suitable block of granite, probably of a floral form. But even as it is, the eye finds no fault with the *tout ensemble*—a massive, yet light and elegant imitation of the old Scottish crown. Within its base the clear well now bubbles up in all its beauty, piercing a surface of finely-broken quartz of snowy whiteness, and restrained for a time within a basin of smooth sandstone, on the margin of which all unobscured by the clear waves that are ever lapping over—runs this touching legend—

"Rest traveller, rest on this lonely green,
And drink, and pray, for Scotland's Queen."

Outside of all, smooth green turf is laid, and beyond that is the natural herbage, soon lost among the brown heath and grey stones of the mountain side, on which small white cairns are seen to rise, suggestive and appropriate accessories to this memorial of respect and sympathy. An inscription on the lower stone of the central arch simply sets forth that

Her Majesty Queen Victoria and
His Royal Highness the Prince Consort
visited this well and drank of its refreshing waters,
the 20th September, 1861,
The year of Her Majesty's great sorrow.

Of the pastoral glens of Scotland there is none more beautiful than Glensk. None will better repay the traveller for the labor of a summer's day in its entire ascent. And no more fitting *terminus ad quem* can he have than his memorial of the joy and sorrow of our beloved Queen. To her, Lord Dalhousie submitted the plan of the erection, ere a stone was laid, and all received her Majesty's approval. But one desire she expressed—and it came from the depths of a broken heart—"Let it be called the PRINCE'S WELL."

4. CONFEDERATE WOMEN.

Bayard F. Taylor, army correspondent of the *Chicago Journal*, in one of his letters from Tennessee, says:—

I should never be done admiring the patriotic faith and undying devotion of the loyal women of the land, but I must tell you that the rebel women of the South are worthy in everything but a sacred cause of their Northern sisters. There is nothing they will not surrender without a smile; the gemmed ring, the diamond bracelet, the rich wardrobe. They cut up the rich carpets for soldiers' blankets without a sigh; take the fine linen from their persons for bandages. When 400 of Longstreet's men came up to Nashville, prisoners of war, about the roughest, dirtiest, wildest fellows the sun ever shone on, and a flight of stairs in the building they occupied fell, killing and wounding a large number of them, you should have seen the fair young traitresses come forth from the old aristocratic mansions, bearing restoratives and delicacies in their hands, mingling in the dingy crowd, wiping away the blood with their white handkerchiefs and uttering words of cheer: should have seen them doing this, with hundreds of Union soldiers all around, and smiling back upon the rough blackguards of rebels as they left. But in all there was a defiant air, a pride in their humanity strange to see. Of a truth they carried it off grandly, and most all those girls were in mourning for dead rebels, brothers, lovers, friends, whom these same girls had sneered into treason and driven into rebellion, and bellowed all the South with their graves, and the least they could do was to wear black for them and flaunt black from the window blinds. Clothed be their souls in sackcloth! I say they were worthy of their sisters at the North, in all but a righteous cause, but, I said wrong. There is a bitterness, there are glimpses of the Pythones, that makes you shrink from them. But they are fearfully in earnest; they are almost grand in self sacrifice.

5. LEARNED WOMEN.

Laura Veratti, born at Bologna, Italy, in 1711, studied the languages, and then went through a thorough course of metaphysics and philosophy; she found no trouble in gaining the doctor's degree in the university of Bologna, and was finally elected by its senate to be a public lecturer, in which high position she was honoured and loved. Donna Morandi,—distinguished as the inventor of the anatomical preparations in wax, which superseded clumsy wooden figures, was in 1768 elected to the anatomical chair of the leading medical institute of her country. Maria Agnesi, born in Milan, 1718, geometrician, could fill her father's chair in the college when he was ill, and write analytical treatises which have been translated into all languages.—*The Englishwoman.*