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VOL. 2. NO. 2.

THE NEW DOMINION MONTHLY.

May, 1868.

MONTREAL:
PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
126 GREAT ST. JAMES STREET.

PRICE, TEN CENTS.

C. W. WILLIAMS & CO.,

MANUFACTURERS OF

SEWING-MACHINES.

Parties in want of Sewing-Machines will please take notice that we build machines for every range of work—from the finest Family to the coarsest Manufacturing.

We warrant all Machines made by us to be equal in every respect to those of any other maker in America, while our prices are from

20 to 30 per cent. less.

There is not a town or village in this Dominion that a goodly number of our Sewing-machines cannot be sold in; and the terms we offer to Agents will pay them better than any other business they can engage in. If there is no Agent in your town or village for our machines, send for our terms and secure an Agency. Many parties in quite moderate circumstances have been able to sell a large number of Machines, without interfering with their other business. Those who do not feel quite able to purchase a good Machine are often able, by a little exertion, to sell enough to secure one for themselves without cost.

Send for Circulars, and Photographs of our Machines.

OFFICE AND SALESROOM:

NO. 65 GREAT ST. JAMES STREET,

MONTREAL.

TAKE NOTICE.

Our advertisement on the opposite page went to press before we expected, which debarred us from making an alteration which is necessary. Therefore, please observe,

We, C. W. WILLIAMS & CO,

Will remove, about the First of May, present, to Messrs. TIFFIN BROTHERS' NEW BLOCK,

NO. 397 NOTRE DAME STREET.

We append hereto a few of the many testimonials we have received in praise of the Machines of our manufacture, together with a couple of editorials from the *Daily Witness* and *Telegraph*, of this city, to which we respectfully ask the attention of all interested:

Messrs. C. W. Williams & Co.:

GENTLEMEN,—We have much pleasure in bearing testimony to the excellence of your Howe pattern Sewing-Machine. It is now nearly a year since we introduced them into our factory, and during this time we have had most ample proof that they are the best machines we have ever used, more particularly for fine work. Believing such to be the case, we can cheerfully recommend them. We are, very respectfully, yours, LINTON & COOPER,
Feb. 22nd, 1868. Wholesale Manufacturers of Boots and Shoes, Montreal.

We, the undersigned, having had one of Williams' Howe-Machines in operation for the past twelve months, find it has worked to our entire satisfaction during said time, and commend it highly to intending purchasers. JAMES POPHAM & CO.
Feb. 21st, 1868.

MONTREAL, April 10th, 1868.

Messrs. C. W. Williams & Co.:

GENTLEMEN,—I have in my establishment ten of your Sewing-Machines, some of nearly every style you build for leather work, the most of which I have had over two years, and in constant use; I have also about twenty of the genuine Singer, and Howe, and several other makers, many of which have given very good satisfaction; none, however, have done their work equal, or run with so little trouble as yours. I give your machines preference over all others, and strongly recommend all in want of sewing-machines to give you their patronage.
Yours, respectfully, G. T. SLATER, No. 20 St. Helen st.

MONTREAL, April 9th, 1866.

Messrs. C. W. Williams & Co.:

GENTLEMEN,—This is to certify that I have now on hand two of your "Improved Singer No. 2 Pattern Sewing-Machines," which I purchased from you fourteen months ago, they being in constant use ever since. I have had others both from Singers and other manufacturers, and I find none equal to yours. I strongly recommend them to whosoever may want sewing-machines for neat and solid work, and consider them the best I have ever used.
I am, respectfully yours, WM. DANGERFIELD,
Canada Prize Shoe Store, No. 297 Notre Dame st.

MONTREAL, March 22nd, 1867.

Messrs. C. W. Williams & Co.:

DEAR SIRS,—The Sewing-Machine, "Singer Pattern," made by you for us, has fully answered our expectations. We have not a single fault to find with it, and very cheerfully recommend any person wanting a machine to purchase from you. J. & W. HILTON,
Upholsterers and Cabinet-makers, 61 Great St. James st.

MONTREAL, March 21st, 1867.

This is to certify that we have been using several of the No. 2 Singer Pattern Sewing-Machines manufactured by C. W. Williams & Co., and that they have given us entire satisfaction in every respect. We have no hesitation in recommending them to the public.
VALOIS, LABELLE & CIE.,
Wholesale Boot and Shoe Manufacturers, Jacques Cartier Square.

MONTREAL, April 11th, 1865.

Messrs. C. W. Williams & Co., 65 Great St. James street:

GENTLEMEN,—The two "Singer Pattern No. 2" Sewing-Machines we purchased of you some months ago, have given such satisfaction that we are pleased to give you this testimonial. We have used quite a number of this style of machine, built by the Singer Co., and other makers, but have never had any that worked so well as those of your make. The improvements you have made we are pleased with, especially the feed-wheel, which never slips when oil or dirt comes in contact. We cheerfully recommend them to all who may be in want of first-class machines for boot and shoe work. Yours respectfully, A. LAPIERRE & SONS,
Wholesale Boot and Shoe Manufacturers, 130 St. Paul st.

MONTREAL, April 11th, 1866.

Messrs. C. W. Williams & Co.:

GENTLEMEN,—The three Sewing-Machines, "No. 2 Singer Pattern," I purchased of you within the last two years, have proved to be all you recommended them, having accomplished all my work in a most satisfactory manner; and it is with pleasure that I recommend them to all who may need machines for general tailoring work. Of all the machines I have examined, I have seen none that equalled yours in good workmanship and finish, and am satisfied that none can surpass them in good operation. I am, gentlemen, yours respectfully, J. G. KENNEDY,
Merchant Tailor, St. Lawrence Main street, Montreal.

MONTREAL, March 22nd, 1867.

Messrs. C. W. Williams & Co.:

GENTLEMEN,—This is to certify that the Singer No. 2 Pattern Sewing-Machine that I bought of you some time ago, has given me entire satisfaction in every respect, and I consider it the best of the kind I ever saw. The needle protector and feed are truly valuable instruments.

JOHN PERRY, Boot and Shoe-maker, Notre Dame st.

MONTREAL, March 21st, 1866.

Messrs. C. W. Williams & Co.:

GENTLEMEN,—The Sewing-Machines which we purchased from you nearly a year ago, which we believe you style your "Singer Pattern No. 2," have been in constant use ever since, and from the complete satisfaction they have given us, we have great pleasure in adding this our testimonial to the large number you already possess. We consider your machines, with the improvements you have added, together with the extra quality of finish and workmanship, far superior to all others, and we have no hesitation in recommending them to all who are in want of such for tailoring purposes. WM. T. GEMMILL & CO., Merchant Tailors, 162 Great St. James st.

MONTREAL, April 14th, 1866.

Messrs. C. W. Williams & Co.:

DEAR SIRS,—Fifteen months ago, I purchased one of your Singer Pattern Machines, and have had it in use ever since. I found it to be superior to any I had ever before used, which induced me a short time ago to purchase of you another, which I find to be much improved over the first. The feed-wheel of this is perfection. It is with pleasure I can recommend these machines to the public, as the best I have ever used, in every respect.

Hoping this may be of some use to you, I am, yours respectfully, ZEPHIRE LAPIERRE,
Wholesale Boot and Shoe Manufacturer, cor. Jacques Cartier Square and St. Paul st.

SEWING-MACHINES.—With the exception of agricultural implements, perhaps there is no labor-saving contrivance in which our readers, and particularly the lady portion of them, are so much interested in as the Sewing-Machine. And, we presume, they will all be interested in a short description of a visit we recently made to the Sewing-Machine Manufactory of C. W. Williams & Co., on Prince street, this city.

On entering the factory, the first object that attracted our attention was a very nice steam-engine, which propels the different kinds of machinery used in this establishment. On the first floor the forging is done, and the castings prepared for the finishing-shop. There is also one room on this floor which contains proper machinery, and is devoted to the cabinet-work for the different machines. Passing to the second floor, we come to the finishing-shop, which contains some very curious machinery, made especially for the manufacture of sewing-machines. Several of the machines we saw here for doing some of the most difficult parts of the work were built by the said firm, and are improvements on anything of the kind heretofore used for the same purposes. The most remarkable machine we saw was a self-operating cam-cutting or duplicating machine, made at great expense by this company; and the operation of this machine is truly wonderful. By it they are able to accurately duplicate any kind or shape of cam that is ever used. In this room the different parts of the machine are accurately made and fitted. From thence such as require to be finished pass to the next floor above, the polishing-room, and the other parts to the japanning-room, which is on the same floor. Here, after going through the numerous operations of polishing, japanning, and ornamenting, they are taken into the adjusting-room, where they are put together, adjusted, and tested, ready for delivery.

We have not room here to give an account in detail of the different novel processes many parts of these machines have to pass through. There seems, however, to be a special tool for every different part of each kind of machine, and these tools are so adjusted as to insure great accuracy in their respective parts; so much so that, when finished, one part is practically an exact duplicate of every other of its kind.

Of the different kind of sewing-machines built in this establishment, we have only room to speak in general terms of several. Their family-machine seemingly possesses many advantages, namely: a straight needle; sews direct from the original spools; has no belt or band; balance-wheel can be revolved either way without deranging the machine, the sewing being equally perfect. These machines make the double-loop stitch, which, besides being strong, durable, and elastic, will not rip; yet can be taken out with facility when desired, as in altering garments; and when it is added that these machines will do all the kinds of work that can be done on any of the family machines now in use, and are retailed, all complete, for $25, we think a good case has been made out in their favor.

The Howe and Singer Machines, for manufacturing purposes, this firm build to great perfection. On the latter kind they have made some valuable improvements, viz.: a new feed-wheel that will not slip though oil or dirt gets on it; a needle-protector that prevents the needles from being broken by the shuttle coming in contact.

The Improved Howe Machine does the handsomest sewing of any sewing-machine extant, being capable of using a finer needle for the thread than any other. From the testimonials we have seen from some of the largest and most respected users of sewing-machines in this country, relating to the Howe and Singer Machines built by this firm, it is clearly shown that they are unequalled in quality and price. We would recommend all who are interested in sewing-machines to call at their salesrooms, No. 65 Great St. James street, and investigate for themselves the qualities and merits of the different machines this firm manufacture.

We believe this is the only complete sewing-machine manufactory in Lower Canada.—*Daily Witness, April 24, 1867.*

HOME MANUFACTURE.

MESSRS. C. W. WILLIAMS' SEWING-MACHINE MANUFACTORY, PRINCE ST., MONTREAL.

To encourage home manfacture should be the aim of every one who has the prosperity of the country at heart, or, to be more local, the city, on the prosperity of which his future success in business depends. Nothing is so great an instance of the growing importance of a city than the establishment of manufactories, and every one that is created should be a source of satisfaction to the citizen. Among the important manufactories that have lately started is the Sewing-Machine Manufactory of Messrs. C. W. Williams & Co., Prince st., a visit to which will be found of unusual interest, and will well repay the trouble taken. The manufacture of the sewing-machine

requires mechanical apparatus and skill of the highest order, and both of these will be found in the Messrs. Williams' establishment. The public would be rather astonished on entering the factory in Prince street to find the establishment so complete and extensive. The factory is three stories in height, the second being used as the work-shop, where the machines are made. Here are the different apparatus and tools of the finest character, for the performance of the delicate work required in the manufacture of sewing-machines. The tools and machines, requiring to be of the best steel, are very costly, and a small iron-looking frame will be pointed out to you as worth many thousand dollars. This cuts steel or iron as a scissors divides paper. Another punches five or six holes with ease and precision. The "jigs" are a large and valuable family to the sewing-machine maker. Glancing at the other machinery, too numerous to mention, we are taken up-stairs and shown the "Japan-room," with a very hot furnace to dry the paint, and then to the "finishing-room," where the machines are finally put together and adjusted. A fortnight is taken in passing the machine from the Japan to the finishing-room. This time is necessary for the thorough drying and gilding of the machines. The first story of the building is occupied by the engine-room, and carpenters' shop for doing the wood-work, &c. After this very hasty run through the building, upon arriving at Messrs. Williams' Show-Room, Great St. James street, we find eight different kinds of machines are made by the machinery just witnessed, and there is one fact indisputable, that the machines made by Messrs. C. W. Williams & Co. are superior to any imported. This is beyond a doubt, for the machinery is perfect, and the greatest care is taken in finishing the machine made in the Montreal establishment. The Messrs. Williams make a better article and sell it at a cheaper price than the imported one. Any who are sceptical will have every satisfaction by visiting the Show-rooms, 65 Great St. James st., where the different machines may be seen at work. The following letters are taken from a number, and will speak for themselves:

MONTREAL, March 21, 1868.

Messrs. C. W. Williams & Co.:

GENTLEMEN,—We have much pleasure in commending your machines used by us for several months. Heretofore, we have used, "from necessity," the various American machines. We find yours superior to any of them; and we are pleased to testify that your manufactory precludes the necessity of application abroad. We believe that a knowledge of the excellence of your machines will render them universally sought. Yours, &c., BROWN & CHILDS.

MONTREAL, Feb. 22, 1868.

Messrs. C. W. Williams & Co.:

GENTLEMEN,—We have in our manufactory more than forty machines, among them are some from every celebrated maker in the United States; and we have pleasure in saying that none has given us better satisfaction than the ten machines we have of your make, of the Howe & Singer pattern. While your machines are equal in every respect to imported ones, and prices less, we see no reason why you should not receive the entire patronage of this Dominion.

Yours truly, AMES, MILLARD & CO.

No one can have any excuse for purchasing foreign-made machines when we have better ones made at home. Hundreds of Messrs. Williams' machines are in use in the city, and all are spoken of in the highest terms.—*Montreal Evening Telegraph.*

THE MONTREAL TEA COMPANY,

NO. 6 HOSPITAL STREET,

MONTREAL.

It has been established by the best medical authority that one-half the nervous diseases are caused by drinking impure tea. THE MONTREAL TEA COMPANY, in directing the attention of Farmers, Hotel-keepers, Country Stores, and the numerous consumers of their Teas, have pleasure in informing them that they have recently imported a large quantity of Fine, Fresh, and Fragrant NEW SEASON TEAS, which have been chosen for their intrinsic worth, keeping in mind health, economy, and a high degree of pleasure in drinking them; and which will be sold at the smallest possible profits, saving to the consumers 15c. to 20c. per pound. We can highly recommend our 60c., 65c., and 75c. English Breakfast; 60c. and 65c. Uncolored Japan, and best at 75c.; and Young Hyson, at 70c., 75c., and 85c., and best at $1, as being very superior Teas, and are very strong and rich in flavor. These Teas are put up in 12, 15, 20, and 25lb. boxes, and are warranted pure and free from poisonous substances. Orders for two 12lb. boxes, or one 20 or 25lb. box, sent carriage free to any railway station in Canada. Tea will be forwarded immediately on receipt of the order by mail, containing money, or the money can be collected on delivery by expressman, where there are express offices. In sending orders below the amount of $10, to save expenses, it will be better to send money with the order. Where a 25lb. box would be too much, two or three, clubbing together, could divide. We warrant all the Teas we sell to give entire satisfaction. If they are not satisfactory, they can be returned at our expense. A saving can be effected by purchasing the Tea in half chests, weighing about 40 or 50 lbs., as, on an average, there is one to two pounds over-weight. Post-office orders and drafts made payable to the Montreal Tea Company, 6 Hospital street, Montreal.

BLACK TEA.—English Breakfast, Broken Leaf, Strong Tea, 45c., 50c.; Fine Flavored New Season do., 55c., 60c., and 65c.; Very Best Flavored do., 75c.; Sound Oolong, 45c.; Rich Flavored do., 60c.; Very Fine do., do., 75c.; Japan, Good, 50c., 55c.; Fine, 60c.; Very Fine, 65c.; Finest, 75c.

GREEN TEA.—Twanky, 50c., 55c., and 65c.; Young Hyson, 50c., 60., 65c., 70c.; Fine do., 75c.; Very Fine, 85c.; Superfine and very Choice, $1; Fine Gunpowder, 85c.; Extra Superfine do., $1.

Teas not mentioned in this circular equally cheap. An excellent Mixed Tea could be sent for 60c. and 70c.; very good for common purposes, 50c.

We have sent over one hundred thousand pounds of Tea to different parts of the Dominion, and receive assurances every day of its having given entire satisfaction. Our Teas are not colored with mineral dye to make them look well. They should, therefore, only be judged by tasting.

J. D. LAWLOR,

SEWING-MACHINE MANUFACTURER.

I MANUFACTURE

SEWING-MACHINES,

FOR ALL KINDS OF WORK, FROM THE FINEST TO THE HEAVIEST,

And I keep constantly on hand various styles of the following celebrated Machines:—The Singer, Howe, Ætna, Florence, Wheeler & Wilson, Button-hole, and Wax-thread Machines.

Persons about to purchase will please observe that I build no Chain-stitch Machines. The Machines I manufacture make the Lock-stitch alike on both sides, which will not rip nor ravel.

PRICES: FROM $25 AND UPWARDS.

I warrant all Machines made by me superior in every respect to those of any other maker in the Dominion, while my prices are less.

PARTICULAR NOTICE.

The undersigned is desirous of securing the services of active persons in all parts of the Dominion, to act as local or travelling Agents for the sale of his celebrated Sewing-Machines. A very liberal salary and expenses will be paid, or commission allowed. Country Merchants, Postmasters, Clergymen, Farmers, and the business public generally, are particularly invited to give this matter their attention, as I can offer unparalleled inducements, and at the same time the cheapest as well as the best Sewing-Machines now before the public.

I desire to place my Sewing-Machines, not only in the mansions of the wealthy, but in the "humble cottages" of the poorer classes (who most need machines), and the prices are such as will come within the reach of all. Consequently, I court the assistance of all parties who would lessen the labor of women, or increase their own happiness, by introducing a really meritorious "labor-saver." If costly Machines are wanted, I furnish them. But good faith and the advancement of my patrons' interests require me to say, that so far as respects the practical uses of a Sewing-Machine, it is only necessary that purchasers should exercise their preference as to the style they want or have the means to purchase.

SEND FOR PRICE LISTS, CIRCULARS, AND PHOTOGRAPHS OF MACHINES.

PEGGING MACHINES AND BOOT AND SHOE MACHINERY REPAIRED AT FACTORY, 48 NAZARETH STREET.

ALL KINDS OF SEWING-MACHINES REPAIRED AND IMPROVED AT

365 Notre Dame street,

MONTREAL

And 22 John street,

QUEBEC.

☞ All Machines warranted, and kept in repair one year WITHOUT CHARGE. ☜

Orders will receive prompt attention immediately upon reception. No charge made for packing or shipping Machines. Drafts, made payable to J. D. Lawlor or order, can always be sent with safety, and without fear of loss. Address, in all cases,

J. D. LAWLOR,

MONTREAL.

TOURISTS AND TRAVELERS

Will find the largest and best assortment in Canada, of

HIGH-POWER BINOCULAR

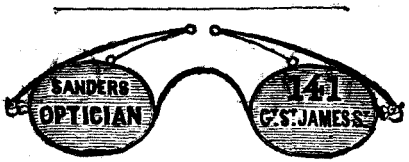
OPERA GLASSES, 

TOURISTS' GLASSES,

FIELD GLASSES, TELESCOPES,

MARINE GLASSES, MICROSCOPES, &c.,

Having Achromatic Lenses, and possessing the highest magnifying power, with clearness of definition, without the usual strain on the eyes.



—ALSO—

The Celebrated Brazilian Pebble

SPECTACLES AND EYE-GLASSES,

IN GOLD, SILVER, STEEL, AND TORTOISE-SHELL FRAMES.

AT

HENRY SANDERS',

OPTICIAN,

NO. 141 GREAT ST. JAMES STREET,

OPPOSITE THE OTTAWA HOTEL,

MONTREAL.

Magic and Dissolving-View LANTERNS.

PRICE LISTS ON APPLICATION.

MATHEMATICAL DRAWING INSTRUMENTS, THEODOLITES, LEVELS, CIRCUMFERENTERS, SCALES, TAPES, CHAINS, T-SQUARES, RULES,

Electrical, Galvanic, Magnetic, and Telegraphic Instruments, Maker of Induction Coils, and every kind of Galvanic Battery known, including Smee's, Daniell's, Bunsen's, and Grove's, for Electro-Platers and Gilders, Covered Copper Wire, Binding Screws, Porous, Stone, and Glass Cells, and General Philosophical-Instrument Maker.

ROGERS' ABYSSINIAN

HAIR REGENERATOR.

It is an absolute fact that this preparation, if properly applied, will restore to its natural color Grey Hair. It will also, in most cases, produce a new growth where the hair has fallen off. It has no appearance of a dye—it is perfectly clean, and will not soil the finest linen. After a few applications the hair will become beautifully soft and glossy, and all unpleasant itching of the scalp will disappear. The above we state as facts, which we are able to prove by the number of certificates we have already received. We have been kindly permitted the use of the following:

MONTREAL, April, 1868.

Messrs. John Rogers & Co.: .

GENTLEMEN,—Since you have asked my opinion of your "Abyssinian Hair Regenerator," I take great pleasure in stating that of all similar preparations I have used (and I have tried many), none has given me such great satisfaction—I find it cleaner, more efficacious, and far more agreeable. Should this be of service to you, you are are at perfect liberty to make use of it.

W. WESTLAKE.

MONTREAL, April, 1868.

Messrs. John Rogers & Co.:

GENTLEMEN,—I am happy to be able to state that, after having used a considerable number of Hair Restorers in my business as a Hair-Dresser and Perfumer, I have come to the conclusion that your Abyssinian Hair Regenerator, in point of color, restoring, and cleanliness, surpasses them all. I have tried it on some of my most difficult subjects, and the result was, in each case, highly satisfactory.

E. WETHEY,
Hair-Dresser and Perfumer, 146 Great St. James st.

ROGERS'

COMPOUND ELIXIR

OF THE PHOSPHATES,

OR

FERRO-PHOSPHATED CINCHONA CORDIAL.

Each table-spoonful of this preparation contains one grain of each of the Phosphate of Iron and Phosphate of Lime, and three grains of the Extract of Yellow Cinchona Bark.

As a Stimulant and Tonic it will be found invaluable, and in all diseases, either of a scrofulous nature, or arising from imperfect nutrition or impoverished blood, it will offer speedy and permanent relief.

It is particularly adapted to persons of sedentary habits; and for those who, suffering through indigestion, lack energy and spirit, and have no inclination for business, it will be found most beneficial.

The following is an extract of a letter with which we have been favored from one of our leading Physicians:

MONTREAL, 11th April, 1868.

Mr. J. Rogers:

SIR,—Since the introduction of your Compound Elixir of Calisaya and Phosphates of Iron and Bark, I have frequently prescribed it to my patients with the most satisfactory results. The preparation is presented to the public in a very elegant form; and I have no doubt that when its valuable therapeutic action in diseases arising from an impoverished state of the blood, has been brought to the notice of the profession, it will receive their approval. I shall have much pleasure in recommending it.

JOHN ROGERS & CO.,

CHEMISTS & DRUGGISTS,

186 GREAT ST. JAMES STREET,

MONTREAL.

THE NEW DOMINION MONTHLY,

A Magazine of Original and Selected Literature.

MAY, 1868.

CONTENTS.

TERMS.

SUBSCRIPTION.—One dollar per annum in advance; and to clubs of eight one copy gratis.

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When mailed to the United States, the Canadian postage must be *pre-paid* as above. To Britain (*pre-paid*) the rate is two cents per number. When postage has to be pre-paid, it is to be added to the subscription.

SPECIMEN NUMBERS sent upon application.

All communications and orders to be addressed to the Publishers,

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,

No. 126 GREAT ST. JAMES STREET,

MONTREAL.


Yours very truly
T D McGee

The New Dominion Monthly.

Vol. II, May, 1868. No. 2.

Original.

THE CRUCIBLE.

BY ALICIA.

CHAPTER IV.

"Words are lighter than the gleam
"Of the restless ocean spray;
"Vainer than the trembling shadow,
"That the next hour steals away.
"By the fall of summer raindrops,
"Is the air as deeply stirred;
"And the rose-leaf that we tread on,
"Will outlive a word.

"Words are mighty: words are living
"Serpents with their venomous stings;
"Or bright angels, crowding round us,
"With heaven's light upon their wings.
"Every word has its own spirit,
"True or false, that never dies;
"Every word man's lips have uttered,
"Echoes in God's skies."
—*Adelaide Proctor.*

And for mistaken Edna, how did she feel, after her burst of passion, and after spurning the love she knew to be so true? Poor child, she sought her darkened room, and burying her face in her hands, she sat for an hour, mourning and weeping like some wounded creature. She was not a girl who would speak of her sorrow to others; and, perhaps, for this very reason, it had a deep, lasting effect on her whole frame, which it would be months, or years, before she could shake off; for, if sorrow has no outlet, it must prey on the strength, eating away the very vitals of our happiness and health.

Edna was roused by Selina's sharp voice in the hall, and, with hers, she distinguished those of Dr. and Miss Ponsonby. "Oh," she said to herself, "I shall have to meet these people, and I am sure to betray what has happened; and be reproached and blamed by all but Selina; and she will rejoice over her work, for it was her stinging words goaded me on. Oh, it is terrible; I wish I were dead." But again rang in her ears the words,

"Oh, sweet, pale Margaret, Oh, rare pale Margaret,
"Look down, and let your blue eyes dawn upon me, through the jasmine leaves;"

and she exclaimed passionately: "But I would not be trifled with; he did not behave as he ought. Oh, why did he do so, and bring all this misery on me? I wish, I wish I were dead. And yet I must smother these feelings; I must look calm and agreeable—must appear as usual. Could I not plead a headache? But then, I am so soon to leave, and I do not wish to grieve my kind friends."

At this moment her father passed the door, on his way to the dining-room, and said,

"Come, little girl, here's the Doctor; come and see him. Perhaps he will prescribe something to bring the roses back to your pale cheeks."

So Edna had no choice but to go. Having bathed her eyes, and smoothed her hair, she entered the dining-room. Selina had not yet returned from her apartment, whither she had gone to remove her bonnet and cloak. Miss Ponsonby greeted Edna with warm kindness, kissing her affectionately; and the Doctor, rising, and leading her directly under the chandelier, scanned her face curiously, saying,

"Your father says you are not looking well, Miss Edna; and, really, I think he is not far wrong. If I might venture to give an opinion," he added, releasing Edna from his trying scrutiny, "I should say that your paleness does not proceed from bodily ailments; more likely from heartache," he said, significantly shaking his head. "How is the gentleman with the long robe?

Nothing wrong in that quarter, eh?"

"Wrong!" exclaimed Mr. Clifford; "its my belief that fellow Leighton can hardly do anything wrong. Never saw such a fine young man. I should, indeed, be sorry to see anything wrong in that direction. Not much danger, little rosebud, is there?"

But Edna appeared engrossed in conversation with Miss Ponsonby, and made no reply; yet not one word of what Mr. Clifford had been saying escaped her, and she scarcely knew what she was talking about to Miss Ponsonby. Suddenly, Selina entered the room, and going directly to where Edna was sitting, she exclaimed,

"Edna, what in the world have you done or said to Ernest Leighton? I met him when I was driving home, and he looked like a walking ghost; he passed me without taking the slightest notice. What *is* the matter?"

Poor Edna looked so perfectly wretched that her father interposed, and said,

"Come to me, my child, and tell me what is wrong."

Edna, rising, took her seat near her father, laid her icy-cold hand on his, and said, with forced calmness,

"The matter is simply this: for some time, I have seen that I was but a restraint to Mr. Leighton's actions; and, to-night, I entirely freed him from his engagement to me. So, perhaps, you may now understand my anxiety to leave home."

Her father gazed at Edna for some minutes, sadly and earnestly; then rose hastily, and began pacing the room. Miss Ponsonby looked at Edna with unfeigned astonishment; while the Doctor, his elbows resting on his knees, scanned her face from under his great shaggy eyebrows, and muttered, "Humph!"

Selina at length broke the silence, by remarking,

"It is just what I expected. Edna is obstinate and wilful; Ernest, thoughtless and fond of gay company. And, for my part, I never did believe in boy and girl love, and schoolboy's courtship."

"Probably not, Miss Selina, or in any other kind of courtship," said Doctor Ponsonby; "people seldom have faith in such things, unless they have experienced them."

"No, indeed," replied Miss Clifford, not heeding the Doctor's rather plain hint, "I am thankful to say, I was too well brought up to have any such foolish thoughts in my head when I was a child."

"Ah, indeed, Miss Clifford," said the Doctor; "well, you certainly do credit to your bringing up."

Mr. Clifford rose and left the room. Edna soon followed him, after bidding good-night to Doctor Ponsonby and his sister, the latter of whom said,

"I shall be with you in half an hour, my dear."

"Very well," replied Edna, wearily.

She sought her father's study. Mr. Clifford was sitting, his arms resting on the table, and his head buried in his hands.

"Oh, my child, my child," he said, reproachfully, as Edna knelt beside him, and laid her hand on his arm, "you little know the sorrow you have brought upon yourself. How different it would have been had your dear mother lived. I would rather have died, my Edna, than that you should have brought this suffering and sorrow upon yourself. You have too much the spirit of your poor father; and oh, Edna, Edna, God in his mercy grant you may never suffer for it, as I have done. But I cannot bear to speak of it; it brings memories to me, my child, the very thought of which is agony."

Edna could say nothing; she was perfectly wretched. Her father's sorrow on her account, and the misery which her conduct seemed to occasion him, gave her far more pain and sorrow than his reproaches could have done. If he had blamed her, it would have aroused in her breast a spirit of opposition; but his loving, pitying words subdued her. She could only crouch beside him, and lean her head on his arm in speechless anguish, never in the least attempting to justify herself. At length, Mr. Clifford said,

"You must leave me, my daughter. Ernest has ever been to me as a dear and valued son, and I grieve on his account. I

can only trust and pray that you may realize the misery you are occasioning e'er it be too late."

"Recall him!" exclaimed Edna, "I never will. It is not my fault. Why did he treat me as he did? why did he neglect me?"

"I know nothing of your reasons, my child, nor can I bear to listen to them now," her father replied. "Good-night, my Edna; good-night, my poor little motherless child."

Edna rose, and leaving the room, passed into her own, where she found Miss Ponsonby awaiting her, who, as Edna entered, rose and said,

"I have not time to sit and talk with you, Edna, for John has called me twice already. Edna, my poor child," she added, laying her hand on her shoulder, "you have done very, very wrong. Nothing could justify you in deciding so hastily; not even if Mr. Leighton had acted most dishonorably, would you have been right in breaking, without sufficient consideration, a tie so binding. If you had given Ernest time to explain himself, and then, on mature thought, made your decision, it would have been very different."

"You do not suppose, for one moment, that Ernest *would* act dishonorably!" exclaimed Edna.

"No, I do not," replied her friend; "and for that reason, I think you are the more to blame. But, my poor child, there is little use talking to you now; I only trust that when you feel weary and heavy laden with this burden, which you, my child, have *chosen* to bear, that it will lead you to Him who is meek and lowly in heart, and you will then find the rest to your soul, which you will so much long for. God bless you, my poor child," added Miss Ponsonby, "and lead you to Himself, though it be by the paths of affliction."

She left the room, and Edna sank into a low chair, and buried her face in her hands. "Oh, why was I born to be so miserable?" she exclaimed; "why, if God loves me, did he leave me motherless, with no one to show me what I ought to do? for, oh, I think my mother would have been so different—would have been able to understand all much better than any one else. Oh! mother, mother!" she cried, looking up with streaming eyes, and gazing through her tears at the sweet face which hung above her, "why did you leave your poor child?"

Edna waited until the noise of voices was stilled, and the house was quiet once more, then gathering together all the little remembrances she had ever received from Ernest, she laid them ready to be tied up together. Some of these had been given to her when a child, and it was, indeed, a strange collection. Pressed and withered flowers; a lock of light-brown, wavy hair; several books; her engagement-ring, which, only three months ago that very night, Ernest had placed on her finger, when sitting in that room together, the bright June moon shining in upon them approvingly, as if blessing their young love. Beside these were many little ornaments, all proofs of Ernest's love. The lock of hair, the ring, and Ernest's likeness—a small daguerreotype in a locket—were the last articles brought out. Over these Edna lingered long and mournfully, ere she could make up her mind to lay them with the others, and thus part forever from objects so dear. At length all were sealed up, and with a trembling hand, she addressed them to Ernest. Looking at her watch, she saw it was after three o'clock; so, slowly rising, she went to her chamber, and throwing herself on her bed, she fell into a troubled slumber. She was awakened by the sun pouring his glorious beams in at her window. At first, the poor girl could hardly account for the dreadful weight on her breast, but suddenly the sad recollections of the previous day, which seemed so long ago, burst upon her; and, hiding her face in the pillows, she sobbed out,

"Oh, why did I ever wake up? Why did not God, if He is so loving and kind, let me sleep forever, and not wake again to all this life of misery? I wish those Wyndgates had never come here. There's that Margaret, with her sweet, pious look! I

always hate such sanctimonious-looking people; they have been the whole cause of my trouble; I was happy before they came."

The bell for breakfast aroused her, and, hastily arranging her disordered apparel,—for she had never removed her dress—she went into the dining-room. Charlie was not down to breakfast, as was often the case. Mr. Clifford seemed absorbed in thought; and even Selina was unusually silent. Edna swallowed a cup of coffee, and, soon excusing herself, she returned to her sitting-room, bright with the morning sunbeams. She sat down at once, and wrote to Winnifred, for she felt she could not trust herself to go to the house. She told her friend that she thought Ernest was much to blame; and concluded with the hope that *she* would not forsake her, offering to correspond with her, and trusting that this unhappy affair would not estrange one who was as a sister to her. "Oh, Winnie, Winnie," she wrote, "don't forsake your old friend. I cannot bear to think that you will change." Edna was directing the envelope, when Charlie burst in, exclaiming,

"Selina says that you have sent off Leighton; but I don't believe her. It isn't true, is it, Neddy?"

"If you mean that I have broken off my engagement with Mr. Leighton, you are correct," said Edna, rather angry at being thus intruded on.

"Then you're a fool!" replied her brother, passionately. "Girls are all alike. There's Jessie Wyndgate been bothering Lionel to take her to a concert at G———, where they came from, when she knows if he gets for one evening among his old companions, he'll be just as bad as ever; and here are you, sending about his business one of the best fellows that ever lived, just for some whim or other. I'd like to know what reason you gave him."

"Until you are calm," said Edna, "I will not tell you anything; nor as long as you use such vulgar language. Have you learnt that in Mr. Lionel Wyndgate's company?"

"Oh, that's the sore point, is it?" sneered her brother. "If you only knew Ernest's reasons—but I won't tell you, for you don't deserve to know; but you'll repent of this, as sure as your name is Edna Clifford!" and Charlie went out of the room, banging the door behind him.

Edna rose and locked it; then, fastening up her letter, she laid it with the parcel addressed to Ernest; and, not daring to trust herself, in case of delay, she rang for a servant, and told her to tell Larry to take them to Mrs. Leighton's. She then busied herself with some preparations for her journey, hoping to exclude the bitter thoughts that would arise.

The next day was Sunday, but as it proved wet, Edna did not go out. Perhaps her chief attraction in attending church was the singing with Ernest, for they were the two principal members of the choir, and usually took parts in the anthems. Now she dare not trust her voice with his, and could not bear the thought of breaking down. Ere another Sabbath should dawn, she would be many miles away from him whom now she dreaded meeting. So she resolved to remain at home, telling her father she had a bad headache.

The following day she was very busy packing up; and on Tuesday she left her home, with an aching heart. It made her miserable to look at her father's sad, careworn face, and to think how many months would elapse before she might see him again. Charlie came to Edna in the morning, and with real penitence, implored her to forgive him for his hastiness.

"You know, Neddy," he said, "that I love Ernest as a brother, and it grieved me to think *my* sister should slight him. I know I was in a passion, and said what I should not; but forgive me, Neddy dear. I shall miss you so much; but you will write me long letters, won't you? Bring me a bit of Pio Nono's toe-nail, or a piece of ice off the top of Mount Blanc. Just put it in your band-box, you know. But, cheer up, Eddy! perhaps you will find as good a fellow as Leighton; but I don't believe it,

anyhow. Good-bye, for I won't see you again." Kissing her, he quitted the room, brushing his coat-sleeve suspiciously over his eyes, and leaving Edna uncertain as to whether anger or sorrow most predominated. Charlie's words, implying that she merely regretted the loss of an admirer whose place might be filled by anyone else, annoyed her extremely. But he had left her no chance of replying; and, now that he was gone, all anger was lost in grief at parting with her only brother, her loved playmate,—good-natured and generous he ever was, and much better-tempered, she knew, than herself. Edna wept long and bitterly, but was obliged to rouse herself to prepare for the sad parting with her father. This was the hardest of all. He said little, and appeared bowed down with sorrow. The last Edna saw, as she drove away, was her father, standing at the door, shading his eyes with his hand, and Selina waving her handkerchief from the bed-room window.

Thus our heroine left her home, from under whose roof she had never before been absent for a single week. Gladly would we follow her and her kind friend, in their journey across the wide Atlantic; and in imagination travel with them through sunny France, and under the clear, deep-blue sky of Italy; but space will not permit, and we must leave them for a time, until again we meet them, surrounded by the snow-capped Alps.

CHAPTER V.

"Alas! how bitter are the wrongs of love!
"Life has no other sorrow so acute;
"For love is made of every firm emotion,
"Of generous impulses, and noble thoughts;
"It looketh to the stars, and dreams of heaven;
"It nestles 'mid the flowers, and sweetens earth.
"Love is aspiring, yet is humble, too;
"It doth exalt another o'er itself,
"With sweet heart-homage, which delights to raise
"That which it worships; yet is fain to win
"The idol to its lone and lowly home
"Of deep affection. 'Tis an utter wreck
"When such hopes perish. From that moment life
"Has in its depths a well of bitterness."
—*L. E. Landon.*

Edna's letter to Winnifred filled her with sorrow, yet threw light at once on Ernest's strange conduct, which had been such a mystery to her. She grieved deeply on her brother's account, and could not understand what possible reason Edna could have for discarding him whom she believed to be a model of all that was good and noble. But it made little change in her feelings towards her old friend; and she rather pitied her than indulged any angry feelings at her conduct. Mrs. Leighton felt less sympathy for one who had thus, seemingly, so lightly ruined the happiness of her only son. But she said little, and did not forbid her daughter's correspondence with Edna.

To Mrs. Leighton, the thought of parting with her only boy was a terrible grief. But she determined to nerve herself for the separation, and not add to her son's sorrow by her own selfishness. She well knew that Ernest could never bear to remain in the place now, where, for so many years, he had associated with Edna; and, as for herself, at present at least, she had no intention of leaving L——.

It was not until after Edna's departure for Europe, that Ernest gave his sister an opportunity of speaking on the subject of which her heart was so full. One day, Winnifred was sitting alone, working busily with her needle, when her brother entered the room. He came up to the window, and drawing a chair close to hers, he sat down, and taking her hand in his, said,

"Little sister, I want to speak to you. Can you leave your work for a short time?"

She looked at him for a moment, then breaking down completely, she laid her head on his shoulder, and burst into tears.

"Oh, Ernest," she sobbed out, "how could she be so cruel? My poor, poor brother."

"Winnie," he replied, his voice trembling with emotion, "you must not give way thus, but listen to me calmly. I cannot speak with you much on this subject, but I have something which I wish to say to you, and I know my little sister will do what I ask, for her brother's sake. I do not wish

you, Winnie, to make any change in your conduct or manners towards Edna Clifford." He stopped for a moment, then proceeded slowly, "Write to her as lovingly as ever; let her feel that you will still be to her a sister in affectionate regard. While she is away, you will attend to her garden,—for this I will gain Mr. Clifford's permission. But never, Winnie, mention my name to her. Now, little sister, grieve more on her account than mine; and, Winnie, pray for us both."

"Well, I will do as you wish," said his sister; "but what can I talk about in my letters to Edna, if I can't speak of you?"

"Poor little girl," said Ernest, fondly; "remember, darling, that every one is not so interested in your brother as you are. You know, when you correspond with any one, you should try to write about what will be pleasing to the person to whom you are writing; and no subject could be so distasteful to Miss Clifford, as anything which concerned me."

After he had thus said what he hardly believed to be true, Ernest kissed his sister tenderly, and left the room. Perhaps he had little idea how Winnifred's letters would be read, and re-read, and carefully searched, to find any allusion to Winnifred's brother; but, alas! Winnie was true to her promise, though she often longed to open her breast to her friend, and tell her how anxious she was about her dear Ernest. Little did Winnifred Leighton know of the terrible struggle which passed through her brother's mind before he could speak to her as he had done. He was becoming a greater mystery to her every day; indeed, it was impossible for a childish nature like hers to understand a character of such depth of purpose, and of such high principles as Ernest possessed.

Mr. Clifford knew that Ernest would never consent to remain in L——; but the thought of parting with him gave him much trouble and anxiety. He felt he was himself losing the vigor and energy of his young days. For some time past he had left the whole charge of the business with Ernest, and to assume this responsibility once again, seemed more than he could bear. It would be years before Charlie could take Ernest's place—indeed, his father feared he never would do so. Though Mr. Clifford felt that he ought to speak to Ernest, he kept putting off the evil day. He could not bear to look the truth in the face, and indulged in the pleasing hope that Edna would relent, and all be well again.

One day, some weeks after his daughter's departure, he was sitting in his office, dwelling on this disagreeable subject, and wondering how in the world he would ever manage to get on without Ernest, when the door opened, and the object of his thoughts entered. The poor fellow was much changed from the gay, happy looking young man he had been a few weeks previous. He appeared already to have grown old, and a thoughtful, subdued manner seemed to pervade all he said and did. Closing the door behind him, and seating himself near Mr. Clifford, Ernest began turning over the leaves of a large ledger which lay on the desk.

"Are you looking for anything?" said Mr. Clifford.

"No," replied Leighton; "I wish to speak to you about my leaving L——. You will understand, Mr. Clifford, my feelings in not wishing to remain here. It is only on my mother's and your own account that I regret being obliged to go. But as you have ever been a kind friend to me—and indeed, sir, I owe everything to you—I wished to consult you on the matter."

"I expected this, Ernest," said Mr. Clifford, "and have endeavored to bring my mind to view it calmly, but I cannot. You have been as dear to me as my own son; and never, Ernest, have you caused me a moment's anxiety. I could leave town at any time, and feel that my business was going on just the same as if I were present. What I shall do without you, I don't know, I am getting too old to put my shoulder to the wheel and push on, as I could in my young days. And yet, my boy, I would not wish you to remain if you desire to go; nor will I, for your sake, speak of the un-

happy circumstances which led to this. But tell me what your plans are, and I will only be too glad to give you any advice I can."

"Thank you," said Ernest, warmly; "I thank you a hundred times for all the kindness you have showed to me and to my widowed mother. May God reward you. In my occasional visits to the west, I met with a family of the name of Austin, whom my mother knew well when she lived in B———; and who still reside there. One of the sons is a lawyer, and has a fine practice in B———, but he has been, for some time, anxious to live in this part of the world; and, in writing to him the other day, I proposed an exchange, with which he seems delighted. It now remains with you, sir, whether he will take my place or not."

"Take your place!" exclaimed Mr. Clifford; "no one can ever do that. But what do you know of this young Austin?"

"Not very much, it is true. But all I know is very good; and he has been well brought up, and that is a great deal in his favor."

"Yes, a great deal; and there is no one here whom I would care to take into my office, I must confess. You think the fellow is steady?" queried Mr. Clifford.

"Perfectly so, as far as I am aware," replied Ernest. "He is rather a clever fellow, too; writes a good deal for the different publications and law-journals, and some of his articles are very good; and a man must have his head clear to write well."

"Very true," said Mr. Clifford. "I will think the matter over. I could give him a stated salary at first, and then, if he suited me, I might make him my partner. However, Leighton, as I said, I will think the matter over, and give you an answer tomorrow. But I am greatly troubled about your leaving. Old people don't like change."

"But, Mr. Clifford, you are not an old man," said Ernest.

"No, not very old; only—let me see—fifty-eight; but, it seems to me, I have been been growing old very fast of late, and cares seem to weigh upon me heavily; but this is the greatest grief I have felt for many a day. But, stay, Ernest," he said, recalling him. "How are you going to manage about your mother? If I can be of any assistance to her, I shall be very glad."

"Thank you, Mr. Clifford," answered Leighton, "my mother intends remaining here, for the present at least. Before very long, I hope to have a pretty good practice in B———, as I shall, in a measure, take Austin's place there, and be able to give my mother as much towards her support as I have while I have been with you. In the meantime, she will have the interest of a considerable sum I had saved from my salary, and for which I will have no use now. This, with her own income, will support her comfortably."

"It would be well, Leighton, if all widowed mothers had sons as good as you are," said Mr. Clifford. "And now, goodbye, for the present."

Mr. Clifford, after due consideration, resolved to write to young Austin, which he accordingly did, and was so much pleased with the answers he received, that he decided upon taking him into his employ; and when he came up to make the final arrangements, Mr. Clifford found that he had not been mistaken in the opinion he had formed of him from his letters.

Frank Austin was the second son of a retired officer, who had been living for several years in a flourishing city in the west. Frank, though very young when called to the bar, had already a good practice in B———. Having had a great desire, for some time, to live in L——, he gladly took advantage of the opening, and entered the office of Mr. Clifford, of whom he had been told a good deal by his friend Ernest. Of course, Austin had heard nothing of the engagement with Edna; and indeed, it was not until some time after his removal to L———, that he learnt that Mr. Clifford had any other daughter than Selina. He spent more of his leisure hours at Mrs.

Leighton's than with Mr. Clifford's family, and soon began to feel a great interest in little Miss Winnifred, who, on her part, was delighted in finding a ready listener while she sang the praises of her darling brother. Frank said little in reply to Winnifred's earnest eulogiums, but he lent a patient ear, and that was enough for Winnie.

But now we must step into the Rectory and see what changes have taken place in the Wyndgate family during the last few months. Lionel had at last, through Ernest's endeavors, been induced to give up his old companions and amusements. More than this, he had been led to see the evil of his ways, and not only to abandon and forsake the pleasures of sin, but to strive to walk in wisdom's ways, and endeavor, by God's help, to crush in his own heart the hydra-headed monster, Sin; and—no longer a slave to its follies and vices—to rejoice in the liberty with which Christ makes his people free. This, Lionel had not learnt from his friend: for whatever may have been the guiding principles of Ernest Leighton's life, he had never spoken to Wyndgate of the things which belonged to his eternal salvation. He strove only to lead him to forsake vice, and lead a moral life. He earnestly endeavored to induce him to lay aside the filthy, tattered rags of sin—the vile slough of the old serpent—but did not show him where alone he could find the pure raiment, washed white and clean in the all-cleansing crimson streams of Calvary. Thus the prayers of Lionel's parents were at length answered; and Mr. Wyndgate heard from the lips of his son the tidings which brought indescribable joy and thankfulness to his heart. Little had the good Rector thought, while writing his sermon in his quiet study, the previous week, how its truths would be brought home to the heart and conscience of his wayward and wandering boy, by the mighty power of the spirit of God. But the promise of Jehovah never fails; and has He not said, "Whatsoever ye ask, believing, ye shall receive," How often do we ask, hardly expecting an answer to our prayers; being even surprised, when our petitions meet with their fulfilment?

Mr. Wyndgate at once wrote to Ernest, thanking him, with all a father's fervor, for his kindness, and the interest he had taken in his son. Lionel enclosed a letter to his friend, telling him of the great change in his feelings, and asking him if he could find him any situation in B——, as at present he felt he was only an expense to his parents; and being still in debt to a considerable amount, he was anxious to obtain some employment. He would be glad to be near Ernest, for he knew that the society of his collegiate friends was not of the most improving kind; and he did not yet trust himself, feeling that there was still danger of his being again led away by his old companions. Ernest, after some difficulty, and through the influence of some of his friends, at length obtained him a situation in a bank, and engaged rooms for him at his own boarding-house. Lionel removed thither in a few weeks, having given up all thoughts of ever again studying the healing art. Dr. Ponsonby, declared that it was just what he would have wished for two or three months previously, as it would be much better if all such rapscallions never took their degrees; but now that Wyndgate had reformed, it was too bad that he should leave the study of a profession, in the practice of which he might be the means of doing so much good, not merely to the bodies, but also to the souls of his fellowmen.

Mr. Wyndgate made no objection to the change, for he had never favored Lionel's choice, knowing well the temptations to which medical students are subject; and how they too frequently become accustomed to intoxicating drinks, from their constant resort to them to nerve themselves to witness or take part in trying operations, or to keep out the damp, sepulchral air in the autumnal excursions of youthful anatomists. The Rector was also glad that his son would have the advantage of being intimately associated with one who had been, under

God, the means of working such a change in him.

Thus the home circle at the Rectory was for the first time broken; and much as the whole family mourned Lionel's loss,—and he was a general favorite,—they felt how greatly they should rejoice in the circumstances which occasioned his removal from their midst. None felt more truly thankful for the change in Lionel than did his sister Margaret; for none knew as well as she from what he had been redeemed; and her heart overflowed with thankfulness to God for His great goodness, and also to him that had made such unwearied efforts to bring back the prodigal son. As soon as she learnt to whom they were all so much indebted, she wrote to Ernest, thanking him most cordially for what he had done. He replied to her note; and if Margaret had before felt gratitude, she now experienced the highest respect and esteem for Ernest, who, in his turn, could not but admire the noble, sisterly concern and affection manifested by Margaret towards her brother; Lionel also was constantly sounding her praises in his ears. But where was Jessie all this time? And what did she think of the alteration in her favorite brother and quondam companion? Alas! Jessie was too much occupied in somebody else's brother to feel as deeply as she would otherwise have done, Lionel's loss. Besides, he had lately been so absorbed with other interests and other companions, as to leave little time to spare for his early playmate; and so, though Jessie grieved at her brother's departure, she was not quite so inconsolable as she would have been had she had no one to take his place. But who was the other one?

CHAPTER VI.

"Oh! my love has an eye of the softest blue,
"Yet it was not that that won me;
"But a little bright drop from her soul was there,
"'Tis that that has undone me.
"I might have pass'd that lovely cheek,
"Nor, perchance, my heart have left me,
"But the sensitive blush that came trembling there,
"Of my heart it forever bereft me.
"I might have forgotten that red, red lip—
"Yet how from that heart to sever?—
"Yet there was a smile from the sunshine within,
"And that smile I'll remember forever."
—*Charles Wolfe.*

Charles Clifford, as boys generally are at his age, was rather susceptible to womanly beauty and graces. Having never been in the society of ladies, excepting that of his sisters and Winnifred Leighton—with the latter of whom, to tell the truth, he never got on very well—he was at once struck with Jessie's bright, gay beauty, so different from his sister's *hauteur*, and Winnie's confiding helplessness, and straightway was deeply entangled in Cupid's meshes, and led blindfold by the ruthless little god. Henceforth, he was restless and unhappy, excepting when by Jessie's side; and most dreadfully jealous of any unfortunate being who was daring enough to take his place in escorting her. Was this affection, which glowed so ardently in poor Charlie's breast, reciprocated? I rather think so; though Miss Jessie had something of the spirit of a flirt in her composition; and when, after chattering and talking with some swain or other, who was fortunate enough to obtain one of her golden, sunshiny smiles, she would look up and see Charlie gazing with angry glances at the usurper of his lady's bright glances, she would slip away from her companion, and, going up to Charles, say in her sweetest accents, looking at him with her melting, hazel eyes—

"I hope you haven't a headache, Mr. Clifford? Could I not get you some cologne? I always feel for people who suffer from headache."

To which kind remark the love-sick youth would feel inclined to reply savagely, "That he hadn't a headache;" but could not utter such words, after looking even once at those sweet, up-turned eyes, and would mutter something unintelligible, and think what a fool he was. Then he would ask her if she would go out with him the next evening. Jessie would hesitate for some time,—murmur something about a

previous engagement with Mr. Sharpe,—at which Charlie would again grow desperate, and begin once more to scowl. However, as she would end by giving a partial consent, he was obliged to keep silent till he left the house, and he would make himself miserable during the remainder of the evening, by imagining how many things might possibly or would probably occur to prevent their intended drive, and as to whether Jessie really did care for that puppy Sharpe, towards whom he felt inclined to exhibit a little muscular Christianity, send him about his business, and tell him to let Miss Wyndgate alone. However, notwithstanding all these roughnesses in the path of true love, it still proceeded on its way, gaining strength with every step, and courage with every new difficulty overcome. Charlie had not yet finished his college course; and what path in life to choose, he had not yet determined. If Ernest had remained his father's partner, young Clifford had intended entering the office; but now Ernest was gone, there was no attraction there. He would rather have gone into the navy than study for any profession; but he was already too old to enter the service, and besides, he had now an object for which to *work*, if ever he could bring his mind to do this. He imagined, poor fellow, that if he was only sure that Jessie loved him, he would be content to toil day and night. It is very romantic to imagine the bliss of working, with the affection and constancy of a loved one to rely upon; but a different thing to labor against the difficulties, overcome the obstacles which all meet with in life; to plod steadily, perseveringly on, hoping against hope, until at last honest labor meets with its reward, and a livelihood is gained. How often did Charlie wish he had enough to support himself and Jessie, (if he ever won her.) It was such an intolerable bore, he said, to have to sit in an office from morning till night, and scratch, scratch until your arm ached, and then, after all, not to enjoy life, but look harassed and worried, like his father; and the boy kicked his feet together as he sat on the bench in his class-room, and wished he had a thousand a year, and Jessie into the bargain.—"Wouldn't I be a jolly fellow," soliloquized he. "But what on earth is going to be done when I say Adoo, adoo, to my *Alma Mater*, is more than I know."

(*To be Continued.*)

Original.

THE DOOM OF BABYLON, AND OTHER VISIONS.

BY ANON.

A captive Jew speaks—

How fondly clings my exiled heart,
Jerusalem, to thee!
With rapid throb my pulses start,
When thoughts of liberty
And hope of Israel's return
Within my longing bosom burn.

O city! blessed of our God,
No joy my soul hath felt
Since thy loved streets my feet have trod,
And in thy courts I've knelt;
And though the voice of praise is hushed,
And all thy power and glory crushed
Beneath an iron rod;
Though vainly thy sons' life-blood gushed
In streams to stain the sod;
When on thee fierce Assyria rushed—
Her eager hosts with conquest flushed—
Like eagles on their prey;
Yet still to thee my thoughts will stray,
And more I love to sadly trace
The lines of each familiar place
Graven on my memory;
Than here to gaze on Babel's pride,
By broad Euphrates' rapid tide—
Dread prison of our race!
Though broad and vast thy lofty walls,
And strong thy gates of brass,
When on thee God's just anger falls,
Thy power shall from thee pass;
Thy name, inscribed on history's page,
Shall publish still, from age to age,
Cruel oppression's doom;
Shall tell that justice never sleeps—
That God a faithful record keeps—
Decrees the mode, the place, and time,
When men of cruelty and crime,
In every age, and every clime,

Dire punishment shall meet;
And by His vengeance, sure and great,
Fill an unhonored tomb;
When tyrants, who have spread dismay
And desolation round their way,
Shall prove themselves a helpless prey;
When ruined empires from their dust
Shall own ambition's raging lust,
Like a foul worm within a grave,
Unsatisfied, shall ever crave.

Nations, by thy destruction swept;
The feasts of blood which thou hast kept;
The orphan's tears; the captive's cries;
Each city which in ashes lies,
To Him who reigns above the skies,
Against thee have appealed;
And, in His own appointed hour,
His arm of unresisted power
O'er thee shall be revealed.
Thy children dashed against the stones;
Thy daughters captive led;
Streets, silent all, save for the groans
Of the dying with the dead,
Shall soon repay *thy* captives' moans
And blood, which thou hast shed.
Ages shall slowly pass away
Without relief of thy decay;
And every effort shall be vain
To find upon the desert plain
The place, where now is held thy reign!

Lo! before my enraptured gaze
Approaching scenes unfold.
Amid the banquet's brilliant blaze,
Where wantons dance, and music plays,
And ribald song, and sparkling wine
Their maddening pleasures all combine,
The splendid golden vessels shine,
Which had, in happier days,
Jehovah's sacred shrine adorned,—
Polluted now, alas! and scorned.

Why pause the dancers in their round?
Why falls the goblet from the grasp?
Tyrant—why thus in horror gasp,
While silence, awful and profound,
Reigns in that festive hall?
A mystic writing on the wall,
Belshazzar dooms to dreadful fall,
From all his greatness to the grave—
From life to sudden death.
Oh! well may dread suspend thy breath,
And chain thee like a slave;
Vain now is all thy strength to save,

For in this "very night"
Has passed away thy vaunted might,
And never more shall greet thy sight
The joyful beams of morning light.
Within thy palace Death now waits
To claim thee as his own;
The Heaven-sent Persian bursts thy gates,
And from thy lofty turrets wave
His flags of freedom for the slave—
Babylon is o'erthrown!

Yet oft again shall the sad cry
Of Jacob's seed, in sore distress,
Before their father's God on high,
Petition pardon and redress;
And though they have "rebellious" proved—
Have feebly served, and coldly loved—
His plighted promise stands unmoved—
He will His people bless.

Vision on vision meets my sight:
Now all around spreads gloomy night—
Now break forth beams of dazzling light—
Here Israel's hosts victorious stand,
While gentle Peace smiles on the land;
Here now—a sight of shame and woe,
Cowards! they fly before the foe—
Fling away shield and brand,
And fall an unresisting prey,
Scattered in wide and wild dismay!

What heart-appalling scene appears
In the dim light of distant years?
I see—I see the Crucified—
His glazed eye—His pierced side.
The sun in darkness veils his face;
Buried saints leave their resting place;
Rent is the veil, and burst the rock;
The quaking earth reels with the shock;
A Mighty One hath died;
And high above the gazing crowd
I hear His last triumphant cry,
From blood-stained cross to darkened sky,
Ascending clear and loud.

That scene has vanished; but once more,
What countless steel-clad legions pour
Ruin on Judah now?
Alas! Rome's widely-conquering sword
The crown hath stricken from her brow;
The chosen people of the Lord
Before the heathen bow.
"Scattered and peeled;" scorned and despised;
Downtrodden by the uncircumcised,
They bear a dreadful doom;

While amid scoffs, which sting and burn,
Their hearts to Salem sadly turn,
Like mourners to a distant tomb.

What glory, rising o'er my race,
Shines like approaching day,
With power all darkness now to chase
For evermore away?
The bow of promise in the cloud,
Though shadows may a moment shroud,
Loses no splendid ray
Of all the beauty light supplies
To that grand wonder of the skies.
And though our God in anger hide
His face from us awhile,
On all who in His truth confide,
His love again shall smile.
I see the tribes so long oppressed,
From north and south, from east and west
Like doves returning to their rest.
Before that power which rules supreme,
Fierce storms subside to calm;
The past appears a troubled dream,
And all their wounds find balm.
Kings, princes, yea, all earthly powers,
Yield to His sovereign sway;
The Lord—the mighty Lord—is ours,
And leads them on their way.
The Father calls His children home,
No more as wanderers to roam
O'er foreign lands or ocean's foam.
His gracious promises fulfilled,
His people chastened but not killed,
Preserved and led, with constant care,
To their own land, shall dwell in safety there.

Original.

THE AMERICAN MACKEREL FISHERY IN THE GULF OF ST. LAWRENCE.

BY ARTHUR HARVEY, OTTAWA.

(*Continued.*)

In a work called "The Industry of Massachusetts, 1865," an official report on the capital invested in, and the products of every description of industrial pursuit in the Commonwealth, I find some further statements on the subject. Gloucester is the chief seat of the mackerel fishery, Boston being but a bad second. Why this should be, I can hardly say, though the fishermen tell me they prefer Gloucester, because a schooner can lay in her whole outfit there, in one store; while in Boston several must be visited for the purpose.

Under the head of "Gloucester," I find (p. 142), "Mackerel and cod fisheries: vessels employed in, 341; tonnage, 24,450; bbls. of mackerel taken, 154,938; value, $2,190,562; value of cod-fish, $706,425; capital, $1,865,700; hands employed, 4,590; besides 12 vessels employed in catching bait; 720 tons; 100 hands employed; 1,400 bbls. bait caught; value, $75,000." In the whole Commonwealth, it is said (page 165) that there are 1,000 vessels, of 117,146 tons burthen, taking 283,000 bbls. of mackerel, worth $1,866,837; employing 11,518 hands.

This is evidently an absurd statement. I see that an error occurs as to the value taken, because the value of the catch of all Massachusetts is said to be less than that of Gloucester alone, and I notice that a good many towns omit in their returns,—some the number, some the tonnage of vessels, some the quantity, some the value of their take. All these are, of course, omitted in the totals, and tend to decrease them. Were I to reconstruct the table from the data furnished in the body of the book, which a careful and experienced statist can do with at least as much accuracy as a comparative anatomist can outline an extinct animal by seeing a few of its bones, I should feel very sure that the following figures were not very far astray: vessels, 1,100; tonnage, 100,000; catch, 800,000 barrels; value, $10,000,000; hands employed, 12,000. If we add to these figures, say 20 per cent., for the catch of the other States, we shall have results agreeing very nearly with what I at first arrived at.

The fishermen of Cape Ann look forward with pleasurable anticipation to the mackerel season. And no wonder, for during the winter, if they are employed at all, they go to the "Georges" after cod; and it is no joke even to navigate, much less to fish, when your rigging and your lines are covered with a coat of ice. As soon, then, as the Gulf is likely to be open (*i.e.*, free from ice), the mackerel fleet, duly manned, equipped, and provisioned, sets sail for the Gut of Canso.

Beautiful craft, many of these schooners are. Low-lying; rising finely to the waves; bounding over instead of cutting through them; drawing very little water forward, but a great deal more astern, they will run from 12 to 13 1-2 knots on the wind; and many an exciting race they have from Cape Ann to the Gut of Canso.

The Yankee fisherman, too, is a peculiar being. On shore, in his Sunday's black broad-cloth, with his jewelry prominently displayed, strolling down Cape Ann street with his wife, he is a very different person from what you see on board his schooner, dressed in a yellow oil-skin over-coat, yellow oil-skin breeches, and a yellow oil-skin Sou'-wester (or, *we* should say, Nor'-easter.)

Sometimes the skipper is too smart, and gets to the straits before they open, for in the spring it often happens that a north wind brings down the floating ice, and jams the Gut as tight as any strait in the Arctic regions. But we will suppose him to be fortunate. He touches at Plaster Cove, a telegraph and post station in the Gut, to hear the news and send some home, and then, in company with perhaps a couple of hundred other sail, he presses through into what is called "the Bay." These fishermen have quite a language of their own. We should call this sail from Boston to the Gut, a voyage up the coast. Not so the fisherman, who calls it "down" to Halifax, and "up" to Boston; and our "St. Lawrence Gulf" is, to him, "the Bay," a term we should confine to that small portion called St. George's Bay, just inside the Gut of Canso.

Let me pause one moment to draw your attention to this beautiful strait. Between Nova Scotia, on the continent, and Cape Breton Island—now a part of the Province of Nova Scotia, which stretches far out into the Atlantic, towards Newfoundland—winds this short and convenient passage from the ocean to the Gulf. No wider than the Thames at London, with high, spruce-crowned bluffs on either side, a safe harbor throughout its length, with small towns or villages along its banks, it well deserves the name it has received, of "The Golden Gate to the St. Lawrence Gulf." For picturesque beauty, few shores surpass it; for the commercial facilities it affords, it is hardly equalled by any other strait in the world.

On the English coast, mackerel are usually taken in drift nets; and, accustomed as I have been to see fish taken in this manner, I was somewhat surprised to find the method practised in the Gulf entirely different.

During the winter and early spring, the American fishermen catch fish called porgies, which are dried and barrelled. Catching bait is an occupation employing many hands, and not a few vessels are devoted to this special pursuit. As I understand it, a piece of fresh porgie, or sometimes a bit cut from the side of a fresh mackerel itself, is best to bait the hooks with; and a quantity of barrelled bait is placed in the bait-mills, of which there are two on each side of the schooner, and which are set going every now and then. The ground bait from the mills (which much resemble straw-cutters) attracts the mackerel, and keeps them in shoals about the vessel, while six or seven men keep busy at the lines, hauling in the fish as fast as they bite at the larger pieces on the hooks. At times this is very rapid work, for the mackerel is a voracious fish; he does not come up and smell the bait, and nibble a little, and then lazily flout it with his tail, like some other fish we no doubt all have been vexed with, but dashes at it boldly, and, alas for his hopes, rashly. He makes at it diagonally, gorges it at once, and no "play" being allowed, he almost instantly finds himself out of his native element. Now and then the crew will catch a deck-full in a few hours; and then, all hands to work, splitting, salting, barrelling, so as to be able to take to the lines again before the shoals of fish make off. The fish bite best, they say, in cloudy weather, sometimes when it is windy; and a fine schooner, with nine lives, was lost in 1866, when I was on the Nova Scotia coast, because the over-anxious fishermen kept at their lines so long as to be at last unable, when the wind stiffened to

a gale, to work their vessel off a lee-shore.

When a schooner has filled up with six or seven hundred barrels, it becomes a question how to dispose of her valuable burden. Until of late, it has been customary for these fishing craft to go back to Gloucester with their first fare, and to return at once to seek another. Now, however, the Boston folks have put on a fleet of three or four steamers, which run from Boston "down" to Halifax; next lie in the middle of the Gut of Canso, off Ship Harbor or Plaster Cove, receiving fish from the schooners, or from lighters; then proceed to Charlottetown, which, being in a different colony, they can do without infringing the coasting laws; and so return. Thus the fishermen can buy a fresh lot of barrels, and make a second haul, while they would, on the old system, have been beating "up" to Boston.

When I was last at Charlottetown, I went to Halifax by one of these steamers. She had been six hours at work in the "Gut," on the way down, taking in the cargo of four schooners. She took in the loads of seven others during one weary day on her voyage up; and had 6,000 barrels of splendid mackerel on board (freight, $1 per bbl.) when, at length, she steamed away for Halifax and Boston.

When caught and brought to port, the American mackerel are branded as No. 1, No. 2, and No. 3, according to quality. Nos. 1 and 2 are for the American and Canadian markets; No. 3 chiefly for the West Indies; and the fact of inferior mackerel being always sent thither, would seem to indicate a place where province-caught fish would soon supplant the American.

This finishes my paper on the American Mackerel Fishery. I have only to add, in conclusion, that although the Americans are the chief mackerel fishermen, yet the Nova Scotians are learning more and more to engage in the pursuit. A few years since, they were accustomed to take mackerel only with nets and seines. They now use the hook and line, and the bait-mill, like the Yankees. In 1864-5-6, they exported over $1,000,000 worth. They have 1,000 vessels, and 10,000 boats engaged in the fisheries; and, no doubt, a great proportion of them are fitted up for mackerel fishing, at one or more seasons of the year. The New Brunswickers, with the rich Bay of Chaleurs at their doors, take but few mackerel. The Prince Edward Islanders, whose island is in the midst of teeming fishing grounds, still less. Nor have the Canadians yet begun to emulate the Americans, who take millions of dollars worth of fine mackerel from under their very noses. Capt. Fortin has written well and often, lamenting this apathy, which, it is to be hoped, may pass away. It surely will when Montreal is placed in direct and rapid communication with the Lower Provinces and the Gulf, by rail and steamer. But this being a distinct branch of the subject, I will not further enter upon its consideration.

Original.

ACROSS THE WAVE.

BY DR. TUCKER, PICKERING.

Our bounteous mother standeth
By the margin of the sea,
And o'er the flood she crieth,
"O children, come to me!"
She is calling to the needy,
She is calling to the brave,
She offers homes and plenty;
Oh, come across the wave.

Let the sluggard and the coward
In their rags remain content,
Scorn, and cold, and famine suffering,
Till their worthless lives be spent;
Seeking nothing, hoping nothing,
Save repose within the grave;
But the bold and honest worker
Will not fear to cross the wave.

Oh, leave the filthy alley
In the city's reeking heart,
Where the pestilence is raging,
And where Death has done his part;
Better dare the ocean's fury
Than in sickly squalor rave;
Here are heaven's untainted breezes;
Venture now across the wave.

Oh, leave those wide-spread acres,
A lordling's proud domain,
Where as a beast thou toilest
But for a master's gain.
When thy poor strength has perished,
Thou'lt be a useless slave;
A beggar's doom awaits thee,
Escape across the wave.

Come Swede and stern Norwegian,
We have rivers deep and wide,
Upon whose glassy bosom,
As at home, ye still may glide.
The Northmen dread no danger,
They are bravest of the brave,
Of old they loved the ocean,
And now they'll cross the wave.

We've sunshine here that cheers us,
Like the joyous sun of France;
We've maidens here whose beauty
Would the Gallic soul entrance.
O children of that pleasant clime,
Long years ago ye gave
Your name and fame to this our land,
Then come across the wave.

We've room for all the dwellers
In the valley of the Rhine;
Here they'll find another valley,
Abounds in corn and vine.
Come, then, and plant your vineyards,
And your teaming harvests save;
Ye are true and noble workers;
Come, speed across the wave.

Oh come, thou plodding Saxon,
Oh come, thou fiery Celt,
Full many wrongs ye've suffered,
Full many insults felt.
Remember yet your manhood,
Nor pauper's pittance crave;
New homes are waiting for you;
Come, brothers, cross the wave.

We've liberty triumphant,
Yet triumphant by the law;
We've rulers who are fearless
The righteous sword to draw;
We've plenty for the toiler,
We've honor for the brave;
We have a monarch whom we love;
Then, brothers, cross the wave.

Original.

A RAMBLE IN OUR CANADIAN WOODS.

BY JOHN PAXTON, QUEBEC.

Was the poet literally correct, when he lamented thus,—

"Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

Nay! wherever a plant grows, or a blossom unfolds, there is an ever-present God,—whose unapproachable skill formed its delicate mechanism,—moulding it into beauty, filling its petals with fragrance, and rejoicing in the work of His own hands; for "He causeth the bud of the tender herb to bring forth;" and it has been truly said, "if we pass negligently by one of God's works—though it be but a wayside plant—we withhold from Him the tribute of admiration which is His right and reasonable due."

To those whose minds and thoughts are not entirely absorbed in the prospect of material prosperity, a ramble in our Canadian woods, during the merry month of May, is capable of affording no ordinary pleasure,—especially to the reflecting mind—who seeks something beyond the ephemeral, and who can recognize in the graceful, wavy forms of the leaves, and the lovely tints and harmonizing colors of the flowers, the consummate taste and skill of the Great Architect.

Will the readers of our NEW DOMINION MONTHLY permit me to take them on a spring-flower hunting expedition towards the end of May, to a lovely spot (not far from the good old city of Quebec,) where Flora's treasures are scattered with no niggardly hand, while the ample and varied landscape, and the wild magnificence of the towering rocks add a peculiar interest and beauty to the scenery.

The snow has disappeared from the deepest recesses of the gullies; the month of May has ushered in the Spring; and from the pines and hawthorns which clothe the banks of the deep ravine in which we stand, issue the cheering, mellow voices of

our migratory songsters, as they warble forth their notes of praise to their benificent Creator. The trees and shrubs are assuming that lovely tint of living green which is so peculiar to our Canadian spring. A limpid stream of silvery whiteness is rushing down the steep declivity; the almost perpendicular rocks on either side are spotted with Liver-worts, while from the interstices, the graceful forms of numerous ferns stand forth in bold relief, each having at its extremity a diamond-like drop, formed by the spray. The summits of the rocks are fringed with the hawthorn (*Cratægus coccinea*), virgin's-bower (*Climatis-Virginiana*), and the Canadian columbine (*Aquilegia Canadensis*), whose brilliant orange-scarlet flowers bedeck the upper part of the rocks.

On the granite boulders at our feet creeps the little May-flower (*Epigœa repens*), with its tiny leaves of dark glossy green, and its delicately fragrant clusters of rosy-pink blossoms, whose odor is quite equal, if not superior, to the mignonette. The eye can just discern a little gem on the sandy bank near the water's edge; the stem is only an inch high, and has a few diminutive, pale-lilac flowers at its top—a pot the size of a walnut might hold the whole plant—it is the fairy primrose (*primula mistassinica*).

Further down the valley is spread a sheet of golden-yellow: it is the dog's-tooth violet (*erythronium Americanum*), with its two large, smooth, brown-spotted leaves, and its showy blossoms produced in such abundance; intermixed with it the modest violet (*viola cucullata*), hangs down its pretty face of shaded blue, whose bright green heart-shaped leaves harmonize so well with its yellow associate. A couple of red squirrels (*Sciurus Hudsonious,*) are gambolling round the trunk and limbs of a huge red oak (*Quercus rubra*), while a beautiful striped ground-squirrel (*Sciurus striatus*) is squatted on an immense boulder ingeniously dissecting an acorn which he has dexterously unearthed from beneath the great oak-tree. These last give a pleasing animation to this remarkable and, to the lover of nature, most interesting scene. One might sit for weeks writing his meditations on such a spot, yet sum them all up by remarking that "the hand that made it was Divine," or exclaim with the rapture of a Muhlenburg,—

"Since o'er Thy footstool here below;
Such radiant gems are strown;
O! what magnificence must glow
My God! about Thy throne!
* * * * *
If this Thy temple's outer vail,
What splendour at the shrine must dwell."

In contemplating this pleasant retreat, one cannot help looking back to the time when the snow lay thick upon the ground, and the rigor of a Canadian winter had developed itself—as the tempest swept in all its fury through this very gorge, concealing the limpid stream in its iron grasp, for—

"When winter came, the wind was his whip,
One choppy finger was on his lip;
He had torn the cataracts from the hills,
And they clanked at his girdle like manacles."

Even then, the scene was grand and attractive, for every branch and twig were enveloped in transparent robes of the purest crystal, which flashed and glittered in the sunbeams with incomparable splendor.

Following the stream into the valley, we find the air laden with a strong hyacinth fragrance. It is emited by a small white flower, tinged with pink; it is the squirrel's-corn (*Dicentra Canadensis*). Here, also, is the blood-root (*Sanguinaria Canadensis*), with its handsome, white, one-flowered spike, from whose root the Indians extract their beautiful reddish-orange dye. Farther on is the spring beauty (*Claytonia Virginiana*), which displays its pair of opposite leaves and pretty raceme of rose-colored flowers to great advantage; also the liver-leaf (*Hepatica triloba*), among the rocks, with delicate purplish flowers and three-lobed shamrock-like leaves. Under the trees is the painted trillium (*Trillium erythrocarpum*), bearing white flowers, marked with purple stripes; also its congener, the purple birthwort (*Trillium erectum*), having dark purple flowers, and its stem clasped with three broadly-oval leaves;

while every now and then, we meet the little star-flower (*Trientalis Americana*), nestling among the stones, and unpretendingly showing its pretty white star-shaped blossoms.

Entering the swamp to the right, which is completely covered, to the depth of two feet, with swamp-moss (*Sphagnum palustre*), we find growing large breadths of that most beautiful of all our shrubs, *Kalmia glauca*. In association with it is the *Rhodora Canadensis*, whose showy clusters of rosy-purple flowers are now in full beauty, ere yet the foliage unfolds; also the *Andromeda polifolia*, the exquisite beauty and delicacy of whose flowers led the great Swedish botanist, Linnæus, to name it in honor of the fabulous beauty, Andromeda. Here and there, as if to break the monotony of these dwarf shrubs, the swamp is studded with half-dead spruce trees, whose stems and branches are entirely covered with the parasitical grey lichen, which gives a silvery appearance to the whole, and which is in perfect harmony with all the surroundings.

As we walk on, almost at every step we see the interesting and peculiarly-shaped Canadian pitcher-plant (*Sarracenia purpurea*), which is an object of intense interest to the lover of curiosities, and whose roots are said to be the most efficacious remedy for small-pox. At rarer intervals we see a pair of light-green semi-recumbent leaves, spread out on their mossy bed, with an embyro stem between them. It is the ladies'-slipper, or moccasin-flower (*Cypripedium pubescens*), whose curiously-shaped blossoms are on the eve of development.

Having now crossed the swamp, we enter the dry woods, and passing through dense masses of ferns, which are just beginning to throw up their fronds, we find ourselves on the highway which leads us to our respective homes.

Translated for the New Dominion Monthly.

POEMS FROM THE GERMAN OF HEINE.

LURLEI.

What means this sadness, clinging
To my spirit night and day?
Through my brain an old tale ringing
Ever, will not away.

The Rhine is calmly flowing,
And calmly fades the day;
The mountain peak is glowing
In the red lingering ray.

On yonder rock reclining,
Sits a maiden wondrous fair;
Her golden jewels are shining,
She combs her golden hair.

As her golden comb she useth,
She wiles with song the hour,
And none to heed refuseth
That melody's mighty power.

The boatman, downward speeding,
In strange, wild woe drifts by;
Nor rocks nor breakers heeding,
He sees but the form on high.

Alas! the boatman is sinking,
The whirlpool's terrors among,
The deadly draught he's drinking,
Through the Lurlei's fatal song.

THE POET TO HIS BRIDE.

And art thou once my wedded wife,
How enviable thy lot;
In nought but fun will pass thy life,
And pleasures who knows what?

And hast thou e'er such shrewish ways,
Most patiently I'll bear it;
But if my verses thou fail to praise,
We'll part, my love, I swear it.

FROM THE "HEIMKEHR."

Once upon my darksome pathway
Briefly beam'd a vision bright—
Briefly beam'd, and cheer'd, and vanish'd,
Leaving me again in night.

Little children, in the darkness,
Dreaming some mysterious thing,
Think to rid them of their terrors,
As they loud and wildly sing.

I, a silly child, am singing
Ever, in my dreary night;
And my song, though all untuneful,
Comforts me for vanish'd light.

FROM THE "HEIMKEHR," No. 41.

In a dream I saw my beloved,
A woman anxious and worn,
And faded sore, and shrunken
Her once so blooming form.

One child in her arms she carried,
And one by the hand she led;
And plain were want and sorrow
In look, and garb, and tread.

With faltering step thro' the market
She went, and we met again;
She look'd at me, and calmly
I said, in tones of pain:

"Come home with me, I pray thee,
For thou art sick and pale;
And I will labor for thee,
Nor meat nor drink shall fail.

"And the children I'll keep and cherish,
That there I see with thee;
But for thee, before all others,
My tireless care shall be.

"And I will never tell thee
Of my love in days gone by;
And o'er thy grave, when thou diest,
I'll weep full bitterly."

Original.

"LOOK AT IT NEARER."

BY H. F. D., ST. JOHNS.

How true it is that "distance lends enchantment to the view." The more fully we become acquainted with the world—by which we understand its unworthy denizens and their transactions—and with all its deceptions and disappointments, the more heartily we are constrained to agree in the truth of this assertion. Many a distant prospect has fired the imagination of the traveller, and filled him with admiration, exciting hopes and expectations never to be realized; for, alas, the gilded and glittering cupola has surmounted only narrow and pestilential streets, and wretched and filthy dwellings, whilst, the shadowy palm, the verdant plain, and glassy stream have proved too often but a delusive mirage, having no existence whatever in the world of reality, melting away at his approach. That this enunciation is also verified, with regard to many events and circumstances in every-day life, experience, I think, has fully taught us.

I learned a lesson on this subject when a boy, which has since stood me in good service, and which I trust I shall never forget. I was walking, one half-holiday, in the outskirts of the town in which I was born and educated, with a young schoolmate of about my own age, when I suddenly caught sight of what I conceived to be a nice new shilling, lying on the ground, only a few yards in advance of us. My comrade's eye rested upon it at the same instant, as it lay sparkling like a little star of hope in the sunshine, and immediately our cupidity was excited. Quick as thought, without an instant's consideration, we both dashed straight at it, throwing ourselves headlong down upon the spot, in eager competition for the coveted prize. After a considerable amount of struggling and scrambling, kicking and scuffling, I managed to seize the object of our too eager pursuit, and draw it forth to light. And what was it, think you, my sage reader? "No prize, alas! nor yet a welcome 'sell.'" No round and comfortable looking shilling, representing, within its neat circumference, thirteen raspberry-tarts at the nearest pastry-cook's, did I hold within my triumphant grasp. No; distance and sunshine had done much for it; but, now that we had it fairly under inspection, it proved to be but a little piece of light-green glass, probably some solitary relic of a defunct lemonade or ginger-beer bottle, the contents of which had long since refreshed the parched interior of some thirsty citizen of our good old town. Considerably ruffled, both in temper and attire, we at length regained our feet. Never were the results of a conflict more impartially distributed; victor and vanquished were certainly about equally ashamed. After having for a few moments somewhat ruefully contemplated the innocent but, to us, offensive cause of our impetuous onslaught, a smile, or rather grin, broke over the

countenance of each of us, as we perceived the climax of absurdity to which we had been exalted; a grin, the effect of which must have been wonderfully enhanced by the enlargement of George's nose, which was as big as two, and, on my part, by a most striking and conspicuous bruise, of a bluish-greenish color, which had been dexterously planted just above the right eye. The next moment the piece of glass was whizzing through the air, on a voyage of discovery, perhaps—and there was comfort in the thought—to be the means of ministering to others the instruction it had afforded us; whilst George and I, having shaken hands and brushed each other down, were jogging along as friendly as before, though certainly not so handsome.

Now, trifling as this little incident in my boyish career may appear at first sight, I never can regard it as an unimportant one; for no circumstance, in my mind, can be unimportant which serves to mould character, or gives a tone and color to an entire life. That struggle with George after the piece of glass is still fresh in my memory. It taught me a valuable lesson, and no doubt the bruise over the eye which accompanied it, assisted to impress it upon me the more forcibly. I was careful, for the future, not to content myself with a distant or hasty view of things, and acquired the habit of looking more closely into them before I began to pursue or contend after them. Thus I have doubtless been preserved from much bitter disappointment, and escaped many mental bumps and bruises, and much unnecessary abuse from headlong and too eager competitors.

On one occasion, in particular, the lesson which I had so early learned was of the most important service to me. I had recently, yielding to the common fate of mankind, become engaged to the charming and accomplished Miss A., the best and sweetest girl in the neighborhood, as everybody could but allow, and only one long month—long, that is, in the estimation of the parties concerned—now intervened before the blissful day which was to consumate our happiness. I had a snug little nest of a home in the country, with about a hundred acres of capital land, just fit for fancy farming, besides some £10,000 invested in the public funds. The income derived from these sources had hitherto been more than sufficient for all my wants as a bachelor of quiet and inexpensive habits and rural tastes; but entertaining, as I did, a very fair idea of the ever-increasing expenses of matrimony, and its natural consequences, and being aware, moreover, that I had no particular talents to turn to account should my means ever fall short of my necessities, I determined to sell out my capital and invest it in some more profitable way, and so obtain, if possible, a very acceptable addition to my yearly income.

Just at this period our bustling little town was all alive and aflame with the placarded promises of a certain mining company, recently established in London, and seemingly under most respectable auspices, which guaranteed to its shareholders the tempting dividend of 10 per cent. Now, though I wish it to be well understood that I am, by no means, a speculating man, and can scarcely plead guilty of an "itching palm," —now so common a disease—still, I must confess, when I saw young men and old men, married men and single men, long-headed men of business, and shallow-pated men of pleasure, all embarking their golden guineas in this goodly ship, and all equally confident of a safe and successful voyage, my colder blood was stirred, and I began seriously to think that it was quite time that I jumped on board too, before she was too full to take me, or the fare became too high, for the shares were rising in value every day.

One morning, after talking the matter over with some friends who had strongly advised my embarking in this venture, I returned home and entered my little sanctum for the express purpose of writing off to a brother in London, to request him to sell out for me, and empowering him to transfer my few comparatively idle thousands from the funds to one of the company's agents, who

had consented, as a special favor, to let me have as many shares as I pleased at the market valuation. But just as I was getting out my writing materials for the above purpose, it struck me that I was, in this instance, departing from my usual mode of proceeding. I consequently paused, laid down my pen, and paced up and down the room for a few moments in a deep study. The thought would come into my head, "it looks all very well at a distance; but suppose, after all, it should prove but a piece of glass." Still, the speculation appeared in every respect to be such a safe one. There were Jackson & Bunberry, both considered excellent men of business, and they had many shares in it. Then there was Pluck, the attorney, whose whole life had been spent in the successful endeavor to prove that his patronymic was no misnomer, even he was largely concerned in it. But here again it struck me on the other side that it was just possible this latter might only have purchased with the intention of selling out somewhat later at a much higher figure. I was but little experienced in such matters, but I had heard of such doings before, and all this now came back very distinctly to my recollection, and reduced me to a very painful state of hesitation. At last, remembering my invariable custom of closely investigating any matter before committing myself in any way, I came to the conclusion that, in a case such as this, I should least of all depart from it, when the consequences attendant upon any mistake might be so serious to me. "At any rate," I thought, "it will not be so very much trouble to run up to the city and make a few inquiries at head-quarters. I'll *take a look at it nearer.*"

No sooner said than done. That very evening I made the necessary arrangements for my departure, and gave the requisite orders for the efficient carrying out, during my absence, of the repairs and improvements which I had commenced about the premises, and the next morning was on my way to London by an early train. Three hours found me in our great metropolis; two more dressed and lunched me, and then off I started to reconnoitre the locality in which such golden wonders were being wrought.

Being an individual with some little taste, I found in the exterior of the company's quarters all that I could desire. The building itself was vast and imposing in its appearance. The large plate-glass windows and multiplied mirrors had not a speck of dust upon them; whilst the double mahogany doors, with their huge brass handles, were so brightly polished, that wherever I turned I saw nothing but my own intelligent countenance reflected in every variety of size and distortion. All this was very impressive to one fresh from the country, and imbued from infancy with a wholesome horror of London dirt, and caused me to advance very modestly into the interior of these elegant offices.

On entering, I was at once accosted by a civil and gentlemanly clerk—rather an unusual circumstance, by the way, in connection with public offices—by whom I was speedily ushered into a small retiring-room, elegantly yet simply furnished. Here, if possible, a more civil and gentlemanly manager put me immediately at ease by the courtesy of his reception, and the affability and readiness with which he listened to and answered the few questions which I could presume to ask such an exceedingly well-bred person. Nay, he did more than this, for, kindly taking pity upon my inexperience and ignorance, he volunteered much additional information with reference to the extent and lucrative character of the company's investments; and ended by pressing upon me the immediate necessity of purchasing the shares required, as they were daily rising in value, and becoming more difficult to obtain. I departed, at length, completely fascinated with this affable manager, and our parting was most cordial. "No wonder," I thought, "that this company is so successful, when its business transactions are conducted in such a respectable and gentlemanly manner. It deserves the support of all the intelligent and refined classes of the community."

But no sooner was I fairly clear of the intoxicating atmosphere which surrounded the company's offices, than, somehow or another, a feeling of dissatisfaction and uneasiness began to occupy my mind. I recalled the conversation which I had just held with the manager, and the feeling of dissatisfaction rapidly increased. He had, it is true, been most fluent and agreeable; still I could not but be aware of the fact that he had been far more ready to urge that my money should be immediately transfered to the agent's hands, than to advance any real and substantial proofs as to the stability of the interests which he represented. Again, therefore, I found myself in a state of painful indecision, until I suddenly recollected that I was but a short distance from the office of an old attorney, a tried friend of my father's, whom he had always employed in any matter of importance connected with the family property, which had at one time been pretty extensive. I looked at my watch, and finding that I had still time to catch him at his place of business, turned my steps in that direction at once, though not without blaming myself for having neglected to consult so tried and trustworthy a friend in the first instance.

The office of this fine old specimen of the respectable family-attorney was, in every respect, very different in appearance from those which I had just quitted. It was situated—as London law-offices seem to love to be situated—in a quiet and sombre outlet of a busy thoroughfare, New Temple Bar, already divested of the skulls with which it was wont to be somewhat barbarously adorned, and trembling for its very existence before the rapid advance of city improvements. The whole aspect of the place, to say the least of it, was certainly dingy. The paint was in many parts worn off the doors and window-frames; whilst that which still remained was of a most nondescript hue, and looked as if it had never been touched or thought of since it was first laid on, nearly fifty years ago, when their present occupant commenced business on his own account in those same chambers. The panes were dusty and cloudy; packets of closely written blue paper and parchment, tied up with red tape—of late so cruelly maligned—were the most conspicuous objects that presented themselves to the gaze of the passers-by, sending a thrill of horror through the breast of the idle about town, at the bare thought of the time and labor required to decipher them. Beyond these not very attractive samples of legal industry, might be seen, at any time between 10 a.m. and 4 p.m., the iron-grey head of the grave old clerk, with its two quills of red and blue ink respectively, stuck behind each ear. But however little there was at first sight to captivate the beholder in these unpretending chambers, there was yet an appearance of honest independence about them which seemed to inspire confidence. It was as if they said, "There's nothing showy about us, as you see. If you want anything tasty and fine, you needn't come here for it; but if you want a piece of business done in a right-down business-like way, just step in."

As this was just what I did want on the present occasion, I complied with this tacit invitation, and stepped in at once. The clerk had no sooner announced me, than the old gentlemen, looking up from his parchments, and turning his glittering spectacles full upon me, recognised me at once.

"Ah, my young friend, is that you?" said he, rising from his stool and shaking me warmly by the hand, for my father's sake. "And what have you come for, pray? Spent all your money, I suppose, and come up here to mortgage your estate, eh? You young men of the present day appear to know even better how to spend money than your fathers did to earn it."

"No, my kind friend," I replied, returning the warm grasp of his hand. "No, I haven't quite spent it all yet; but I have come up to town expressly for the purpose of doing so, and I want you to be good enough to help me."

"Not without trying to spend for yourself first, eh?" and here there was a roguish

twinkle in the old man's eyes which showed the keen old fellow had read and mastered my expressive countenance as readily as he would have done one of his most legible documents.

Then followed my humble confession, amidst a storm of varied and impatient exclamations on the part of the shrewd attorney. When I had fairly ended my recital,

"Take my word for it," said he, "by this day six months, the morning papers will have the honor to announce that elegant and roomy offices in Fudge street are 'to let;' and your affable and gentlemanly manager will be taking a tour on the continent, no doubt to the sincere regret of his many interested and inquiring friends. Keep your money a little longer, my boy, and don't endanger your capital by seeking an unsafe interest."

I thanked my worthy friend for his good counsel, which I gratefully accepted, together with an invitation to spend a week at his house in the suburbs. During this period he drew my attention to an advertisement respecting the sale of a snug little property in the immediate vicinity of my own residence. The farms I knew to be in excellent order, and leased to most respectable tenants; whilst the title was undeniably good, and the sum demanded perfectly reasonable. With the assistance of my kind old mentor, the bargain was duly completed and the papers signed; and I returned home highly satisfied with the result of my trip. My marriage came off in due course. We are prosperous, contented, and happy; and I trust I shall never cease to feel thankful that I was not tempted to throw away the substance which a good Providence had given into my hand, in a vain speculation, but was wise enough to take the trouble to go and *look at it nearer*.

Before the six months had run out which my friend the attorney had assigned to the great mining company, it suddenly fell to pieces, and scarcely a vestige remained. Sad, indeed, were the shocks which attended its downfall. In our little community alone, the consequences were most disastrous. Tradesmen and professionals were alike ruined or deeply embarrassed. Old people lost the hard-earned savings of years, and young people lost their education, which their parents could no longer afford to give them. Jackson & Bunberry learned, as men, and at the expense of thousands, a lesson which I had learned at the expense of a slight bruise, as a boy. Pluck, after having grown rich for years by plucking others, was at last completely plucked himself, and had, to solace his poverty, only the unpleasant reflection that he richly deserved it. The fact is, he had, as I half suspected, purchased a large number of the company's shares at a very low figure, intending to sell again when they should have reached their maximum value. He had been greedily watching their rise, and had waited and waited still, that his gains might be the larger. But he waited a little too long, did Mr. Pluck! for just as he was on the point of selling out, the bubble burst, and he was fairly floored.

Kind reader, my moral is clear. Things are not always what they seem. However tempting and bright anything may appear at a distance, take my advice, and before you make a dash at it, go and *look at it nearer*.

Original.

THE WHIPPOORWILL.

Whippoorwill, Whippoorwill, still let thy note
On the calm evening air in sweet melody float;
Still let it surge, borne aloft by the breeze,
Far from thy haunt by the stream-loving trees.

Now that the ray of the moon is more dim,
Faintly and softly arises thy hymn;
Now that the moonlight has crept through the cloud,
Once more thy melody gushes aloud.

Thou art no bird, but a woe-stricken voice—
Wert thou a bird, thou wouldst sometime rejoice—
Spirit thou art, from the Stygian bourne,
Doomed for thy sins on earth ever to mourn.

Soon as the brightness of day fades to even',
Soon as the twilight-star twinkles in heaven,

Soon as death's semblance makes weary man's eyes,
Sad, sweetly sad, thy notes swelling arise.

Why dost thou fly the first streaks of the day?
Why does the coming light chase thee away?
Hast thou in daytime, from sorrowing, peace?
Do thy sad thoughts with the bright sunshine cease?

Now breaks thy song from the verdure-clad hill;
Now it keeps time with the murmuring rill.
Sweet singing spirit, why restless alway?
Come to my window and rest thee for aye.

Breathe to me there all the source of thy woe,
There let thy grief in rich melodies flow,
There tell thy sorrows in secret to me—
Why at my words thus afar dost thou flee?

Farewell then, Whippoorwill, now thou art fled,
True, thou art spirit of one that is dead;
Keep thy sad secret locked fast in thy breast;
Now the sun rises, and now thou hast rest.

Original.

NOTES OF A RAMBLE THROUGH CAPE BRETON.

BY J. G. BOURINOT, NOVA SCOTIA.

In the month of August last, tired of the dust and noise of the city, the writer decided to spend a few weeks in visiting a portion of the New Dominion but little known outside of the Maritime Provinces. Let the reader open up a map of British North America, and direct his eye to the north-east of Nova Scotia, and he will see a large island of exceedingly irregular form, separated from the main-land by a narrow gut, connecting the Atlantic Ocean with the Gulf of St. Lawrence. This is the Island of Cape Breton, known in the days when the French were the rulers of Canada by the name of Isle-Royale. Having visited the island in former years, I had been exceedingly struck by the richness of its resources, and the variety of its exquisite scenery. Nowhere, I knew, could the tourist find more invigorating breezes, better sea-bathing, or more admirable facilities for fishing and sport of every kind, than in Cape Breton. So, in that island I determined to spend the few holidays I could snatch from the treadmill of journalism.

On a fine summer evening I found myself on board one of the Cunard steamers at Halifax; and, in the course of twenty-four hours after steaming out of the harbor, we arrived at the port of North Sydney, where the principal coal mines of Cape Breton are situated. For the space of a month I rambled through the island. I visited many of the villages, and partook of the kind hospitality of its people. I ventured into the depths of its wilderness; saw many relics of the days of the French dominion; fished in its streams; and passed many delightful hours on the waters of its great lake. Now, on this bleak January evening, with the wind whistling shrilly around the house, and tossing the snow-flakes against the windows, I recall those pleasant summer days, and re-produce from my note-book many of the facts that I gathered in the course of my rambles.

Sydney harbor is justly considered one of the finest ports in America, though it is unfortunately ice-bound during the winter months, from the first of January to the first of April. The mines of the Mining Association of London are at the entrance of the harbor, and are connected by rail with the place of shipment, which is generally known by the name of the "Bar." This place does not present a very attractive appearance to the visitor, the houses being ungainly wooden structures, disfigured by huge, glaring signs. Six miles further up the river is the capital of the island, the old town of Sydney, which is built on a peninsula. As the stranger comes within sight of the town, he does not see many evidences of progress or prosperity. The houses on the street fronting the harbor are, for the most part, very dilapidated and sadly in want of paint and whitewash. The town, however, is very prettily situated, and possesses many pleasing features. In former times, Cape Breton was a separate province, and Sydney had a resident governor and all the paraphernalia of seats

of government. A company of regular troops was also stationed there for many years; but, now-a-days, the old barracks and a tall flag-staff, on which the Union-Jack is never hoisted, are the only evidences that remain of those gay days when Her Majesty's forces enlivened the monotony of the old town.

Sydney certainly is not a prosperous town. The shipping mostly congregates at the "Bar," where the coal is shipped. The new collieries, opened up during the past six years, are situated a considerable distance from Sydney, and have drawn away a good deal of trade which had previously centred in the town. An effort is now being made to build a railway to connect some of these new mines with the harbor; and when that is accomplished—as it must be, sooner or later—we may date the commencement of a new era in the commercial history of the old capital. At present, the charm of Sydney is its pleasant society. In no place of similar size in British America, will you find gentlemen possessed of more general information, or ladies of better tone and manners. In fact, there still cling to Sydney the attributes of an old government and military town. Sydney has, at present, the honor of being constantly visited by the ships of the French navy, and less frequently by English men-of-war. At the time of my visit, the "Jean Bart," a training ship for cadets, and the "Semiramis," bearing the flag of Admiral Baron Megnet, commanding the French fleet in American waters, were anchored off the residence of the French consul, who is also one of the senators of the Dominion. Some years ago, the late Judge Halliburton, better known by the sobriquet of "Sam Slick," endeavored to create a little sensation in England by an article, in which he declared that the French were, contrary to treaty, forming strong fortifications at St. Pierre de Miquelon, off the coast of Newfoundland; and he also mentioned the frequent visits of the French ships to Sydney as an ominous fact. But the old Judge was only indulging in chimeras, for there are no fortifications whatever at St. Pierre; nor are the good people of Sydney fearful that their loyalty is in peril because the tricolor waves so often, during the summer months, in their noble harbor, from His Imperial Majesty's ships. On the contrary, they would feel deeply disappointed if these ships were now to cease their periodical visits, which tend so much to enliven the town, and are so very profitable to the farmers of the surrounding country.

Of course, Louisbourg will be one of the first places visited by the tourist in Cape Breton. The old capital is about twenty-five miles from Sydney, and is quickly reached, for the roads in Cape Breton, as a rule, are excellent. Never have I visited a place that more strikingly realizes the idea of perfect desolation than Louisbourg. The old town was built on a tongue of land near the entrance of the harbor; and, from the formidable character of its fortifications, was justly considered the Dunkirk of America. The fortifications alone cost the French Government the sum of thirty millions of livres. The houses are mostly of wood, though the official residences were built of stone imported from France. The position of Louisbourg, and its many advantages as a harbor, naturally attracted the attention of the French in those days, when they entertained such ambitious designs with reference to this continent. As an emporium for vessels sailing between France and Canada, and for the large fleet annually engaged in the Newfoundland fisheries, the town was always considered of great importance by French statesmen.

Louisbourg was first taken by Warren and Pepperel; the latter, a merchant of New England, who was the first colonist that ever received the honor of a baronetcy. At the time of its capture by the colonial forces in 1745, the walls were forty feet in thickness, and of considerable height; they were mounted with a hundred and twenty cannon, seventy-six swivels, and some mortars. The harbor was defended by an island-battery of 32 guns, which were then considered of large calibre, and by a battery

on shore, which mounted 30 large guns, and was surrounded by a formidable moat. The success of the colonial troops naturally attracted a great deal of attention throughout England. The victory, too, came at a very opportune time for the mother country. At the time the colonists were gaining laurels at Louisbourg, the British troops were being beaten on the continent of Europe. "We are making a bonfire for Cape Breton, and thundering for Genoa," wrote Horace Walpole to one of his friends, "while our army is running away in Flanders."

By the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, Cape Breton fell once more into the hands of the French, who immediately renewed the fortifications of Louisbourg. At the time the negotiations for this treaty were going on, the French court instructed its envoy to take every care that Cape Breton was restored to France, so important was its position in connection with the trade of Canada and Louisiana. Peace between France and England was not of long duration in those times, and among the great events of the war that ensued was the capture of Louisbourg by Wolfe and Boscawen. Great were the rejoicings when the news of the fall of the "American Dunkirk" reached England. The captured standards were borne in triumph through the streets of London, and deposited in St. Paul's amidst the roar of cannon and the beating of kettle-drums. From that day to this, Cape Breton has been entirely forgotten by the British Government. Fifty years after the fall of Louisbourg, Lord Bathurst ordered all American prisoners to be removed from Halifax to Louisbourg, as a place of safety.

After the fall of Louisbourg, its fortifications were razed to the ground; and a good deal of the stone, as well as all the implements of iron, were carried to Halifax. As the visitor now passes over the site, he can form a very accurate idea—especially if he has a map with him—of the character of the fortifications, and the large space occupied by the town. The form of the batteries is easily traced, although covered with sod, and a number of the bomb-proof casemates, or places of retreat for the women and children in the case of siege, are still standing. Many relics, in the shape of shells and cannon-balls, are to be picked up amid the ruins. A person who dwells near the old town told me that he had recently dug up an old cellar full of balls.

The country surrounding the harbor is exceedingly barren and uninteresting, and the houses, which are scattered about at distant intervals, are of a poor description; whilst the small farms in the vicinity do not appear to be at all productive. A light-house stands on one of the points at the entrance of the harbor, which is always open in winter, and easily accessible at all times from the ocean. It is certainly strange that Louisbourg, notwithstanding its great advantages as a port, should have remained so entirely desolate since it fell into British hands. Whilst other places, without its great natural facilities for trade, and especially for carrying on the fisheries, have grown up, the world has passed by Louisbourg, and left it in a state of almost perfect solitude. A few hovels now occupy the site of the old town; a solitary "coaster," wind-bound, or a little fishing-shallop, is now only to be seen on the waters of the harbor where once vessels of every class rode at anchor. Nothing breaks the silence that prevails, except the roar of the surf on the rocks, or the cry of the sea-gull.

Wherever you go in Cape Breton, you come upon traces of the French. Many of the old names are, however, becoming rapidly corrupted as time passes, and their origin is forgotten. One would hardly recognize in "Big Loran" the title of the haughty house of Loraine. The river Margarie, remarkable for its scenery and the finest salmon-fishing in the Maritime Provinces, is properly the Marguérite. Inganish was formerly Niganiche. The beautiful Bras d'Or, of which I shall speak presently, is still correctly spelled, and so is the Boularderie Island at the entrance of the lake, which is thus named after the marquis to whom it formerly belonged. Port Toulouse—where a canal to connect

the ocean with the lake is now in course of construction—is now known as St. Peter's. The present name of the island is an evidence of the French occupation. Some of these adventurous mariners who have been visiting the waters of the Gulf for centuries, first gave the name of Cape Breton to the north-eastern point of the island. It is believed by some writers that the Bretons and Basques were the first discoverers of the Continent of America. Certainly, it is well known that, in 1504, the fisheries on the banks of Newfoundland were prosecuted. In 1517, fifty Castilian, French and Portugese vessels were engaged on the banks at the same time.

Many interesting relics are now and then turned up by the plough in the old settlements. I remember seeing, some years ago, a fine bell which was discovered at Niganiche, and which bore, in accordance with the custom in France, the following inscription:

"Pour la Paroisse de Niganiche jay eté nommeé janne Fracoise Par johannis Decarette et par Frangoisse Vrail Parain et Maraine—la fosse Hvet de St. Malo ma fait An. 1729."

With these few references to the past history of the island, I will now proceed to note a few of its present characteristics.

Among the features of interest are the collieries, of which there are a large number in Cape Breton. Up to 1854, the coal mines of the Province were under the sole control of the Mining Association of London, but during that year an arrangement was made between the Nova Scotians and the Association, by which the coal mines, with the exception of certain acres reserved to the latter, were thrown open to capital and enterprise. The result of this arrangement has been most beneficial to the whole Province, and especially to Cape Breton. There are now at least sixteen mines in operation, and others on the point of being opened, in the island. At Glace Bay and Cow Bay the mines are most vigorously worked, and a large number of buildings have been erected. The residences of the managers are very fine and commodious edifices. Artificial harbors have been constructed at an enormous cost by enterprising companies, and now shipping of every class can anchor where, only the other day as it were, a vessel of any size was never seen. The total quantity of coal raised in Nova Scotia, in 1865, was 657,256 tons, nearly two-thirds of which came from the Cape Breton mines. During the past two years, the mines were not so actively worked, and the quantity of coal raised was somewhat less. Up to 1866, operations were carried on with great vigor, and there was every prospect of a new era in the commercial history of the island; but the repeal of the Reciprocity Treaty produced a very injurious effect on the trade. The principal mines are carried on with American capital, and all of them find their chief market in the United States. It is to be hoped that the people of Quebec and Ontario will be induced to become large consumers of the coal of Cape Breton, which cannot now find a remunerative sale in the American market. If the coal trade was vigorously carried on, the prevalent dullness would soon disappear.

To the lover of nature, the island affords a large fund of amusement. For variety of beautiful scenery, the Bras d'Or cannot be surpassed in British America. You will see all the attractive features of the Hudson and St. Lawrence Rivers as you pass over the magnificent lake which, from its great size, is deserving of being called a sea. The air was hushed and still as I took my seat, on a summer morning, in the little steamer that plies weekly between Sydney and Whycocomagh, at the head of the lake. The sun was just scattering the morning mist and revealing the fine farms that surround the harbor. The water was undisturbed except by the ripple from the paddles of the boat. In an hour's time we had left the harbor and passed into the Little Bras d'Or, one of two arms that lead into the lake. This arm is very narrow in many places, and resembles a beautiful river. It is full of the most delightful surprises, for you would think yourself perfectly landlocked, when suddenly you would see a little opening, and find yourself, in less than a

minute, shooting into a large bay. The banks were wooded to the very water's edge; whilst shady roads wound down, in most perplexing fashion, to some rude wharf, where was moored a fisherman's boat or coasting schooner. Fine farms were to be seen on all sides, and, now and then, we caught a glimpse of a tall white spire. By and by, we passed within a stone's-throw of a lofty islet, wooded so deeply that the branches kissed the very water. Anon, we shot out into the Great Bras d'Or itself, where the waves were much higher; in fact, at times they were apt to become a little too boisterous for comfort. Far to the northward we could catch glimpses of the highlands, which terminate in the promontories of Cape North and Cape St. Lawrence. We soon came to Bedeque, or Baddeck, as it is now commonly spelt, the principal village on the lake, which is only a collection of a few houses, set down without reference to order. We spend two hours more on the lake, and then come to Whycocomagh, a little Scotch settlement, situated on a prettily sequestered bay. Here the tourist can find an hour's amusement in visiting a cave of marble, comprising several chambers, in which a man can stand erect. The marble is said to be of good quality, though it has not yet been worked. Whilst at Whycocomagh, I found the people considerably interested by the news that a New York Professor was visiting the quarry with a view of testing its quality. Chance threw the gentlemen subsequently into my path, and the "Professor" turned out an illiterate marble-cutter, who had found his way, somehow or other, to this remote section of the Provinces. I do not think, however, from what I have heard, that he had "hoodwinked" the people of the settlement, who, if not very highly educated, have a pretty accurate idea of the qualifications of a real Professor. The Yankee element, I may here add, is becoming very prevalent in Cape Breton, as well as in Nova Scotia, generally. Not only many of the coal and gold mines, but the principal stage-routes and the telegraph lines, are in the hands of the Americans; and it would be well for the interests of Cape Breton if more of their energy and enterprise could be infused into its people.

From Whycocomagh you have a drive to the sea coast of about thirty miles, over one of the most picturesque roads in Nova Scotia. The tourist will, in all probability, have to be satisfied with a vehicle entirely destitute of springs and cushions, but he will not mind a little discomfort in view of the exquisite scenery that meets the eye wherever it wanders. Those who have travelled over Scotland cannot fail to notice the striking resemblance that the scenery of this part of Cape Breton bears to that of the Highlands. Indeed, the country is Scotch in more respects than one; the inhabitants are all Scots, and, as a rule, are a well-to-do class. Some of the best farms in the Province are here to be seen, proving conclusively the fine agricultural capabilities of the island. As the carriage passed along the mountain side, we overlooked a beautiful valley, where one of the branches of the Mabou river pursues its devious way, looking like a silvery thread thrown upon a carpet of the deepest green. Every now and then we pass groups of beautiful elms, rising amid the wide expanse of meadows. No portion of the landscape was tame or monotonous, but all remarkably diversified. The eye lingered on exquisite sylvan nooks, or lost itself amid the hills that rose in the distance. The air was perfectly redolent with the fragrance from the newly-cut clover, and the wild flowers that grew so luxuriantly by the way-side. Everything, that summer evening, wore the aspect of Sabbath stillness, the rumble of the waggon wheels and the tinkle of the cow-bells from the meadows below were the only sounds that broke upon the ear.

At Port Hood, on the Gulf shore—an insignificant village, though the shiretown of Inverness county—we took passage on board a fine steamer that plies between Pictou and Charlottetown, and early next morning we found ourselves in the prosperous town of Pictou, whence the railway carried us to

Halifax. So much for the most delightful trip that I have ever taken anywhere in America. If any of my readers wish to make themselves acquainted with one of finest sections of the Maritime Provinces, and to enjoy an exceedingly cheap and pleasant trip, let them visit Cape Breton next summer, and go through the Bras D'or, and the valley of the Mabou, as I did.

My note-book is full of many references to the scenery of Cape Breton, but my pen cannot do justice to it, and I must pass on to other matters connected with the island. No one can travel for any length of time through the island without seeing the evidences that it is far behind all other parts of British America in the elements of progress. As a rule, the people are poor and unenterprising. The great majority of the people are Scotch, many of whom exhibit the thrift and industry of their race. The descendants of the old French population are an active, industrious class, chiefly engaged in maritime pursuits. A portion of the inhabitants is composed of the families of American loyalists, and the original English settlers. Agriculture is largely followed by the people, and with success in the interior, especially in the vicinity of the great lake. On the sea coast the fisheries predominate, though the people more or less cultivate small farms. The collieries absorb a considerable number of men, but only in particular parts. A good many persons are also engaged in the coasting trade, especially at Arichat, in the county of Richmond (Cape Breton is divided into four counties, Cape Breton, Richmond, Victoria, and Inverness) which, in 1866, owned 300 vessels, comprising 21,049 tons, and valued at $575,164. The number of the present population of the island is about 75,000 souls. The Catholics and Presbyterians predominate.

There are about five hundred Indians in the island, all belonging to the Micmac tribe. As is the case in other parts of America, they are slowly dwindling away. The majority of the tribe live in a very picturesque section of Cape Breton, in the vicinity of the Bras D'or Lake, where they have some fine farms, and worship in a large chapel. Once every year, in the summer, they assemble at Escasoni, and have grand services. For months before, they save all the money they can collect from the sale of baskets, tubs, and fancy work, in order to display a little finery for this grand event of the year.

No part of British America is richer in natural resources, and all those elements necessary to create wealth and prosperity; but unfortunately for Cape Breton, its progress has been retarded by the want of capital. The tide of immigration to America has passed by its shores, and very little capital has come in to develope its capabilities. The new collieries are carried on for the most part, by New York and Boston capital, and no English money is invested in any of the mines, except those worked by the London Mining Association, whose establishment dates a great many years back.

Cape Breton is on the very threshold of the finest fishing ground in the world. Its coal fields are the most extensive and important in British North America. Quarries of marble, gypsum, limestone, and other valuable stones abound, and gold has also been found in several places. The natural position of the island is remarkably advantageous for trade of every kind. It stands like a sentinel at the very gateway of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, which it must command most effectually in the time of war. Its coast is indented by a large number of noble harbors, one of which, Louisbourg, is open at all seasons, and is situated on the very pathway of European traffic. No one can doubt that at no very distant date, when capital and enterprise come in and develope its resources, it must occupy a prominent position in the Dominion of Canada.

[We heartily thank Mr. Bourinot for the foregoing admirable sketch of an exceedingly interesting though comparatively little known portion of the Dominion.—Eds. N. D. M.]

Original.

THE OPENING OF SPRING.

BY AURAL MEAD.

The Spirit of Spring flew o'er the earth,
Saying, "Nature, come from bondage forth.
Long has been Winter's frosty reign,
Long with snow has been spread the plain;
Long thou'st slept with an ice-chain bound.
Come, and be with a garland crown'd:
Let brooklets from their fountains gush,
That slept in Winter's death-like hush,
Sparkling flow through the meadows forth,
Making music in the awaken'd earth,
Let buds, that long have torpid been,
Open, and show their dress of green;
Let the delicate wild-flow'rs quickly spring
And, for an off'ring, fragrance bring;
Fields be clothed in a verdant dress;
South zephyrs, with a light caress,
Woo budding leaves, and grass, and flow'rs,
Where happy pass the bright spring hours."

Forth went the mandate, with a sigh,
King Winter laid his sceptre by;
Melted to tears because, at last,
His dreary, stormy reign was past.
The pleasant sunbeams, bright and warm
Succeeded then the wintry storm;
The little birds burst forth in glee,
Contented hummed the happy bee,
The streams leaped through the meadows green,
Where ice and snow before had been;
Light laughed they, as they wound along,
And burst into a merry song.

"Gaily, gaily we glide along,
Merrily singing as we go;
Rushing and dashing as we flow,
The jagged, mossy rocks among.

"Then take we leave of the open lea,
Among the green willows dashing,
In the radiant sunbeams flashing,
Dancing and sparkling over with glee.

"Mute we've been, in months now past,
The meadows were wrapt in chilling gloom;
And lonely as the darksome tomb;
But broken are our chains at last.

"And now we dance and laugh and sing,
Our course through the cowslips wending
Through the silent woodlands bending,
Where o'er our banks the wild-flow'rs cling."

Again the Spirit spoke—these words:
"Ye warblers of the North—ye birds,
From the forests of the South, O come—
Come and sing in your northern home.
Winter has gone at my decree,
Nature is from her chains set free;
Warm is the air, the sky is clear;
But without birds 'tis lone and drear."

Far the command did penetrate,
And each bird called out to its mate,
In that southern greenwood gay,
To hasten from that land away.
And then to northern lands they flew.
From where the od'rous zephyrs blew,
To haunt our colder fields and woods,
And break our northern solitudes.

Then Nature's voices all did chime,
And in a concert rose sublime,
Making the earth, with gladness, ring
To the loud song of welcoming.
Sung to the gay returning Spring.

Original.

TWO NIGHTS IN ONE LIFE

"Nothing new,
"Very true;
"The moral, O people, I leave it with you."
—*John R. Thompson.*

CHAPTER I.

"I hope, Frank, you have not done for the night."

"Indeed I have, sir; the forge has gone out. I didn't hope for more custom to-night; and wood costs money."

"That last is a very original remark; though I am inclined to doubt its application in the present case, when I can see nothing but wood on all sides. However, even at the risk of burning wood, you must light up again. Doctors are proverbially unaccomodating beings; and I believe doctors' horses partake of the same character. Jerry has kicked off one of his shoes, and it must be replaced."

"I am sorry, Doctor. I would rather not open the shop again to-night. The roads are good, and Jerry can travel without his shoe. I have an appointment."

"Nonsense, nonsense, boy. Come, turn the key as soon as possible—no time to be lost; I have ten miles further to go. Before I have done two, Jerry will be limping along on three legs. If you make haste, I

shall save time by waiting. I received a summons from old Squire Smith's; somebody has met with an accident on his place, so there is not a minute to lose. A life is in danger, Frank."

Before the good Doctor had finished the last sentence, the speakers had entered the cozy little blacksmith-shop that claimed Frank Grant as master. Cozy it was, notwithstanding its present dark aspect. All the boys of Newville thought so, as they played marbles and leap-frog on the floor, or gathered round the blazing forge to hear the news. And cozy all the village maidens thought it, as they just peeped in when passing, or stood for a few minutes by the door to chat with the handsome proprietor. We do not say they envied their brothers; but, certainly, they often wished they were boys to join in the sports.

While the forge blazes up, and the unaccomodating Jerry is being shod, we shall not wait for Frank, but, as we know where his "appointment" is due, we will take advantage of our privilege to step in before him, and look around.

From the blacksmith-shop, through the village, and, I am sorry to say, past two large taverns, the only brick buildings in the place, around the Gore corner, and down the road a little distance, we come upon a very pretty farm-house, thoroughly Canadian in architecture and surroundings. A large drab frame-house, with slanting roof, and portico over the front door; a gravel-walk, leading from the road-gate to the porch-steps, and branching off round to the side-door; a couple of rows of flower-beds on either side of the gravel-walk, in the summer time looking very gay in their many-colored glories, but now, in the early spring, rather dismal; currant-bushes border the flower-beds, and cherry, plum, and apple-trees extend thence, on both sides, to the fence. In the summer months, one could not have wished for a more lovely abode; and, even in this early spring, with the last lazy rays of the setting sun tangled in the topmost boughs of the leafless trees, the scene is pleasant to look upon.

Those bright red buildings over the fence —barn, stable, and carriage-house—belong to the picture, and, in the opinion of Reuben Wells, added not a little to its beauty.

The original proprietor of the estate, old Jonathan Wells, took up four hundred acres of unbroken forest land in right of his claim as a U. E. Loyalist. At his death, forty years before the opening of our story, he left good farms to both of his sons, a hundred acres cleared on each. John, the eldest, soon became disgusted with the rapid increase of settlers, disposed of his property —fifty acres for village lots, and the rest to a green Englishman—for a fair price, and started with his family further into the backwoods, to begin, like his father, the life of a pioneer.

Reuben married early in life, and at an age when most young people are making a start was left a widower, with a little two-year old boy. He did not marry again till his son had grown almost to man's estate. Then he brought home a second wife, the daughter of a small farmer from some distance. In two years, Reuben Wells again followed the remains of a young wife to the little village church, and again returned to a dreary home to work and pray for a little motherless child. On this occasion, a maiden sister of his late wife came to look after her little niece and the rest of her brother's household.

When John was ready to settle, his father built him a substantial house on the hundred acres over the way.

Four years before the opening of our story, when the laughing, petted little Mary was just entering womanhood, the good Reuben Wells died, and was laid in the village churchyard, between the wife of his boyhood and the wife of his more troubled years.

Shortly after his father's death, John Wells became affected with the moving mania; and, having received a good offer for the hundred and fifty acres that had been willed as his share, packed up his young family, and moved after his uncle into the

far backwoods. The homestead and the fifty acres that Mary owned were all that was left to remind the neighbors of the "old Wells Farm."

Twelve months ago, a general sensation was caused in Newville by the advent of young Frank Grant, a promising young man. Strong and healthy, decided the mothers; pushing, said the fathers; handsome, chorused the maidens; and a jolly fellow, chimed in the brothers. With all these attractions, to say nothing of fifty acres of land and a good trade, is it surprising that he made an impression? or, that to be escorted home from meeting or singing-school by Frank Grant, was an honor worthy of eager competition? It did not take long to show where the preference rested, and all opposition gave way to sweet Mary Wells.

And now a great change came over the quiet life of the young country-girl. Outwardly, the life was still quiet, there was little change in manner or appearance. The same dresses were worn, the same daily routine faithfully performed. But the world of thought was all changed; the fleeting, uncertain fancies were all centred on one object. Castles were no longer filmy clouds, floating high up in the air, but very substantial pictures of ways and means. Life which, on looking back, appeared to have been an aimless, useless passage of days, weeks, and years, now looked only too short to love and be loved.

Such might have been the tenure of her thoughts as she sat waiting in "the room" round by the side-door, where we shall take advantage of our privilege to intrude.

It is warm, cozy, and inviting. The evenings are still cold; and, in consideration of Aunt Millicent's fast-ageing bones and cooling blood, there is a bright wood-fire in the stove, which has, however, driven our little Mary to the farthest end of the room—the most becoming situation she could have chosen, we immediately decide, —the ruddy rays from the open stove, without dazzling, just throw a warm tint over the picture. We heave a sigh of complete satisfaction; we cannot help it, even at the risk of disturbing her reverie. That little figure, clad in a neatly-fitting brown homespun dress, relieved at the neck and wrists by dainty white frills; the shapely head, supported by the little hand which, though it has done many a good day's work, is by no means ill-formed; the glossy brown hair, brushed smoothly over the forehead, and bound within a dark chenille net; and, above all, the full, soft grey eye, fixed dreamily on the fire, with a world of love and intellect in its quiet depth, is just such a one as we would choose for a wife, as we would like to have her image go down to her children and grand-children, that they may love and imitate it. The old clock on the dresser strikes seven. The strokes are followed by a little stir in the hitherto quiet room. Aunt Milly opens her eyes, shrugs her shoulders, knits off one needle, and drops to sleep again. The little dreamer raises her eyes from the fire to the clock, and then turns them to the door with an expectant gaze; and though she again directs them to their old position, the fire no longer retains undisputed possession, but shares its honors with the clock. Again the little hammer performs its work—this time it is eight strokes. With a slightly impatient look at the door, Mary arouses herself, and goes over to put a couple of sticks on the fire, which, in the general lull, had kept time with the clock, and faithfully performed its work. Half kneeling on the hearth-mat, gazing on the crackling logs, and unconsciously stroking an old tabby who shares the mat with his mistress, and purrs with pleasure at the caress, not knowing and not caring that it is unwittingly given, she rests for a few minutes, and then a brisk, familiar step on the gravel-walk, followed by a well-known rap at the door, makes her spring up, and open it wide for Mr. Frank Grant.

"I have been keeping you waiting a long time, pet," he said, when the greetings were over, and they had taken their seats in Mary's old place at the far end of the room; "but you must blame Dr. Harris, or, rather,

Jerry, as it was him I had to shoe. I gave the old fellow several sly pokes to punish him for being so contrary. Dr. Harris says doctors' horses are always unaccomodating, and I believe it. Jerry was so to-night, I know."

"What was Dr. Harris doing out here so late?" said Mary. "There is nobody sick in the village, I hope."

"Oh no, or I would have let Jerry travel home without his shoe; but somebody has met with a bad accident out at old David Smith's, and the Doctor was afraid Jerry would not be able to travel so far without getting lame; and certainly he could go faster with his shoe on. You know a few minutes might save somebody's life. I was right to wait?"

"Oh yes; by all means. I looked for you about seven; but, as you did not come, I was sure somebody had come in rather late, so I did not mind so very much."

"You are a dear, good little girl not to be a single bit cross." He leaned forward to seal the praise with a kiss. "I will spend all my life in showing you how much I love you for it. See, I have not been idle to-day," and he put on her finger a little cornelian ring, the one he had taken off to get the proper size for the plain gold hoop. "To-morrow, darling, our life will begin."

They continued to talk—words that would not mean very much to us, but to them meant love and life—till the ten strokes of the clock warned Frank that it was time to be gone, particularly as Aunt Milly had finished her first nap, and prepared herself to understand all that was going on.

They went together as far as the gate to say the last good-bye, and there stood under the clear light of the magnificent Canadian full-moon.

"Come, my pet, you must not stand longer; you will catch cold." Nevertheless, he held her hand, and gazed into the depths of her eyes, till the rising blush recalled his presence of mind. He stooped and kissed her two or three times, then withdrawing his hand, with a light laugh said,

"Good-bye, darling, for the last time. Remember to-morrow;" and, passing through the gate, went on his way.

Notwithstanding the injunction to go in, she stood watching the figure far down the road, and then turned towards the house with the sound of the footsteps ringing in her ears, and, need we say, hours after, still lingering through her dreams.

The next morning, the sun rose bright and smiling on the wedding-day; and, surely, "happy is the bride that the sun shines on."

CHAPTER II.

SEVEN YEARS AFTER.

Anatomists have said that in seven years the human system undergoes an entire change; that of the woman of twenty years, there is nothing left at twenty-seven but the undying, immaterial essence she calls "myself." As we open the gates of the Grant's garden on a bright, frosty spring night, seven years after that happy wedding-day, we can almost believe that this law of animal nature is applicable to inanimate things. Everything looks desolate, neglected, and time-worn. The gate grates rustily as it swings on its single hinge; several boards have disappeared from the fence; the paint has worn off from the porch, and the more exposed parts of the house; the once neat little gravel paths have joined with the borders, that formerly did honor to Mary's care as flower-beds—the joint stock is nothing but weeds.

Within, the house bears almost the same aspect, dreary, dreary, and desolate. As we open the side-door, we can barely recognize "the room," all looks so changed. Yet why should it be? It is the same season of the year, the same house. A fire burns in the same stove, even though it has lost its bright polished surface. The same long table stretches down one side of the room, for which it now most strangely looks too large, and the same dresser still stands in the corner, with the clock still going tick—tick—tick. Has it kept up that un-

changing round ever since? day in and day out, while all else has been falling into rapid decay, or surging and boiling amid hope and despair, death and remorse, and dull misery?

But what gives the character to the room is the figure in the low chair by the fire. That cannot be the Mary Wells of old, and yet it might be. They are the same gray eyes, the same glossy hair brushed smoothly as of yore; but how changed the whole aspect! how haggard and time-worn! Those seven years have been very busy in their work of destruction. The low, moaning wail of the infant in her arms has just given place, under the influence of the mother's lullaby, to a fitful sleep, not the calm, untroubled slumber of healthy babyhood. It is a worn, sickly little face that rests on the mother's arm, one that has taken up life's troubles with life's breath, very different from that of the chubby little six-year-old sister that lies slumbering in the cradle, still swayed by the unconscious movement of the mother's foot.

The clock has beat its round from eight to nine, the fire has burned low in the stove, the baby has fallen into a quieter sleep, and a half smile plays now and then around the mother's mouth—it may be only the sweetness of repose—disturbed by a glance towards the door more anxious than expectant.

At length a flush passes over her face, not of pleasure; but of mingled fear and shame; for, though these scenes have lasted for years, and now become of nightly occurrence, Mary has not learned to take her trouble as a matter of course.

An uneven step staggers along the path, something stumbles over the broken step, an aimless hand fumbles at the door-handle, and a man reels into the room, with a loud oath. Can it be?—impossible! Frank Grant! Time has never wrought that change—seven unaided years could not have so changed a human form, bloated, bleared, and bruised, it is disgusting to look upon. Mary's pulse seemed to stand still, and her heart went up to God in a wailing cry for help and pity. The child in her arms started, and drew her attention to its sufferings, she swayed to and fro to sooth it, and said, "Frank, wont you please make as little noise as you can? Baby has just gone to sleep. I think, if she is kept quiet, she will be better."

"The tiresome little wretch, if you didn't coddle'r so much, she'd be or'right. Throw her in the cradle there, by Polly—that's the kind of lass for me—some spirit in her, like her father. Come quick, ole 'oman, soon as you can. I want som'ing to eat—havn't had a bite to day."

Mary rose like one in a stupor, she did not like to put baby in the cradle to disturb the sleeping Polly, so, with the child on one arm, she placed bread and meat on the table, with tea which had been kept hot on the stove. The intoxicated man drank off three or four cupfuls without tasting a mouthful of food, then, pushing his chair a little distance from the table, fell into a heavy, snoring sleep; but something uncomfortable in his position, or perhaps, the mournful wail of the little sufferer, disturbed his rest, for he soon rose with a discontented grunt, and stumbled into the adjoining room, where he soon again forgot in sleep the ruin he brought, the misery he caused, the heart he was breaking. Perhaps! Who can trace the drunkard's dreams?

In "the room," Mary sat with her child held close to her bosom, murmuring in low tones the mother's lullaby, while wandering thought went dreamily back over the years that were gone. To her happy childhood; to her loving father; her careless, romping, joyous school-days, and even now the blush rose lightly over her care-worn features, as memory halted at the evening we have seen her in all her maiden beauty. Then over a happy, happy year, crowned with overflowing joy and thanksgiving by the birth of the little Mary. Then came a little shadow, yet hardly a shadow, certainly nothing that could be seen, only an undefined feeling that all was not as usual. Then the young husband and father out late—the first week one night, the second, two—on the

plea of "business." Oh, the dreadful misery of the awakening from that slight fear to the bitter, life-clouding certainty! It was the old, old tale—an easy nature led astray.

Then the little baby, who, without a name, without even a mother's kiss, breathed in this world of misery for an hour, fled to eternal bliss—to the mansion prepared, even for him, from the foundation of the world. Then the long wearing illness when, notwithstanding pain and weakness, the sun appeared to break through the cloud—when for three months Frank was faithfully nursed and tended, and as faithfully promised reform—but it did not last. He could not resist temptation, and he would not flee from it. Then again the old life of watching, suffering and degradation, and Aunt Milly's attempted consolation; but the tree, that was too old to bend, broke beneath the weight of her darling's sufferings. Then, the last earthly prop shattered, the darkness of despair, the darkness that could be felt—just before the dawn; for, through much trial and tribulation, Mary was brought home. Then, still the same life, with the burden lightened, for it was borne by a strength not earthly, and she still had much to be thankful for—her little girl and her own natural affection. Neighboring women, from whose hearts life's ordeal, appeared to have drained all love and pity, said, "She need not grumble; Grant was a good man enough when not in liquor, and he never beat her." Poor, meagre ravellings of the vow to love and cherish. Still on through the old life. Another little one in the household; another little grave in the churchyard, and another little angel in heaven.

A convulsive start from the babe in her arms recalled Mary's wandering thoughts. She tried in vain to coax back sleep, fitful though it was. The low moan of the little sufferer pierced the mother's heart, she prayed earnestly to bear all the pain. She rose, and paced the room with unflagging steps, hour after hour, stopping only to replenish the fire, or to press her burning lips to the face of her precious burden. The candle burned low in the socket, the clock struck out the hour of midnight; but she heeded not, that wail of infant pain filled every crevice of her being. At length, suffering appeared to have spent itself, and with a half sob, half sigh, the babe lay still in its mother's arms. She drew her chair before the fire, and sat down, still continuing the soothing chant. At length, pressing her cheek to that of her darling, she started at its cold, clammy touch, she raised the little stiffened arm, and knew that she was in the presence of Death. She did not strike a light; she did not fear; for for eyes that can look beyond, death has lost all horror. But we cannot blame her, that in the prayer that rose to a pitiful Father for help and strength, lay buried an unexpressed wish to join her babe, and be at rest.

Original.

SPRING.

Spring, glad Spring,
What dost thou bring?
Stepping so light,
Smiling so bright,
Scattering sunshine over the plains,
Laughing at Winter and breaking his chains,
Wakening the groves with thy balmy breath,
Beckoning to Life, and mocking at Death.

Spring, glad Spring,
What dost thou bring?
Union of loves,
Cooing of doves,
Warblings, and blossoms, and birds, and flowers;
Emerald mantles for fields and bowers,
Spangled with dew-drops of pearly sheen;
Rippling of laughter where sighing hath been.

Spring, bright spring,
Much dost thou bring:
Mission divine
Ever is thine;
Bidding the clouds and the shadows depart,
Melting the ice from the pent-up heart;
Lightening the soul of its earthly load;
Pointing from Nature to Nature's God.

Original.

THE RED RIVER SETTLEMENT.

BY W. H. W., RICE LAKE, ONTARIO.

Few chapters of history are more interesting than those which describe the progress of British colonization. They record scenes of as thrilling adventure, of as sublime daring, of as heroic valor as any ever witnessed on earth. The settlement of the Red River of the North is no exception to these remarks.

At the beginning of the present century the trade of the great fur-producing regions of the north and north-west was divided between the Hudson's Bay and North West Companies. Between those companies an intense and bitter rivalry existed—a rivalry that could be appeased only by the destruction of one or the other. About this time, Thomas Douglas, Earl of Selkirk, was the Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company. He was a man of indomitable energy, and of dauntless intrepidity. With the skill of an experienced general, he prepared for the inevitable conflict. He perceived that by obtaining control of the Red River, he would have a strong basis for future operations, and thus possess great advantages over his antagonists. For this purpose, he resolved to establish a colony of his countrymen in that important strategic point. The offer of free grants of one hundred acres of land each, and of the continuance of their civil rights and religious privileges —the latter an important consideration with a true North Briton—induced a large number of hardy Highlanders to seek their fortunes in the North-west.

In the year 1812, the first brigade of the colonists reached Red River. A stern welcome awaited them. Hardly had they arrived, when an armed band of North-westers, painted and plumed in the Indian style, appeared upon the ground, and by their significant gestures (for their language was unknown) warned the colonists to depart. The latter were compelled, not only to submit, but to purchase, by the sacrifice of their arms and trinkets, the services of their conquerors as guides to the town of Pembina, within the territory of the United States.

Undaunted by this failure, they returned in the spring to the Red River, built log-houses, and sowed their seed. They were undisturbed till the following year. By this time the decree had gone forth from the Councils of the North-West Company, *Delenda est Carthago*—the colony must be exterminated. It was done, but not without shedding of blood. The flourishing settlement became a heap of ashes, its inhabitants exiles in the wilderness.

Reinforced by a new brigade from Scotland, the banished settlers returned to their ruined homes. Many hardships ensued. Desertions became so numerous that the very existence of the colony was perilled. But in June, 1816, there fell upon it a more crushing blow than any that it had yet received. A body of three hundred mounted North-Westers, armed to the teeth, and begrimed with war-paint, attacked the settlement. A little band of twenty-eight men went forth to parley. Twenty-one of them were slain, the settlement sacked and burned, and the colonists hunted from their own hearths like beasts of prey.

Hereupon Lord Selkirk assumed the offensive. With a battalion of Swiss mercenaries, whom he had brought from Europe, he marched against the head-quarters of the rival company at Fort William, on Lake Superior, which stronghold he captured, and then, nothing discouraged, led the exiles back to the thrice-forsaken colony, which he re-established on a new and solid basis, advancing agricultural implements, seed, grain, and stock. But the summer was already half gone. The harvest was scanty, famine was impending, and the hapless colonists fled southward to Pembina at the approach of winter. Their hardships were incredible. They were forced to subsist upon the precarious products of the chase. They suffered everything but death, and were reduced to the uttermost extremity.

"O that long and dreary winter!
O the cold and cruel winter!
Ever thicker, thicker, thicker,
Froze the ice on lake and river,
Ever deeper, deeper, deeper,
Fell the snow on all the landscape,
All the earth was sick and famished.

Hungry was the air about them.
Hungry was the sky above them,
And the hungry stars in heaven,
Like the eyes of wolves, glared at them."

But even such a winter as this must pass, and in the spring the colonists returned for a fifth time to their abandoned habitations. Fortune seemed, at last, to smile upon their efforts. The crops were ripening around the little settlement. Hope beat high in every heart. But an unforeseen catastrophe awaited them. A cloud of grasshoppers, like the Egyptian plague of locusts, darkened the air and covered the ground, and in a single night devoured every green thing. Strong men bowed themselves. The sturdy Highlanders, who had gazed undismayed upon the face of death, wept as they thought of the inevitable sufferings of their wives and little ones. Another weary march, and a miserable winter at Pembina was their fate.

Again, in the spring, that forlorn hope returned to their devastated fields. But agriculture was impossible. The larvæ of the previous season multiplied the grasshoppers a thousand-fold. They covered the ground, they filled the air, they polluted the water, they put out the fires in the fields with their numbers. The effluvia of their dead bodies infested the atmosphere. Pembina must succour the hapless colonists yet another winter.

The story of their mishaps becomes wearisome. Anyone less determined, say less dogged, if you will, than Lord Selkirk, would have abandoned the colony for ever. Not so he. His resolution rose with the difficulties of the occasion, and surmounted every obstacle. He led back his little company—those advance skirmishers of the great army of civilization—to the scene of their blasted hopes. He bought two hundred and fifty bushels of seed wheat from Missouri, a distance of twelve hundred miles, at a cost of $5,000. It was sown, and, by the divine blessing, after eight years of failure, the harvest was happily reaped.

The colony now struck its roots deep into the soil. It grew and flourished. Recruits came from Scotland, Germany, Switzerland. They suffered many privations, and encountered some disasters, but none worse than those of the winter of 1825-6. It was a season of unprecedented severity. Thirty-three persons perished with hunger and cold, and many cattle died. With the spring thaw, the river rose nine feet in a single day. For three days every house had to be abandoned. The inhabitants fled to the hills. They beheld their houses, barns, crops, fences—everything they possessed—swept on the rushing torrent to Lake Winnipeg. The waters continued to rise for nineteen days. The disheartened colonists proposed abandoning for ever the luckless settlement. At this crisis, tidings of the abatement of the flood was brought. They rushed *en masse* to the water side. It was indeed so. They accepted the deliverance as from God. They resolved to remain where they were. A new beginning had again to be made; every trace of the settlement had disappeared.

Since then, no serious drawback to the prosperity of the settlement has occurred, although it has experienced many fluctuations.

The want of an outlet for their surplus produce led to some ill-advised manufacturing speculations. Among other visionary schemes, was one to manufacture cloth from the wool of the buffalo. A huge factory was erected, and machinery and workmen imported from England. Results—a grand failure. The cloth cost far more than it would sell for. A sheep's wool company was then formed. Fifteen thousand sheep were purchased in Kentucky, two thousand miles away. So severe was the journey, that only two hundred and fifty-one reached Red River, and these soon died of exhaustion.

A flax manufacturing company and a

tallow exportation company were also successively formed and abandoned.

In planting this remote colony, Lord Selkirk expended nearly half a million of dollars, and in promoting these various schemes for its advancement, the Hudson's Bay Company has sunk a vast amount more. However the control of that gigantic monopoly may have retarded the ultimate development of the North-West territory, certainly it has done much to plant the germs of civilization, not only at the Red River, but at their numerous forts, factories, and trading stations, from Labrador to Puget's Sound.

It is a matter of congratulation, that this now flourishing little colony, in the planting and maintenance of which so much of British energy and British capital has been expended, will probably be soon annexed to this New Dominion. It were a disaster and a disgrace were it to pass into the possession of a foreign power. It holds the key of Trans-American travel through the British possessions, and in the hands of another would cut us off for ever from all free communication with the magnificent territory of the Saskatchawan, and the flourishing colonies of the Pacific coast. That in the vast and fertile regions of the North-West may be perpetuated for ever the constitutional liberties and religious privileges which, as British subjects, we to-day enjoy, and that on their boundless prairies and mountain slopes millions yet unborn may dwell in peace and prosperity, beneath the sheltering fold of the broad, free banner of England, is the devout aspiration of every patriotic Canadian.

I cannot close this paper without casting a thought into the future, as men drop pebbles into deep wells, to hear what echo they return. I behold in imagination a grand Confederation of States, stretching from ocean to ocean, watered by the grandest lake and river system in the world, and presided over, it may be, by a descendant of the august lady who to-day graces the most stable throne on earth!

At the rate of increase of the past century, by the year 1968, a hundred millions of inhabitants shall occupy these lands. I behold a new England, built up by British enterprise and industry, washed by the Pacific Sea, and rejuvenating the *effete* old nations of China and Japan. A ceaseless stream of traffic flowing along the iron arteries of commerce, that throb across the continent, shall realize the dream of Columbus, of a Western passage to the "gorgeous Inde and far Cathay." Great cities, renowned as marts of trade throughout the world, stand thick along this highway of the nations, and at its Eastern terminus, at the head of ocean navigation, the City of the Royal Mount, I foresee enjoying a degree of commercial prosperity such as her heartiest well-wisher hardly dares to imagine; and the names of her merchant princes shall be familar as household words in the bazaars of Yokohama and Jeddo, of Pekin and Shanghai.

When this vision shall be realized, the little colony whose fortunes, or rather misfortunes, we have been narrating, shall, as the Half-way-house across the Continent, and *entrèpot* of the riches of the East and West, forget the mishaps of her early history.*

WINSTANLEY.

BY JEAN INGELOW.

Winstanley's deed, you kindly folk
With it I fill my lay,
And a nobler man ne'er walked the earth,
Let his name be what it may.

The good ship "Snowdrop" tarried long,
Up at the vane looked he;
"Belike," he said, for the wind had dropped,
"She lieth becalmed at sea."

The lovely ladies flocked within,
And still would each one say,
"Good mercer, be the ships come up?"
But still he answered "Nay."

Then stepped two mariners down the street,
With looks of grief and fear;
"Now, if Winstanley be your name,
We bring you evil cheer!

"For the good ship 'Snowdrop' struck—she struck
On the rock—the Eddystone,
And down she went with three-score men,
We two being left alone.

* For further details of that history, see Ross's account of the Red River Settlement, from which many of the *data* of the present paper are derived.

"Down in the deep, with freight and crew,
Past any help she lies,
And never a bale has come to shore,
Of all thy merchandise."

"For cloth of gold and comely frieze,"
Winstanley said, and sighed,
"For velvet coif, or costly coat,
They fathoms deep may bide.

"O, thou brave skipper, blithe and kind
O, mariners, bold and true,
Sorry at heart, right sorry am I,
A-thinking of yours and you.

"Many long days Winstanley's breast
Shall feel a weight within,
For a waft of wind he shall be 'feared,
And trading count but sin.

"To him no more it shall be joy
To pace the cheerful town,
And see the lovely ladies gay
Step on in velvet gown."

The "Snowdrop" sunk at Lammas tide,
All under the yeasty spray;
On Christmas Eve the brig "Content"
Was also cast away.

He little thought o' New Year's night,
So jolly as he sat then,
While drank the toast and praised the roast
The round-faced Aldermen;

While serving-lads ran to and fro,
Pouring the ruby wine,
And jellies trembled on the board,
And towering pasties fine;

While loud huzzas ran up the roof,
Till the lamps did rock o'erhead,
And holly boughs from rafters hung
Dropped down their berries red;

He little thought on Plymouth Hoe,
With every rising tide,
How the wave washed in his sailor-lads
And laid them side by side.

There stepped a stranger to the board—
"Now, stranger, who be ye?"
He looked to right, he looked to left,
And "Rest you merry," quoth he;

"For you did not see the brig go down,
Or ever a storm had blown;
For you did not see the white wave rear
At the rock—the Eddystone.

"She drove at the rock with sternsails set;
Crash went the masts in twain;
She staggered back with her mortal blow,
Then leaped at it again.

"There rose a great cry, bitter and strong—
The misty moon looked out—
And the water swarmed with seamen's heads,
And the wreck was strewed about.

"I saw her mainsail lash the sea,
As I clung to the rock alone;
Then she heeled over, and down she went,
And sank like any stone.

"She was a fair ship, but all's one!
For naught could stand the shock."
"I will take horse," Winstanley said,
"And see this deadly rock.

"For never again shall bark of mine
Sail over the windy sea,
Unless, by the blessing of God, for this
Be found a remedy."

Winstanley rode to Plymouth town
All in the sleet and snow,
And he looked around on shore and sound,
As he stood on Plymouth Hoe.

Till a pillar of spray rose, far away,
And shot up its stately head,
Reared and fell over, and reared again;
"'Tis the rock! the rock!" he said.

Straight to the Mayor he took his way—
"Good Master Mayor," quoth he,
"I am a mercer of London town,
And owner of vessels three;

"But for your rock of dark renown,
I had five to track the main."
"You are one of many," the old Mayor said,
"That of the rock complain.

"An ill rock, mercer! your words ring right,
Well with my thoughts they chime,
For my two sons to the world to come
It sent before their time."

"Lend me a lighter, good Master Mayor,
And a score of shipwrights free,
For I think to raise a lantern-tower
On this rock of destiny."

The old Mayor laughed, but sighed also:
"Ah, youth," quoth he, "is rash;
Sooner, young man, thou'lt root it out
From the sea that doth it lash.

"Who sails too near its jagged teeth,
He shall have evil lot;
For the calmest seas that tumble there
Froth like a boiling pot.

"And the heavier seas, few look on nigh,
But straight they lay him dead;
A seventy-gun-ship, sir! they'll shoot
Higher than her mast-head.

"O, beacons sighted in the dark,
They are right welcome things,
And pitch-pots flaming on the shore,
Show fair as angel's wings.

"Hast gold in hand? then light the land,
It 'longs to thee and me;
But let alone the deadly rock
In God Almighty's sea."

Yet said he, "Nay, I must away,
On the rock to set my feet;
My debts are paid, my will I made,
Or ever I did thee greet.

"If I must die, then let me die
By the rock, and not elsewhere;
If I may live, O, let me live
To mount my lighthouse stair."

The old Mayor looked him in the face,
And answered, "Have thy way;
Thy heart is stout, as if round about
It was braced with an iron stay.

"Have thy will, mercer! choose thy men,
Put off from the storm-rid shore;
God with thee be, or I shall see
Thy face and theirs no more."

Heavily plunged the breaking wave,
And foam flew up the lea,
Morning and even the drifted snow
Fell into the dark-grey sea.

Winstanley choose him men and gear;
He said, "My time I waste,"
For the seas ran seething up the shore,
And the wrack drave on in haste.

But twenty days he watted, and more,
Pacing the strand, alone,
Or ever he set his manly foot
On the rock,—the Eddystone.

Then he and the sea began their strife,
And worked with power and might;
Whatever the man reared up by day
The sea broke down by night.

He wrought at ebb with bar and beam,
He sailed to shore at flow;
And at his side by that same tide,
Came bar and beam also.

"Give in, give in," the old Mayor cried,
"Or thou wilt rue the day."
"Yonder he goes," the townsfolk sighed,
"But the rock will have its way.

"For all his looks that are so stout,
And his speeches brave and fair,
He may wait on the wind, wait on the wave,
But he'll build no lighthouse there,"

In fine weather and foul weather
The rock his arts did flout,
Through the long days and the short days,
Till all that year ran out.

With fine weather and foul weather
Another year came in;
"To take his wage," the workmen said,
"We almost count a sin."

Now March was gone, came April in,
And a sea-fog settled down,
And forth sailed he on a glassy sea,
He sailed from Plymouth town.

With men and stores he put to sea,
As he was wont to do;
They showed in the fog like ghosts full faint,—
A ghostly craft and crew.

And the sea-fog lay and waxed alway,
For a long eight days and more;
"God help our men!" quoth the women then;
"For they bide long from shore."

They paced the Hoe in doubt and dread:
"Where may our mariners be?"
But the brooding fog lay soft as down
Over the quiet sea.

A Scottish schooner made the port,
The thirteenth day at e'en;
"As I am a man," the Captain cried,
"A strange sight I have seen:

"And a strange sound heard, my masters all,
At sea in the fog and the rain,
Like shipwrights' hammers tapping low,
Then loud, then low again.

"And a stately house one instant showed,
Through a rift, on the vessel's lee;
What manner of creatures may be those
That build upon the sea?"

Then sighed the folk, "The Lord be praised!"
And they flocked to the shore amain;
All over the Hoe that livelong night,
Many stood out in the rain.

It ceased, and the red sun reared his head,
And the rolling fog did flee;
And, lo! in the offing faint and far
Winstanley's house at sea!

In fair weather with mirth and cheer
The stately tower uprose;
In foul weather with hunger and cold
They were content to close;

Till up the stair Winstanley went,
To fire the wick afar;
And Plymouth in the silent night
Looked out and saw her star.

Winstanley set his foot ashore;
Said he, "My work is done;
I hold it strong to last as long
As aught beneath the sun.

"But if it fail, as fail it may,
Borne down with ruin and rout,
Another than I shall rear it high,
And brace the girders stout.

"A better than I shall rear it high,
For now the way is plain.
And tho' I were dead," Winstanley said,
"The light would shine again.

"Yet were I fain still to remain,
Watch in my tower to keep,
And tend my light in the stormiest night
That ever did move the deep;

"And if it stood, why then 'twere good,
Amid their tremulous stirs,
To count each stroke when the mad waves broke,
For cheers of mariners.

"But if it fell, then this were well,
That I should with it fall;
Since, for my part, I have built my heart
In the courses of its wall.

"Ay! I were fain, long to remain,
Watch in my tower to keep,
And tend my light in the stormiest night
That ever did move the deep."

With that, Winstanley went his way,
And left the rock renowned,
And summer and winter his pilot star
Hung bright o'er Plymouth Sound.

But it fell out, fell out at last,
That he would put to sea,
To scan once more his lighthouse tower
On the rock of destiny.

And the winds broke, and the storm broke,
And wrecks came plunging in;
None in the town that night lay down,
Or sleep or rest to win.

The great mad waves were rolling graves,
And each flung up its dead;
The seething flow was white below,
And black the sky o'erhead.

And when the dawn, the dull, gray dawn,—
Broke on the trembling town,
And men looked south to the harbor mouth,
The lighthouse tower was down.

Down in the deep where he doth sleep,
Who made it shine afar,
And then in the night that drowned its light,
Set, with his pilot-star.

Many fair tombs in the glorious glooms
At Westminster they show;
The brave and the great lie there in state
Winstanley lieth low.

BABY TERRORS.

BY MRS. H. C. GARDNER.

"She is such a timid little thing!" said a mother who had just left her little child in bed in a dark room, all unmoved by the piteous sobs and entreaties of the frightened wee one. "I must break her of it, or she will be afraid of her shadow in the daytime soon."

The child's stifled cries were plainly

heard in the light, cosy sitting-room, where the older members of the family were enjoying themselves. Their continuance fretted the mother, and she soon threw down her work and rose to leave the room.

"I shall have to punish her," she said impatiently, "and I might as well do it at once, and stop her crying."

"Wait a moment, Ada," said her husband. "Do you think it will lessen her fears if you inspire a greater fear of yourself?"

"But what can I do! We cannot have her screaming like that every night."

"No. But we can leave her a light every night until she falls asleep. If her fears have nothing to feed upon she will forget them, outgrow them. Think of yourself in mortal terror with no refuge to flee to. I do not wonder that God takes so many of the little ones to his own bosom. They have a hard time of it here."

The mother said nothing in reply, but her voice was soon heard in the child's room, soothing it with pet names, and hushing its fears. God had already taken two of her darlings to himself.

I went home from this little scene, and sat down to think. I had been a timid child once, and I knew all about it. I too was afraid to go to bed in the dark. It was terrible for me, a little tow-headed girl, to lie there all alone in the blackness, which I felt sure was twisting itself into all sorts of horrible shapes, only I did not dare to open my eyes to see it. I used to say my prayers over and over again to make sure of them.

"If I should die before I wake"

had a fearful significance, for all the chances seemed against my being found alive in the morning. When, years after, I had the care of a little girl, you may believe that she did not go to bed in the dark.

It is strange that grown up people will take pains to frighten children. I could not have been more than eight years old when I was taken to see the rigid, ghastly features of a dead man. I had been his pet, and had only pleasant associations connected with him, but the thought of him has been a sort of nightmare ever since. It is a cruel, cruel act to lift up a little child to look on a dead face in a coffin. I never see it done without a shudder. Because the child cannot understand the mystery of death. He does not know that the loving smiles and pleasant words that made his friend so dear, were not of the flesh, but of the spirit, and that the separation of the two is the beginning of a new life for the departed. Little ones are often placed foremost in the circle round their mother's grave, so as to make them sure that she is really buried in a dark hole in the ground. And then the little one is told that he too must die, and be buried, and that he can't get away from it anyhow. Grown people fasten terrors upon babies, and are not ashamed of themselves for doing it.

I remember very well how frightened I was after hearing my first ghost story. I believed every word of it. It described a ghost with white eyes looking in at a dark window at night. It had looked in upon a neighbor of ours three times. She seemed to enjoy telling me about it, laying down her knitting, and taking a monstrous pinch of snuff as a relish. Well, I suppose it was as much as ten years after that before I dared to look towards a window in a dark room for fear that I should see that face with its white eyes. Ah, how easy it is to darken the innocent imagination of childhood! But it is very heartless work. My flesh creeps now as I recall how an old woman told me of a beautiful young girl who was stolen from her grave, "and biled and made into a 'natomy." Thereafter all doctors seemed to me to be monsters of wickedness. I used to run away and hide if our doctor's old sulky was seen coming down the street. When he vaccinated me, I knew by his hold upon my arm that he was longing "to string my bones together for a new 'natomy."

I pity little children who have a slavish fear of their parents. And oh! what a sad future such parents are preparing for themselves!

I look into some homes and I see the old father or mother sitting silently in the corner, fenced off from all the living sympathies around them. Their own children would be glad if they were dead. And I know without asking that those children, when they were young and their hearts were tender, were ruled by fear, not love. Love does not change. Time only gives it added strength. If it had been fostered in the little heart, it would, in its turn, bless the feebleness of age, the second childhood of its object.

Not long ago I saw a delicate child thrust aside with harsh words as she came timidly to her busy mother's knee. She was a winsome little thing, scarcely three years old; a little doll for beauty; a little rose for sweetness. "You are forever in the way," said the hurried and impatient mother. Alas! when the evil day shall come, as it must, will not that mother yearn for the

love that she is crushing out of the little child's nature now? In a friend's house I once saw seven children, all "so quiet that you would not know there was a child in the house." They sat in sullen silence, behaving, however, like little ladies and gentlemen when the mother's eye was on them; but scowling at each other, and at her too, whenever her back was turned.

There was fear in that quiet home, but no love. Those children will never rise up and call their mother blessed. They will get away from the home roof-tree as soon as they can. They will not care for each other. They will be glad to be as strangers as soon as they are old enough to separate. If they should travel the world over they will find no persons so far removed from them as their own brethren according to the flesh.

O, the blessed little children who bask in the happy love of a warm home-nest!

The Saviour did not frighten and repel the wee ones. He took them up in his arms and blessed them. Ah, let us try to make the paths of life easy and pleasant for the tread of little feet! Let perfect love cast out fear.—*Zion's Herald.*

THE LAST MOMENTS OF BEETHOVEN.

He had but one happy moment in his life, and that moment killed him. He lived in poverty, driven into solitude by the contempt of the world, and by the natural bent of a disposition rendered harsh, almost savage, by the injustice of his contemporaries. But he wrote the sublimest music that ever man or angel dreamed. He spoke to mankind in his divine language, and they disdained to listen to him. He spoke to them as Nature speaks in the singing of the birds—the celestial harmony of the winds and waves. Beethoven was a prophet, and his utterance was from God.

And yet his talent was so disregarded that he was destined more than once to suffer the bitterest agony of the poet, the artist, the musician; he doubted his own genius. Hayden himself could find for him no better praise than in saying, "He is a clever pianist." Thus was it said of Géricault, "He blends his colors well;" and of Goethe, "He has a tolerable style, and commits no faults in orthography."

Beethoven had but one friend, and that friend was Hummel. He quarreled with Hummel, and for a long time they ceased to meet. To crown his misfortunes, he became completely deaf. Then Beethoven retired to Baden, where he lived in a small house that scarcely sufficed for his necessities. There, his only pleasure was in wandering amidst the green alleys of a beautiful forest in the neighborhood of the town. Alone with the birds and the wild flowers, he would then suffer himself to give scope to his genius—to compose his marvellous symphonies, to approach the gates of heaven with melodious accents, and to speak aloud to angels that language which was too beautiful for human ears, and which human ears had failed to comprehend. But in the midst of his solitary dreaming, a letter arrived which brought him back despite himself to the affairs of the world, where new griefs awaited him. A nephew whom he had brought up, and to whom he was attached by the good offices which he had himself performed for the youth, wrote to implore his uncle's presence at Vienna. He had become implicated in some disastrous business, from which his elder relative alone could release him. Beethoven set off upon his journey, and, compelled by the necessity of economy, accomplished part of the distance on foot. One evening he stopped before the gate of a small, mean-looking house and solicited shelter. He had still several leagues to traverse before reaching Vienna, and his strength would not enable him to continue any longer on the road. They received him with hospitality; he partook of their supper, and then was installed in the master's chair by the fireside. When the table was cleared, the father of the family arose and opened an old clavecin. The three sons took each a violin, and the mother and daughter occupied themselves in some domestic work. The father gave the key-note, and all four began playing with that unity and precision—that innate genius—which is peculiar only to the people of Germany. It seemed that they were deeply interested in what they played, for their whole souls were in their instruments. The two women desisted from their occupation to listen, and their gentle countenances expressed the emotion of their hearts. To observe all this was the only share that Beethoven could take in what was passing, for he did not hear a single note. He could only judge of their performance from the movements of the executants, and the fire that animated their features. When they had finished, they shook each other's hands warmly, as if to congratulate themselves on a community of happiness; and the young girl threw herself weeping into her mother's arms. Then they appeared to consult together; they resumed their instruments; they commenced again. This time their enthusiasm reached its height—the color mounted to their cheeks and their eyes were filled with tears.

"My friends" said Beethoven, "I am very unhappy that I can take no part in the delight which you experience, for I too love music; but as you see, I am so deaf that I cannot hear any sound; let me read this music which produces in you such lively emotions."

He took the paper in his hand, his eyes grew dim, his breath came short and fast; then he dropped the paper and burst into tears. The peasants had been playing the allegretto of Beethoven's symphony in A. The whole family surrounded him with signs of curiosity and surprise. For some moments his convulsive sobs impeded his utterance; then he raised his head, and said, "I am Beethoven." And they uncovered their heads, and bent before him in respectful silence. Beethoven held out his hands to them and they pressed them, they wept over them; for they knew that they had among them a man who was greater than a king. Beethoven held out his arms and embraced them all—the father, the mother, the young girl and her three brothers. All at once he rose up, and sitting down to the clavecin, signed to the young men to resume their violins, and performed himself the piano part of this *chef-d'œuvre*. The performers were alike inspired; never was music more divine or better executed. Half the night passed away, and the peasants listened. Those were the last accents of the swan.

The father compelled him to accept his own bed; but during the night Beethoven was restless and fevered. He rose, he needed air; he went forth with naked feet into the country. All nature was exhaling a majestic harmony; the winds sighed through the branches of the trees, and moaned along the avenues and glades of the wood. He remained some hours wandering thus amidst the cool dews of the early morning; but when he returned to the house he was seized with an icy-chill. They sent to Vienna for a physician; dropsy on the chest was found to have declared itself, and in two days, despite every care and skill, the doctor said that Beethoven must die; and in truth life was every instant ebbing fast from him.

As he lay upon his bed, pale and suffering, a man entered. It was Hummel—Hummel, his old and only friend. He had heard of the illness of Beethoven, and had come to him with succor and money. But it was too late; Beethoven was speechless; and a grateful smile was all that he had to bestow upon his friend. Hummel bent towards him, and by the aid of an acoustic instrument enabled Beethoven to hear a few words of his compassion and regret. Beethoven seemed reanimated, his eyes shone, he struggled for utterance, and gasped,

"*Is it not true, Hummel, that I have some talent after all?*"

These were his last words—his eyes grew fixed, and his spirit passed away. They buried him in the little cemetery of Dobling.

AN OLD MAN'S STORY.

Deacon Edson was a great friend to young people, and never omitted an opportunity of aiding, by word or deed, "the rising generation," as he called them. The old gentleman was ushered into our parlor as we sat around the evening lamp; he had come to enlist our sympathies on behalf of a wayward youth. When he had told his errand and received our promise of hearty co-operation in his plans, the conversation turned on the over-indulgence of the children of the present day—the submissive obedience of fathers and mothers to the sturdy demands of sons and daughters.

"I have no wish," said Deacon Edson, "to deny the fact, that weak parents wrong their children greatly in this way; but there is another form of injustice to the young, of which we do not so often hear; its commission is not confined to parents alone."

I looked inquiringly at my visitor, and he said:

"Let me give you a leaf out of an old man's book of remembrance, and so explain my meaning.

"Well do I remember my mother—her mild blue eyes, her earnest look and gentle voice, as she often set before me the way of wisdom and truth, and sought to place my little feet in the path of the just, and spoke of the 'love beyond a mother's.' I tried, mere child as I was, to follow her guidance; I had learned to abhor a lie and to prize the love which withheld not 'the only begotten Son.' One day, when I was about eight years old, my father told my mother at dinner that he was suddenly called away on business.

"'One of our largest customers has failed,' said he, 'and a member of the firm must be on the spot as soon as possible, to save all we can from the wreck. I think you had better go with me; I will leave you at your sister's, go on to———, attend to my business and return for you; we shall not be away more than two weeks.'

"'I should like to go very much,' replied my mother, 'if it were not for leaving the children.'

"'Oh! I have provided for that,' said my father, 'I stopped at Cousin Mary's as I passed, she will come and stay while you are gone; she will take the best of care.'

"'Yes, I do not doubt her taking good care,' returned mother, 'but Herbert is not quite well yet.'

"'Why, my dear,' interrupted my father, 'he has been to school to-day, have you not, my son?'

"'Yes, sir,' said I, 'but I got very tired.' I do not think I was more selfish than most children; but I was just recovering from a long illness, and the thought of the absence of my kind mother, who had nursed me so tenderly, was almost a terror to me. I had not noticed that she was becoming thinner and paler every day, but my father's anxiety

was roused. He replied to my half fretful answer in a cheery tone.

"'Well, my boy, you will not be so tired when you get used to it;' and turning to mother said. 'I really think you ought to go, I cannot consent to your shutting yourself up, as you have done, now that there is no necessity for it; besides, you cannot always 'gather your chickens under your wing.'

"'I know I cannot,' said she, 'the time will come when they will not need it.'

"'Let them get used to the want of brooding gradually,' said he, rising from the table, 'I will go to the coach office and learn when the stage starts, and engage our places.' The door closed behind him before my mother could answer.

"The next morning, Cousin Mary came, bright and early, listened to all mother's directions and promised to see that our childish wants were supplied.

"'I should not tell you so many little things, Mary,' said mother, 'but Herbert is not strong, and I fear he will miss me sadly.'

"The stage was at the door; there was no railroad in those days; the trunks were strapped on, my father stood on the sidewalk; still my mother lingered. 'Come wife,' said he, 'the driver is impatient.' She kissed us both again, Carrie and me, and went quickly down the steps; the coach rattled down the street, and seemed to take with it all the sunshine from our usually cheerful dwelling. They were to be gone but one fortnight, to be sure; but a fortnight is a long time for a sickly child to be without a mother's breast on which to pillow an aching head, a soft hand to smooth the wandering locks, and an encouraging voice to say, 'try again, my boy,' or 'very well done, my son.'

"'Come children, finish your breakfast,' said Cousin Mary.

"I tried to crowd down my throat, which had become unaccountably narrow, the rest of the beefsteak and buttered biscuit, but it was no use, and I was glad to obey Cousin Mary's call to the nursery to prepare for school. What could be the reason that the brush had grown so stiff and rasping since mother brushed our hair? Cousin Mary sent us to school with clean faces and hands, nicely arranged hair, and spotless collars; our luncheon baskets, too, never wanted their piece of light gingerbread or crisp seed cakes. In short, no children were ever cared for in a more orderly way than Carrie and I, but we missed the brooding, wretchedly.

"All went smoothly till mother had been away a week. Carrie and I had spent much time doing a sum in subtraction, the number of days father and mother had been gone taken from fourteen: answer, the number of days before they would return. Just as we had finished our calculations, one morning, and found the result to be seven, Cousin Mary came into the dining room with fifty cents in her hand. When I was a boy we had silver half dollars, which were never ashamed to show their heads, no matter how many soiled hands they had passed through. Cousin asked me if I would step round to the baker's and buy some rolls; 'and mind, child,' said she, 'you bring the change right.' That 'mind, child,' which Cousin uttered many times in a course of a day, was anything but a pleasant sound to me; mother never spoke so, though she would sometimes tell me to be careful. I took the money, snatched my cap, ran off and was back with the rolls in a few moments. Cousin said, so pleasantly, that I had been quick, that I thought, possibly, I could endure to have mother gone *one* day over her fortnight. I poured the change, it was in small pieces, into Cousin Mary's hand. She counted it, looked at me with her gray eyes, counted it again slowly and said:

"'Where are the other ten cents?'

"'That is all Mr. Brown gave me,' said I.

"'You paid ten cents for the bread, there ought to be forty cents back, here are only thirty; what have you done with the other ten?'

"'I am sure I don't know,' said I, 'I thought it was right. I did not count it.'

"'Don't tell me a lie, but give me the rest of the money at once.'

"'I say I have given you all,' I cried.

"'I did think better of you, Herbert,' said she, 'than that you would steal and tell lies, and all for ten cents.'

"'My whole soul rose in rebellion against the charge. I steal and then utter a falsehood to conceal my theft! I never thought of such a thing, and I angrily answered,

"'I have not done it, and you have no business to say I have.'

"'Come to your breakfast; when you have thought more about it, perhaps, you will own your sin.'

"'I did not do it, I say,' cried I, bursting into tears.

"She only looked at me, and pointed to my seat at the table. The meal passed in silence, the dressing for school almost the same that whole day Cousin Mary spoke to me as little as possible, and did her best to show me that I had fallen in her estimation. Of course, I was far from comfortable; I knew that I had spoken rudely, but what right had she to accuse me? So I did what many have done before, and what many will do, I fear, as long as the world stands; I tried to hide my own faults behind those of another. This is a kind of screen which conceals our errors from neither God or man, only from the poor shortsighted mortal who holds it up. After tea Cousin Mary called me into the nursery, and talked to me as if the crime she charged

me with was a well-known fact. I stoutly denied it; I might have been careless and lost the missing change, but I had not stolen it. She gave no credence to my denial; but told me, if I would acknowledge my fault and restore the money, or tell her what I had done with it, she would say nothing to my parents of the matter; but if not, she must tell them the whole story. Finding that I persisted in my protestations of innocence, she bade me kneel down beside her, and she there confessed for me a sin I never committed, even in thought; then she saw that my room was all comfortable for the night, and left me after saying,

"'Remember, Herbert, when you are ready to own your sin, I am ready to hear you.'

"I tossed restlessly for hours, and when I slept it was to dream of court-rooms and prison-bars; for Cousin Mary had taken much pains to show me that small thefts lead to large ones, the least crimes to the greatest.

"In the morning she met me with the same cold, hard look; I was a convicted criminal in her sight, and all another day I was treated with the same icy care: by night I was almost beside myself, and began to question, in my own mind, whether I was, really, a boy who had committed a small theft and then lied to conceal it. At any rate, I had been suspected of it, and Cousin Mary really believed I had done it. Would not others think so too? Would not my father and mother despise me? Was it of any use for me to try to be an honest, honorable boy again?"

"So the week passed on, and at last brought the day when my parents were expected at home. We counted the hours now. 'By four o'clock they will be here.' But I looked forward to their coming with dread; Cousin Mary would tell them of all her unjust suspicions; whom would they believe, my judge or myself?

"The stage coach stopped at the door; my father sprang out and gave his hand to my mother. Carrie ran to meet them, but I drew back almost behind the parlor door; I heard my mother speak to Carrie and call her 'darling'; then she asked for me, 'Where's Herbert? He is not sick again? Herbert, where are you?' I came forward, slowly.

"'What is the trouble, my son?' and she stooped and kissed me. I hid my face in the folds of her dress and sobbed aloud. She sat down on a low chair, put her arm around me, and asked again,

"'What is the trouble, my son?'

"I could not answer, and Cousin Mary said,

"'I did not mean to have told you until to-morrow.' Then she went on to relate the story of my two-fold sin, as she thought it. My mother heard her through without saying a word; but her arm crept closer and closer about me, and before the tale of my disgrace was concluded, my sobs had nearly ceased. When Cousin had finished, mother said,

"'My boy steal! my Herbert tell a lie! what do you say, my son?'

"'I did not do it, mother. Indeed, I did not!'

"'Then where was the money?'' asked cousin.

"My mother's kiss prevented my answering. I knew that she believed me, still I wanted to hear her say so. When she bent over my pillow that night, I asked her if she thought I had done what Cousin Mary said I had.

"'No! Herbert,' was the answer, 'you have never told me a falsehood before, and I believe you now.' That answer has gone through life with me; and whenever I have been tempted to do a mean or wicked action, the thought that my mother had confidence in me, because I had never been false to her teaching, as a boy, has helped me, as a man, to be true to myself, true to her, true to my God. I have seen much sorrow, met many a loss, but never experienced a grief to compare with that which that missing ten-cent piece caused me. No! nor a joy approaching to that I felt when I knew that my mother believed me.

"Cousin Mary was one who advocated strict justice, and intended to mete it out to all; but having been left a widow soon after her marriage, her struggles with a cold world had hardened her whole character; and though her motives were good, her judgment was seldom that of one who 'thinketh no evil.'"

"I never like to hear the troubles of childhood spoken lightly of," continued Deacon Edson, after a pause. "Why is it that we so soon forget the sorrows of our youth?"

I hear some incredulous reader, as he throws down the paper, say, "Who ever would think of charging a boy with stealing because he lost a ten cent piece?"

Not you, my friend, I hope; but the tale is a true one, and the once suspected child relates it to me as one of the saddest remembrances of earlier years; yea, and adds, the charge of falsehood gave to his young mind the first idea that he could commit the sin.—*N. Y. Observer.*

THE LATE DISASTER AT NAPLES.

From Correspondence of Illustrated London Times.

Some particulars have already appeared in our columns regarding the fatal landslip that recently occurred at Santa Lucia, Naples, and which is depicted in the accom-

SCENE OF THE CATASTRO' E.

panying engraving. In order to extricate the bodies of the sufferers, tunnels have been driven under the dèbris, under the superintendence of Captain Zampari and Cavaliere Alvino; and a correspondent, writing on the 12th inst., thus describes the discovery of the remains of several persons:—

"Yesterday I was present at one of the revelations of the fearful tragedy of Santa Lucia. The laborers were clearing away the débris in front of the castle entrance when a human hand was seen protruding through the sand, and that it was that of a woman was evident from the rings, fourteen of which were immediately taken off and consigned to the safe keeping of a guard of Public Security. Mingled with the sand in which she lay embedded were fragments of clothes, furniture, and painted floor-tiles; while above were large masses of mason-work, which threatened to fall. How to remove the body, therefore, without a disaster or without dissevering the limbs was a great difficulty. Poles were brought to shore up the superincumbent masses, while the excavations were carried on with great caution. Indeed, it was pleasing to observe the sympathy which possessed the throng of soldiers, guards, and engineers, who crowded around, and the gentleness with which the chief, Cavaliere Alvino, gave his orders. '*Caritatevolmente*,' he repeatedly cried; 'don't use picks; work with your hands, and spare the poor creature,' an order which was religiously obeyed. Gradually the whole of the shattered form was brought out to view—first a leg, then the body, then a hand from which ten other rings were taken, making twenty-four in all, and then the head, so one would conclude from the form, but of which no one feature was distinguishable. The manner in which she lay, or rather sat, one leg stretched forwards, and the other far behind her, told the melancholy story. She must have been running—and with what fearful impetuosity!—when a mountain of sand and rock and ruins of houses fell upon her, and crushed her down, dislocating her lower limbs, and stretching her out in that unnatural position. However cruel, her death must have been instantaneous, and this is the only consolation which remained for the survivors. Such was the end of a poor young bride, whom her husband had but recently brought to his father's home! The body of her mother-in-law was found at some little distance from her, and the tunnel of Zampari was carried on between them, so as just to miss both. It is only now that the workmen have been able to remove the débris from the streets. On the closing of the tunnel every effort was directed to shoring up the mountain, and removing the barracks from the summit. This has been nearly effected; the interior is gutted, and the outer walls are being taken down, while below giant pilasters are erected in the street, and strong poles and scaffolding support other parts. The loss of life, I trust, has been exaggerated, though the number of the dead cannot, of course, be known yet; but the wreck of property presents a fearful spectacle such as is rarely witnessed. One house was ecclesiastical property which had been lately alienated, and a reactionary journal, in singularly bad taste and worse feeling, intimates that it was by a kind of judgment of God that it was destroyed, This misfortune, as may be readily imagined when the geological form of the ground on which the city stands and other circumstances are considered, has created a great panic. Half the population consider their own houses in danger, and many, doubtless, are so. The soil is altogether volcanic, being formed of a very friable tufa, and most of the buildings are composed of this material, which is cut from every available point. At the back of one of the ruined houses, an engineer informed me, the proprietor had cut into the mountain to the depth of forty feet, thus adding so many more rabbit-holes to his property and, of course, weakening the soil. The famous tunnel of General Nunziante, out of which this *enfant cheri* of the Bourbons—soon after their antagonist—cut the materials with which he built the magnificent palaces in the Strada della Pace, is another instance of the same kind. On one occasion the top of the tunnel fell in, and a number of carriages were precipitated below. On the Strada Vittorio Emmanuele new houses have been lately erected against the tufa, cut perpendicularly, or even into the rock which hangs above them. Thus, here and in many parts of the city, through the negligence of the authorities or the avarice of proprietors, future disasters like that of Santa Lucia have been prepared. Indeed, anyone who walks through the byways as well as the highways of Naples will see many proofs of the necessity of caution in a city which is always more or less subject to volcanic action. Many of the houses are, so to speak, on crutches, and new fissures have been discovered in buildings hitherto considered safe. The barracks of San Potito have within the last fortnight been examined by engineers, and the troops removed from them. The staircase of the

'College of the Nobles' menaces a fall, and the mass of dismantled buildings opposite the Museum, which has been hitherto partly inhabited, has been vacated by superior orders in consequence of recent fissures. In short, without our being conscious of it, there is always a greater or less amount of volcanic action going on in Naples, the under part of which, for a considerable space, has been hollowed out to procure the material with which its palaces are built.

"After writing the above, I went again to Santa Lucia, and arrived just as they had dug out another body, which proved to that of the son of the master of the wine-shop. The arm and part of the body of another person, supposed to be the father, were already exposed. They lay one on the top of the other, as though in each other's arms, and outside the shop."

THE VALUE OF FORESTS.

Dr. Mueller, F.R.S., the government botanist at Melbourne, has published a Report on "Australian Vegetation," in which he endeavors to show that the prosperity of the colony, indeed of the whole country, is mainly dependent on the multiplication of trees. The conditions are not unfavorable, for Victoria can show the tallest trees in the world, various specimens of Eucalyptus from 400 to 500 feet in height, and from 50 to 60 feet in circumference. Some of the Eucalypti and acacias are of quick growth, which is an important advantage: the latter have been introduced as shelter to the cinchona plantations in India. A pound weight of Eucalyptus seeds would suffice for thousands of trees; and Dr. Mueller points out that many persons might make a good living by collecting the seeds for sale. His remarks on their propagation are deserving of earnest consideration. In Australian vegetation, he observes, the colonists possess the means to obliterate the rainless zones of the globe, to spread wood over their deserts, and thereby to mitigate the distressing drought, and get rid of the fearfully hot and dusty wind which at present brings misery wherever it blows. "How much lasting good," he continues, in eloquent words, "might be effected by the mere scattering of seeds of our drought-resisting acacias, eucalypts, and casuarinas, at the termination of the hot season, along any water course, or even along the crevices of rocks, or over bare sands or hard clays, after refreshing showers! Even the rugged escarpments of the desolate ranges of Tunis, Algiers, and Morocco might become wooded; even the Sahara itself, if it could not be conquered, and rendered habitable, might have the extent of its oases vastly augmented; fertility might be secured again to the Holy Land, and rain to the Asiatic plateau, or the desert of Atacama, or timber and fuel be furnished to Natal and La Plata. An experiment instituted on a bare ridge near our metropolis (Melbourne), demonstrates what may be done." We trust that so promising an experiment will be repeated and imitated in all naked lands until the whole earth shall rejoice in its mantle of green.

Original.

"HOW ARE THE MIGHTY FALLEN!"

Dumbly we sit beneath our Maple Tree,*
With folded hands and faces white and chill,
Hearing the message still

That came all soundless thro' the dark-browed night,
And pitiless met us at the morning grey,
Sweeping our hopes away.

No room for doubt; each eye the message caught—
Grim black and white, the livery of despair—
That chained us there.

White-handed statesman, on whose brow the wreath
Was scarcely green; great spirit, true and brave,
Quenched in the grave.

Mute lips, whose wondrous words shall fall no more,
Burning into our hearts their eloquent fire,
Sealed by such hellish ire.

Orator, Statesman, Poet, Friend, in thee
Rarely combined; thou wert a star whose light
Glowed thro' our night,

Shot down beneath the moonbeams white and cold,
Without a groan. O, what a record she
Shall give, when opened up the books shall be!

Cold-blooded murderer, round whose cursed track
A nation's fiery breath must ever hang
In clouds of wrath—the brand of Cain e'en now
Is on thy brow.

* The emblem of Canada.

Young Folks.

Original.

THE TANGLED WEB.

BY MISS HELEN BRUCE, WINDSOR.

When I was about fourteen years of age, there came to the town in which I lived a person of the name of Hodgson, who opened a fancy-store. My mother heard Effie Molson telling me of the beautiful things which were exposed in his window for sale, when she called me to her, and said, "Helen, I do not wish you to buy anything at that shop. The person who keeps it is a man of whose principles I cannot approve, and I do not wish that my family should have any dealings with him." Her words were sufficient, for I had been trained to implicit obedience. I never for a moment thought of entering the store, but always waited outside for Effie, when she had anything to get there. Time passed on, and Hodgson acquired a thriving business, and was patronized by almost everyone in the place, except ourselves. One morning Mrs. Molson called at our house with a beautiful pattern for a sofa cushion, and the materials for working it. "Effie told me," she said, "that you had offered to help us with our work for the bazaar, and as my sister writes me word that the things must be sent before the twentieth, I shall be glad to avail myself of your offer, and will leave this cushion for you to finish, if you think you will have time to do it." I took the work cheerfully, and the door had scarcely closed on Mrs. Molson before I was seated at the table with the pattern before me.

"Helen," said my mother, "you must be careful not to lose any of those beads, they would be difficult to match."

I was, I must confess, a very untidy girl; and, notwithstanding my mother's remonstrances, often left my things strewn about the room. For a few days I worked steadily at the cushion, delighted with the progress I was making. Then, with the fickleness so common to youth, I laid it aside, saying it would be done long before it was required. When I again took it out, some of the beads were missing, and though I spent much time searching diligently for them, they were not to be found. Ashamed to confess to my mother that I had lost them, I determined to procure others without her knowledge; so I put on my bonnet, and went to several places where I thought they might be matched. My heart failed when the last store had been visited in vain; and now it only remained for me to tell my mother, or to disobey her by going to Hodgson's. For a few moments I wavered; but having already taken a step in the wrong direction, I felt that my balance was lost, and I decided for evil. Assuming an air of bravery which I was far from feeling, I walked quickly in the direction of Hodgson's. At the door I halted, looked round me nervously, and peeped in at the window, to see who was in the store. The person who was attending perceived my embarrassment, and coming to the door, enquired, "Were you looking for Miss Molson? She has been gone about five minutes." "I—no. I wanted to match some beads," said I; and I stepped in boldly.

It took but a few minutes to transact my business, but these minutes appeared like hours to me, and before I had taken up my change, the door behind me opened. I did not look to see who came in, but passed quickly out of the store, with my eyes cast down. Hurrying along the street, I turned the first corner, lest anyone meeting me should suspect where I had been. When I reached home, I found that my mother was out, and I was glad that I had not to face

her just then. I went to my room, and sitting down on the side of my bed, tried to recover my equanimity. Uncomfortable as my feelings had been when I left the house an hour ago, they were far worse now, and I could not help wishing that I had told my mother the truth, for whereas I had in the first instance, been only guilty of carelessness, I now laid myself open to the charge of disobedience and deceit. Presently I heard my mother's step on the stairs, and I hastened to change my dress; before I had time, however, she stood beside me. "Helen," she said, "have you any small change? I want to give a trifle to a poor man, and I find I have nothing less than a dollar." I felt in my pocket; but my purse was gone. There was no use looking for it on the floor, for I must have heard it, if it had fallen. My mother went to the dressing table, and hastily turned the the things over, while I stood as if paralyzed, for I felt sure I had left it at Hodgson's. "I wish for your own sake, Helen," said my mother, "that you would remember where you put things, it would save a great deal of time and trouble." "Here are six cents," I said, handing her the loose change which I had in my pocket. She took it, and went down stairs, while I remained where she had left me, overwhelmed with shame and perplexity. "Surely," I said to myself, "there must be a fatality attending me; other girls do wrong, and are never found out; but if I do the least thing, I am sure to get into trouble. Even Effie, though she is such a good girl, often deceives her father and mother in little things, and does not even feel uncomfortable about it. Now I know that horrid girl at Hodgson's will send back my purse, and I shall have to confess everything; and papa will hear of it, and be so shocked. Oh! why was I such a coward as to be afraid to tell mamma that I had lost the beads. She could only have said that I was careless." But my soliloquy was interrupted by the sound of the dinner-bell. I suppose I was unusually quiet, for my father remarked it; whereupon my mother enquired, "Have you found your purse, Helen?" "No, mamma." "Was there much money in it?" "No, not much; only about ten shillings." "Had you it this morning?" "Yes." "Then, perhaps, you left it in some store?" "No. I don't know. I think I shall be able to find it." "If it is not found," said my father, "I shall begin to suspect Sarah's honesty. We have missed so many things lately. I think it would be as well to look in her boxes before she leaves. If she is honest she cannot object, and if she is a thief, she deserves to be detected." This was too much for me; my face burned, and my eyes were fast filling with tears. "There is no use in fretting about it, Helen," said my mother, "you ought to be glad that you did not lose it yesterday, when you had the money for the grocer's bill." I felt a choking sensation in my throat, and could not speak, even to say that I had not paid the bill; for till this moment I had forgotten that my mother had given me the money for it. I was glad when the dinner was over, and I could retire to my own room, and find relief in a flood of tears. My position now appeared truly awful, and I saw no means of extricating myself from it, but such as were too humiliating for me to contemplate. I dared not confess to my mother that I had lost the six dollars she had given me to pay the grocer's bill; for I knew that such a confession would lead to closer investigation, in order to recover the purse, the least allusion to which now gave me pain. But the bill must be paid, or my mother would certainly hear of it; and where was the money to come from? All I owned in the world was lost in my purse, which I secretly hoped never to see again. Then I thought that I would borrow it. Surely, no one knowing my respectability, could refuse to lend me such a small sum, and if I bound them over to secrecy, my mother need never know. Effie Molson, I was sure, would lend me the money, for she had once borrowed a dollar from me, and asked me not to tell her mother. But while I was revolving this plan in my mind, my eye rested upon a small

parcel in my desk—a parcel of money which the girls at school had collected for the Bible Society, and of which they had made me treasurer. The money had not to be sent to the Society until the beginning of May, when there was to be a meeting held in W———, and our collection, with other money, was to be handed over to the Agent. The collection was not usually taken up so long beforehand; but Easter was late this year, and Miss Ewart asked for our contributions before we dispersed for the holidays, as the meeting would be held during the vacation. I had quite forgotten the money until this moment, but now I rose, opened the parcel, and counted it over. Nine dollars and thirty cents. What a large sum it seemed! and how I wished it had been mine. Then the guilty thought came to me; there can be no harm in borrowing it for a little while. I can replace it long before it will be wanted, and in the meantime, it will be quite as safe as if it were in my desk. Papa will be sure to give me something on Easter Monday, for he has always done so, and mamma knows that I have lost my purse, and will not think of letting me be entirely out of money. So I yielded to the tempter, and abstracting six dollars from the parcel, replaced the remainder, Next morning I paid the grocer's bill; but after that I felt the burden on my conscience tenfold increased. My mother noticed my depression of spirits, and tried to rouse me; and when, shortly after, I was invited to spend an evening with Emily Wood, she insisted on my going, saying that it was not good for me to stay so much in the house. Emily asked me to go for a walk with her the next morning, and though I had but little heart for it, I did not like to refuse. We rambled about the hills for at least two hours, and went home quite tired. My mother had told me to take Emily to our house for lunch, and ask her to remain for the afternoon. My spirits had risen a little, and I bounded up the stairs, unconscious of impending evil. At the drawing-room door I met my mother. "Come in, Helen," she said. "We are tired of waiting for you." And she introduced me to a strange gentleman, who was in company with our pastor, the Rev. Mr. V. "Mr. Eldon," continued my mother, "has called for your collection for the Bible Society, and I cannot find it." As she spoke, I saw on the table the three dollars and thirty cents which I had left in my desk. With a trembling hand, I turned the money over, as if I thought my touch would multiply it, while a crimson flush spread itself over my face. No one spoke; but their very silence seemed to condemn me. At last, my mother, whose confidence in me was unshaken, placed her hand soothingly on my arm, and desired me to sit down. "You are a foolish girl, Helen," she said; "what is there to make you so nervous? If you will only try to collect your thoughts, you will soon remember where you put the money." But my poor mother's kindness had a very different effect from what she intended; my feelings were wrought to such a pitch that I could no longer control myself, and burying my face in my hands, I sobbed like a little child. What followed I knew not; though I afterwards heard that my father paid the money, and the gentlemen withdrew as soon as possible, making no comment on what had happened. For three days I was confined to my room with a nervous headache. During that time my mother waited on me tenderly and patiently, for I could not bear to see anyone else. Then I told her, step by step, how I had trodden the downward path, until my progress had been suddenly arrested; and, laying my head on her bosom, I sobbed out, "Oh, mother, I will never deceive you again." She did not speak; but I felt the warm tears trickling down, while a kiss of forgiveness was pressed on my forehead. An hour later, and I met my father's grave, stern countenance, but neither did he speak of what had passed. Emily Wood came frequently to see me; and one day, with a terrible want of feeling, introduced the subject of the missing money, by telling me that Mr. Hilton, who was to have held the meeting in our town on the

first of May, had been taken suddenly ill, while on his way to V———, and was unable to proceed any further; so Mr. Eldon had been sent to receive the collections, and request the people to dispense with the meeting. Emily's words burnt into my very soul; but I was too much humbled to attempt to vindicate myself, so I only begged that she would not again allude to the subject. Sunday came, and I was obliged to face the congregation in our little church, feeling certain that every eye was upon me, and when the Rector gave out his text, "He that is faithful in that which is least," &c., I felt sure his words were intended for me, and that my unfaithfulness was to be made the subject of a painful warning to all young people in the congregation. Indeed, I expected to hear particular mention of my name in his sermon; but as you may imagine, I was spared this mortification, and though I afterwards made a confidant of my Pastor, and told him the whole of the circumstances, I received from him nothing in return but affectionate counsel and sympathy.

Time passed on, and I felt myself happily outgrowing the stigma that had attached to my name, when one day I met my little cousin Georgy Baker, who had escaped from his nurse, and was playing in the lane near our house. I called the little fellow to me, and lifting him up on the gate post, began a childish conversation with him, when he suddenly interrupted me by asking, "Cousin Helen, will you take me to jail some day? just to see it, but not to stay there you know." "Why, Georgy," I said, "I should not like to go there myself; besides I do not think they would let us in." "But they would let you in, Cousin Helen," continued the child, "for the jailor man knows you." "No," I replied, rather indignantly; "the jailor man knows nothing about me." "Why," he said, looking surprised, "didn't he come after you when you stealed the money?" I felt my hand relaxing its hold of the child's dress, while a feeling of faintness crept over me; but I answered firmly, "I never stole money, Georgy, and I never went to jail." "Then," continued my innocent tormentor, "Franky Noble must be a story teller, and I will never lend him my cart again. He said that his mother told him—no, he said that she told some one else, that you stealed a lot of money. I don't know how much, but Franky knows, and he had no business to say so, for he must have told the story, because his mother would not." By this time my embarrassment was evident to the child, and patting my cheek with his little fat hand, he said, "Never mind, Cousin Helen, when I am a man, if Franky does not beg your pardon, then I'll shoot him." I lifted the little fellow down, and as he caught sight of his nurse, he ran from me, saying, "Now, I shall tell Ann what a bad boy Franky Noble is." I caught him by the skirt of his dress, and said, "No, don't, Georgy. Please don't." He ran a little way then stopped, and looking over his shoulder, said, "No, I wont, if you don't want me to."

I went home very sorrowful, and sat down on the side of my bed, just where I had sat on that unfortunate morning when I had bought the beads. It seemed terrible that my punishment was never to end, and I had tried so hard to keep in the right path ever since that time. How cruel of people to say that I stole the money, when I never did, and to remember it for so many years. Oh, if I could only go away to some place where I was not known, I might be so happy. While I was still bewailing my lot, I heard my father open the dining-room door, which was the first intimation that I had of his being in the house. Then he came to the foot of the stairs, and called, "Helen." I ran down, and in answer to his inquiry for mamma, told him that she had gone to the Rectory. "I wanted to tell her," he said, "that I have concluded the bargain with Brown." "What bargain?" I said, for I was ignorant of the transaction. "Oh, I forgot, child, you were away when he wrote to me." And my father went on to tell me, what may here be told in a few words; how that after

years spent in negotiating with different parties, he had at last sold his property advantageously, and was about to put into execution his long-cherished plan of settling in England.

In less than two months, we had crossed the broad Atlantic, and now it is many years since my parents were laid to rest in the silent church-yard of their native place; but memory carries me back to the days of childhood in my Canadian home, and I pen this little narrative, in the earnest hope that my sad experience may serve as a warning to those of my young readers, who are sacrificing the priceless jewel of truth, in order to secure some slight temporary advantage.

Perhaps some one may read these pages who has already entered upon a course of deceit. If such be the case, I would affectionately urge you, my young friend, to pause ere you take another step, and whatever may be the difficulties that surround you, fight your way through them, and do not rest until you have once more joined the ranks of the truthful. Remember, that the silken cord by which you suffer yourself to be drawn from the path of rectitude, will soon become a chain of adamant, and you will need a giant's strength to shake it off. Truly, it is "a 'tangled web we weave when first we practice to deceive."

LITTLE MICHAEL.

In the city of London, England, lived a poor blacksmith, who had a son named Michael. Little Michael was not the only poor boy in London. There were many little boys, and girls, too, whose parents had to work hard for small wages, and who had as much as they could do to earn money enough to buy plain food and coarse clothing for themselves and their children.

Most of the boys and girls who went to school, and played in the streets and alleys with little Michael, have grown up to be men and women, and some of them are in their graves. But of all those who lived to reach manhood and womanhood, I don't believe that one will be remembered in the world as long as the great man who, when a boy, used to be called "Little Michael."—Now let us see if we can find out how and why it was, that, while so many of the playmates and school-fellows of little Michael should never have been heard of beyond the neighborhood in which they lived, all the world has heard of and respects the name of Michael Faraday.

After Michael's father and mother had sent their little boy to the parish school long enough for him to learn to read and write well, they bound him out as an apprentice, to learn the trade of a bookbinder.

There are many poor boys whose parents bind them out to trades. But most boys, in such situations as that, expect to learn the trade, and when they grow up, to *make a living* by it. This is just as it should be. But the trouble is that such boys do not often think of any thing else but *making a living*. They do not think enough about *living a good life*. And I am sure that very few of them ever think that, even though they are bound out to a trade, they can find time to study; they can improve that time, and not only become useful scholars, but they can also become great and learned men, and do a great deal of good in the world.

Now, little Michael, when his father took him out of school to put him to a trade, did not say, as I have heard boys in his condition say, "Now that I have done going to school, I can learn no more." He did not say, "I have to be so busy in the shop that I have no time to read and study." No, Michael wanted to learn all he could, even though he could not go to school any more. And because he wanted to learn, he found time to do so. While his fellow apprentices were wasting the hours of evening in idleness, he was studying. While his fellow apprentices were sleeping in the morning, he was up early and at his books, and every spare hour saw him busy. He either had a book or a slate and pencil in his hand, or he amused himself in a way that seldom fails to interest boys. He had read about electricity, and how it could be produced by a machine, which was described in one of his books.—So he went to work and made an electrifying machine, and tried experiments with it. He used to amuse himself in this way for hours.

An old Scotchman, who used to visit the blacksmith when his son Michael was a little boy, afterwards gave this account of him. Perhaps you will be able to understand it if you ask some older person to help you.

"Michael wis the auldest o' the family, an' his mither no bein' very stout, he used to wirk awa' at hame just like a lassie, at

anything he could do to help her, an' wis aye a bidable laddie. He had an awfu' notion o' books, for he used to sit up at night after the lave were in their beds, readin' an' studyin' awa' by himsel' an' he was aye ploutering wi' water an' tooming it out an' in his mither's dishes, an' sometimes he wad be brackin' them; an' he wad even try his experiments upon the cat, till the puir beast got fear'd at itsel'. But for a' that, Michael wis aye a cautious, weel-behaved laddie, an' got mony friens."

When Michael was about seventeen years old, there was a very celebrated chemist delivering a course of lectures in London. A chemist, you know, is one who finds out what the earth, and the air, and the water, and plants, and metals are made of; and teaches people the science of making colors and medicines. Almost all the trades and manufactures get the knowledge of part of their art from the chemist. Little Michael thought he would like to hear this great and good man, Sir Humphrew Davy, lecture about chemistry. There was living in Manchester street, London, a Mr. Dancer, who had noticed little Michael, perhaps had lent him books. He went to the book-binder and obtained permission for little Michael to go and attend these lectures. A good many had been delivered, so that there were only four remaining to finish the course. Michael went to the lectures. But how do you suppose he did? Do you think he looked on to see the curious apparatus, and wondered what it was for—then watched the experiments with interest, but when Sir Humphrey tried to explain, do you think he yawned and said, "I don't care about hearing all the explanations; I can't understand them; I wish he would hurry and show us another experiment." No, Michael was attentive, and thus understood more than he would have done if he had not listened. And when anything was said too difficult for such a young lad to comprehend, he said to himself, "How I *wish* I could understand that."

The next evening he took a pencil and some paper with him to the lecture, and when he heard a strange word he wrote it down. And much that he did understand he also wrote down, and resolved to read it over and over that he might remember it.

But to learn all about chemistry, a person must not only hear lectures, and read, but he must see a great many experiments tried, and must try some himself. But Michael had no money to spare, to get the necessary articles for such experiments. And what was the poor boy to do now? I know what some boys would have done. They would have said, "It is of no use; I should like very much to learn all about chemistry, but it requires time and money, which I have not got, and so I must give it up." But little Michael did nothing of the kind. He wanted to learn chemistry, and he was determined to do it. But *how* to do it was the question. He sat down and thought about it. He said to himself, "It seems as though God had called me to be a book-binder, and I must, 'do my duty in *that* state of life.'" But then he remembered the story of Whittington and his cat, and he thought of the many great and good men he had read of, who had begun life as poor boys, doing their duty in the station to which they were called, but who afterwards were called to some other station and did their duty in *that*.

"There!" said Michael, "I have found it out now. If God wants me to spend all my life as a book-binder, I will be content, and try to do my duty. But, perhaps He will call me to some other place, as He has done many a poor boy before me. I will try."

So Michael sat down and wrote a letter to Sir Humphrey, telling him how he wanted to be a chemist and a philospher, and asking that great man if he would be so kind as to look over the notes of lectures which he enclosed. Sir Humphrey read the letter, and examined the notes, which pleased him much, and then very kindly wrote a reply, in which he said he was going abroad for a few months to deliver some lectures, and when he returned he would see what could be done. For two months Michael heard nothing more on the subject. So he continued working faithfully at his trade, praying that he might be content with whatever God should see fit to order, and trying to do his duty in that state of life to which it had pleased God to call him.

At the end of two months, Sir Humphrey sent for Michael, and advised him not to attempt to leave book-binding for philosophy. He told him that a book-binder might get rich, but chemists and philosophers seldom did. Like clergymen, they had to live to do good to the world, and they might be taken care of, so far as to have enough to eat and drink and wear; but if he wanted to get rich, he had better keep to his trade.

Michael said he did not care to be rich. He much preferred to get all the knowledge he could, and to do as much good in the world as possible.

"Very well," said Sir Humphrey, "if that be the case, I will do what I can for you."

So saying, he went to the father of Michael, and to his employer, and had him honorably released from his indentures, and Michael was at once employed as assistant in the Royal Laboratory of London.

And now Michael found himself just in the place where he had for so many years longed to be. He had trusted in God, and God had blessed him in placing him in the position where he could learn much, and do a great deal of good to the world. You may be sure that he was thankful, and that he showed that he felt so by trying to do his duty, and particularly by manifesting his gratitude to his benefactor, Sir Humphrey Davy. Sir Humphrey became very fond of the young philosopher, and, going abroad on the continent to consult some other learned men, he took Michael in his company, where he remained until he was twenty-one years of age.

Michael made such progress in his studies and experiments, and was so much esteemed by the learned men in whose society he was thrown, that he was asked to deliver a course of lectures himself. He did so, and he was so much liked as a public lecturer on chemistry and electricity, that the house was crowded with people who came to hear him. He was especially admired as a lecturer to children, who never cared to go to any shows or other entertainments, when he, who used to be called "Little Michael," but was now known as Professor Faraday, was going to lecture.

In due time Professor Faraday published a number of books on the subjects of electricity and chemistry, and other branches of philosophy, and soon became widely known as one of the great philosophers of the world.

It would take a long time to tell you how many discoveries he made, and how much all kinds of manufactures and commerce are indebted to this philosopher. He could have become very rich, if he had chosen to leave his place as a philosopher and accept some other positions that were offered him. But no, his ambition was to do all the good he could, and being, beside this, a kind and amiable Christian man, he was as much beloved as he was famous. While he was living, this was said of him:

"Intellectually and morally, Faraday is a philosopher of the highest rank, of whom the country has reason to be proud."

One day some one was saying to Sir Humphrey Davy, "It must be a great satisfaction for you to reflect on the many great discoveries you have made for the benefit of mankind." To which Sir Humphrey replied: "Yes, but the greatest discovery of all was little Michael Faraday."

He died last August, and all the world over, good, as well as learned men and philosophers, bless God for having given to the world him who began life as a poor boy and a book-binder's apprentice; who wanted to learn, and therefore improved all his spare time; who would not be discouraged because he was poor; who trusted in God, and did his duty.

Boys, there is an example for you.—*Young Christian Soldier.*

AN OLD STORY TOLD AGAIN.

Dear me! what a fluttering and chirping and pecking out in the court-yard! The little Prince really could not eat his breakfast till he went to see what was the matter. So he opened one of the palace windows, and put his head out, and there, flying in the air, hopping on the ground, and clinging to the window-sill, was a whole host of little blackbirds, singing for something to eat. But the only note they could sing was

"Rye! rye! rye!"

"Won't your little majesty shut the window and come straight back to your breakfast?" said the maid, crossly.

"No, indeed," said his little majesty, "not till I feed these hungry blackbirds!"

So he took some of his own warm biscuit and crumbled it down under the window; but the birds never touched it. They only flew the more about his head and shoulders, and sang

"Rye! rye! rye!"

"They want some rye," said the little Prince. "Barby, will you give me some rye for my blackbirds?"

"That I won't," exclaimed Barby; "and your majesty had better come and eat your breakfast before I inform his majesty the King!"

But the little Prince only laughed, and spying a pan of meal on the kitchen shelf, he ran with it to the window.

"Here, pretty blackbirds," he cried, joyously, "here's some nice yellow meal for you!"

But they would not touch a grain of it; they only flew all the more around his head and shoulders and sang, pitifully,

"Rye! rye! rye!"

"They must have some rye!" said the Prince. "Barby, is there any rye in the palace?"

"Not a grain!" quoth Barby, though she well knew there was a chest full in the granary.

"Very well, then I shall go and buy some," said the Prince, stamping his foot in impatience, and away he ran through the marble hall and

down the great marble steps till he caught up with the King, who was taking a morning walk.

"If you please, papa, I want a sixpence!" said the little Prince, eagerly.

"Upon my word!" replied the King, "how you startled me. A sixpence, hey? and why do you want a sixpence?" And he slowly drew a silver sixpence from his purse, and held it up in the air.

"Oh, be quick, papa! I'm going to the miller's to buy food for my blackbirds!"

The sixpence dropped to the ground, and the fat old King leaned against a tree and laughed to think what a smart young rogue his son was to invent such a story for a sixpence to buy sugar-plums with.

But the little Prince snatched the silver piece from the ground and hardly stopped to say "Thank you," he was in such a hurry to get to the miller's to buy some rye.

"A sixpence will buy about a pocketful, I hope," he said to himself, as he ran along the lane. Away in the distance he could already hear the mill-wheel turning and the merry dash of the sparkling water. The grass was green under his feet, and the trees waved their leafy boughs above him. The sun shone bright and warm upon him and his heart danced, he felt so happy. Poor little Prince! he did not know, as he kept his hand so carefully doubled up, that his sixpence had already slipped out between his fingers, and was now lying hid down in the deep grass by the roadside. No, he did not know that; and so as he came up to the old brown mill, and went in at the little creaking gate, he said quite boldly to the miller:

"I want a pocketful of rye, and I'll give you sixpence for it!"

"Where's the sixpence?" asked the old miller, cautiously.

The Prince opened his hand, and there was no sixpence there! How the red color rushed into his cheeks as he tried to explain, but the miller would not believe a word.

"Go and find your sixpence, and bring it here," he said, or you shall have no rye. Or, stop! here's my wife's flower-bed full of weeds. Pull all the weeds up without hurting the flowers, and then I will gave you the rye for your wages."

But the little Prince looked down at his lily-white hands, which had never done any dirty work, and then he turned sorrowfully away to look along the road in search of his sixpence. Right and left he looked, behind the trees and under the little stones, but there was no silver sixpence to be seen.

"Meanwhile the blackbirds are growing hungrier," he thought to himself with a sigh, "and I—I am hungry too!"

Then he looked at his hands again, and felt ashamed of his pride. It seemed to him as if he was very selfish in shunning a bit of work that would get him all he wanted. So away to the miller he went again, and told him he was ready to weed his wife's garden.

"Very well," said the miller shortly; "then go to work. But if you break a single flower I shall cut your ears off. Here, Lottchen, show this boy the flower-bed!"

As the miller said "Lottchen" there came to the door a little blue-eyed girl, with soft, golden curls. She put a dimpled finger in her rosy mouth, because she felt shy, and so led the way between great clumps of rosemary to the weed-grown bed. Then, as the little Prince stooped to pull up a great root of witch-grass, she began to swing on a low-hanging vine-branch, watching him with her wondering blue eyes. He pulled up all the grass, and then began to be puzzled, for he could not tell the rest of the weeds from flowers, and he was just about uprooting some leafy stems that seemed to be in the way, when the little girl called out, quickly:

"Oh, take care! those are our tulips!"

He fixed his bright, dark eyes upon her, and then looking down at his soiled hands and rumpled clothes, he said, with a laugh:

"I don't know much: will you help me?"

"Yes," said the miller's daughter, "if you will tell me about the birds."

So then the two children worked together, and whenever the little Prince would have pulled up a flower Lottchen slapped his fingers; and they grew very friendly. In fact, the young Prince began to wish that his task would last longer, that he need not so soon part with the lovely little blue-eyed Lottchen. But then he remembered the hungry blackbirds, and that made him diligent. So before the forenoon was fairly spent, the dusty miller looked out and said to himself:

"I may as well be measuring out that pocketful of rye!"

But meanwhile what had been going on all these long hours in the palace? Things had not stood still, I assure you, waiting for the Prince's return. The old King, when he had got through laughing, began to bethink himself that he had sixpence less in his purse than before, and he walked back to the palace as quick as he could, panting a good deal because he was so fat. He went into his magnificent parlor, and seating himself before an ivory table, emptied all the money in his purse out upon it. Ah, how the gold and silver pieces shone in the sunshine! They made the old King's heart glad, for he loved money.

"Now, I'll count it all over," he said, softly, "and see how much that young rogue has left me. Come here, my dear queen, and help me count."

But the Queen did not hear him: she had left the parlor as he entered, and walked stately up and down the marble halls, letting her beautiful purple satin robes trail two yards

behind her on the mosaic floor, for that was the fashion at court. Suddenly, as she turned, there approached her from the outer door a messenger, foot-sore and covered with dust. He knelt before her, holding in his hands a blue jar carefully closed.

"Your Majesty," he said, "my master is a king, and he sends you this jar of honey made by the bees of Hymettus. He sends, imploring your grace to make diligent inquiry through your kingdom for his lost child, who was stolen eight years ago. He has made search through every kingdom, in vain, but yours, and now he sends over weary deserts and lofty mountains as a last hope to you. Will your Majesty command a search to be made for our lost princess? If she be found, he bids me say a hundred jars of honey shall be sent to your Majesty forthwith."

The Queen took the jar and smelt of it; it was more fragrant than the attar of roses. Besides, the Queen was very fond of sweetmeats.

"This is indeed delicious!" she exclaimed; "I will help your King with all my heart. Now tell me the whole story about the little Princess, and be quick, for I want to taste the honey."

So the messenger began with what speed he might; but while he is talking we must hasten beforehand into the kitchen in order to account for the very appetizing odor that greeted the Queen's royal nose the moment she opened the door to call for a golden spoon with which to taste the honey.

No sooner had the little Prince got fairly out of sight than Barby went to shut the window, when, as if to vex her still more, all the blackbirds began to fly around her head and shoulders, chirping with all their might,

"Rye! rye! rye!"

Barby shut the window down angrily, but instead of shutting the birds out, she found she had shut them all in, and they perched on her arms beseechingly with the one note,

"Rye! rye! rye!"

Now what did this cruel maid do? Instead of feeding the pretty, fluttering creatures from the great chest of rye, the key of which hung on her apron-string, she tossed her head scornfully and turned up her nose—a very pretty nose, by-the-way, and the only feature of which Barby could be vain.

"I'll teach you to be quiet!" she said, sharply; and one by one she caught the blackbirds, wringing their necks with a cruel twist, and throwing them down on the table. There they lay, poor, limp, lifeless things; she had indeed taught them to be quiet.

"One, two, three," said Barby, counting them; "twenty-four as sure as there's a nose on my face! Now I'll make a pie, and let the saucy little Prince dine on blackbirds!"

So to work she went, and so quick was she that before long the four-and-twenty blackbirds were put between two flaky crusts, in a great pan, and set into the oven. Then the maid heaped the pine knots on the fire to make it burn hot.

So when the Queen had dismissed the tired messenger, and come down into the kitchen bearing the precious jar of honey in her own two royal hands, she exclaimed at once:

"Dear me! That smells good. What are you cooking there, Barby?"

"Bird-pie, your Majesty," replied the maid, with a courtesy.

"Very well, we will have it for dinner," said the Queen; and then, calling for a golden spoon and saucer, she sat down in her own kitchen to try her honey. She ate it upon bread—perhaps other people besides queens eat it in that manner, but whatever a queen does is worth mentioning.

"Ah, how delicate this is!" said the Queen, after the sixth saucerful. Meanwhile Barby took the pie from the oven smoking hot, and so savory an odor issued from it that the Queen ordered it to be served at once. So carrying a saucer of honey she went in her purple, trailing robe to join the king in the parlor, where he still sat at the ivory-table counting out his money. The maid followed with the pie on a waiter, and knives and forks.

"There, Barby," said the Queen, as she set it down, "that will do, my good girl; and now you had better go right out in the garden and hang out the linen while the sun is hot."

"It shall be done, your Majesty," said the maid, with two courtesies, one for the King and one for the Queen. Then she went out of the room backwards.

But now behold what happened! The King began to carve the pie, and the moment he opened the crust, forth came the sweetest singing a man ever heard, better than all the pianos and music-boxes in the kingdom. And one by one out through the opening flew the blackbirds, singing as they flew, just as alive as ever; for they were enchanted birds, you know, and nothing could hurt them, not even baking in an oven. The King dropped his knife and fork on the Queen's satin dress, but he did not know it; he sat back in his chair perfectly helpless, with his eyes and mouth as wide open as they could be. As for the Queen, she clapped her hands and laughed with delight.

"It is prettier than all the showmen's boxes!" she exclaimed.

Some of the birds perched on the King's crown, and some on the golden saucer; and all the while they sang till the palace fairly rang with melody. But one of the blackbirds happened to look out in the garden, and immediately bethought himself of something. There was the maid hanging out the clothes

without the least notion of what was going to happen, and away through the window flew this remorseless blackbird—flew right into the maid's face and eyes, and before she could wink he bit off her nose, and flew away with it! You can imagine how that must have felt. It certainly is not safe to make pies of blackbirds!

But just at this moment who should come running up the garden path but the little Prince and blue-eyed Lottchen after him. He had invited her to come and see the blackbirds eat, and he had his pockets so full of rye that some of it spilled over every step he took. Up the great marble steps the children ran, and into the parlor. There sat the King with his mouth open, and the Queen clapping her hands; and there were the four-and-twenty blackbirds singing with all their might—all but one, and that one could not sing because he held the maid's nose in his bill! Bah! I would not like to have been that blackbird!

"Oh, you dear birds!" cried the little Prince, "here's your rye!"

And he sprinkled it all around, on the table and on the floor, and down flew the four-and-twenty blackbirds, and began to peck at it. No sooner had each bird got a mouthful than every bird vanished, and in their place stood four-and-twenty beautiful fairies! For you must know that a malicious witch had laid an evil spell upon them, and as blackbirds they were condemned to fly about the world till some one should willingly give them a pocketful of rye to feed upon. And that was why they chirped so plaintively,

"Rye! rye! rye!"

But now they were fairies again, with all their fairy power, and you may well believe they made the little Prince the most wonderful promises of good-luck all his life to come. And as for blue eyed Lottchen, who was standing bashfully behind the Queen's chair, as soon as the fairies saw her, they said to one another,

"Only see—here is the lost Princess!"

They were her guardian fairies, and if they had not first been turned into blackbirds she could never have been stolen. But the old miller did not know she was a princess, no indeed! He found her on his door-step one morning, and thought she was a poor little foundling. So, because he took kind care of her, the fairies will never let his stream run dry, and his mill will bring him more and more gold every year.

Then the fairies forthwith summoned a magnificent chariot to take them home to their own country, and the little blue-eyed Lottchen with them. So the travel-worn messenger jumped up behind for a footman. But Lottchen looked longingly back, and from her blue eyes rolled two pearly tears. That the little Prince could not bear, and he ran and kissed her.

"Oh, do not go, Lottchen!" he cried; "stay here always, for I love you so much!"

"And I love you," said Lottchen innocently.

The fairies smiled, and the good-natured old King laughed outright.

"Well, well, children," said he, kindly, "if you both say the same a few years hence, we will see about it, and maybe pretty Lottchen will come back to stay here always."

"Ah, yes," said the Queen, complacently, "it would be pleasant to form an alliance with a kingdom where honey is made by the bees of Hymettus!"

HE HAS NO MOTHER.

Sitting one day in the school-room, I overheard a conversation between a sister and brother. The little boy complained of insults or wrongs received from another little boy. His face was flushed with anger. The sister listened awhile, and then, turning away, she answered: "I do not want to hear another word; *Willie has no mother*." The brother's lips were silent, the rebuke came home to him, and, stealing away, he muttered, "I never thought of that." He thought of his own mother, and the loneliness of Willie compared with his own happy lot. "He has no mother." Do we think of it when want comes to the orphan, and rude words assail him? Has the little wanderer no mother to listen to his little sorrows? Speak gently to him, then.

Original.

ENIGMA,

BY ANON.

I must be in all, either great or small;
Without me anything you cannot have:
I am curved, and low—I am straight, and tall,
Sound hard in the blast, and soft in the wave.
I did not have any part in your birth,
But you shall meet me in the silent grave,
Where ashes with ashes, and earth with earth
Lie mouldering in Death's narrow cave;
In corruption I never have been found,
Yet always am active in decay;
In vain you search for me in the cold ground,
But at once discover me in the clay.
I form a portion of every man,
Repose in his head, but reign in his heart;
And however long may be his life's span,
While *that* remains he cannot from me part;
Grand anthems of praise assisting to swell
I shall be in Heaven—but never in Hell!

Domestic Economy.

ODDS AND ENDS.

Every housekeeper will gain much by having a regular time to attend to certain odds and ends which may otherwise be neglected. Let this time be the last Saturday afternoon in every month, or any other time more agreeable, but let there be a regular fixed time once a month, in which the housekeeper will attend to the following things:

First, go round to every room, drawer, and closet in the house, and see what is out of order, and what needs to be done, and make arrangements as to time and manner of doing it.

Second, examine the store-closet, and see if there is a proper supply of all articles needed there.

Third, go to the cellar, and see if the salted provision, vegetables, pickles, vinegar, and all other articles stored in the cellar are in proper order, and examine all the preserves and jellies.

Fourth, examine the trunk or closet of family linen, and see what needs to be repaired and renewed.

Fifth, see if there is a supply of dish-towels, dish-cloths, bags, holders, floor-cloths, dust-cloths, wrapping-paper, twine, lamp-wicks, and all other articles needed in kitchen work.

Sixth, count over the spoons, knives, and forks, and examine all the various household utensils, to see what need replacing, and what should be repaired.

A housekeeper who will have a regular time for attending to these particulars, will find her whole family machinery moving easily and well; but one who does not, will constantly be finding something out of joint, and an unquiet, secret apprehension of duties left undone, or forgotten, which no other method will so effectually remove.

A housekeeper will often be much annoyed by the accumulation of articles not immediately needed, that must be saved for future use. The following method, adopted by a thrifty housekeeper, may be imitated with advantage:

She bought some cheap calico, and made bags of various sizes, and wrote the following labels with indelible ink on a bit of broad tape, and sewed them on one side of the bags:—Old linens; old cottons; old black silks; old colored silks; old stockings; old colored woollens; old flannels; new linen; new cotton; new woollens; new silks; pieces of dresses; pieces of boys' clothes, &c. These bags were hung around a closet, and filled with the above articles, and then it was known where to look for each, and where to put each when not in use.

Another excellent plan is for a housekeeper once a month to make out a bill of fare for the four weeks to come. To do this, let her find out what kind of dishes the season of the year and her own stores will enable her to provide, and then make out a list of the dishes she will provide through the month, so as to have an agreeable variety for breakfasts, dinners, and suppers. Some systematic arrangement of this kind at regular periods will secure great comfort and enjoyment to a family.—*Miss Beecher's Receipt-book.*

SELECTING WALL-PAPER AND CARPETS.

The hall is generally a mere passage-way to something better beyond, and therefore it should not be so embellished as to attract special notice. Paper with figures of light pillars or pilasters looks well, as does that which is marked off in courses representing marble or stone, or grained to represent oak or other woods. The parlor is for a different purpose, and should receive a different treatment. It is the flower of the house, the place for superior dress, courtly manners, the expression of the finer sentiments, and its adornments should be delicate and etherial. The covering of the walls should not be obtrusive and glaring in color and forms. An over-dressed wall looks as unseemly as an over-dressed man or woman. A parlor wall should be a pleasant surface and background for objects, and not be a conspicuous object in itself. It should seem airy and light, shutting us in loosely, giving a sense of freedom and breathing space. Moreover, this wall is designed partly for the support of paintings and engravings, and these appear to much disadvantage on a surface broken up by scrolls and bosses, and

huge bouquets. The living-room should have a cheerful toned paper, less delicate than the parlor, but by no means gaudy and glaring. The dining-room, of course, must be neat and simple, the prevailing colors by no means dark. The library should be of some sober, neutral tint, yet warm and cheery.

The carpeting of these several rooms should correspond in style to the papering. A few years ago, the designers of carpet figures ran mad with huge designs and glaring, ill-sorted colors. In crossing a floor one had to tramp over scrolls, cornucopias, and bouquets, several feet long. But latterly a change has come for the better. Even now there are vivid colors and monstrous figures enough, but we advise our friends to pass these by, and leave them to the upholsterers when hired to embellish flash hotel parlors, and steamboat saloons. Our homes must be embellished with something more subdued and chaste, and therefore more permanently pleasing. —*Agriculturist.*

SELECTED RECIPES.

PORK STEAK.—Cut slices from the loin or neck. To fry pork steaks requires twenty-five or thirty minutes. Turn them often. If they are quite fat, pour off all that fries out when they are half done, and reserve it for some other use. Then dip the steaks in crumbs of bread with a little powdered sage, and lay them back into the frying-pan. When done through take them up, dredge a little browned flour into the gravy, put in salt, pour in a gill of boiling water, and turn it instantly as it boils up, upon the dish of steak.

LAMB STEAKS FRIED.—Fry them of the nicest brown; when served, throw over them a good quantity of crumbs of bread fried, and crisped parsley. Or you may season them, and broil them in buttered papers, either with crumbs and herbs, or without, according to taste.

VEGETABLE SOUP.—Take two good-sized turnips, one carrot, one parsnip, one sweet potato, two Irish potatoes, one onion, a little parsley chopped fine, and three tablespoonfuls of rice or pearl barley. Slice the vegetables very thin; put them into two quarts of boiling water; let them cook three hours; then add the rice, and cook one hour longer.

QUEEN CAKES.—Mix one pound of dried flour, the same of sifted sugar and of washed currants; wash one pound of butter in rose-water, beat it well, then mix with it eight eggs, yolks and whites beaten separately, and put in the dry ingredients by degrees; beat the whole an hour; butter little tins, teacups, or saucers, filling them only half full; sift a little fine sugar over just as you put them into the oven.

GINGER SNAPS.—One cup of molasses, half a cup of sugar, half a cup of butter, half a cup of lard, one teaspoonful of soda, dissolved in half a cup of warm water; two tablespoonfuls of ginger. The butter and lard should be melted.

LITTLE PLUM CAKES TO KEEP LONG.—Dry one pound of flour and mix with six ounces of finely pounded sugar; beat six ounces of butter to a cream, and add three eggs well beaten, half a pound of currants washed and nicely dried, and the flour and sugar; beat all for some time, then dredge flour on tin plates, and drop the batter on them the size of a walnut. If properly mixed, it will be a stiff paste. Bake in a brisk oven.

LIME WATER FOR CORRECTING ACIDS IN DOUGH, ETC.—When bread becomes sour by standing too long before baking, instead of using soda, use lime water; two or three tablespoonfuls will entirely sweeten a batch of rising sufficient for four or five large loaves. Slack a small piece of lime, take the skim off the top, and bottle the clear water, and it is ready for use. A bottle-full will last all summer.

TO BLEACH IVORY THAT HAS BECOME YELLOW.—Make a solution of alum in boiling water, allow this to cool, and into this immerse the knife-handles or whatever you may wish to bleach. Allow it to remain in the liquid for not more than an hour, then take it out and rub briskly with a cloth, wipe it with a wet linen rag, and then lay it in a moistened cloth to prevent its drying too quickly, which causes it to crack. Another way is to put the discolored ivory under a bell-shaped glass, and then expose it for a day or more to the action of the sun. If placed in the rays of the sun without the glass it will only cause it to assume a deeper and more permanent yellow.

RHUBARB PIE.—Cut the stalks of the rhubarb into small pieces, and stew them with some lemon peel till tender. Strain them, sweeten to your taste, and add as many eggs as you can afford. Line pie plates with paste, and bake it like tarts, without upper crust.

LEMON CAKE.—Beat six eggs, the yolks and whites separately, till in a solid froth; add to the yolks the grated rind of a fine lemon and six ounces of sugar dried and sifted; beat this a quarter of an hour; shake in with the left hand six ounces of dried flour; then add the whites of the eggs and the juice of the lemon; when these are well beaten in, put it immediately into tins, and bake it about an hour in a moderately hot oven.

A CHEAP AND WHOLESOME SOUP.—One gallon of cold water, one pound of beef, or sixpennyworth of bones, two tablespoonfuls of rice. Let this boil, then add an onion, or two or three leeks; boil an hour. Peel and slice eight potatoes; wash them in warm water; add them to the soup, with a seasoning of salt and pepper; stir it frequently; boil another hour, and then serve, removing the bones or meat, which is not fit for human food.

REMOVING A TIGHT FINGER RING.—It is seldom necessary to file off a ring which is too tight to readily pass the joint of the finger. If the finger is swollen, apply cold water to reduce the inflammation, then wrap a small rag wet in hot water around the ring to expand the metal, and then soap the finger. A needle threaded with strong silk can then be passed between the ring and finger, and a person holding the two ends and pulling the silk while slowly sliding it around the periphery of the ring, can thus readily remove it. If the ring is a plain hoop, this process is easy; if it has a setting or protuberance, more care will be required. Another method is to pass a piece of sewing-silk under the ring, and wind the thread around the finger to the end; then take the lower end—that below the ring—and begin unwinding. The ring is certain to be removed unless the silk is very weak. The winding compresses the finger and renders the operation easier

Editorial and Correspondence.

EDITORIAL.

The fact that the late Hon. Thomas D'Arcy McGee was one of the earliest and best contributors to the NEW DOMINION MONTHLY, seems to call for an obituary notice in its columns; and this we will endeavor to write, without entering into the political questions with which he was so prominently identified.

The late Hon. Thomas D'Arcy McGee was born in Carlingford, Ireland, on the 13th April, 1825, and consequently was, at the time of his assassination—on the 7th of April, 1868—not quite 43 years old. He was educated in Wexford, whither his father, James McGee, removed, on account of receiving an appointment in the Custom-house there. In 1842, at the early age of seventeen, he emigrated to America, and obtained a position on the Boston *Press*. On the inauguration of the Young Ireland movement, he returned to his native land, and joined the staff of the *Nation* newspaper, which was its chief organ. After the suppression of the insurrection which ensued, Mr. McGee escaped to America, when he established in New York the *American Celt*. Through this paper he endeavored to raise up an Irish party in the United States, and advised his countrymen to secure farms instead of congregating in cities. Archbishop Hughes disapproved of the plan, and discountenanced the paper, and Mr. McGee came to Canada, where he was enthusiastically received by his countrymen. Here his talents and eloquence secured him rapid advancement, especially after he had seen cause to change his previous admiration for republican institutions to a decided preference for those of Canada. In 1857, he was chosen one of the representatives of Montreal; and, in 1864, he was appointed President of the Executive Council. Still later, he was Minister of Agriculture and Manufactures,

and as such was one of the Canadian Commissioners at the Dublin and Paris Exhibitions. His last and greatest effort was the prominent part he took in the conferences which resulted in the Confederation of the British North American Provinces—a measure which he enthusiastically advocated to the last. He has for years done all in his power to divert Irish emigration from the States to Canada, and to convince his countrymen here that they were in the most favorable position their nationality had ever enjoyed anywhere. This loyalty offended many of his race, and raised up a considerable opposition to his subsequent election. The anger of some of those who believed he had deserted them, culminated at last in one of the most cold-blooded assassinations on record; an act which has placed Mr. McGee's name and fame high on the page of history.

Regarded as a politician, we may only remark that, in the midst of all the charges of jobbing and self-seeking so often brought against political leaders when in power, not a whisper of the kind was, so far as we know, ever uttered against Mr. McGee; and, after having filled some of the first offices of the State, and possessed the same opportunities of enriching himself and friends that others had, he has died, "like Cincinnatus, nobly poor."

In Mr. McGee there was a rare combination of talents. He was, by common consent, regarded as the most eloquent man in Canada; and some of his speeches may be placed alongside of the master-pieces of oratory recorded in ancient and modern history. He was also a chaste and elegant writer; and in conversational powers and gentlemanly deportment in private life, he leaves few equals and, perhaps, no superiors. Genial, courteous, intellectual, possessing immense stores of knowledge, and a general acquaintance with the literature of the world, he could render conversation so pleasant and instructive, that there were few greater treats than an hour's conversation with him.

It is said that ambition is the "last infirmity of noble minds," and it must be admitted that Mr. McGee was ambitious; but his ambition was to raise up these British-American colonies into a great united empire, and to induce the people of all the various nationalities and creeds to live harmoniously together—to bear and forbear with each other, and to strive unitedly for the common good. And just because he was so liberal and fair, he was unpopular with those who thought his talents should have been exclusively devoted to a nationality or a creed. There is no question that he died a martyr to the cause of equity, peace, and loyalty, and as such, his memory will be regarded with affection by all patriotic and peace-loving Canadians.

Shortly after the commencement of the NEW DOMINION MONTHLY, Mr. McGee, as one of the ablest and most popular writers in Canada, was asked to write two articles for it. The first, a sketch of the life of Father Matthew, he accomplished in an admirable manner early last winter, notwithstanding a continued indisposition which confined him to his house.

The second theme suggested was the early poetry and music of Ireland—a subject which he said he would enter upon with great pleasure. He purposed to write this article in Ottawa, during the Christmas holidays; saying that though he had three or four books in his library which would furnish most of the materials, yet he wished also to consult two or three in the Parliamentary library. Severe indisposition hindered the fulfilment of this design; but he did not lose sight of an object so congenial to his mind, and but for his foul assassination would doubtless have furnished one of the most interesting papers in our literature.

The poem "Prima Vista," published in our April number, and closing with his characteristic sentiments on the future of Confederation, was a free and spontaneous gift to the NEW DOMINION MONTHLY, an enterprise which the illustrious deceased re-

garded with much kindly interest and favor.

BURIED CITIES.

We have received nearly seventy answers to the original puzzle in the March number. Subtracting from each list the names of countries, islands, rivers, etc., as well as all names of places which, if they have any existence at all, are so insignificant as not to be mentioned in the Gazetteer, the following are the answers which have come to hand:

LISTS OF FROM 30 TO 35.

David Bell, Rockton; Lizzie J. G., Montague; Saml. Coleman, Strabane; Frances Ann Taylor, Melbourne; Amelia Von Buseck, Stouffville; Croft Nicholson, Sylvan; S. M. Baylis, Montreal; J. E. Pollock, Keswick; Pembroke, Pembroke; Rab, Ottawa.

LISTS OF FROM 36 TO 40.

John Cameron, Chatsworth; G. L. W., Montreal; Alfred Luton; D. V. Munro, Grantley; Aspirans, Montreal; Willis, do.; Civis, do.; Miles Finch, Hamilton; J. G. Burkholder, do.; E. Corbett, Perrytown; Alice H. Anderson, Huntingdon; J. Y. Crawford, Bridgewater; H. J. Plumsteel, St. Catherines; Frank Suple, Orwell; Ella J. Snow, Coaticook; R. A. Findlay, Portage; G. M. Vaurliet, Lacolle; D. W. Mitchell, Marmion; Henry Yeigh, Burford; A. M. Sconten.

LISTS OF FROM 41 TO 45.

Frank Switzer, Meadowvale; Sandy, Martintown; Jane M. Vean, Chatham; R. G Dunsmore, Huntingdon; Charles Francis, Toronto; J. M. Manning, jun., St. Andrews; M. F. T., St. Thomas; Harriet Campbell, Quebec; Bethea Hamilton, McNab; R. A. Leonard, Westbrook; Francis H. Bell, Halifax; Flora, Windsor; F. S. Haight, Montreal; C. A. Sinclair; Alethea Sheldon; J. L. B., Strabane; M. McFarlane, Almonte; W. H. W.

LISTS OF FROM 46 TO 50.

Buzfuz, Peterboro'; M. H. L., Quebec; Maggie Laing, Springville; S. Trenaman, Three Rivers; M. R. D. and W. J. T. D., Cornwall; J. E. McK., Inverness; Celia M. Craig, Bethany; Edith, Belleville; J. Steele, jun.; East Hawkesbury; A. C. S., Hampstead; Sinny Preston, Manvers; Alice H. Ellerton, Hemmingford; Alice McP., Hamilton; Reader, Mystic; Edith Wood, Tiverton; Nell Gwynne, Cobourg; Ida, Montreal; Mary Margaret; Agnes Martin; Lizzie.

The other names are Llewellyn G. Ross, Fergus, 52; J. M. K., Hawkesbury, 55; Annie and Louisa, 64; J. M. W., Montreal, 76.

[In the above case of "Annie and Louisa" there were 84 names, but 20 of them could not be found in the Gazetteer or Atlas. If correct they would stand at the head of the list.]

NOTICES TO CONTRIBUTORS.

The following contributions are accepted with thanks:

"Chronicles of a Canadian Family."
"Petrified Woman of Berthier."
"Dr. Johnson and Mary Knowles."
"The Seal Fishery of Newfoundland."
"Admiral Blake."
"The Expulsion of the Acadians."
"Castles in the Air."
"The Two Gardens."
"Mysie Howison."

In answer to an inquiry by a lady, the Editors of the NEW DOMINION MONTHLY beg leave to state that they cannot yet offer payment for original articles.

CORRESPONDENCE.

NOTES CONCERNING STEAMBOATING ON LAKE ONTARIO.

The first steamboat on Lake Ontario was the "Frontenac," built by the Kingston Company, in 1818, at Bath—the machinery being imported from England. She plied between Kingston and Niagara, calling at Toronto, and was the only boat on the lake till about 1825, when the "Queenston" was built by Mr. Robert Hamilton, for the same route. About the same date, the "Frontenac" was bought by Mr. John Hamilton—who afterwards became a mem-

ber of the Legislative Council of Canada, and is now a Senator of the Dominion. The fare was twelve dollars from Kingston to Toronto or Niagara. The "Great Britain" and the "Alciope" were the next lake boats.

On the American side, the "United States" was built about 1833, and ran in connection with the "Great Britain," each calling at British and American ports alternately. After the Burlington Bay Canal was opened, the lake steamers called at Hamilton, and came down, most of the time, to Prescott. It was only after the opening of the St. Lawrence Canals that they could come down to Montreal; and every one was appalled at first at the idea of large steamers running the rapids. This, however, they have long done safely, going up again by the canals.

After the "Frontenac" was finished, in 1818, Mr. Gildersleeve, of Kingston, built —from the materials that remained over— a small boat called the "Charlotte," which plied from Prescott to Belleville. Kingston has thus the credit of having the first steamboat navigation on the lakes, and the first on the Upper St. Lawrence.

AN ASYLUM FOR INEBRIATES.

BY DR. CANNIFF, BELLEVILLE, ONT.

Inebriation is a disease, in which there is a pathological condition of the nervous system. The individual is not lost to moral feeling, necessarily; but he is overcome by the disease which involves the brain. There is truly a sad state to which many are tending, of which all who drink a little are in danger.

To this class of our fellow-countrymen we would ask special attention. They are numerous, alas! their number is increasing; they are found in all classes of society, many of them among the talented and educated. Let us consider the question what can be done for them.

To meet the wants of such patients, a special asylum is required—an asylum which no one shall be forced to enter, but to which persons diseased, with a brain affected, may come for relief; an asylum where no one is reproached, where kindness reigns, where the law of love pervades, where charity prevails; an asylum from which one may go forth without a stigma upon his name, having been cured of his malady. To the public of Canada, the statement is respectfully made, that an asylum for inebriates is required. We have our hospitals and dispensaries for the sick; we have our lunatic asylums, our refuge for the erring, and reformatory for the young; and shall not the large number, suffering from the special malady we have attempted to portray, have offered to them a place where they may receive necessary treatment.

Inebriate asylums have already been tried in at least two States of the neighboring Union—New York and Massachusetts. The principles upon which these institutions are based, and the plan pursued, are thus set forth in a late report by Dr. Day, Superintendent and Physician to the New York Asylum at Binghamton:

"The fundamental basis upon which all hopeful treatment must rest lies in the desire of the patient himself to escape from the slavery that enthralls him. But little, if anything, can be accomplished in opposition to the wishes of the person to be treated; and it is a melancholy fact that cases do exist of those so naturally base or debauched, by long indulgence, that no aspirations for better things can be excited within them, and no effort can stimulate them to that personal exertion which their salvation demands. Such cases, however, are rare, and are found chiefly among those whose moral natures are slightly or imperfectly developed—who are naturally attracted to intemperance because it is a vice; and who, it may be, are saved from the commission of more serious crimes by the indulgence of this form of sensuality. But in a vast majority of cases, we may confidentially rely upon the hearty co-operation of the patients themselves. It would surprise one not familiar with the fact to be made aware of the almost universal de-

sire for reformation, and of the power of self-control which animates the soul, even of those who are hopelessly abandoned by their friends as sunk in irreclaimable degradation and vice. * * * * Although no man can contemplate yielding himself to the protection of an asylum without a sense of sorrow and regret, the motive which prompts seclusion is allowed to override all others, and restraint is welcomed as the initial step towards emancipation.—Indeed, one of the foremost and most prominent advantages of seclusion is found in the fact that, on entering upon it, the patient tacitly admits the necessity of remedial treatment in his case, and stands committed by this step to active measures in his own behalf. The man who will consent to the sacrifice of personal pride for the success of any object, has given the strongest evidence of his desire for its attainment, and can no longer be considered hopeless. All experience shows no more potent spell for the recovery of lost freedom than the consciousness that 'Who would be free, himself must strike the blow.'

"Another advantage of seclusion lies in the isolation it affords from the hourly-recurring invitations and painful suggestions which are so aggravating and often fatal to a sensitive nature. It should not be forgotten that the victim of this infirmity is almost always the subject of peculiar mental sensibility. It may be that very feature of his character which has led him into indulgence, or, at any rate, such sensibility as he has is almost certain to have been morbidly increased by his habits of life, these menaces and reproaches, too often the resort of those who mistake such treatment for necessary severity, will generally lead to that desperation which paralyzes all motives for restraint. But the companionship of the asylum is of such a nature, necessarily, that it cannot treat the patient with coldness and reproach, nor look upon him with that patronizing air of pitying interest which implies a higher moral tone on the part of the observer. Again, we all know the value of association and co-operation among those struggling for a similar object; and we esteem it a great advantage to an asylum that it serves to bring together so many who have passed through a like experience, and who have a common end in view.

"It is a conclusive evidence of the fact already stated, namely, that an earnest desire for reformation, animates a large majority of these men, that the tone of the society into which they are combined at the asylum is always favorable to any effort which shall promote individual reformation, and hostile to any of those exceptional evasions of just restraint which will sometimes be attempted by the thoughtless or malicious. Although the members that compose the society of the asylum are constantly changing, and the best are soonest discharged,—with some exceptions,—yet the healthy and favorable tone I have mentioned never changes; and such has been my experience, that I should at once suspect the good judgment or proper stringency of that restraint which was not heartily indorsed by a majority of those subjected to it. In such a society, the object for which the asylum has been sought cannot be forgotten or slighted, as it forms the main topic for thought and conversation; and thus experiences are compared, the dangers which have beset one are explained to another, and the force of the various forms of temptation discussed; and thus each man—while rehearsing to his companions, in brotherly confidence, the various motives of love, interest, or duty, which he hopes will restrain him in the future—has these incentives ever fresh in his own mind, adding hourly to the strength with which they move him."

Dr. Day says in a private letter to the writer, that the institution is supported by a per-centage on the excise-tax of the State, and the income from its patients. Natives of the State, only, are admitted free, when unable to pay. He remarks that he has been engaged in a similar institution in the city of Boston, for the last ten years; and the result has been very satisfactory.

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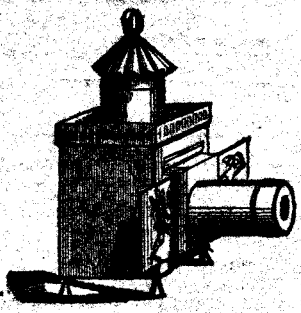

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PROSPECTUS

Vol. II. "New Dominion Monthly."

This magazine, the only one in the English language of a general literary character published in the Dominion of Canada, has been before the public for half a year, during which time its circulation has reached seven thousand copies monthly. The increase of the subscription list has been so much more rapid than was expected, that we have had to reprint several of the numbers, at heavy expense, to supply new subscribers from the beginning. But, as several of the numbers are again nearly exhausted, we can no longer attempt to do so. We have therefore divided the year into two volumes, the second of which will commence with the April number; and we now solicit subscriptions for the year, beginning with that month.

The numbers of this second volume will be stereotyped, so that any number of subscribers can be supplied; and for those who remit for a year, beginning with April, we will prepay postage on the February and March numbers of 1869, as, after the new year, postage must be prepaid by publishers; but subscribers beginning after that date will please remit, over and above the dollar subscription, a cent for every month their year runs into 1869.

The expenses of the *Dominion Monthly* have been much heavier than we estimated; and in consequence we find that, notwithstanding its very respectable circulation, it has not yet reached a paying point. In fact, the very low price at which it is published would require a circulation at least twice as large, and a fair advertising patronage, to enable the *New Dominion Monthly* to pay its way and allow for a moderate remuneration to contributors and a pictorial illustration or two monthly. It is, however, as reasonable to expect *15,000 subscribers*, after the general approval of the press and public, as it was to expect 5,000 when the *Monthly* commenced; especially considering the generous aid it has received in contributions from some of the best writers in the Dominion. The ever-increasing stream of such contributions is also the best guarantee for a growing popularity.

We respectfully ask our present subscribers, and all who wish well to this enterprise, to aid in extending our subscription list at the beginning of this volume.

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JEZEBEL.—"The author of 'Saul' furnishes a poem, in three cantos, entitled 'Jezebel,' which of itself is sufficient to give the number a very large circulation. The poem, though less pretentious than 'Saul,' is of even greater excellence, both in imagery and finish of language. Other hands contribute articles of varied interest, and altogether the number proves that both energy and discretion are used in the collection and choice of matter."—The *Daily News* (Montreal) on the January number of the NEW DOMINION MONTHLY.

THE NEW DOMINION MONTHLY.—The February number of this Canadian publication comes to us enriched with more than its usual amount of original articles, both prose and poetry. For one dollar per year, we do not know where a person would get more reading matter—much of which is interesting and instructive, being interspersed with hints on domestic economy. We judge the readers of the present number will feel satisfied that the standing of the Monthly is, so far, well sustained."—*Religious Intelligencer, St. John, N. B.*

IN THE RED RIVER TERRITORY, the *Nor' Wester* recommends THE NEW DOMINION MONTHLY to the settlers of that distant country. "This publication," it says, "fills up a hiatus which previously existed between the heavy, argumentative literature of English magazines, and trash of the *Ledger* stamp. The former can be read only by scholars, the latter can be read by, and vitiate the minds of every one. THE NEW DOMINION MONTHLY is essentially the sort of periodical that suits a family, for between its covers will always be found something to suit persons of all ages, and the price brings it within the reach of all."

A ROMAN CATHOLIC OPINION.—The Montreal *True Witness*, the organ of the English-speaking Roman Catholics of the Province of Quebec, says that the selected portion of the interesting contents of the NEW DOMINION MONTHLY are obtained from the most popular serials of the two continents.

BY THOSE WHO KNOW.—"Nothing but an enormous circulation can possibly reimburse the publishers of the NEW DOMINION MONTHLY for their outlay," says the *Daily News* of this city, speaking of the first number of this new magazine.

FATHER MATHEW'S PORTRAIT.—"D'Arcy McGee's life of the temperance apostle, Father Mathew, is concluded in this month, and is a fairly-written account of this good man's ministrations. The portrait given of Father Mathew is quite a treat for a disciple of Lavater, showing, we think, an honest man, with unbounded faith, one who would believe in the account of how Saint Denis walked into Paris, carrying his head under his arm, and kissing it now and then."—The *Cayuga Sentinel*, criticising the January number of THE NEW DOMINION MONTHLY.

THE NEW DOMINION MONTHLY.—February. We are sure every true Canadian will welcome this valuable periodical. * * This magazine promises to be to our young writers, what Putnam's Magazine and other periodicals were to the early talent of the adjoining States. The articles of more than ordinary interest are "Reminiscences of the Fur Trade of Montreal," "Jottings from Canadian History," and "A Crimean Story."—*St. Catherine's Post.*

—The February number of this really excellent magazine has been received by us; and it is rapidly growing in our estimation as a choice repository of original and select literature. It contains many articles of interest, from the pens of able writers, and one of the leading features is the amount of original matter which it contains. We consider it nothing less than the duty of every person who desires a home publication of this kind to prosper—and it is deserving of prosperity,—to encourage it by striving to extend its circulation.—*Almonte Gazette.*

—The present number of the *New Dominion Monthly* contains a number of articles both entertaining and instructive, and a marked improvement is noticeable. The magazine looks as if it may yet become a fixture on the list of Canadian periodicals.—*Kingston News.*

—*Le New Monthly Dominion* est toujours plein du plus vif intérêt. Aussi il faut avouer que les éditeurs n'épargnent rien pour rendre cette publication de plus en plus intéressante par le choix et la variété des articles.—*L'Echo du Peuple.*

DOMINION MONTHLY.—La livraison de Mars, de cette excellente publication, nous est parvenue. Elle contient beaucoup de matières extrêmement intéressantes.—*Le Canadien, Quebec.*

—We neglected last week to notice the receipt of the February No. of this new and interesting work, which, we are glad to learn, is meeting with the success it well deserves as an excellent Family Magazine. The selections are good, and the feature to which we alluded on a former occasion—a large proportion of good original matter—seems still predominant. This, of itself, if kept up, will ensure the success of the magazine, for all Canadians ought to encourage their own "home literature," if at all passable, in preference to that which is of foreign growth. —*Sarnia Observer.*

NEW DOMINION MONTHLY.—We hail with pleasing satisfaction the appearance of the February number of this excellent serial. It is quite up to our expectations; and, judging from the eagerness with which every copy we have on sale is picked up, and the many inquiries of regular subscribers about its arrival, we conclude that it is regarded as a favorite amongst us. The present number has a truly Canadian cut representing "Chopping." Perhaps the next will be that of "Maple-Sugar Making." Its original and selected articles possess much merit and are well worthy of perusal. For sale at the *Reporter* Book-Store; price, 10 cts. per copy.—*Bruce Reporter.*

—The February number of the above deservedly popular magazine contains a large proportion of original articles exhibiting Canadian talent in a favorable light, besides a number of sterling extracts amusing or instructive. "Canadian Scenes and Homes" by Mrs. A. Campbell, is a very brief but interesting story. "Reminiscences of the Early Fur Trade of Montreal," by W. Henderson, Esq., equally so, and we trust will be continued. The article headed "Inventions of the Future," contains some valuable suggestions to inventive minds. "A Crimean Story" by a retired officer, is an affecting tale of the battlefield; and the remainder, both original and selected, are above mediocrity. The *Dominion Monthly* has already drawn out some of the latent literary talent in Canada; but we are of opinion that the mine is at present barely opened, and that time will develop rich workings, that, we trust, will eventually amply repay the enterprising proprietors of the *Dominion Monthly.*—*Brampton Times.*

—The *New Dominion Monthly* for March completes the first half-yearly volume of this very interesting and instructive publication. As a Canadian production, it is very creditable to the proprietors, and the thirteen original articles in this number prove that there is no lack of Canadian talent, and talent of the right kind.—*Elora Observer.*

—The March number of this excellent publication fully equals the previous issues. The articles are interesting and unexceptionable in their moral tendency, and we feel persuaded that this characteristic of the *New Dominion*, combined with its extraordinarily low price,—only ten cents per number,—must ultimately secure for it an extensive circulation.—*Quebec Gazette.*

—The March number of this magazine is to hand, with a choice freight of interesting literature. It is the cheapest and one of the best magazines published. The contents embrace original and selected prose and poetry, music, recipes, and include much that is instructive and interesting relating to the early settlement of Canada. Every family should have the *New Dominion Monthly.*—*Canadian Statesman, Bowmanville.*

—The March number of this excellent Canadian magazine has reached our table. We do not see the necessity of sending to the United States for magazines, when a Canadian production affords reading of so chaste and useful a character as does the *Monthly.* We are pleased to note its continued excellence, and trust its establishment may prove to its owners a financial success.—*Cobourg World.*

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