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MARCH

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CONTENTS.

PAGE.	PAGE.
Marguerite:—A Tale of Forest Life in the New Dominion (continued) 1	YOUNG FOLKS—(Continued.)
To My Own Green Land (Poetry) 6	A Sorry Loss (Poetry) 50
Mounted Rifles our best Protection against Invasion 10	Winning a Mine 51
The Forest Chief (Poetry) 18	Amusement for Winter Evenings 52
Montreal Fifty Years Ago 19	MUSIC:—The Patter of the Rain 54
The Captain's Wife (Poetry) 29	FASHIONS for March 59
Memoirs of Major Robert Stobo 31	Colors 59
Henri Rochefort 34	Case for Buttons 60
James McGill and the origin of his University 37	DOMESTIC ECONOMY:—Accidents 61
Dr. Mulbrie's Proposal and its Consequences 49	Gardening for Ladies 61
YOUNG FOLKS:—	Good and Diseased Meat 62
Clouds and Sunshining; or, School Days of Bertha Price, (continued) 46	Selected Recipes 62
	LITERARY NOTICES 63
	ILLUSTRATIONS:—James McGill. Frontispiece.
	Henri Rochefort Page 35
	1 Fashion Plate " 58

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NEW DOMINION MONTHLY.

MARCH, 1870.

MARGUERITE:—A TALE OF FOREST LIFE IN THE NEW DOMINION.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GENTLEMEN ADVENTURERS IN ACADIA," &C.

(Continued.)

SECOND PART.

CHAPTER I.

"— Save you, sir."

—SHAKESPEARE.

Osborne had very little personal knowledge of the seaboard of Acadia, yet he was able to judge from the direction the Indians had taken since they left the Shubenacadie, and from the appearance of the country generally, that the village was situated on one of the bays of the eastern part of the Province. He knew that there were considerable settlements of the Indians around the coast, which were not infrequently visited by the French emissaries whenever war was proclaimed.*

The prisoner was given one of the wigwams, whose owner appeared to be absent, and he was allowed to move as far as the door of the camp in daytime, but at night he was firmly secured, and had two of the Indians as his companions. He was kept in suspense as to the future intentions of his captors, who paid no attention to his constant inquiries, and contented themselves with simply replying "Padenuque," and pointing to the eastward—out to sea. As Osborne knew this name to be that of a prominent Indian chief, in high esteem among the French, he assumed that his fate depended on the arrival of that individual, wherever he might be.

* There can be little doubt that the Indian village was situated somewhere by the present harbor of Pictou.

Osborne had one companion, however, during his captivity, and that was Beppo, who had clung to his new master with canine fidelity. He did not relish his situation any more than did the young officer, for he was constantly tormented by the wolfish curs of the Indians whenever he stirred out of the wigwam, and obliged to keep continually by his master's side—every now and then looking up into his face with sympathetic eyes; but Osborne was soon deprived of the small consolation that the presence of the faithful brute gave him, for on the third day, poor Beppo having ventured out and never returned, Osborne came to the conclusion that he had been killed by the Indians out of wanton spite, or worried to death by their savage dogs.

But he imagined at times that he was not entirely without friends, even among the Indians themselves. More than once he had caught a glimpse of the girl already mentioned, and he could not help thinking that there was a gleam of sympathy for him in her soft, liquid eyes. One afternoon this impression was strengthened by a circumstance, very trivial in itself, but valued by the prisoner, who was glad to find a friend even in a dumb animal. As the girl passed the entrance of the wigwam, she dropped a small quill box from a number she was holding in her arms, and as it rolled to Osborne's feet, he picked it up and handed it to the owner. She received it with a smile, and in the course of the next

morning, she came to the wigwam with a prettily ornamented tobacco or shot pouch, made out of the softest caribou hide, and handed it to him with a sunny smile. But the sympathy of a single Indian maid could avail him nothing, and he pondered continually in his mind how much longer he was to remain in that state of fearful suspense.

Osborne had been nearly a week at the village, when an incident occurred which determined him to carry out a resolve which had been maturing for some days in his mind. One evening, shortly after dark, as he was seated on the boughs with which the earth in the wigwam was covered, he heard loud talking in the next camp, which was Chegouenne's, and from the excited manner of the speakers and some words which fell upon his ears, he drew the conclusion that he was the subject of debate. He also judged from the fact that Padenuque's name was used more than once, that the question was whether they should await his arrival much longer. The council was at last brought to a hasty conclusion by a few emphatic words—the meaning of which he could not, of course, fathom—from one of the party to whom all the Indians appeared—even Chegouenne—to defer, and who took the principal share of the discussion. Next morning, as Osborne stood at the entrance of the wigwam, he caught a glimpse of the strange-looking Indian, whose appearance had perplexed him so unaccountably on a previous occasion, and concluded that it was he who had spoken with so much effect and decision during the discussion of the night before.

This incident strengthened the resolve that he had been previously forming. Whilst on his way to the wigwams on the morning of the day of his arrival, he had seen, as he ascended the top of a high hill, what seemed to him a clearing, from the midst of which rose a thin column of smoke. It might be only the smoke of a hunter's fire; but somehow the impression upon his mind was that he was looking at the clearing of one of the Acadians, who had fled into the wilderness when they were ordered to leave the Province. Now, he reasoned, if he could but find his way to the same place, he might obtain the services of

a guide to convey him to one of the British forts in the Isthmus, which he surmised must be less than forty miles from the village. It was preferable to brave the perils of the forest than remain subject to the capricious humor of the Indians. He even began to imagine that there was a certain exultation in the faces of the savages, as they looked in the wigwam from time to time, and contemplated the English chief that was so soon to afford them rare sport.

The opportunity that he so anxiously desired came much sooner than he expected. Parties of the Indians went out constantly to the woods, for the moose was always ranging not many miles from the village. On most occasions they would carry the venison back with them; but sometimes it happened they were obliged to return for a good deal when their sport had been unusually successful. With the knowledge of this fact Osborne resolved to watch carefully for a day when the Indians went out on one of these hunting expeditions.

About the third day after the consultation among the Indians, respecting the disposal of their captive, Osborne noticed that there were unusual preparations in progress for some grand event. At first he believed that the savages were about to torture him with all their fiendish ingenuity, but he soon had the reassurance that they were preparing for a hunt on a larger scale than usual. Next morning, when he looked out he saw that the village was nearly deserted, that only three men with their guns lying on the side of the log on which they were seated, remained to guard the prisoner. Several of the younger women also appeared to have gone on some expedition into the forest, for he only noticed two or three moving about the settlement.

So favorable an opportunity might not occur again, and Osborne sat for some time deliberating how he could crawl away unobserved by his guards; but what perplexed him most was how to obtain possession of a firearm, without which it would be folly for him to attempt to make his way through the woods. Two days before, he had succeeded in hiding a small hunting knife which one of the children had left close to the entrance of the camp; but that weapon alone would be insufficient to sup-

ply him with the game necessary for his existence in the woods.

An incident, apparently trifling in itself, occurred to afford him the very opportunity he was wishing for. As he was watching the Indians, he was startled by the noise of a report in the neighborhood; it was more like the report of a cannon than a gun, evidently from the direction of the water. The Indians, the moment they heard it, ran towards the shore without giving the captive a thought, and the women hastened to the top of a hill, where they stood looking at the bay. Such a golden opportunity was not to be lost. It was perhaps the only chance that fortune would throw in his way. Osborne thrust his knife into his belt and seized one of the guns lying by the log; he had fortunately a pouch of bullets and flask of powder hanging up in the wigwam, the property of one of the Indians then absent. But his difficulties were not all over. To get into the woods he had to pass in sight of the squaws and children on the hill side. But Osborne felt that there was no time for hesitation, and managed by a skilful manœuvring around the wigwams and bushes to keep out of the view of the Indians until he had passed them. As he reached the edge of the clearing, however, they saw him for an instant, but he dashed into the forest, resolved to make a bold push for freedom. Fortune had been propitious to him so far.

It was not long before he heard shots in the rear, and knowing the fleetness of the Indians he used every effort to push through the forest. His experience in the woods during the previous three weeks now served him to make considerable headway. He soon reached a small river, considerably swollen by the rains of the earlier part of the week, which he knew flowed into the bay, about three-quarters of a mile from the village, and as it served him as a guide for future operations, he determined to keep it within sight for the whole of that day. As he passed through the woods the shouts of his pursuers became fainter and fainter, until at last he heard nothing whatever of them, and concluded that they had stopped to consider or had gone off on the wrong track. Still he knew Indian cunning too well to give up his efforts. They were sure,

sooner or later, to get on his track. So he struggled with courageous heart through briars and thickets, over fallen trees, over rocks piled in inextricable confusion, over the countless obstacles of a primeval forest.

At length, thoroughly worn out by his exertions, he snatched a few moments' rest beneath the shade of a little grove of young spruce, which perfectly enshrouded him. As he sat down, weary enough to fall into a profound sleep, but knowing too well the necessity of wakefulness, his mind reflected on the hazards of the adventure in which he was now embarked. Would he succeed in ever reaching the fort? or would he lose himself and perish miserably in the fastnesses of those wild regions? Perhaps, after all, it would have been less hazardous in the end, had he remained at the village and awaited the arrival of Padenuque, who might be induced by promises of a heavy ransom, to send him to one of the English forts, or to one of the French posts at all events. But then, Padenuque was known as an inveterate enemy to the English, and his arrival would probably be the signal to put him to the torture. No; better brave the perils of the forest than rely on the caprice of the vindictive Indian. Then he started up, more resolved than ever to make a determined push for his liberty; but he had not proceeded for half an hour, when some incidents occurred to show him, more forcibly than ever, the perilous character of his enterprise.

He had now come to a part of the country where there were no signs of trails whatever,—the scene was wild in the extreme. As he pushed his way through the bewildering mazes of the woods, always keeping the river to his left, he was brought to a standstill by the noise of a movement through the forest. Had he come upon the Indian hunters? He retreated into the deepest part of the thicket and awaited the result in trembling expectation. As the sound drew closer it seemed as if the trees were being crushed by the weight of some heavy body. Osborne's practised ear soon recognized the noise as that of a moose running "down wind." The Indians must have started the brute—perhaps they had wounded him; if so, he would be an ugly foe to meet with. On bounded the noble animal, directly

towards the river, until at last he came within a few paces of the thicket where Osborne lay concealed. Looking out, Osborne saw him, with his nose thrown into the air, so that his large palmated horns were placed nearly horizontal with his back—with the long hair of his neck erect with rage or fear with his breath steaming from his large nostrils—with a little rivulet of blood streaming down his tawny side. As he drew closer to the river his speed slackened and his legs began to totter under him; but, as he caught a glimpse of Osborne, his antlers again went up into the air and he made several tremendous efforts to continue his flight. It was the last effort of the poor brute for life; his strength was entirely exhausted; the next instant he fell helpless on the green sward, close to the margin of the river.

The Indians would soon be on his track—Osborne must push on. But hardly had the fugitive proceeded a hundred paces further, than fate, as if determined to baffle him, brought him to a place where a still more embarrassing scene was presented. He came suddenly to a bend of the river, on to an evergreen glade which sloped prettily to the water's side. Here he was paralyzed for an instant by the sight of four canoes, two of them filled with venison. A fire was burning on the beach; and piles of bark of the black birch, which was growing there in great luxuriance, lay in different places. By a strange fatality he had stumbled on the resting-place of the very Indians he was trying to avoid. He could see that the object of the women in accompanying the hunting party was to procure a supply of bark, wild potatoes, and other roots, which grew in great luxuriance in that part of the country. But where were all the women? They were most probably in the surrounding woods, and he could safely venture to pass the canoes. As he moved cautiously on his hands and feet through the brush, he heard a step close beside him, and, as he looked up, he saw the Indian girl standing with amazement clearly expressed in her soft eyes.

Osborne felt that he was in an embarrassing situation, unless, indeed, he had mistaken the kindly character of the girl. He

was reflecting whether he should try and make himself understood when she herself addressed him in French, and, as she spoke, the fugitive congratulated himself that he was so familiar with that language.

"The English chief must make haste, for Chegouenne will return ere the sun has gone to rest behind the hills. He may be seen by the women who are in the woods. Winona will be dumb and blind. She has not seen the Englishman."

Saying this the girl turned away; but Osborne paused and said to her:—

"The English chief knew that Winona had a kind heart. He will always remember her when he reaches his own people."

As Osborne spoke he heard the laughter of the women as they were returning to the canoes, and then Winona hurriedly said:—

"Let the English chief follow Winona, and she will show him where he may stay till the Indians go away."

With these words the Indian girl moved quickly into the woods, and motioned to Osborne to follow her; and, as he did so, he could hear the voices of the approaching women quite distinctly. Knowing that she had no time to lose, Winona pushed her way about a hundred yards up the river and then turned into the forest. In ten minutes or so they came to a place where the ground became so exceedingly uneven and rocky that it was only with the greatest difficulty they could clamber through the thick growth of hardwood; but, finally, the girl stopped at a spot where the rocks assumed many grotesque forms. Here she pushed aside the boughs of some small trees, growing amid the rocks, and seemed to disappear into the earth; but, following her example, he noticed a small opening in the rocks, sufficient to allow a single person to pass through.

As he stepped between the rocks he saw Winona standing in a cave, which, from the hasty glance he was then able to take of it, seemed to be of large size; but, Winona, as soon as he entered, said to him hastily:—

"The English chief is safe here, for no one knows this cave but Winona. The Indians go away to their village to-morrow when the sun has got above the trees. Let the Englishman push through the forest,

for the Indians will be very angry when they find that he has gone from the village.

"Will not Winona tell the Englishman," asked Osborne of the girl as she was stepping out of the cave, "where he may find the dwellings of the Acadians?"

Winona paused for a moment and then said: "The Acadian is no friend of the English chief's people. The Englishman is safer in the woods."

"Perhaps," answered Osborne anxiously, "he may guide the Englishman to the English fort."

The girl shook her head dubiously and then said, pointing in a north-westerly direction: "Two hours' march from the river lives the Acadian; but let the English chief watch till the old man leaves the house and then ask the pale-face girl the way to the English fort. But Winona must go, for her companions will wonder what keeps her away."

Then Winona abruptly left the cave, where Osborne remained for some moments buried in thought, for the words of the girl showed him that his difficulties would be as great as ever when he had reached the cabin of the Acadian, on whose assistance he placed his principal reliance for the success of his adventure. As his eyes became accustomed to the gloom of the cave, he noticed that it reached back for a considerable distance, for he could see a faint glimmer of light where there was probably a crevice, or another opening similar to that which had enabled him to enter. In the middle of the cavern a spring of beautiful limpid water bubbled from the earth and trickled along the ground till it formed a perfect little rill, which worked its way through the pebbly ground. The sides and roof of the cave shone fairly resplendent with stalactites of every size and hue, wherever a fitful ray of the rapidly descending sun struggled through the fissures.

CHAPTER II.

Silence reigned o'er the place. The line of shadow and sunshine

Ran near the top of the trees; but the house itself was in shadow,

And from its chimney-top, ascending and slowly expanding
Into the evening air, a thin, blue column of smoke rose.

—EVANGELINE.

Osborne rose next morning numbed with cold, for he had not ventured to light even a few chips to warm his hands on the previous evening. However, a run through the woods would soon warm him, and might bring him to the cottage where he would, perhaps, be able to procure the food he required, for he had nothing to satisfy the cravings of his appetite except a few scraps which he had secreted before his flight from the village. He had little time to lose, for the Indians would soon be in full pursuit, and he must put as much distance as possible between himself and them. He listened attentively for a few moments and then he heard no sounds outside,—it was just daybreak. He concluded that the Indians had not prepared to start—for he was close enough, he judged, from the noises of the previous night, to hear their movements—and that it would be the wisest plan for him to make for the depths of the woods without any further delay. Following the directions given him so imperfectly by Winona, he kept within sight of the river, and then, at the end of half an hour, during which he made little progress, for he was obliged to move with the greatest caution while he was so close to the Indians, he turned off into the forest. He found it very difficult to keep anything like a straight course; but, fortunately, his experience, gained on several hunting expeditions, enabled him to find his way without making many divergencies. Coming at last to a place where the ground rose to a considerable elevation, crowned by lofty spruces, he climbed one of the tallest of the trees, and there he was able to take a most complete survey of the surrounding forest, which stretched away beyond, and was only relieved by a faint glimpse of the ocean shimmering in the distance, close to the horizon, and by the silvery line of the river, like a ribbon amid a wilderness of green. At first his exertions were unavailing; but he repeated the experiment several times till he was finally rewarded by the appearance of a small clearing, still full of blackened

stumps, from the midst of which curled a thin column of smoke, evidently from a hut concealed beneath the shade of surrounding trees. This was clearly the place to which he had been directed by the Indian girl, and the same, he thought, he had seen when first on his way to the village. It was probably the residence of one of the Acadians who had taken refuge in the wilderness when they had been driven away from the country in the vicinity of the English forts. That he was not friendly disposed towards his people, Osborne knew full well; but he trusted that a heavy reward might be effective in overcoming any resentment that the former might feel.

The fugitive, after a troublesome half-hour's journey, came at last to a path which led to a little spring, spouting out of a mossy bank close to a pile of rocks covered by raspberry bushes. Following this path for a few minutes he came close to the verge of the clearing and caught a partial glimpse of the cottage, which was partly enclosed by spruce.

Not a living creature was moving about as he stood under the branches of the woods looking at the hut, which was built of spruce-logs and moss in the interstices. He reflected for some minutes whether he should follow the advice of Winona, when he saw a man come suddenly out of the door and turn into the woods before he had a good opportunity of observing him; but, as he had a gun on his shoulder, Osborne supposed he would be probably absent for some time, and that he could now safely enter the house.

As he gave a loud knock on the door he was very much surprised to find it opened by a Frenchman of some fifty years of age, with a face bronzed and seared by the sun and wind. This person appeared equally astonished to see Osborne; but he said nothing at that moment but allowed the stranger to make his way into the interior of the hut. A rough deal table, some few pieces of earthenware, three or four rude settees, were all the articles of domestic comfort that the visitor saw; but the room was clean, and looked cheerful in the glow of the large fire of logs that were piled in the huge fire-place. The only

occupants of the room, besides the Acadian who opened the door, were a woman of middle age, with a despondent, careworn look, and a young girl, whose bright, blue eyes and well-cut features were noticed even by Osborne in the hasty glance he cast around him as he seated himself on a bench at a sign from the astonished inmates.

Osborne lost no time in relating the story of his adventures, and asking the assistance of the Acadian as a guide to one of the British posts. When he had finished, the Acadian replied, after a few moments' hesitation:—

"It is not possible. How am I to know that, when I have taken you to the fort, I shall not find myself a prisoner, for having evaded the British? I know your people,—they wish to drive all of us into the sea, because we were born and would remain Frenchmen. No; I shall stay where I am. You must find your own way through the forest."

"I will pledge you my word," replied Osborne, "that you will be well rewarded for your services; more than this, you will be allowed to stay here whilst you wish it."

"No; I have no wish to see the faces of your people again. I have suffered enough already from their cruelty."

"If you wish it you can guide me to within a few miles of the fort, and no one will ever know where you have been living."

"If the Indians knew that I had assisted one of their prisoners to escape, I would have to pay dearly for it. They have been better friends to me than your countrymen."

"But you will not betray me to the savages?" asked Osborne, anxiously.

"I cannot save you if they come here," answered the Acadian, sullenly. "There's no place where I can hide you."

With these words the Acadian passed abruptly out of the door, before Osborne could ask him if any of the Indians had been there during the week, or question him with reference to the person he had seen leave the hut a few minutes previously.

In the meantime, the girl, who was called "Marguerite" by the elder woman, placed some eatables on the table, and the latter then asked him to take a share of what they

had to offer him. Plain as the food was, it was most acceptable after the fatigue of the past thirty hours, and he thanked the woman heartily for her kindness. Before he had been seated at the table for five minutes, the Acadian re-entered, and sat moodily on a stool near the fire. Osborne then seized the opportunity of asking him if any one beside himself was living in the cottage or vicinity. To the question the Acadian answered in the negative; and when Osborne referred to the fact that he had seen some one coming out of the house previous to his entrance, he made no reply, as if he did not hear or understand. Osborne then asked him if he had made up his mind to go to the fort, but he still seemed reluctant to undertake the task.

Deliberating on what course he was to pursue in this embarrassing situation, he leaned his head wearily against the wall, until at last, overcome by the heat and the efforts he had been making, he began to nod, and finally fell fast asleep in the same position. As he slept, feverish dreams passed fitfully through his brain. He was once more in the Halifax fort. Hay, Marston and Fortescue were all there and relating the adventures they had met with. Then he was once more pursuing the deer, and one of them turned and struck him fiercely with his horns. Then the deer took the form of Beppo, and flew at him as if to seize him by the throat.

Waking with a sudden start, what did he see? Yes; that was Beppo, jumping on him with frantic joy. But had he never escaped from the village? Had that journey through the woods, the cave, Winona, been all a dream? Had the Acadian and his family been so many creations of his excited imagination? No; for he was still seated on the bench. There were the various articles of furniture as he had seen them; there were the Acadian's wife and daughter looking at him with pity depicted in their eyes; but who were the others that thronged the narrow room? The Indians had tracked him to the hut; for, bending over him were the faces of Chegouenne and a dozen others, looking more grim and vindictive, he imagined, than he had yet seen them. Some of them, he saw, had their cheeks horribly discolored by streaks of paint.

What had taken them on the war-path so soon?

Chegouenne motioned to the prisoner to rise, and as he obeyed his arms were again firmly pinioned, and then he was made to follow the Indians, who left the hut and moved rapidly into the woods. As the prisoner stumbled along, and reflected on the ill luck that had dogged his footsteps ever since he had ventured on his unfortunate expedition, three weeks before, he came to the conclusion that his fate was now sealed, that his death was inevitable, unless averted by some mysterious interposition of Providence. He was also convinced that he had been betrayed by the Acadian, who was no doubt in league with the Indians, and he could now understand perfectly well the warning that Winona gave him. If the Indians were about to go on the war-path, as the painted faces of some of them seemed to indicate, then there was additional reason to expect that they would show him no mercy. They would only be too glad to inflame their young men by giving them an opportunity of torturing one of their hated enemies, the English.

He thought at first that the savages were intending to take him back to the village, but he soon found this was not their intention, for after two hours' wearisome march through the woods they came to the river, where their canoes were drawn up, as far as he could judge, not far from the place where he had seen them on the previous day, but he saw no signs of the women, and concluded that they had returned to the settlement. As he noticed among the Indians, whose faces were daubed, two of the men who had been left to watch him at the village, it was not difficult to decide how it was that the Indians had come to his hiding-place so speedily. These two Indians must have met with their returning comrades, and the whole party then, probably set off in chase of the fugitive.

A large fire was lit close to the margin of the river, and the Indians cooked their evening meal, whilst Osborne was firmly secured by strong cords of moose-hide to a tall beech tree. Then, when their appetite was satisfied, the young men of the party began to collect large quantities of wood, which they piled on the fire till it lit up the

forest far and wide, sending a long lurid streak athwart the dark bosom of the river, and adding an unearthly hideousness to the grim visages of the savages, as they moved within the light of the rapidly ascending flames. Chegouenne and two or three of the older men, whilst these preparations were in progress, came up every few moments and looking mockingly into his face would taunt him in that low, malicious tone which the savage can so well assume when his passions are aroused. Osborne looked on the trying scene with a mind torn by conflicting emotions; by the determination to show his tormentors that he was not to be intimidated by their threats or violence, by the desire that was so strong in him for life, by the agonizing reflection that his friends would never even know how he had died. Suddenly he noticed, leaning against a tree, a little to his right, the strange Indian with whose appearance he had been struck before; he was now, however, dressed somewhat differently—more like an ordinary white hunter.

At last the Indians assembled in a circle close to the fire, which was now sending out long forked tongues of brilliant flame, and the principal men of the tribe made harangues, each whirling his hatchet and pointing frequently to the prisoner. To the latter these harangues were, of course, perfectly unintelligible, but he had no doubt that they referred to the wrongs of the Micmacs, and were intended to excite the young men, who more than once arose and whirled their knives or hatchets menacingly towards the unfortunate prisoner.

In this part of the proceedings, however, the stranger took no part till towards the close, when he drew near to the circle of assembled Indians, and spoke to them in a low, conciliatory tone, which had only the effect of irritating the savages, so that they shook their hatchets menacingly at the speaker himself. Whatever he might have urged, the Indians appeared resolved not to listen to him, so he turned away and leaned against the tree once more. Then, when the Indians had finished their harangues, and were now wildly leaping towards the prisoner, the stranger approached the latter, and motioning the Indians aside, addressed him in French:—

“The English officer must face death like a brave man, for the Indians will have him afford sport to their young men, who are about to go on the war-path.”

As the speaker looked intently into Osborne’s face to see the effect of his words, through the mind of the latter, like a flash of lightning through a black cloud, darted the recollection of the time and place where he had seen that dark face before. Once more he was looking at that scene on the Halifax parade,—once more he saw the gallows-trée, the stocks, the crowd, and the strange, suspected Acadian. The spy was before him!

“Ah! I see you remember,” said the spy after a few moments’ pause. “Your friends made me the laughing-stock of the town; but your whip never touched my back. If the Acadian forgets his enemies let your friend who took me to the Halifax prison come and tell. You may look for him; but he lies lifeless beneath the trees nigh to the Shubenacadie. Your Commandant and his officers (he added with an exulting laugh) never found the papers which they lost—the spy was too cunning for them. Know that I would have saved your life—taken you to the French prisons; but now the Indians are maddened by your attempt to escape, and are resolved on your death before they go on the war-path.”

Here the spy was interrupted by Chegouenne, who was standing impatiently by with the other Indians, and at last addressed the prisoner, stopping now and then that the spy might interpret what he said:—

“Chegouenne tells the English brave that the time has come when he must go to the resting-place of his fathers in the setting sun. He may think he is brave; but his heart will fail him when he feels the knife of the red man whirling around his head. Chegouenne will hang his scalp where the squaws may see it and tell their children that it once belonged to a young chief of a great nation, who are so greedy that they will not let the poor Indian hunt in peace; but must come and take away all his land from him. The Englishman has fine clothes and great lodges in his own country; but still he would have all that the red man has beside. Chegouenne’s parents lived happy in their wigwam by the

water which the Great Spirit has placed between Acadia and Oonumaghee.* They had plenty of moose-meat—the wigwam was never empty; but, one day, when the sun was setting behind the trees, near the wigwam, the big canoe of the Englishman came to the shore where the red man lived. Chegouenne was young then; but he can still remember how the English chief burnt down his wigwam and carried away his parents and his brother in the big canoe, and he never saw them more. When Chegouenne is laid to rest with the great chiefs of his tribe, he will tell his father how many scalps he has taken from the Englishmen and his father's heart will be glad. Chegouenne has spoken."

When the Indian stopped the spy turned aside into the forest, as if he would not be a witness of the savage sport which he knew the Indians were now to commence. Then Chegouenne and the other savages commenced to dance wildly around their

prisoner—to dash the pine-knots into his face—to taunt him with all their fierce eloquence.

During all these proceedings Beppo, who had followed his master from the Acadian's hut, where he had so unaccountably re-appeared, was looking on mournfully from the foot of the tree where he had taken up his position. Whenever the Indians approached he would bark furiously and look up into his master's face as if imploring him to say what was to be done to help him in so sore a strait. At the last one of the Indians came up and thrust a fire-brand into Osborne's face until his hair was quite singed, and then the faithful creature flew at the savage and seized him by the arm with his teeth; but, almost at the same instant, he fell brained by the tomahawk of Chegouenne, who was standing close by. Even at that trying crisis, Osborne could feel a thrill of sorrow for the fate of the faithful companion of his forest adventures.

(To be continued.)

* The Indian name of Cape Breton.

TO MY OWN GREEN LAND.

BY "NORAH."

It was in the early morning
Of life, and of hope to me,
That I sat on a grassy hillside
Of the Isle beyond the sea;
Erin's skies of changeful beauty
Were bending over me.

The lark in the blue above me,
A tiny speck in the sky,
Rained down from his bosom's fullness
A shower of melody;
Dropping through the golden sunlight
And rippling sweetly by.

Afar in the sunny distance,
O'er the river's further brim,
Like a stern old Norman warder
Stood the castle quaint and grim,
And, nearer, a grassy ruin
Where an older name grew dim.

I knew that the balmy gladness
Was brooding from sea to sea,
But I felt a note of sadness
Sobering youthful glee;
For the love of my mother Erin
Was stirring strong in me.

Oh Erin! my mother Erin!
Land of the tearful smile,
Hearts that feel and hands of helping
Are thy children's, blessed Isle!
The stranger is stranger no longer
That rests on thy breast awhile.

Be they Saxon, Dane, or Norman,
That step on thy kindly shore,
He who sets his foot on thy daisies

Is kinder for evermore;
For thy "*Cead mille Failthe*"
Thrills to his bosom's core.

But Erin, never contented,
Struggles again and again,
As proud and free-born captives
Strive with the conqueror's chain,
That, if ever it snaps asunder,
Is riveted firmer again.

I have waited, watched for the blessing
Promised so long ago,
I have looked for the brilliant future
The end of the long-drawn woe;
But my hopes, with my years, Time the reaper
Hath laughingly laid them low.

Oh Erin! my mother Erin!
Will to be repeat what has been?
Will your sons ever "shoulder to shoulder"
Be strong and united seen?
Will ever the foreign lilies
Blend with the nation's green?

In other lands the peoples,
Forgetting ancient wrong,
Have blended and fused, becoming,
Because of their union, strong;
Leaving old feuds and battles
As themes for romance and song.

From party's Promethean vulture
When wilt thou get release?
When will the strife of races,
The strife of religions cease?
And the hearts of thy loving children
Mingle and be at peace?

MOUNTED RIFLES OUR BEST PROTECTION AGAINST INVASION*

There is a strange romance and a charm about cavalry that attracts all ages and ranks,—the school-boy and the philosopher, the civilian as well as the soldier. The thunder of artillery may impress us with dread, and the long thin line of fire may be a formidable wall to face; but man needs the help of his companion, the horse, to become the embodiment of the warrior. Nowhere do the rider and his steed seem more adapted by nature for each other than on the battle-field, whether it be the Bedouin charging on his Arab against the terror-stricken caravan, or the wild Sioux of the Prairies of the West swooping on the emigrant, and evading the rifle of the pale face by clinging to the flank of his horse and exhibiting only his foot and his grim-painted face for a target. The horse enters into the wild excitement of battle as fiercely as his rider. Most of our readers must be familiar with that strange incident which, it is asserted, occurred near the beginning of the century, when we were embarking our troops on leaving Sicily. All the horses were left behind and were turned loose, when a strange scene greeted their masters as they sailed away from the shore. The horses, without rider, bit or bridle, as if by instinct, formed themselves into troops, as they had been trained, each in his place, and commenced charging each other. There was a veritable battle-field,—the dead and the dying, and the wild "light of battle" in the eye. Nothing was wanting to complete the picture but the master spirit of destruction. Now what a subject would that be for the brush of a Horace Vernet

* Modern Cavalry; its organization, armament, and employment in war; with an appendix containing letters from Generals Fitzhugh Lee, Stephen D. Lee, and T. L. Rosser, of the Confederate States; Cavalry; and Col. Jenyns' system of non-pivot drill in use in the 13th Hussars. By Lieut.-Col. George T. Denison, junior, commanding the Governor-General's Body Guard, Upper Canada, author of "A Manual of Outpost Duties," &c.

or a Landseer! Surely the old patriarch, whoever he was, who wrote that marvel of literature, the book of Job, must have had the eye of a painter, as well as the imagination of a poet when he penned his picture of the war-horse and inspired it with life! "Hast thou given the horse strength? Hast thou clothed his neck with thunder? Canst thou make him afraid as a grasshopper? The glory of his nostrils is terrible! He paweth in the valley and rejoiceth in his strength. He goeth on to meet the armed men. He mocketh at fear and is not affrighted; neither turneth he back from the sword. The quiver rattleth against him; the glittering spear and the shield. He swalloweth the ground with fierceness and rage; neither believeth he that it is the sound of the trumpet. He saith among the trumpets ha! ha! and he smelleth the battle afar off, the thunder of the captains and the shouting."

For thousands of years since the patriarchal poet wrote this wonderful picture of the charger, the war-horse and his rider have been the admiration and the terror of the battle-field,—now sweeping down like a hurricane upon the serried ranks of the spearmen,—now hovering round the flanks of the retreating foe, or burning and destroying everything on their way, leaving only hunger, desolation and despair behind for the weary enemy.

Is it any wonder that men learned to look up to the mounted warrior, and the horsemen to look down upon the plodding foot-soldier; or that the horse ennobled his rider and made a horseman (*equus*) synonymous with a knight?

The feudal ages did much to lower the foot-soldier and to elevate the cavalry. The knights in their heavy armor were helpless unwieldy prisoners when compelled to fight on foot; but they were formidable foes in the saddle. But the progress of liberty, and, above all, the invention of

gunpowder, worked strange revolutions. The foot-soldier, often the sturdy burgher or trainbandsman of a lucky borough that had won its rights from the hard grasp of feudal lords, proved gradually a formidable foe for the horseman. Cromwell's psalm-singing Puritans were more than a match for the gay dashing Cavaliers, even though led on by the gallant Prince Rupert, and afterwards were a terror to the sturdy troops of *le Grand Monarque*. The invention of the bayonet served to increase the advantage that was gained by the foot-soldier, while the modern improvements in firearms have led many to suppose that cavalry was a sort of fifth-wheel, ornamental, perhaps, but not very useful. The Crimean war did a good deal to create this impression; but it is forgotten that that campaign was mainly a siege, and cavalry have never made much impression on beleaguered towns since the wooden horse took Troy. On that occasion, however, the cavalry, instead of riding "outside a horse" reversed the process and rode "inside." The charge of the gallant "six hundred," though one of the most brilliant events of military history, did more to shake our faith in the usefulness of cavalry than to raise that branch of the service in public estimation; and the criticism of the French General, "*C'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas la guerre,*" was applied by the outside world to cavalry in general; and the public had a vague misgiving that we were keeping up an expensive, showy corps, whose valor was as unavailing against foot and artillery as Don Quixote's charge upon the windmill. Since the Crimean war there have been fairer fields for the sabre; and the use of cavalry has been vindicated by the experience of the Italian campaign, the American war, and the results of the struggle between Austria and Prussia. Hozier, in his History of the "Seven Weeks' War" of 1866, says: "The experience of this campaign has taught us that needle-guns and rifled artillery have no more driven cavalry, and even very heavy cavalry, from the field of battle than they have from the theatre of war." But the improvement in arms and in infantry tactics have altered the position of mounted soldiers. Breechloaders and Armstrong

guns have extended the range of destructive missiles of war, even if they have not increased the loss of life in recent battles, compared with the slaughter that made Blenheim, Austerlitz and Waterloo famous in history. We have abolished the clumsy "Brown Bess" and its prototype, the flint-lock. We have banished the Minié for the Enfield, and have reformed the Enfield into a breechloading Snider; but what have we done for our cavalry? Our heavy cavalry are almost precisely the same as the horsemen that charged the Paynims on the plains of Palestine, in the days of the Plantagenets. Our lancers are not much in advance of the Cossacks in equipments, and are in many respects inferior to them as auxiliaries for a campaign. There is much to be done in cavalry before they will be on a par with the foot-soldier in the use of the improved weapons that are daily altering the aspects of military operations. Whose fault is this? Scores of books are written on every other branch of the service. Excepting Nolan and Sir Henry Havelock, there have been but few writers since Colonel Beamish's treatise on "The Use and Application of Cavalry in War" appeared, that touch on this interesting and important subject. Foreigners have not been idle. The Americans have given us the results of their experience during their recent war, and the French have issued from their press several valuable treatises on this topic. We are happy to find that a work has appeared from the pen of a colonist, and, above all, of a Canadian, that compares favorably with any publication of the sort that been issued from the British press during the present century. The announcement, therefore, of a new work on this neglected subject, and the unanimous verdict given in its favor by all the military journals of Great Britain by which it was noticed, naturally excited some curiosity as to the nature of a treatise that appeared to fill a gap in military science, that reflected but little credit on the literary energy of our mounted forces. We accordingly with some difficulty procured a copy of the work in question, and though favorably impressed by the encomiums upon it that we had heard from military men and from the press, we were much surprised at

the remarkable ability which it displays. The subject is grasped by such a comprehensive mode of treatment, and so lucidly discussed, and so agreeably and pointedly illustrated by a vast variety of anecdotes that have been collected by him from the lips of able American cavalry officers, whose experience would supply materials for volumes, that we hardly know which to admire most. "the matter" or "the manner of his speech." His style is singularly clear and trenchant, and his work, though dealing with some dry details, is so agreeably written that a boarding-school miss could read it with as much interest if not with as much benefit as a field officer. The scope of the work can be best indicated by giving the subjects treated of *seriatim*, by the author:—"Characteristics of Cavalry," "Organization," "The Comparative Merits of the different Arms," "Arms of Cavalry and Dragoons," "Dress of Cavalry," "The Horse and his Equipment," "Formation of Cavalry and Elementary Drill," "Morale," "Cavalry Tactics," "Cavalry against Cavalry," "Cavalry against Infantry," "Outposts and Patrols," "Advanced and Rear Guards," "Reconnoitring," "Intelligence," "Marches," "Camps," "Supplies," "Passage of Defiles and Rivers," "Surprises and Ambuscades," "Convoys," "Flags of Truce." The author has also appended a description, supplied to him by Colonel Jenyns, V. C., commander of the 13th Hussars, of his system of non-pivot drill; most interesting and valuable letters received from General Fitzhugh Lee, General Stephen D. Lee, General Thomas L. Rosser, and from a General officer in the late Confederate service, on the saddle and the revolver. This work treats of a subject of no mere literary or historical interest to the people of the Dominion. We are expending, or are about to expend, some millions of dollars on defences, and in organizing an army, and it is of vital importance that it should be made as effective as possible, otherwise we are simply investing our millions in some future Bull's Run, and converting our militia grant into a *butchery fund*. Though the Fenian Raid and our disasters at Ridgway, and nearly at every point where we met the enemy, must be causes of serious misgivings as to

the future, and of regret for the past, it is at least satisfactory to know that there were some incidents which we can recall with no little satisfaction.

The author of this work, with his little mounted force, made a dash upon Fort Erie and captured the few prisoners whom we secured, while he released some of our own men who had been taken by the enemy. We have seen a history of that campaign from the pen of Colonel Denison, which is considered the best which has yet appeared. But such a publication is of a comparatively limited range, and must necessarily be far inferior in importance and general interest to the work which we are now discussing. We feel the less hesitation in speaking as we do of a Canadian soldier, as we are warranted by the opinions expressed by two of the ablest officers in the British army, one of whom, well known for his gallantry as well as by his being a thorough master of his profession, has declared that there are only one or two men in Her Majesty's service that can compare with Colonel Denison in his knowledge of cavalry tactics. This encomium will find no little warrant in the work before us, which has since appeared from the pen of Colonel Denison. To the most superficial reader its importance is palpable, as it points out in a clear practical way a system of organizing a force to which we are inclined to assign fully as much importance as is attached to it by the author.

We must have a force that can *move rapidly* from point to point, and can attack stockades, charge disorderly marauders, or defend themselves behind breastworks against superior forces. How can we organize such a body? By combining the rifleman and the mounted soldier. We must adapt our forces to our country, and learn a lesson from the Cossacks of the Don, and from Mosby's troopers. We believe that, if Colonel Denison's views are adopted, we could organize a *corps* that would not be long in active service on the frontier before "the blue bonnets" would be "over the border" in a country where a raid would be far easier and far more tempting than anything of the sort which we could offer to our neighbors. We feel that our readers will prefer Colonel Deni-

son's views to our own. We give some extracts; but we are tempted to enlarge them, for the work is so constantly lighted up by interesting anecdotes and "modern instances" that is hard to know what to select or when to stop in our quotations. Were the work for sale here we should advise our readers, military and civilian, to procure it; but, as it is not to be had, we shall give *in extenso* the passages bearing on several questions of vital importance to the Dominion.

Colonel Denison gives a very terse and graphic sketch of the rare combination of qualities which is needed to constitute a good cavalry officer. *Dash* is indispensable; but it must be guided by prudence. He maintains that cavalry must be led by a general who understands the peculiar characteristics of his force, or it will never accomplish anything worthy of note. "When it has been led by good generals it has not been a mere stop-gap in the line of battle; but an active co-operator in the victory, overthrowing everything in its impetuous rush, like the inundation of a mighty river carrying away and destroying every impediment with its resistless force." "All celebrated cavalry generals," he adds, "have been noted for the energy, the zeal, impetuosity, I may say the *fire* of their dispositions." There may have been famous generals like Prince Rupert who have lacked prudence; but none that were deficient in dash and impetuosity.

The author very ably discusses the distinguishing traits of cavalry; and to prove that it should never surrender he gives a striking anecdote of one of the most famous captains of the Great Frederick. The memory of his numerous campaigns and victories has almost died out with the great mass of readers; for the wars of Napoleon and the Russian, German, Italian, and American campaigns have dwarfed the contests of the last century, if not from being of greater magnitude, at least from being nearer to our times. "Out of sight out of mind" may be applied to mighty conquerors and their victories, as well as to a lover and his conquests.

"An anecdote of General Seidlitz, Frederick the Great's celebrated cavalry leader, the most distinguished cavalry officer of

ancient or modern times, will not be out of place here as an illustration of this principle, as well as of the spirit which should animate an officer of this arm of the service. It is translated from Comte de Rochefort's 'Idées Pratiques sur la Cavalerie.' Seidlitz, to whom Frederick owed the greater part of his success, was so skilful, so vigorous a horseman, that he could not conceive how an officer of cavalry could be made prisoner if his horse was not killed.

"Once he expressed this opinion while escorting the king when he was captain of the guard. Frederick, whom nothing escaped, was struck with his remarks, and decided to put him to the proof. The opportunity soon presented itself.

"The escort was obliged to pass over a bridge; the king stopped in the middle of it, and turning towards Seidlitz, who was surrounded in front and rear, said to him:

"'You pretend, Monsieur Seidlitz, that an officer of cavalry ought never to be made prisoner; certainly it is the idea of a brave man, nevertheless, there are occasions where one could surrender without dishonor. Suppose, for instance, that we were enemies, you would not attempt to pass by force. What would you do, then?'

"Seidlitz, prompt as thought, drove in his spurs, and threw himself with his horse into the torrent, and, without suffering any injury, returned to the rear of the retinue near the king, whom he saluted, saying: 'Sire, behold my reply!'

Colonel Denison's views are of the utmost moment, for the steps which he recommends for the organization of cavalry, would be productive of a most effective corps, which could be easily raised in a country like this, where our men are good horsemen, and are accustomed to the use of fire-arms. The objection to heavy cavalry armed merely with the sabre, and even to dragoons, who are accustomed to use the carbine only while in the saddle, is that in a country like this, where we have so much wooded land, and such troublesome obstacles as Virginia rail fences, a cavalry force would be constantly at the mercy of a few riflemen. What we require is a *combination of the foot-soldier and the horseman*, so that a force of cavalry meeting a body of infantry, strongly posted, can dismount and dislodge their enemy by the use of the rifle. This course was successfully adopted by both the North and South, during the recent American war, as is shown by Colonel Denison:—

"The organization of cavalry is a subject concerning which there has always been a

great diversity of opinion. The different writers on cavalry matters and the various commanders who have been intrusted with the organization of this arm, have generally advocated and adopted different systems, to suit the method of warfare of their times or the arms and tactics of their opponents.

"It is proposed in this work to propound a system of organization and equipment for cavalry, modified to suit the altered state of the armament of the other branches of the service, and based upon the results of the war in America from 1861 to 1865, and the war in Germany in 1866. As has been before stated, the improvements in the weapons of the other arms necessitate a totally different method of employing mounted men, so as to apply the improved weapons to that service and give to it the full advantages of them. I shall therefore give my views plainly and frankly, and endeavor to show good reasons based upon facts for the propositions I adduce. Many may differ with me, but we must remember that we are in a state of transition in the tactical management of all three arms, and that whoever brings forward views carefully considered may add some little information or give some useful hint on the subject on which he is writing.

"In the first place, then, cavalry should be divided into two distinct species:

"'Heavy cavalry or cavalry of the line.'"
 "'Light dragoons or mounted rifles.'"

The importance of having cavalry well trained when war breaks out is explained and very clearly illustrated:—

"Cavalry cannot be organized or drilled quickly—it takes time, and should be carefully attended to in peace. Volunteer cavalry should always be dragoons or, what is the same, mounted rifles, as they have not time to reach the perfection in drill required for the other branch of the service.

"In the Confederate war for independence, both parties found the difficulty of organizing or drilling cavalry hurriedly; and, however incredible it may appear, it is nevertheless a fact, that, when the Federal forces under the command of General McDowell marched to Manassas in 1861, to fight the battle of Bull's Run, there were in an army of some 40,000 men, exactly seven companies of cavalry—hardly one small regiment!—and that, on the other side, the proportion was not much greater. Later in the war, the Northern States at one time supported as many as 80,000 mounted men, almost all mounted riflemen."

What would have been the result had the North or the South had efficient cavalry at the outset? To raw recruits cavalry has peculiar horrors. The cry of "Cavalry!" frightened the Northern army at Bull's

Run, and the same cry led to our disasters at Ridgeway. A well trained corps of four or five thousand cavalry *at the beginning of a war* might save the Dominion from conquest if not from invasion.

Colonel Denison does not ignore the necessity for heavy cavalry:—

"The cavalry proper, or cavalry of the line, should be organized for the charge alone; they should never be used as dragoons. Comte de Rochefort, in his '*Idées pratiques sur la Cavalerie*,' holds this view, and General Rosser, in the letter before quoted, says:—"It (the cavalry) is worthless except in the charge, and should never be used for any other purpose. The cavalry soldier should never be dismounted to fight if you expect him to ride over masses of infantry, but be educated to the belief that *nothing can withstand a well-executed charge of cavalry*, and should feel perfectly 'at home' on horseback. All picketing should be done by mounted rifles, and all escorts and guards for trains and the like should be composed of the same, *and the cavalry always kept in mass, and used in the charge alone.*"

Referring to the necessity for mounted rifles being accompanied by light field-pieces, Colonel Denison alludes to General Morgan, whose name is so familiar to our readers. A sketch of his mode of organizing his celebrated "Guerilla Corps," as it was called, cannot fail to be of interest:—

"The mounted rifles fought on foot, some being held in hand to charge if the opportunity offered, while a few pieces of artillery always accompanied the mounted men in all their operations. In Kentucky, General Morgan's command had attached to them two small mountain howitzers, which were easily transported, could be kept along with the main body in the most hurried marches, and enabled them to succeed against stockades and entrenchments when without them they would most assuredly have failed. His men became very much attached to these pieces, and christened them the 'Bull Pups,' and always cheered them loudly when they came into action.

"General John H. Morgan applied this principle of mounted rifles to its fullest extent. General Basil W. Duke, in his '*History of Morgan's Cavalry*,' says:—

"'Whatever merit may be allowed or denied Morgan, he is beyond all question entitled to the credit of having discovered uses for cavalry, or rather mounted infantry, to which that arm was never applied before. While other cavalry officers were adhering to the traditions of former wars and the systems of the schools, however inapplicable to the demands of their day, and the nature of the struggle, he originated

and perfected not only a system of tactics, a method of fighting and handling men in the presence of the enemy, but also a strategy as effective as it was novel.

“Totally ignorant of the art of war as learned from the books and in the academies—an imitator is nothing; self-taught in all that he knew and did, his success was not more marked than his genius.

“The creator and organizer of his own little army, with a force which at no time reached 4,000, he killed and wounded nearly as many of the enemy, and captured more than 15,000. The author of the far-reaching ‘raid,’ so different from the mere cavalry dash, he accomplished, with his handful of men, results which would otherwise have required armies and the costly preparations of regular and extensive campaigns.”

Even in Canada we have had some experience of the formidable nature of dismounted rifles. The death of Tecumseh is one of the great events of our history. The causes of his defeat may not be known to many of our readers:—

“At the battle of Moravian Town, in Western Canada, on October 5, 1813, where our troops were beaten, the defeat was caused by a charge of Colonel Johnson’s regiment of Kentucky mounted riflemen. By this charge our infantry were entirely broken up and many captured. Johnson then turned to his left, and attempted to charge a large force of Indians who were stationed in the edge of a growth of timber, but he found the ground was swampy, and his horses began to sink. Seeing this he ordered his men to dismount and make the attack on foot. Tecumseh and his braves were defeated—Tecumseh being killed. We cannot imagine a more striking example of the advantage of having mounted riflemen, equipped to fight on foot in case of necessity; this regiment having fought in two capacities in about as many minutes.”

The use of dismounted rifles was discovered by the Cossacks of the Don in the campaigns of 1813 and 1814. They taught the cavalry of Europe a salutary lesson, and by the rapidity with which they improvised the system, may give us a useful hint that may be of service to us:—

“The Cossacks managed to arm themselves with French infantry muskets which they picked up on the field. Then originated amongst them the practice of *dismounting* by turns when *the ground was favorable*, and thus engaging the enemy in skirmishing order. I have myself seen them in this way beat cavalry very superior to them in numbers, and infantry, when either the cavalry or the infantry attempted to attack them singly. In such cases the infantry

soldiers opposed to them were afraid of the mounted men; who stuck close to their dismounted comrades with the led horses, and these dismounted men were ready to jump into the saddle at any moment and rush upon the enemy, if they gave way or were driven from their cover.

“To this manner of skirmishing I attribute the success of the Cossacks during the campaign on the Elbe and the Rhine, and the decided superiority they acquired over the enemy’s cavalry, in all out-post work and detached warfare.”

In the recent American war not only the Confederates but also the Northern Generals turned their mounted rifles to good account, as will appear by the following instance, which Colonel Denison supplies:

“General Sheridan in his report of the first day’s battle at Five Forks, gives an account which shows the value of cavalry being able to fight on foot. He says: ‘A very obstinate and handsomely contested battle ensued, in which, with all his cavalry and two divisions of infantry, the enemy was unable to drive five brigades of our cavalry *dismounted* from the open plain, in front of Dinwiddie Court House.’ ‘As the enemy’s two divisions of infantry advanced to the attack our cavalry threw up some slight breast-works of rails at some points along our lines, and when the enemy attempted to force this position they were handsomely repulsed, and gave up the attempt for possession of the court house. It was after dark when the firing ceased, and the enemy lay on their arms that night not more than one hundred yards in front of our lines.’

Referring to this fight and the action of the mounted rifles in it, Sir Henry Havelock Bart, V.C., in his valuable and interesting work on ‘The Three Main Military Questions of the Day,’ says:—

“Without one thought of disparagement to our splendid cavalry, who have no more sincere admirer than the writer, it is not too much to say, that no British cavalry that he has ever been associated with, have either the arms, training, equipment or instruction, to have enabled them under similar circumstances to play this part of independent and unsupported self-sufficing action at a distance from the other two arms.

“In a like case the action of European cavalry, which has no defensive fire, would have been retrograde, slower or faster, according to the *morale* of their troops and the determination of their leader, but *certainly retrograde*.

“In the instance under consideration, not only was *no ground lost*, but the defence of the cavalry dismounted, using Spencer rifles, and sheltered from fire behind rails and slight earth-banks, *with their horses*

kept well under more solid cover farther to the rear, was so effectual and stubborn as to cause severe loss to the two Confederate infantry divisions who assaulted them across the open; and who, after suffering many heavy casualties drew off at nightfall, thoroughly foiled. They themselves lost next to nothing.

"These deductions, so vigorously and clearly put, show strongly the advantages of the mounted rifle principle, and it is a matter of gratification to the writer to be so strongly supported by the views of an officer of great experience in active service; one who has learnt in the campaigns of India the same lessons which the civil war in America has taught, and has not hesitated to advocate them through the medium of the press."

The use of the revolver is recommended instead of the sword,—a point of great importance in organizing a force for service on the frontier. We can find thousands of good riders; and can secure men who could soon be adepts at the revolver and the rifle; but the sword is a formidable weapon to master, and, without much skill, is a useless ornament in the hand of a soldier. Colonel Denison puts this point before us very sensibly and clearly:—

"A serious question has arisen since the last war in America as to whether the revolving pistol has not taken the precedence in the *mêlée* over the sword. I have no doubt that this idea will be scouted by many of my brother officers in the cavalry as absurd and contrary to the whole traditions and genius of our service. If there is one principle which the works on cavalry lay down more positively than another, it is that cavalry using the sabre will always overcome cavalry using any description of fire-arms. This was undoubtedly correct formerly, when the old flint-lock horse-pistol was the weapon used, an arm comparatively speaking worthless; for the shaking on the horse was apt to derange the powder in the pans, or the flint might miss fire, or the fire not reach the powder; and, even when it did go off, the chances were that the ball had shaken out, and if not, that it would not carry straight. In those days it may easily be imagined that a body of troops depending on such arms, in preference to good swords, would certainly be defeated, and deservedly so.

"But now, with revolvers, the whole features of the case are changed. These arms will carry from two hundred to three hundred yards; and comparatively good shooting can be made with them up to seventy-five or one hundred yards; while in a *mêlée* they are most deadly weapons.

When considering the revolver, we will give a number of instances which occurred in the war in America, showing the value of this arm as compared with the sword.

"Although so much has been written about the deadly effect of the sword in the *mêlée*, experience shows that the losses are not so heavy as would be supposed."

After giving several striking instances of the slight effect produced by the sabre in the American war, he refers to the attack made on October 2nd, 1799, by the 15th Dragoons, part of the cavalry under Colonel Lord Paget, afterwards Marquis of Anglesea, on the position occupied by the French at Bergen and Egmont-op-Zee:—

"Here two troops dashed into five hundred victorious French horsemen, and after a *mêlée* drove them off. Then the five hundred French returned and met at the charge, the English reinforced by one troop a second fight ensues, and yet in both conflicts only three English are killed. This does not speak very highly for the sabre as a deadly weapon.

"Nolan also mentions that at the battle of Heilsberg, June 18th, 1806, a fight took place between a division of French cuirassiers and two regiments of Prussian Horse, in which it was said that a French officer came out of the fight with fifty-two new wounds upon him, and that a German officer, Captain Gebhart, received upwards of twenty wounds. Imagine a man receiving fifty-two lance and sword wounds without loss of life or limb. How many shots from a revolver would a man receive before being more seriously injured?"

"Compare these cases with the defeat and capture of Captain Blazer's squadron of Federal Cavalry by a squadron of Mosby's partisan regiment under Major Richards, in Virginia, in November 1864. The numbers were about 100 men on each side. Major Scott, speaking of it, says: 'A hand-to-hand combat then ensued, in which the superiority of the revolving pistol to the rifle was soon demonstrated. Many of Blazer's men were killed or wounded in the first shock, and the rest of his command soon gave way. . . . Richards lost, besides his wounded, Hudgins, who was killed. Blazer's loss was twenty-four men killed, twelve wounded, and sixty-two prisoners and horses. This was in killed and wounded thirty-six out of a hundred—more than one third, while killed, wounded, and prisoners, comprised virtually the whole force. The proportion of killed to wounded is also an extraordinary proof of the deadly effect of the revolver.'

We are tempted, out of many pointed illustrations, to select the opinion of a dis-

tinguished Southern General, which is strongly in favor of the revolver:—

“General Stephen D. Lee says: ‘Nearly all the cavalry used by the Confederate States, and in fact by both sides was nothing more than mounted riflemen. The sabre was done away with by the Confederate States’ cavalry pretty well, and rarely used in action by either party, and in my opinion has lost much of its merit since the revolver has been brought to such perfection. . . . The sword is a good weapon, though but little used during the recent war. It has lost much of its effectiveness by the improved revolver, with which the cavalry man will make the dashing charge with more confidence. My experience is that a cavalry man was timid with his sabre in fighting against the revolver, and for the least excuse will drop the sabre for the revolver, and in many instances is compelled to do so in actual conflict by irregularities of ground, obstacles, &c. I don’t see well how the sword can be dispensed with permanently, as some such weapon is required in case ammunition should be exhausted; but if any weapon is to be dispensed with, I should say the sabre in preference to the rifle or revolver. These latter two, rifle and revolver, are indispensable. In every instance under my observation where the revolver replaced the sabre the morale was with the trooper, and against the enemy.

“Again, in the hand-to-hand conflict, which rarely occurs now (owing to the improved firearms), the momentum or pluck decides the affair before the eighteen rounds in hand are exhausted. And the momentum with good cavalry is as readily obtained with the revolver as with the sabre; my observation being that the sabre is timid against the good revolver. The revolver is the all-important weapon with the cavalry man *in motion*, and is indispensable in his equipment.”

After writing the foregoing notice of this very valuable work we were much pleased at meeting a review of it in the *Toronto Telegraph* of the 22nd October, in which the following paragraph occurs, which fully bears out the high eulogiums which have rewarded Colonel Denison in Britain and on this side of the water:—

“As an instance of the notice the book has attracted, we may mention that a prominent officer in the Austrian army has written to Colonel Denison for permission to translate it. He pronounces it the most valuable work on cavalry he has ever had the pleasure of reading, and says it would without doubt command a large sale in France, Austria and Prussia, if translated into the languages of these countries. We

believe that the English publisher is already making arrangements to have this done. It is pleasing to have to record this fact respecting a book written by a Canadian volunteer officer. We congratulate Colonel Denison on the very flattering success which he has attained.”

That the work has attracted attention among continental soldiers, is apparent from a very favorable review of it in the *Austrian Military Gazette*.

We trust that we have not heard the last of the gallant Colonel,—the country cannot afford to lose his services.

If there is a gloomy shadow resting over our future it is in connection with our defences. The ablest military minds in the Dominion should be enlisted in the task of making our heavy outlay effective in its results. With our long extended frontier running for hundreds of miles through districts not yet blessed with railways, and inhabited only by scattered settlers, we are liable to be suddenly invaded at various points in time of war, and even in time of peace by Fenian marauders. Our enemy will have railway facilities for concentrating rapidly in the vicinity of any point on our frontier an overwhelming force, long before any tidings could possibly reach us of the place where we are about to receive the blow. Long before we could assemble and march our raw recruits to the point where they might be needed, they would be worn out by toiling over bad roads, and disheartened by needless exposure, while the enemy if outnumbered can quickly retire, leaving behind only the ruin he has wrought, or if well posted and in strong force, can await a conflict, that is almost sure to end in disaster to our forces. It is clear that we need not so much a numerous as a well drilled corps of mounted rifles, accustomed to work together, and to use light field pieces, and if necessary, able to dismount and fight on foot, where the enemy is strongly posted. Such a corps would be a terror to an invader, especially to marauders. It would cut off retreat, interrupt supplies, impede advance, convey intelligence rapidly, and would be far the cheapest, as well as the most reliable force which we could raise. All of us remember the dismay caused by the raids of Mosby and Morgan with troops thus organized. It is possible that what then

happened may occur again, and invasion may prove a game that two can play at. What was possible in the comparatively unsettled country that they swept over, would be a far easier task for our troopers, should they make a raid across the frontier, where there are good roads, and accurate maps of almost every inch of the country. Heaven grant that we may never have to try the experiment, for it would be a dis-

grace to civilization to have two English speaking races engaged in the senseless task of mutual destruction. But to ensure peace we must prepare for war, and to do so as effectively as we can, with our limited means and our unlimited frontier, is a hard problem which must be solved, and which no one is able more thoroughly to master than the gallant author of "Modern Cavalry and its Organization."

THE FOREST CHIEF.

BY MRS. P. L. HANEY.

The old oak-tree, for centuries stood,
Chief of the woodland solitude;
He stiffly stood in his lofty pride
While forests tottered down at his side;
The underbrush grew to stately trees
And tumbled down at his regal knees.

He donned his robes in the summer war m,
But bared his limbs to the winter's storm;
He drank the rain, with his head unbowed,
And wreathed his brow with the dark storm-cloud.
He laughed in scorn at the thunder's crash,
And wove him a chain from the lightning's flash.

No wonder he stood for centuries long,
For the brave old oak was kind as strong;
The ivy loved o'er his form to creep,
And cuddled it down in his arms to sleep;
The squirrel bore from his fruitful breast
The acorns brown for his winter's nest.

The owl at his top, in the night's still noon,
Hooted his song to the setting moon.
Years passed by and he marked the spot
Where led the path to the settler's cot;
Dark, indeed, must have been the night
That hid this guide-board from his sight.

The woodman's axe made the forest ring
As it dealt its blows in the budding Spring,
Beneath their power, with a fearful crash,
Fell the hickory, the pine and ash,
Making an end of the greenleaf'd wood;
But still the oak like a tall mast stood.

He faced the crowd that daily passed
Over the place where his shade was cast,
Whatever secrets were there made known
Deep in his breast he locked his own.
He told to none where the acorns grew,

From which his thread-like roots he drew;
From which sprung up his delicate head
That bent beneath the chipmunk's tread;
Whether it fell in the wild deer's track
And buried itself 'neath the surface black;
Or planted was by the moccasin's tread,
Or by the hand of some Indian maid,
Or when from a twig to a sapling grown,
How he nodded in time to wild winds' moan,
Or gallantly bowed in the autumn fine
To the queenly grace of the lady pine.

He told no tale of the winter's war
When the storm-king rode in his whirlwind car;
When, like a tiger let loose from cage,
The hungry wolf gnashed his teeth with rage,
And by his side, 'neath the moonbeams clear,
Filled his maw with the captured deer.

Nor how beneath his summer shade
The valiant brave and the forest maid
Plighted their vows of youthful love,
While the wood-birds warbled their songs above;
Faithful and firm was the brave old oak,
He told no tales, no fiath he broke.

But at last old Time made him his mark
And sent a shaft thro' his aged bark,
Then his heart grew dry, his branches bare,
And he creaked out notes of wild despair,
And scattered his broken limbs from on high
Till a terror he grew to the passers-by.

Then the woodman came with his sharpened axe
And on him levied a deadly tax,
With a heave and a groan, and a desperate bound
He tottered and staggered and fell to the ground;
But over the place where he reigned so long
The night-wind murmurs a mournful song,
And a lonely stump marks out the place
Where fell this Chief of a noble race.

MONTREAL FIFTY YEARS AGO.

BY THOMAS STORROW BROWN.

On the 28th day of May, 1818, I first landed at Montreal, opposite the present "Montreal House," having arrived in a *bateau* from Laprairie, no steamer then constructed having been able to go there. On my left was a dirty creek, running down inside of a warehouse, standing on the site of the present Royal Insurance building, which will this year become the Custom House—being the outlet of the ditch, now tunnelled, that then, as a part of the old fortification, ran round the city westerly from the Champ de Mars through Craig street, with dilapidated banks, the receptacle of all sorts of filth. Above and below there was a revetement of a few hundred feet; but, except this, the beach and river-bank were in their natural state,—the same as in front of many of the villages along the river. Just above the Grey Nunnery there was a cottage with a garden running down to the river, and, adjoining this, a ship-yard, where vessels continued to be built for some years later. Farther on, the place of the Lachine Canal was a common with three windmills, and the graves of three soldiers shot for desertion. The Island Wharf was then a little island, far off and alone.

City gates and fortifications, such as they were, had been removed some time previous. A remnant of walls remained at the corner of McGill and Commissioners streets, (the Barracks still mark the north-east angle) and between Bonsecours street and Dalhousie Square there was a mound of earth 55 feet high, called the "Citadel," levelled in 1819 or 1820 to connect Notre Dame street with St. Mary street. Mr. Jedidiah Dorwin, now near eighty, was one of the contractors for its removal. On the west side was a little pond, frequented by water birds, where the laborers killed a muskrat. The old rampart on Great St. James street had been levelled; but

there was no building on the west side, between St. Francois Xavier and McGill streets; the northern portion had been a cemetery, and an old powder magazine still stood in the middle of the street, opposite the present Molson's Bank. All this vacant space had been offered, a few years previous, to the father of Mr. Olivier Berthelet for six thousand dollars. A pretty inheritance it would have made; but it was then only thought of as a pleasant resort for citizens to take the air on summer evenings. Previous to 1812, the Place d'Armes had been used as the wood and hay markets. They had been in 1818 removed to McGill street.

I came into the city through a narrow passage leading to the Custom House Square, then the "Old Market," a low, wooden shed-like building; and along the south side of the square was a row of old women seated at tables with eatables for sale. Capital street was a succession of drinking-houses, carrying on an active business from morning till night; for in those ante-temperance days drinking appeared one great object of life and daily occupation. The largest was that of *Thomas l'Italian*, (Thomas Delvecchio) facing the market, with a clock on which small figures came out to strike the hours, to the continued wonderment of all; and next came *Les trois Rois*, of Joseph Donegani, the sign bearing a painting of three uncouth figures to represent the "three kings," or, as we call them, "wise men of the East." This was the centre of trade. A new market of similar construction had been erected on the present Jacques Cartier square running from Nelson's Monument (opposite to which was guard-house, jail, pilliory and court house) to St. Paul street; but it was not liked. Everybody crowded to the little space of the old market, which, to my eyes, appeared four times as big as it does now;

and *habitant* vehicles so filled St. Paul street in each direction, that constables were often sent to drive them down to the new market. Real property commanded then a higher price in this quarter than it has at any time since.

Workmen were trenching the streets to remove logs, that had conducted water from the Mountain, to replace them with iron pipes that were to distribute water from a reservoir on the Citadel, pumped there by an engine below the Bonsecours Church, where we had all the advantages of the city sewage. What with digging for water-pipes and gas-pipes these poor streets have had little rest from that day. On removal of the Citadel the reservoir was two tanks, each about thirty feet square, occupying the third story of two dwelling-houses, still standing opposite the Donegani Hotel. While this was going on, and in all times previously, each household had a puncheon which was filled daily with water brought in carts from the river. Such for many years was our water supply. Every house was supplied with leather buckets, and, when fires occurred, they were handed out, the citizens formed in two lines to the river, one to send empty buckets down and the other to return full buckets, and thus the engines were supplied. There were some wells in town with water unfit for any use; but good water was obtained from a pump in the centre of the Place d'Armes, and another on Notre Dame street, at the west end of the Court House, opposite the house of one of our most respected and wealthiest citizens. Mr. David David, who was known to the Canadians as *le gros Juif contre le pompe*, (the great Jew near the pump.)

Along the beach were moored several small ships and brigs, constituting the spring fleet. A small ship called the "Enretta" was then THE London ship, bringing out supplies for the North-West Company and Spring fashions for our citizens, who, having to wait till the summer for them, were one year behind the fashionables of New York. This ship remained moored at the bottom of St. Sulpice street till the Fall, when the furs of the company came from the interior for ship-

ment. There being no tow-boats the passage from Quebec was often long. Variable winds brought vessels to Hochelaga; but it required a stiff north-easter, often aided by teams on shore, to bring them up to port; and late ones sometimes waited near a month for it. Lower down, ranged against the beach, were rafts of fire-wood brought down by farmers, who waited a while patiently for customers, and then, anxious to get home for summer work, sold at any price. Two dollars per cord was common. There were also "Durham boats," long, low, narrow barges with high masts, that navigated between Montreal and Prescott, bringing down full cargoes of flour. It was Herculean work to "pole" and drag them empty, to Lachine, where they took light cargoes and sailed, or "poled," or were dragged up the river.

Our steamers of those days were the "Malsham," "Quebec," "Car of Commerce," "Caledonia," "Lady Sherbrooke," "Newswitsure," and "Telegraph,"—clumsy, heavy, full-bowed vessels, with flush decks, cabins below, tall masts, and a big square sail. The last was a little thing, commanded by Captain George Brush, then a tall, remarkably handsome young man—now hale and hearty at 77. She was intended to run to Laprairie, but so heavy and with so weak an engine could barely get up from Quebec to Montreal. None of them could come up the Richelieu except with the tide, and, consequently, the hour of leaving Quebec varied daily to suit this emergency, and some required towing by oxen or horses as auxiliary power in coming up the current past Molson's brewery. The "Malsham," a long, heavy boat, had an engine of only 45 horse-power. A round-house over the companion-way (stairway) of the "Car of Commerce,"—her only upper-work—may be still seen with a little gallery round it, as a garden summer house on the right hand when riding round the Mountain, a little beyond the turn to the Cemetery. In 1822, Captain Brush was one of the boat's crew that captured a whale, forty-two feet long, with a chase in front of the town that all turned out to witness.

The city was bounded by the river on the East, by Bonsecours street and the Citadelle on the North, Craig street on the West, and McGill street on the South; within which limits all the "respectable" people with few exceptions, resided. The population in it was nearly as great as to-day—the upper part of nearly every store being occupied as a dwelling. All the houses in Notre Dame street were dwellings—in its whole length there were but two shops, and three auction rooms. The cross streets' buildings were nearly all dwellings and Commercial business was almost confined to St. Paul street. Wholesale stores, except the establishment of Gillespie, Moffat & Co., were small indeed compared to the growth of after years; and judging now from the few places where fine goods were retailed, and their smallness, the "girls of the period" must have been content with adornments that would only satisfy a somewhat indigent class of the present day. But there were numerous shops for country trade, all doors and no windows, always open Winter and Summer, with a goodly portion of the stock displayed outside, where, till within about twenty-five years, salesmen without number were stationed to accost and bring in customers, who were often dragged forcibly. The excitement on market days between these vociferous sellers, and wary buyers, pulled into one shop after another, made St. Paul street lively. The late Mr. Jean Bruneau had, at one time, about a dozen of these shops. Of all the merchants then in business in that street I know of but three now living: John McKenzie, John Frothingham, and John Smith. I have before me the Montreal Directory of 1819, and know of but thirteen persons therein found, with English names, who are now living, nor do the French appear more numerous. As all there recorded were then males in business, or householders, none could have been under twenty, and all, if living, would be more than seventy now, but still this argues little for city longevity.

Nunneries occupied more space than now—the "Hotel Dieu," (now replaced by a splendid block of warehouses,) making an ugly break in St. Paul Street. Of churches

there were few: the "Bonsecours;" the "Scotch," St. Gabriel street; the "English," half-way between Place d'Armes and St. Lambert street; the "Methodist," a small building still standing on St. Sulpice street; the French "Parish," a low mean structure jutting out from the Priests' Garden into the Place d'Armes, so as to stand in the middle of Notre Dame street, with the front facing the street, westward; "Scotch Dissenter," in St. Peter street, which became the St. Andrew's, and the "Recollet," on the corner of Notre Dame and St. Helen streets, in rear of which stood fine old elms. The city was composed of one and two story houses, very few of three stories, built with very few exceptions of rubble stone, plastered over. All the stores and many of the houses had iron doors and shutters; many buildings had vaulted cellars, and many had the garret floored with heavy logs, covered with several inches of earth, and flat paving stones, with a stone stair-case outside, so that a roof might burn without doing further damage. These precautions against fire had been adopted when there were no Insurance offices, and the city had suffered terribly from conflagrations. Hammer-dressed stone had come into use, and some coarse-cut, but the only specimen I remember of fine chiselled, such as now used, was Mr. Torrance's block, corner of St. Paul and St. Nicholas Street; its beauty was a wonder in our eyes.

Four streets leading to the country—St. Mary's, St. Laurent (main), St. Joseph, and St. Antoine—were bordered by houses mostly of wood, one story; but intervening streets were short and vacant ground extensive. Log fences divided fields on the west of Craig street, as far as Beaver Hall hill, which was a grassy lawn, with a long one-story wooden building across the summit, and a garden behind. All to the west of this was open fields, where now stands the city of our richest people, and overlooking them was the old unfinished McTavish house. Griffintown was like a new settlement. A quaint French house called "*Pres de Ville*" stood in a garden quite retired, where the Brothers' school now is on Coté Street.

There were no steamers above Montreal, except those that came down to Prescott;

and below they only touched at Sorel, Benthier, Three Rivers, and Batiscan. All supplies for the country round were carried on carts over the country roads, which, as now, were deep mud at seasons. There were no canals or railroads. Goods for Upper Canada, whose population did not much exceed 150,000, were carted to Lachine, where they were crossed in Durham boats, or batteaux, to the Cascades, to be carted to Coteau-du-Lac, where they were received by the boats, towed or "poled" up light, to be landed at Cornwall, from thence carted to the head of the Long Sault, to be again taken by the boats, which worried their way to Prescott, Brockville, or Kingston, delivering their freight that had a further destination, to steamers or other lake craft. Every day during the busy season, farmers with their carts came in from as far as Pointe Claire, seeking loads for Lachine, for which they were paid four to five shillings and many returned without getting any. Many fine farms, neglected while they sought this small and uncertain remuneration, barely produced subsistence for their owners, till the opening of the Lachine canal put an end to carting and left them to grow prosperous by agriculture. When trade of double the extent passed quickly through the canal, old men, remembering the noisy bustle of cart-loading, and the long string of carts on the Lachine road thought it was disappearing. One objection to making the canal was that it would ruin the carters.

The most important trading establishment was McGillivray, Thain & Co., a fur company, commonly called the "North-west Company" having nearly all the trade since conducted by the Hudson's Bay Company, which was then centred here—the present Canada Hotel in St. Gabriel street being the head-quarters. Every year at the end of April, hundreds of Canadians, mostly young, engaged for the North-west, assembled about the old market place, where they spent a few days drinking and fighting, nobody interfering in it, as it was all among themselves and good natured, for even the fighting was without ill will, only to give proofs of strength and endurance. Rare sport was it for the boys to see the

whole square filled with these people—a dozen fights going on at the same time—fresh men stepping into the ring, as the vanquished, in their blood, were led off—all as gay as if it were merely a dance.

On the 27th of April, all took canoes at Lower Lachine and proceeded to Isle Dorval to get sobered, and then commenced the voyage, by way of the Ottawa and Mattawan, to Fort William at the end of Lake Superior, where they met other canoes with furs from the far interior, and exchanged cargoes. Most of the men who went up from Montreal came back; but some proceeded to the interior, and remained, to replace others that had come down to return home.

These were the *voyageurs* of Canadian story, whose exploits are, probably, still the household legends of the country. The nature of the service, abundance of food, and no strong drink in the interior, made them exceedingly robust, and many became prodigies of strength. The most popular stories were told of heroes such as "*Sanspitié*" or "*Montferrand*," who in combat could pile up antagonists by the dozen; but, faithful in love, returned to the girl of their first choice with bags of money, and never failed to present her with "*une robe que se tenait de boule*"—a gown that stood up alone. It would have been difficult to find material in the flimsy stuff sold here, but probably the rich brocades of the French noblesse lived in Canadian tradition, like the "*grand fusil d'argent*" of the song, used by the "*filz du Roy*" when he went to shoot the ducks.

Our garrison was one regiment of infantry, then the 37th, Col. Buren, and a company of foot artillery, with a small engineer commissariat and storekeeping staff, military and naval. We had no police; but at nights old men placed at street corners as watchmen, with long blue constables' batons in their hands, shouted "all's well" at the end of every hour. The pay of officials being proportionally larger in comparison with the cost of living and ordinary incomes, made them of more consequence than in later years, and they gave themselves more airs of superiority. There were horses and carriages

to be had at livery stables, but no public vehicles on the streets, except carts and trucks. Canadians used the old clumsy *caleche*, with big wings sticking out over the wheels, and four-wheeled carriages were about being introduced. A few years earlier there was but one in the city—that of Mrs. Gregory who lived in the large stone house near our water-works. I have before named the small space in which our citizens resided. New Years' calls were soon made as they were from house to house, and no sleigh was required. We spoke of the suburbs as something apart from the city, as we now speak of the village of St. Jean Baptiste. In 1818 the house of Mr. Molson on Sherbrooke street, long known as "Cote à Barron," was being erected by Mr. Thomas Torrance, and that of Mrs. Fisher by Mr. Jacob Hall. They appeared like castles, and seemed far distant. The present Peoples' Bank was then being built for the Bank of Montreal. The Post Office was kept in a little basement room on St. Jean Baptiste street. In 1819, it was in the "Mansion House," and has been moved several times since, always behind the times in matter of accommodation.

Postage then varied from 4½d. to St. Johns to 1s. 6d. to Sandwich, the mail service being under the direction of Mr. Stayner, who acted as an officer of the General Post Office, London, our government having no voice or control in the matter.

Hotel accommodation was small, except an attempt in advance of the times in the "Mansion House," formerly the residence of Sir John Johnson, on ground that makes the eastern end of the Bonsecours market. This, burned, was re-built as the "Masonic Hall," a better built hotel than we have ever seen since, but only to be burned again. Near it, afterwards, was a theatre, larger than any that has succeeded.

We had no Corporation or city government, but magistrates and certain public functionaries ruled our city affairs with little restraint upon the citizens. When a widow or widower got married, a *charivari* was got up. Night after night a procession of masqueraders in every grotesque attire was formed, carrying torches and transpar-

encies, horns, and every vile instrument of noise, to serenade the newly married, and crowds were out to see the fun. On one occasion a *charivari* lasted nightly for a month. Many of the masqueraders were mounted, and richly caparisoned; and, defying authority, assembled before dark.

The first ships from sea arrived at Quebec about the same date as now, and the strong east winds frequently brought traders early to Montreal. I have often seen them discharging on the ice. One I remember arrived under sail on the fourth of May.

Spring trade commenced about the first of June, and Fall trade about the first of October, to end early in November; after which we had a six months' holiday in trade. Though there was a few days' work in sending off "*traineau*" (Canadian sleigh) loads as far as Brockville or Perth, or up the Ottawa, there were no railroads or telegraphs to keep merchants and their clerks under whip and spur all the time. Mechanics waited for Spring to work. On the other hand, there being no care and little occupation during winter, all would devote themselves to frolic and jollity, in which merchants' clerks indulged so freely that I at this moment remember less than six of all the young men and lads I then knew, who have survived the consequences. Theirs was a short and merry life, ending too often before the age of thirty. We had no manufactures, and, except in household duties, little employment for women. A great trade was the liquor trade! We had Molson's, Williams', and Dow's breweries; but little whiskey was sold, the staple being Jamaica or Leeward Island rum, puncheons of which at auctions were strung along the streets in long lines. Every house in town and country had its supply of spirits, deemed as necessary for household use as bread and milk. *Habitans* had their two-gallon keg, to be replenished as fast as emptied. They drank it pure from a wine-glass, and with rich or poor, in town or country, courtesy required that drink should be offered to every visitor. I have spoken of the multiplicity of drinking shops about the market places. They also bordered the streets leading to the country, carrying on a brisk trade at all hours, and the bar-room

of the tavern or hotel was its greatest attraction. Country people coming to market drank freely through the day, and too many went home well filled. Living less in debt and more comfortable at home, perhaps, so far as concerned food and other primitive wants, many appeared to come to town with little loads of wood, or things of small value, to be sold for a few shillings, rather for the diversion of a holiday in good company—for they came in long strings—and for the frolic, that was paid for by what they sold, than for any business.

Winter was, I have said, an idle season given to carousing. It now appears strange to look back on smart evening parties given in the attics of one-story houses, or second stories over shops little better; but it is not a great advance now, when the ambitious wife fills every room of her small residence with over a hundred guests, who have to perch on the stairs and landings like crows or blue jays on a ladder. Public balls or "assemblies" were select, and the families of those who sold at retail, or were concerned in mechanical operations, were blackballed if presented. With men, drinking was too much the great pastime. Those young men who could stand the most liquor were often the most thought of by their employers. At some dinner parties all were expected to get drunk, and lest any should be delinquents, the door would be locked to keep them from escaping. Quiet dinner parties from family to family were continuous, where the guests were only convivial, or mildly elevated, and moderation in all things was as now the rule. At an early lunch given on the launch of a vessel, when the elder Kean was here, and with our leading men present, all got furiously drunk before noon, and two of our most sedate respected citizens pulled off their coats for a fight.

A natural result of so much conviviality, as it was then called, but much of which would be now called debauchery, was the rapid dispersion of the profits of business or chance accumulations. Very few of the active men moving here up to thirty years ago, left any property to be continued in their families, or mark their

name, and their progeny has scattered and disappeared from our view. French and English have suffered alike from the same scourge, and disappeared like tribes of the aborigines. I presume a hundred French families could be named who stood conspicuous in the district of Montreal fifty years ago, of whom little trace can be now found in persons of standing or property. The temperance movement is now only of about forty years' growth, and, probably, no reform ever in the same period produced such great social improvement. It is not that all men have become teetotalers, or that the liquor trade has ceased to flourish, or that to a certain extent it is not necessary; but the trade is small comparatively to what it was, in its proportion to the increased magnitude of trade in other things, and there has been going on a gradual disuse of intoxicating drink and increase of sobriety. There is encouragement for the philanthropist in the prospect that the vestiges of barbarism which we see in the use of stimulants to rouse animal excitement, at social reunions and public gatherings, will fall into further discontinuance; and that the family will discover that the deadliest of poisons to health and well-being—to hearth and home—is in what weak, fond parents offer to their children disguised in a pleasant beverage. I have faith in the manhood of the future that will abhor the delirious excitement and despise the convulsive vigor proceeding from alcoholic stimulants, and, remembering the dying injunction of David to Solomon,—*"Be strong, and show thyself a Man,"*—glory in the strength and vivacity that nerve him who forces his physical energies only with the moral power that nature has implanted within us.

Village primitiveness had not disappeared in Montreal fifty years ago. Old men sat out on the door steps to gossip with passing friends, and often the family would be found there of an evening. In the suburbs, neighbors would collect for a dance in the largest house, and any respectable passer-by was welcomed if he chose to step in. In the afternoon le *Sieur Berichon* might be seen seated on his doorstep in *St. Francois Xavier* street, a repre-

sentative of the *bourgeoisie* in the neatest of black coats, breeches, and cotton stockings, while as representative of the *gentilhomme* le Docteur Bender was promenading in front of his one story house in Notre Dame street, opposite the Recollet Church, glorious in powdered hair, snuff-colored coat, ruffles, silk stockings, and gold-headed cane.

Of all orders of the Roman Catholic priesthood, the St. Sulpicians may be classed as the most scholarlike, gentlemanly, rigid and blameless in their lives. A branch from the parent seminary in Paris became feudal proprietors of this Island with its earliest settlement, and has continued to administer the religious affairs of the parish of Montreal which has included the whole city, with an amiable and wise discrimination, always productive of social order, for which the city usually was, and still is, distinguished. Election troubles and political exasperations, commencing in 1827 and ending about twenty years after, were the exceptions. Formerly for parliamentary elections there was only one polling place, which poll continued open so long as either party could bring up one vote every hour. The Tracey and Bagg election in 1832 lasted about a month, with continued mob-fighting, in which alternately one party drove the other, and ended in troops firing on the people in Great St. James street, by which three distant and unoffending men were killed.

Business relations were more intimate between French and English fifty years ago than now, and I think there was more kindly feeling. There were then comparatively few Irish or other European mechanics or laborers in the city, and no Canadians (French) in the importing or wholesale trade (the late Mr. Masson was partner in a Scotch house); but social relations were much as they now are, the races keeping separate in their charities, their amusements, and their gatherings. The English were more predominant—they were more generally the employers—the French the employed. In public offices throughout the Province a great majority of the places were filled by English names, and the

salaries of the few held by the French were, generally speaking, comparatively trifling. In 1820 there were 135 persons in the Province of Lower Canada with English names, having salaries amounting to £25,374, and 82 with French names, drawing salaries of only £9,961, while the population of the Province was more than three-fourths French. The rise of this French element in wealth, business importance and influence in trade in the city, since the establishment of the Banque du Peuple in 1834, and the change produced by the events of 1837, are wonderful to those who can remember their depression up to that time. But the races amalgamate or intermarry as little as ever; and after a century of British rule, and a large infusion of the British races into Lower Canada—now the Province of Quebec—they exist, though intermixed, as separate people, and French nationality was never since the conquest so defined or positive as now, nor had the Roman Catholic Church ever a greater hold upon the people. Mixing much with these French Canadians, I became interested in their cause. I thought the stipulations of the capitulation had not been fulfilled to a ceded people, and when grown to manhood a sense of justice, that generous inheritance from a British ancestry, urged me to a knight-errantry in their battle, that terminated in the overthrow of my own fortunes and thirty after-years of hard struggle to regain a lost position, all for no thanks, or even recognition of service.

The Bank of Montreal was established in 1817, and the Bank of Canada, which had a short life, about the same time, and there was no other Bank till 1833. Bank bills or paper money were not liked by the country people till the establishment of the Banque du Peuple in 1834, when the blue-back bills of that Bank, decorated with the figure of a young *habitant*, were freely circulated. Our gold currency in the old time was mostly in worn guineas, each weighed separately, put up in a paper, and the exact weight and value marked upon it; so that in making payments a list and addition of the pieces with their fractions had to be made. Our silver (never considered a "nuisance,") was principally in French half-

crowns, valued at two shillings and nine pence, and Spanish pistareens valued at one shilling. Being much worn—often quite smooth—they were valued too high, and all in existence appeared to be sent here. A smart retailer—such was their abundance—had to empty his till frequently during the day. In the end, an Act of our Parliament reducing the first to two shillings and six pence, and the last to ten pence, which was a fraction below their value, drove them all away. Such is the course of trade. Money or commodities seek their level like water, as if by their own volition.

I have seen Montreal rise in population from a cooped up town of far less than 20,000, in 1818, to a widespread city of, I presume, 130,000, in 1870; old rookeries changed to grand edifices, and wide fields where we boys shot woodcock, snipe, or plover, covered with manufactories or work-shops, and the dwellings of a wealthy population; but all this change is, from an American point of view, small to what it should have been, for a place situate on the outlet of inland seas, which is here joined by a great river from the west and north, at a point, though five hundred miles from the sea, to which any vessel navigating the ocean, may come and stop. None can with profit go farther up, and here they are met by lighter craft from the interior, that can with profit go no farther down; for a "20-foot channel" from here to Chicago, through the rock to Kingston, and through flats and ledges onwards, is not at present either an engineering or a joint-stock project. This outlet for the trade of a world in the West, and natural highway for the whole, has with little exception been only used by a small territory on the north side. What might Montreal have been had it been freely used by the whole? What may hereafter be the effect of unrestricted intercourse with the United States whatever may be its conditions? The base of the foreign dry goods and grocery trade might be changed to New York; but might there not be a trade in other things, floating up and down our waters, for which Montreal would be the centre and depot, that would

in magnitude dwarf all that we have hitherto regarded as commercially great or important? If water triumphs in the contest with rail, for the carrying trade of breadstuffs, provisions, and other bulky commodities, Montreal must from the immensity of the supply, become one of the greatest of emporiums. If by new combinations of machinery and metals, the rail proves victorious, straight lines will run from the Mississippi to the Atlantic, to carry all. We must not expect to see round about Northern deflections; and Montreal of the future, if not one of the world's great marts of trade, may still be a great centre of manufacturing interests, while her position, rising gracefully from the broad water to a wooded height, will mark her always among the most beautiful of cities.

By the kindness of the Rev. Mr. Verreau, Principal of the Jacques Cartier Normal School, I have been permitted to copy from a manuscript book of the late Chevalier Jacques Viger, tabular returns of the population of Montreal in 1825, which I here subjoin, as most valuable and interesting to the citizen of to-day. Mr. Viger and the Hon. Louis Guy were the commissioners for taking this census, and from the zeal of Mr. Viger in work of this nature, its accuracy can be more relied on than that of any census taken since. I have for comparison added some less reliable corresponding returns from the census of 1860-61, when our population was given at 90,323.

POPULATION, 1825.

Present	25990
Absent	164
Total	26154

HEADS OF FAMILIES.

French-Canadians	2796	Total
English and Foreigners	2226	
Difference	530	506a

By a return published in the *Quebec Mercury* in 1819, the population of Quebec was then 15,257, or near that of Montreal; and the trade of the two cities was probably about equal. The population in Quebec in 1860 was 51,109, and it has not, probably, increased much since. Immigration may be said to have fairly commenced in 1819. 12,434 arrived, principally Irish, and many quite destitute. The population of the two cities in 1765 was 14,700, showing a very slow increase in the first half century of British rule.

CITY OF MONTREAL.—Comparison of the Total Population in the years 1825 and 1860.

Wards.	Males in 1860.	Females in 1860.	Total in 1860.	Total in 1825.
Centre Ward.....	719	705	1424	5936
East Ward.....	1307	1128	2495	
West Ward.....	1416	1415	2831	
St. Ann's Ward.....	8151	8049	16200	3937
St. Antoine Ward.....	7173	8017	15190	1397
St. James Ward.....	6485	6610	13104	874
St. Lawrence Ward.....	6131	6767	12898	6585
St. Louis Ward.....	6013	6654	12667	
St. Mary's Ward.....	5019	5177	10196	
Religious Institutions.....	1329	1989	3318
	43803	46520	90323	22384

It will be seen above that the inhabitants of what was called the city, (*la ville*) in 1825, including the upper half of the harbor, then called "Pointe à Calliere," were only 814 less than in 1860. As the old division of suburbs was not followed in the division of wards, the exact increase of each cannot be given; but the above is sufficient for comparison. In 1825 the "Religious Institutions" were included in the other figures.

UNMARRIED—1825.

	Women.	Men.	Total.
From 14 to 45 years, exclusive.....	3584		4343
" 45 years and over.....	739		
From 18 to 25 years exclusive.....		1643	3379
" 25 to 40 " ".....		1177	
" 40 to 60 " ".....		376	
" 60 and over.....		183	
Difference.....			944

RELIGION—1825 and 1860.

Denomination.	Males in 1825.	Females in 1825.	Total in 1825.	Total in 1860.
Episcopalians.....	2236	1920	4156	9739
Presbyterians.....	1916	1513	3429	7824
Methodists.....	169	163	332	3774
Baptists.....	17	10	27	604
Quakers.....	1	1	2
Jews.....	28	28	56	403
Other Creeds.....	13	6	19	2083
Catholics.....	4380	3641	8021	24427
	8910	9223	18133	65390
	13290	12864	26154	90323

The numbers for 1825 are for the Parish, those of 1860 for the City only.

LONGEVITY—1825.

Age.	Sex.	Foreign Birth, in 1825.	Canadian Birth, in 1825.	Total in 1825.	Total in 1860.
60 to 65 yrs. incl.	M	231	123	295	418
	F	187			
65 to 70 "	M	145	59	209	268
	F	123			
70 to 75 "	M	68	37	148	185
	F	87			
75 to 80 "	M	52	23	86	109
	F	57			
80 years.....	M	14	9	17	26
	F	12			
81 ".....	M	5	..	6	6
	F	5			
82 ".....	M	3	1	6	7
	F	4			
83 ".....	M	4	2	4	6
	F	4			
84 ".....	M	3	2	5	7
	F	4			
85 ".....	M	5	2	6	8
	F	3			
86 ".....	M	2	..	3	3
	F	1			
87 ".....	M	4	2	4	6
	F	2			
88 ".....	M	4	2	5	7
	F	3			
89 ".....	M	3	..	4	4
	F	3			
90 ".....	M	1	1	3	4
	F	3			
91 ".....	M	1	..	1	1
	F	1			
92 ".....	M	1	..	1	1
	F	1			
93 ".....	M	1	..	1	1
	F	1			
94 ".....	M	1	..	1	1
	F	1			
95 ".....	M	1	..	1	1
	F	1			
96 ".....	M	1	..	1	1
	F	1			
97 ".....	M	1	..	1	1
	F	1			
98 ".....	M	1	..	1	1
	F	1			
99 ".....	M	1	..	1	1
	F	1			
Over 100.....	M	1	..	1	1
	F	1			
Males.....	571	1069	264	805	1069
Females.....	498	1069	264	805	1069

As to population, this is two aged persons to about 49; and as to uninhabited houses, about 9 aged persons to every 29 houses.

MILITIA—1825.

Age and Service.	S'gle.	Mar'd	Total
From 18 to 40 years, exclusively subject to incorporation.....	2820	2627	5447
From 18 to 60 years, exclusively subject to annual exercise.....	3196	4013	7209
Subject to march in case of invasion.....	3379	4401	7780

Total amount of manufactured, or non-enumerated goods, imported in 1819,

which then paid only two and a half per cent. duty, was \$3,370,348.

Gross revenue of Upper and Lower Canada in 1819, \$391,528, of which \$81,480 was the portion of Upper Canada.

The total revenue of the same two Provinces, for the year before Confederation, when the rate of duties may be said to have increased eight fold, and Inland revenue was added with other incidentals, was \$12,672,481.

THE CAPTAIN'S WIFE.

The wind was blowing up from the west
On the eve of a stormy day,
And she saw the ship that she loved the best
Veering across the bay.

The sails were ragged, and old, and worn,
And they flapped to and fro in the blast,
Like the wings of a spent and wounded bird
When the foot of the hunter hath past.

And it's oh ship! brave ship! safe may your voyage be;
And it's oh for the dawn of to-morrow's morn! and it's oh for the rippling sea!

The wind had sobbed itself to rest,
Like a weary, wayward child;
And she lay with her babe asleep on her breast,
And dreamed of the ship, and smiled.
She smiled as she thought in her happy sleep
That the long, long parting was o'er;
But she did not hear how the storm awoke,
And the breakers dashed on the shore.

And it's oh ship! brave ship! she could not sleep, if she
Had dreamt of the crash, and had seen the flash which lighted the boiling sea.

She did not wake, though the wind was high,
But turned in her dream with a start,
And her sleeping lips framed the well known cry,
Which dropped from the full, full heart,
As water falls from a shaken cup
Suddenly over the brim:

"Lord, keep my captain safe to-night,
And all at sea with him!"

And it's oh ship! brave ship! but where will your captain be?
And it's oh it was well there was none to tell, it was well there was none to see!

They are striving now to reach the shore,
The captain and all his men;
And still that fond prayer is murmured o'er
Again, and again, and again.
The waves are high, the rocks are hid,
And none can see the land;
But the captain stands himself at the helm,
And steers with a steady hand.

And it's oh ship! brave ship! and how can it ever be
That you clear the rocks and weather the shocks of that tearing, roaring sea.

The night is dark, the storm is high,
But the ship lies safe in the creak,
And the captain stands with a light in his eye,
And a flush on his sunbrowned cheek.
And the captain's wife sleeps sound and still
Through the wild and angry blast,
For the morn shall rise on a peaceful bay,
And her captain home at last.

And it's oh ship! brave ship! brave and strong you may be,
But was it your strength that saved you at length from the might of the cruel sea?

MEMOIRS OF MAJOR ROBERT STOBO ;

BY A CONTEMPORARY.

REVIEWED BY THE AUTHOR OF "MAPLE LEAVES."

On the 3rd of July, A.D. 1754, one hundred and sixteen years ago, that is, in the height of the struggle between the English and French in the New World, two hostages and prisoners of war might have been seen sorrowfully marching towards the gates of Fort Du Quesne, where now stands the thriving American city of Pittsburg. Not all the genius of Colonel George Washington, leading on his "self-willed and ungovernable" Virginians, had sufficed to save the English forces beleaguered in Fort Necessity. Terms of surrender were proposed by the French, and readily accepted by the disheartened British. On that memorable 3rd of July, 1754, the English garrison withdrew from the basin of the Ohio, and then, in the eloquent language of Bancroft, "In the whole valley of the Mississippi to its head springs in the Alleghanies, no standard floated but that of France." These were glorious times, indeed, for the Bourbon lilies; but they were not to last forever.

Captain Jacob Van Braam, a Dutchman, was one of the hostages; Captain Robert Stobo, a Scotchman, a favorite of Governor Dinwiddie, of Virginia, and first captain of a Virginian regiment just raised, was the other. To reviewing succinctly the chequered career of the latter, as disclosed to us in the Memoirs before us, we shall for the present confine our task.

Robert Stobo was born at Glasgow, A.D. 1727. His father, William Stobo, was a citizen of note and a successful Glasgow merchant. Of a delicate constitution, young Stobo, at an early age, we are told by his biographer, betrayed a turn for arms, "employing his play-hours at school in drum-beating, mustering and exercising his comrades with great alertness,"—a not unappropriate prelude to the warlike and hair-breadth adventures which awaited the

dauntless captain on the green banks of the Ohio, and those of the St. Lawrence at Quebec.

The mode of campaigning of this Virginian officer was not without its attractions. He started with a retinue of "ten servants," whom he had transformed into soldiers, "kept an open table in the wilderness, which was plentifully supplied with the game which the woods afforded," such, no doubt, as wild turkeys, prairie hens and grouse, with occasionally the tail of a beaver, or tit bits of red deer venison. He was provided at "his first setting out with a whole butt of Madeira wine."

With such a larder, such a cellar, who would not occasionally like to go campaigning as the captain of a Virginian regiment

"In the season of the year?"

The force to which the famed George Washington had to capitulate at the Great Meadows, not far from the Appalachian Mountains, on the 3rd July, 1754, was a large party of French-Canadians and barbarians. As there are no French mentioned, according to the Memoirs, we are free to understand that the French constituted the "barbarians." The party, however, was commanded by Coulon De Villiers, a captain in the French King's troops. It was for the performance of the articles of this capitulation that Van Braam and Stobo were delivered to the French Commander as hostages. This reverse induced Captain Stobo to present the lieutenant of his company with his sword, as he had then no further use for it, and begged he would not spare it when opportunity offered to draw it in behalf of his country; and which, notwithstanding that gentleman fell with the unfortunate General Braddock, was restored to its pristine owner long after he had escaped from

Quebec, when detained there as a prisoner, the biographer adds, "and the Major (Stobo) now wears it with singular esteem." Whether it be of Damascus steel, or an Andrea Ferrara,* the history of this famous blade, traced from the surrender of Fort Necessity, through the sickening horrors of the Fort William Henry massacre in 1757, back to England, then at Louisbourg, and, finally, during Wolfe's campaign at Quebec, when it was, according to Knox, restored to its lawful owner,—its history, we say, might adorn a tale.

We have to view our hero, now a hostage of war, in a totally different light. The gay, generous, convivial Captain, surrounded with veterans and friends, dining on cold turkey, venison, and Madeira, with possibly partridges and claret cup for supper, is eclipsed *in toto*, and the biographer exhibits a gaunt form "in a dungeon, lying on a bag of straw, with a morsel of bread and a pan of cold water by his side,—the cold earthen floor for his table. No cheerful friend to pledge him in a glass or other guest came there, except a mouse ran past his meagre fare." This "running mouse" we take, however, to have been introduced by Stobo's quaint biographer and friend as a meretricious ornament. A "hungry rat" we would not object to, in order to complete the *tableau* of dungeon horrors—in an emergency, it might be made, failing other viands, to nibble at the prisoner's nether extremities. Be this as it may, we shall not quarrel with Stobo or his biographer, about *that* "running mouse," provided it is not allowed to run any more.

It is curious next to watch the process of reasoning by which the biographer attempts to justify the manner in which his hero—an hostage and a prisoner *paroled* "to go and come as he pleased all about the country"—after spying out the nakedness of the land, sets to communicate intelligence to the enemy, "deeming himself entirely absolved from all obligations of honor." We thus find him preparing "a plan

of Fort Du Quesne with all its approaches," which he succeeded in having secretly conveyed to George Washington. The train of reasoning lent by the considerate biographer to his prisoner, would have gladdened the heart of an Escobar or a Torquemada. This plan and the letters, having fallen with General Braddock's papers into the hands of the French, will hereafter rise in judgment against the *paroled prisoner*. "Soon," the writer observes, "the French removed their hostages from one fort to another, through the whole chain of them, from Fort Du Quesne down to Quebec, which is distant about three hundred leagues with the advantage to himself, that he had liberty to go and come as he pleased, all about the country; but at first he was at a great loss from his not knowing the French tongue, to acquire which was his first study in which pursuit he was generally assisted by the ladies, "who took great pleasure in hearing him again a child, and learning to pronounce his syllables. "His manner was still open, free and easy, which gained him ready access into all their company." It appears, even that a *reunion* or company was considered incomplete, without the handsome Captain, "in whose appearance there was something very engaging; he had a dark brown complexion, a penetrating eye, an aquiline nose, round face, a good cheerful countenance, a very genteel person, rather slender than robust, and graceful in his whole deportment." Amongst the delicate attentions of his amiable jailers, one notes the honor bestowed on him, which installed him an Indian chief. The ceremony of installation was more painful than picturesque. It was performed with some sharp fish-bones, dipped in a liquid which leaves a blackness under the skin which never wears off, "applied on the leg above the garter, in form something like a diadem." We are unfortunately left in the dark as to whether this handsome Scot, in order to display with advantage his insignia as a Knight of the Garter, took to wearing kilts or not. In order to carry out more effectually his plans, he took to studying French most earnestly. But an untoward event threatened to cut short his adventurous career. The French Government having obtained possession of the letters

* Colonel John Sewell, late of the 49th, and who served under his old Colonel, the gallant Brock, at Queenstown, in 1812, has told us that he had seen a number of English swords of the era of the conquest which were all Andrea Ferraras.

and plans Stobo had secretly conveyed to the enemy, issued a memorial, describing Stobo as a spy in Fort Du Quesne, who had communicated valuable information to the British authorities. Upon this discovery Stobo was committed a close prisoner at Quebec, and hardly used, we are told. His dungeon is most dismal and dark, but by degrees his eyesight became so sharp he could discern a "running mouse" on the floor. It is to be hoped this is the last of these running mice. These credentials against him were soon remitted to Paris by the very first opportunity, and the next year a commission was sent out to Vaudreuil, the Governor of Canada, to try the prisoner for his life. Some time in 1756 he effected his escape from prison; but a reward of 6,000 livres having been offered for his re-capture, dead or alive, thousands scoured the woods for him and he was soon replaced in his confinement—a most dismal dungeon, from which on the 28th November, he was dragged before the Marquis of Vaudreuil, who, as president of the court-martial, sentenced him to death for violating the law of nations by breach of faith and treasonable practices against the government which held him as a hostage; but the Governor referred to France to have the sentence confirmed, and the hapless prisoner with his arms well tightened down with cords by way of consoling himself, used to say, that he hoped the day would come when he could twist off the noses of those who caused him such disgrace. But, as he used to say, *Fortuna favet fortibus*; so he had soon contrived a plan of escape, which instead of landing him in Virginia took him only to the Falls of Montmorency, where he was arrested again on the 3rd May, 1757 and reconveyed to his prison. His new misfortune is bewailed by his biographer in affecting language, But this evil fortune cannot last for ever. There were then in Quebec, and there are still, ladies with marriageable daughters. But let us allow Stobo's language to speak:

"There dwelt, by lucky fate, in this strong capital, a lady fair, of chaste renown, of manners sweet, and gentle soul."

This lady fair thus addressed the proud Canadian Viceroy:—"Mighty Cousin, our good Canadian Court most sure were

right when they condemned this haughty prisoner to lose his forfeit life to our grand Monarch, (Louis XIV) whose great benevolence gives peace to mankind, his mighty arms give empire to the world."

Now, dear reader, shall we confess it? we have grave doubts that the court charmers, in Bigot's frolicsome days at Quebec, pleaded the cause of gallant cavaliers in such "hifalutin" accents.

Be this as it may, Stobo, then very weak and ill by close confinement, was allowed to take up his quarters on the ramparts with the kind hostess and her yet kinder daughters. Amongst the English prisoners at Quebec, there was a Lieutenant Stevenson, of Roger's Rangers, and one Clark, a Scotchman, from Leith, a ship-carpenter by trade, with his wife and two small children, who, to improve his prospects, had become a Roman Catholic. Finally, a plan of escape was agreed on, and carried out on 1st May 1759. Major Stobo met the fugitives under a wind-mill, probably the old wind-mill on the grounds of the General Hospital Convent. Having stolen a birch canoe the party paddled it all night, and, after incredible fatigue and danger, they passed Isle aux Coudres, Kamouraska, and landed below this spot, shooting two Indians in self-defence, whom Clark buried after having scalped them, saying to the Major: "Good sir, by your permission, these same two scalps, when I come to New York, will sell for twenty-four good pounds; with this I'll be right merry, and my wite right beau." They then murdered the Indian's faithful dog, because he howled, and buried him with his masters. It was shortly after this that they met the laird of the Kamouraska Isles, Le Chevalier De la Durantaye, who said that the best Canadian blood ran in his veins, and he was of kin with the mighty Duc De Marlpoix. Had the mighty Duke, however, at that moment seen his Canadian cousin steering a four-oared boat, loaded with wheat, he might have felt but a very qualified admiration for his seaman-like abilities. Stobo took possession of the Chevalier's pinnace, and made the haughty laird, *volens volens*, row him with the rest of the crew, telling him to row away, and that, had the great Louis himself been in the boat at that

moment, it would be his fate to row a British subject thus. "At these last mighty words," says the Memoirs, "stern resolution sat upon his countenance, which the Canadian beheld and with reluctance temporized." After a series of adventures, and dangers of every kind, the fugitives succeeded in capturing a French boat. Next they surprised a French sloop, and, after a most hazardous voyage, they finally, in their prize, landed at Louisbourg to the general amazement. Stobo missed the English fleet; but took passage two days after in a vessel leaving for Quebec, where he safely arrived to tender his services to the immortal Wolfe, who gladly availed himself of them. According to the Memoirs, Stobo, used daily to set out to reconnoitre with Wolfe, and, in this patriotic duty, whilst standing with Wolfe on the deck of a frigate, opposite the Falls of Montmorency, some French bullets were nigh carrying away his decorated and gartered legs.

We next find the Major on the 21st July, 1759,* piloting the expedition sent to Deschambault to seize, as prisoners, the Quebec ladies who had taken refuge there during the bombardment—Mesdames Duchesnay and Decharnay; Mlle. Couillard; the Joly, Mailhot and Magnan families. Next day in the afternoon, *les belles captives*, who had been treated with every species of respect, were put ashore and released at Diamond Harbor. The English admiral, full of gallantry, ordered the bombardment of the city to be suspended, in order to afford the Quebec ladies time to seek places of safety.

Stobo next points out the spot, at Sillery, where Wolfe landed, and soon after was sent with despatches, *via* the St. Lawrence, to General Amherst; but, during the trip, the vessel was overhauled and taken by a French privateer, the despatches having been previously consigned to the deep. Stobo might have swung at the yard-arm in this new predicament had his French valet divulged his identity with the spy of Fort Du Quesne; but fortune again stepped in to preserve the adventurous Scot. There were

already too many prisoners on board of the French privateer. A day's provisions is allowed the English vessel, which soon landed Stobo at Halifax, from whence he joined General Amherst, many a league across the country. He served under Amherst on his Lake Champlain expedition, and there he finished the campaign; which ended, he begs to go to Williamsburgh, the then capital of Virginia.

It seems singular that no command of any importance appears to have been given to the brave Captain; but, possibly, the part played by the Major when under *parole* at Fort Du Quesne, was weighed by the Imperial authorities. There certainly seems to be a little of the Benedict Arnold in this transaction. However, Stobo was publicly thanked by a Committee of the Assembly of Virginia, and was allowed his arrears of pay for the time of his captivity. On the 30th April, 1756, he had also been presented by the Assembly of Virginia with £300, in consideration of his services to the country and his sufferings in his confinement as a hostage in Quebec. On the 19th November, 1759, he was presented with £1,000 as "a reward for his zeal to his country and the recompense for the great hardships he has suffered during his confinement in the enemy's country." On the 18th February, 1760, Major Stobo embarked from New York for England on board the packet with Colonel West and several other gentlemen. One would imagine that he had exhausted the vicissitudes of fortune. Not so. A French privateer boards them in the midst of the English channel. The Major again consigns to the deep his letters, all except one, which he forgot, in the pocket of his coat, under the arm pit. This escaped the general catastrophe, and will again restore him to notoriety; it is from General Monkton to Mr. Pitt. The passengers of the packet were assessed £2,500 to be allowed their liberty, and Stobo had to pay £125 towards the relief fund. The despatch forgotten in his coat, on delivery to the great Pitt, brought back a letter from Pitt to Amherst. With this testimonial Stobo sailed to New York, 24th April, 1760, to rejoin the army engaged in the invasion of Canada, and here end the Memoirs.

* *Journal du Siege de Quebec, 1759; J. G. Panet: p. 15.*

Though Stobo's conduct at Fort Du Quesne and at Quebec can never be defended nor palliated, all will agree that he exhibited during his eventful career, most indomitable fortitude, a boundless ingenuity, and great devotion to his country—crowned with final success.

"It has been suggested," says the Memoirs "that Major Stobo was Smollet's original for Captain Lismahago, in the adventures of Humphrey Clinker. It is known by a letter from David Hume to Smollet, that Stobo was a friend of the latter author, and

his remarkable adventures may have suggested that character. But, if so, the copy is a great exaggeration."

The Memoirs of Major Robert Stobo, printed at Pittsburgh in 1854, were taken from the copy in the British Museum, chiefly through the instrumentality of Mr. James McHenry, an enterprising Liverpool merchant. Mr. James McHenry is a son of Dr. McHenry, the Novelist and Poet, formerly of Pittsburgh.

Robert Stobo is a name which must find its place in Canadian History.

HENRI ROCHEFORT.

The accompanying likeness of Rochefort will interest both his admirers and those who disapprove of his conduct. His courage is equally remarkable, whether he be regarded as honestly, though unwisely, seeking the good of his countrymen, or as only courting notoriety by wickedly playing with such a wild and uncontrollable force as popular rage has ever been, especially in Paris. To his wit and cynicism, as well as to his courage, he owes his present unenviable prominence, and the place which he will hereafter hold in history as the enemy of Napoleon the Third. Rochefort's politics are of the most ultra-radical stamp, and, as he was brought up to journalism, he has had great opportunities for acquiring notoriety. The bitterness and unscrupulousness of his writings concerning the Napoleon family, constitute at once his strength and his weakness. France likes bold and pungent writers, and hence his success; but the coarse, and, we might almost say, diabolical character of his attacks upon the Emperor and his family, which spared neither the dead nor

the living—neither Napoleon's mother nor his wife—must be disgusting to all good men. In the days of personal government Rochefort's *Lanterne* was suppressed in France, and he had to flee to Belgium, where he continued to publish it till the recent change by which constitutional government was inaugurated. Having been elected by one of the districts of Paris to represent it in the Corps Legislatif, he then returned, and has since displayed all his former boldness and bitterness in a new paper called *La Marseillaise*, and in the Chamber of which he is a member. His writings, or those of his associates, elicited the challenge from Pierre Bonaparte which resulted in the shooting of Victor Noir; and the fierceness of his attacks on the Emperor after this sad event led to his prosecution and imprisonment, though it seemed doubtful at one time if he could be arrested without exciting a revolution. In point of fact, barricades were raised in several quarters of Paris, and, but for the overwhelming force at the disposal of the government, a civil war would doubtless have broken out.



HENRI ROCHEFORT.

JAMES MCGILL AND THE ORIGIN OF HIS UNIVERSITY.

BY J. W. DAWSON, LL.D., F.R.S., F.G.S.

In young and progressive communities, the demands which material things make on the capital and labor of the people are too great to permit much to be done for the cause of literary and scientific culture. Hence, in the neighboring States of the Union, though a few great foundations, like those of Harvard and Yale, date from an early period, the tide of financial prosperity has only recently set in the direction of the Colleges, and no previous period of similar length can, like the last five years, boast of fifteen millions of dollars given to educational institutions. In Canada the stream of this liberality has scarcely begun to flow, and the name which stands at the head of this article is still almost alone in its eminence in this respect. It is, on this account, all the more to be honored, more especially since McGill's bequest can be shown to constitute the real centre and rallying point of English education in the Province of Quebec during the last half century.

James McGill was born on the 6th October, 1744, in Glasgow, Scotland. He received his early training and education in that country, but of these little is known. He arrived in Canada before the American revolution, and appears, in the first place, to have engaged in the North-west fur trade, then one of the leading branches of business in Canada. Subsequently he settled in Montreal, and, in partnership with his brother, Andrew McGill, became one of the leading merchants in the little town of about nine thousand inhabitants which then represented our commercial metropolis. His settlement in Montreal, and his marriage with a lady of French parentage, the widow of a Canadian gentleman, occurred a little before the beginning of this century; and from that time till his death in December, 1813, he continued to be a prominent citi-

zen of Montreal, diligent and prosperous in his business, frank and social in his habits, and distinguished for public spirit and exertion for the advancement of the city. His name appears in several commissions relating to city matters—for instance, that for removing the old walls of Montreal. He was Lieutenant-Colonel and subsequently Colonel of the Montreal City Militia; and in his old age, on the breaking out of the American war of 1812, he became Brigadier-General, and was prepared in that capacity to take the field in defence of his country. He represented for many years the West Ward of Montreal in the Provincial Legislature, and was afterwards a member of the Legislative and Executive Councils.

Mr. McGill is described by his contemporaries as a man of tall and commanding figure—in his youth a very handsome man, but becoming corpulent in his old age. He was a prominent member of the association of fur magnates known as the "Beaver Club." A reminiscence of a gentleman, then resident in Montreal,* represents him, when a very old man, at one of the meetings singing a *voyageur's* song with accurate ear and sonorous voice, and imitating, paddle in hand, the action of the bow-man of a "North canoe" in ascending a rapid. But though taking his full share in the somewhat jovial social life of that early time, Mr. McGill was always esteemed a temperate man. The remembrance of another contemporary represents him as much given to reading and full of varied information; and it is certain that he cultivated and enjoyed the society of the few men of learning from the mother country then in the colony. There are, indeed, good reasons to believe that his conferences with these gentlemen had an

* Mr. Henderson, of Hemison, to whom I am indebted for several other facts.

important influence in suggesting the subsequent disposal of a large part of his fortune in aid of education. In this connection it may be stated that Mr. McGill's resolution to dispose of his property in this way was not a hasty death-bed resolve, but a mature and deliberate decision. He had taken a lively interest in the measures then before the Government for the establishment of an educational system in the Province of Quebec, and had mentioned, many years before his death, his intention to give, during his lifetime, a sum of twenty thousand dollars in aid of a college, if these measures should be carried out by the Government. But many delays occurred. From 1802, when the act to establish the "Board of Royal Institution for the Advancement of Learning" was passed, until the time of Mr. McGill's death, the persistent opposition on the part of the leaders of one section of the people to any system of governmental education, and the apathy of some of the members of the Council, had prevented the appointment of the Board, or the completion of the liberal grants of land and money for educational purposes which had been promised. Mr. McGill was apparently weary of these delays, and feared that he might be cut off by death before he could realize his intentions. He had also the sagacity to foresee that a private endowment might force the reluctant or tardy hands of the members of Government to action. Accordingly, in his will, prepared in 1811, more than two years before his death, he bequeathed his property of Burnside, and a sum of ten thousand pounds in money, to found a college in the contemplated Provincial University, under the management of the Board of Royal Institution; but on condition that such college and university should be established within ten years of his decease. Three leading citizens of Montreal, the Honorable James Richardson, James Reid, Esq., and James Dunlop, Esq., and the Rev. John Strachan, afterwards Bishop of Toronto, were appointed trustees under the will.

The wise liberality of a good man is often far more fruitful than he could have anticipated. Mr. McGill merely expressed a wish to found a college in connection with a university already provided by the gen-

erosity of the British Government; but governments in those days were as weak-kneed in the cause of true progress as they still are. The grants to found a university and public schools were not given; and, in deference to the claims of the Romish priesthood to control the education of the country, the English settlers in the Province of Quebec were deprived of the provisions for education made by the liberality of the Crown in other colonies. In the providence of God, Mr. McGill's bequest came in to avert some, at least, of the evils arising from this failure. In consequence of his will, a pressure was brought to bear on the Government, which resulted in the appointment of the Board of Royal Institution in 1818; and though, from the refusal of the French to take part in it, it was almost entirely English in its composition, it proceeded to the establishment of non-denominational schools. These schools were never very numerous—about eighty being the maximum number; but they formed the beginning of the present school system. The Royal Institution, being a Government Board, had, on that account, too little of the popular sympathy, especially among the settlers in the Eastern Townships; and the Local Legislature practically refused to acknowledge it, and set up in opposition to it the denominational system of "Fabrique schools" in the French parishes; and, finally, its functions were restricted to the McGill College alone, by the new educational act which followed the rebellion of 1837.

In so far as the McGill College was concerned, the Royal Institution at once took action by applying for a royal charter, which was granted in 1820, and prepared to take possession of the estate. This, however, owing to litigation as to the will, was not surrendered to them till 1829. They also demanded the grants of land which had been promised, and received fresh assurances; and, as an earnest of their fulfilment, the Government of the day was authorized to erect a building for McGill College, and to defray the expenses out of the "Jesuit's estates." But the hopes thus held out proved illusory, and the college buildings had to be begun with the money left by Mr. McGill, and were at length completed only

by the liberality of another citizen of Montreal—Mr. W. Molson.

In the year of Mr. McGill's death, the population of Montreal was scarcely 15,000; and of these a very small minority were English. One-third of the houses were wooden huts, and the extent of the foreign trade may be measured by the nine ships from the sea, of an aggregate of 1589 tons, reported as entered in the year 1813. The whole English population of Lower Canada was very trifling. There was no school the system, and there were no schools, with exception of the seminaries of the Church of Rome, and a few private adventure schools. It seems strange that, in such a condition of affairs, the idea of a university for Montreal should have occurred to a man apparently engaged in business and in public affairs. Two circumstances may be mentioned in explanation of this. The first is the long agitation on the part of some of the more enlightened of the English Colonists in behalf of the establishment of a university and a system of schools. As early as 1787 the Legislative Council had taken action on the matter, and had prepared a scheme, which was, according to the testimony of the Abbé Ferland, in his life of Bishop Du Plessis, "strangled in its cradle" by the Bishop and seminary of Quebec, in a remonstrance written by Du Plessis. In 1801, the infant project was revived, and the act for the establishment of the Royal Institution was passed; but the new scheme was for the time foiled by the refusal of the Roman Catholic clergy to act on the Board; so that, as another learned priest, M. Langevin, informs us in his "Cours de Pédagogie," it was without result, "thanks to the energetic vigilance of the Roman Catholic clergy." Mr. McGill was familiar with these movements, and no doubt was equally disgusted with the "energetic vigilance" above referred to, and the cowardly submission of the government in giving way to such opposition. He knew all that colleges and a school system had done for his native country, and that the absence of such a system from this Province would involve semi-barbarism, leading to poverty, discontent, superstition, irreligion, and a possible war of races. In so far as these terrible evils have been averted from Lower

Canada, he has certainly contributed to the result more than any other man of his time.

A second circumstance which may have aided Mr. McGill in his resolve, was of a different character. In 1797, Gen. Simcoe, the first Governor of Upper Canada, and his Executive Council, had decided to establish a seminary of higher learning in that Province. They had invited Mr. Strachan, a graduate of St. Andrews, to organize this institution. He arrived early in 1799, but only to find that his patron, Gen. Simcoe, had been removed, and that the plan had fallen to the ground. Greatly disappointed by this, Mr. Strachan opened a school in Kingston, and subsequently occupied, as a clergyman of the Church of England, the mission of Cornwall, and commenced the grammar school at that place, where many men subsequently of note in Upper Canada were educated. A year before McGill's death, Strachan was transferred to Toronto, of which diocese he was afterwards the Bishop. The precise circumstances which introduced to each other the future Bishop and the Montreal merchant are unknown to me. It is certain, however, that they were friends, and that the young man who had come to Canada with such bright hopes of educational usefulness, destined for the time to be disappointed, and the wealthy citizen meditating how best to disarm the opposition which had so long deprived Lower Canada of the benefits of education, had much in common. It seems at least highly probable that Strachan had a large share in giving to Mr. McGill's wishes the form which they afterwards assumed, and there are some reasons for believing that Mr. McGill had hoped that his college might have attracted to it the abilities of the young teacher who seemed slighted in Upper Canada. It is also known that, in the first attempt to organize McGill University in 1823, Strachan was invited to a professorship; but the career opening to him in Upper Canada was already too tempting to permit him to aid in this way the project of his old friend.

The value of the property bequeathed by Mr. McGill was estimated, at the time of his death, at £30,000: it has since become

much more valuable, owing to the growth of the city. The sum was not large in comparison with many other educational bequests; but it would be difficult to estimate its value to Canada in general, and to Montreal in particular. Gathering around it the gifts of other liberal men, it has sustained the McGill University, and carried it on to its present point of usefulness and success as a source of literary and scientific culture. Hundreds of professional men, in all parts of Canada bear testimony to its value; and the city derives from it much of its higher character as a centre of learning and practical science. Indirectly, it has benefited the cause of common and grammar-school education, through the action of the Royal Institution, through the services of students and graduates as teachers, and through the McGill Normal School, which, though supported by Government, would scarcely have been established but for the influence of the college. Those who have in these ways received its educational benefits are to be found in all parts of the country, contributing by superior skill and intelligence to the common good. If the future may be anticipated from the past, its utility will, in the time to come, go on increasing and widening, growing with the growth of our country, and pervading all departments of useful and honorable occupation. An endowment of this kind is, probably, of all investments of money, that which yields the richest returns and most surely advances the welfare of mankind. The experience of older nations has shown that such endowments survive changes of religion, of dynasty, of social and political systems, and go on bearing fruit from age to age. It will, doubtless, be so here also, and the time will come when the original endowment of McGill will appear but as the little germ from which a great tree has sprung—the spring which gives birth to a mighty river.

Already, through Mr. McGill and those who have followed his example, as benefactors to this University, the English of Montreal may boast of having created a collegiate institution, second to none in the Dominion; and no one who knows them can doubt that, with God's blessing, they will carry their work forward in a degree

commensurate with the growth of the city, and with the many demands of society for higher culture, more especially of those kinds which can be made directly applicable to the spiritual, intellectual and material progress of mankind.

DR. MULBRIE'S PROPOSAL AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

"I cannot imagine, sir, what is the matter with you," said Dr. Mulbrie one day, to his strongest patient. "It does not seem to me that there is any organic disease, as you appear to think; but if you choose to fancy this, and remain for Water-Cure treatment, I do not object in the least to your doing so."

"I will let you into a secret, doctor," replied Mr. Rogers, confidentially. "I am a member of the faculty, and have come here for the express purpose of making certain investigations, knowing that there is a prejudice, owing, probably, to medical jealousy, against establishments of your admirable class. I intend to see for myself; and be assured, sir, I will do you justice. Meanwhile, I depend on you not to betray me."

Dr. Mulbrie grasped his hand in an excess of gratitude. "Sir!" he exclaimed, rapturously, "I honor you! I have been the victim of more prejudice and misrepresentation than I can well explain. People have actually gone from this establishment, and said that they were starved."

"You don't tell me so!" murmured Mr. Rogers.

"I am a reformer," continued the doctor excitedly; "a martyr, perhaps, for the cause of humanity. It is human nature, sir, to gormandize, to cram itself with all sorts of unwholesome food, that naturally engenders a train of diseases; and because I keep people from digging their graves with their teeth, they turn upon me with the ferocity of—of—"

"Tigers!" suggested Mr. Rogers, seeing that the "reformer" paused for a suitable comparison.

"Then," continued the wrathful doctor, "they pamper themselves with luxurious beds, which accounts of itself for the wretched effeminacy of the human race; and call the sensible couches that I provide fit only for paupers. I have a way of hearing things," he continued—

"They!—holes are convenient"—thought his audience.

"A sort of second sense, that keeps me pretty well advised of the sentiments of this establishment—and I know that such sentiments are held. The human race, sir, are idiots, bedlamites, and must be dealt with accordingly."

"To what planet, then, do you belong?" asked Mr. Rogers.

"Of course," replied the doctor, "there are redeeming exceptions—one of whom is before me; but I repeat it that, as a general thing, people are great fools."

"I remember a story," said his companion, innocently, "which, of course, only confirms what you say. It was of an Irishman, I think, who said that it was always his fate to be on a jury with eleven of the most obstinate men he ever saw, for he never could bring them over to his way of thinking—showing conclusively that *he*, at least, was a fool."

The doctor was not quite sure whether this story was for or against him, and he looked at his companion sharply to ascertain the fact; but Mr. Rogers' face was quite impervious to such examination.

"One of the few sensible people in this establishment," continued the proprietor, "is that young girl, Helen Trafton."

Mr. Rogers winced involuntarily at this familiarity, and replied very stiffly that "Miss Trafton was a young lady of uncommon discernment."

"Just the woman," said the doctor, warmly, "to enter heart and soul with a man into a noble work of reformation; and I don't mind telling you, sir, that I have had very serious thoughts of associating her with me in this establishment as my wife. I think a step of this kind, on my part, would have a beneficial effect on this great undertaking."

Mr. Rogers restrained a strong disposition to knock down the dogmatic fool before him, as he asked, in suppressed rage, "Has Miss Trafton given you any encouragement to entertain such an idea?"

"I can't say that she has," replied the enthusiastic lover, "as I haven't asked for any yet. I am not one to go dilly-dallying round a woman for a year and a day, and living on smiles and such nonsense; but when I get ready to put the question, I shall *put* it, and undoubtedly receive a prompt, 'Yes.' Do you suppose that any conscientious woman could refuse such a mission as this?"

The doctor confounded himself so inextricably with his establishment that it was impossible to answer him rationally; and his companion suddenly turned on his heel and left him to his own reflections—if he ever had such things.

A blue muslin dress was fluttering among the trees at the back of the grounds, and thither Mr. Rogers directed his steps.

The Grecian features were bent over the pages of an absorbing book, and the wind played with the golden tresses; but Helen apparently neither saw nor heard.

"Do you feel in the humor for an offer of marriage!" asked the gentleman suddenly.

Helen looked up with a quick, angry blush and the one exclamation, "Lennox," but he continued hastily, "I came to warn you that Dr. Mulbrie entertains the project of inviting you to preside over his establishment—I had it just now from his own lips."

"Has that wretch taken leave of his senses?" asked Helen, indignantly; "or does he mean deliberately to insult me?"

"As to the first," replied her companion, "I do not think he is burdened with any to take leave of; and far from meditating an insult, he evidently considers it a very high compliment. As for myself, Helen," he continued sadly, "the only hope I have is, that I may one day manage, perhaps, to save your life, and then your father will relent; or some one will leave me a fortune, which would amount to the same thing."

"I should really like to have the opportunity of telling that miserable doctor what I think of him!" said Helen, trembling with indignation.

As if in answer to this desire, the "miserable doctor" suddenly appeared, and observed, with the utmost composure, "I should like a few moments' conversation with you, Miss Trafton."

"You are at perfect liberty to speak," returned that young lady, with the air of a queen; "there can be no secrets between us."

The doctor hesitated rather awkwardly; and Mr. Rogers considerably withdrew, divided between rage and amusement, as he wondered if the doctor considered that the time had now come for him to "put it." He then tried to philosophize, by reflecting that it was the fate of pretty young ladies to be made love to; but, in spite of his attempts, he could not keep himself from a feeling of angry discomfort.

Meanwhile, the doctor's wooing prospered no better than his rival could have desired. Helen waited in haughty silence for his remarks; and for the first time in his life, he felt disconcerted.

"What do you think," said he, at length, "of the establishment?"

Helen's face seemed to express the question, "Did you come out here to ask me that?" But she merely replied, with freezing coldness, "In what respect?"

"Oh, well!" said the doctor, beginning to feel decidedly uncomfortable, "in every respect—I mean like a person who felt a sort of interest in it, you know."

"As I do not feel the slightest interest in it," replied the impracticable damsel, "such a question cannot possibly concern me."

An awful pause, during which Helen coolly resumed her book, and seemed to have forgotten the existence of her puzzled lover.

When on the verge of despair, the doctor was visited by a bright idea—he had not

been sufficiently explicit; and gathering fresh courage, he propounded the inquiry,

"What would you think, now, of presiding over such an institution? In concert, I mean, with some one of experience?"

"I should not think of it at all," said Helen, without lifting an eyelash.

"Look here!" exclaimed the doctor, losing all patience, "I want to let you know that I am asking you to be my wife. I really think very highly of you; and I am sure that we two together could make the establishment the very model of a Water-Cure, and hand our names down to posterity, emblazoned in letters of gold."

"Now listen to me," replied Helen, calmly and looking very white and quiet; "this thing must be stopped at once and forever. Let me hear such words from your lips again, and my aunt and I will immediately leave the place. It suits our convenience to remain at present, and my aunt imagines herself benefited; but another word from you of the nature of those just uttered, will cause our immediate departure."

As Helen swept indignantly into the house, the rejected lover gazed after her in a perfectly bewildered frame of mind, and gave utterance to the valuable sentiment, "The ways of women are past finding out!"

"What is the matter with you, child?" asked Mrs. Lellworth, in her merry way, as she suddenly encountered Helen. "You look as though you had just had an offer."

Rushing unceremoniously past her, Helen gained her own apartment, and gave herself up to the luxury of a good cry. Aunt Sybilla was in the park, and would be safe for the next hour; and she improved the time to such advantage, that, when her astonished relative returned from her aquatic expedition, she found her pretty niece with such ruby-colored eyes and nose, that, whatever poets may say to the contrary she had made a perfect fright of herself.

When the aunt and niece next appeared in the dining room, Dr. Mulbrie found himself treated with such pointed contempt, that he heartily regretted his presumption.

Mr. Rogers was enjoying it all very much but he continued to be the life of the company, notwithstanding.

"It is a very sad thing," he observed, "to be a continual deception. I suppose now, that no one here would take me for an invalid?"

A universal, "No," assailed him; and Mrs. Mintley, who had made a holiday for her husband by coming down to take her boiling tea at the table, assured him that he looked far less like an invalid than the doctor himself.

The person referred to did not appear to relish the compliment; and Mr. Rogers thought the comparison was by no means a strong one.

"I have had a great many narrow escapes," continued the speaker, with the laudable intention of infusing a little life into their dismal repasts. "When a small boy, I fractured my skull; and after that I swallowed an iron screw, that remained in my left lung for five years. Every one thought I was going into a consumption."

"Did you go?" asked Mrs. Lellworth, with a comical twinkle in her eyes.

"No," he replied composedly, "I thought better of it; but I never could look as an invalid ought, and so got little credit for my suffering. It is just the same here; but I hope soon not to require any sympathy, as the Water-cure system is doing wonders for me. Why, before I came, I could not be induced to eat stale bread and mush, and now I am thankful even to get them; people who are starving, you know, will eat anything. It is a great comfort to me that the doctor and I understand one another."

The doctor looked as though he was not at all sure that he did understand him, and began rather to wish that Mr. Rogers would express some intention of leaving.

"I believe that you are more of a humbug than an invalid," whispered Mrs. Lellworth, "and time will show if I am not right."

"Do you recollect the story," said Mr. Rogers, in the same tone, "in which the boy calls to his father, 'Father! father! they've found me out?'"

"I really don't know what to make of you," continued the lady; "I am afraid you are not canny. Do tell me, if you can, what is the trouble between Miss Helen Trafton and the doctor—I am quite curious on the subject."

Such an unmistakable flash of anger appeared in her neighbor's eyes, that her curiosity on the subject was allowed to rest.

"For pity's sake, Mr. Rogers!" she exclaimed, in the course the evening, "do tell us what to do with ourselves! We are just as stupid here as dormice. Can't you get up some sort of excitement for us? I almost wish we could become intoxicated by way of variety."

"Did you ever take any hasheesh?" asked the gentleman addressed.

"*Hasheesh?* No? What in the world is that? Something to eat, or drink or inhale? And what are the effects of it? And do you have a good time? And is it dangerous? and where do you get it? And how much do you take? And what put it into your head? And will the doctor find it out? And did you ever take any yourself? And I want to know all about it."

"So I should imagine," said her companion, dryly; "but I should be afraid of your taking it. Nothing short of tearing the roof off would satisfy you, while under its influence."

"Oh! yes it would," she replied. "If I could shake the doctor within an inch of his life, I think I should be quite happy."

"I cannot imagine why you are so spiteful against the doctor," said her companion. "Is he not what you ladies call an agreeable man?"

"Now, Mr. Rogers!" exclaimed the lady, turning on him with unfeigned indignation, "that is so exactly like a *man!* I think you are all born lawyers, for you never admit anything if you can possibly help it—that is, not in *words*. But I have seen a flash in your eye that has shown me pretty plainly which way the wind lies; so, you may as well take off your veil of hypocrisy, and let us talk honestly face to face."

"I thought you wanted to talk about hasheesh," was the provoking reply. "I do not care to talk about the doctor."

"Very well," said Mrs. Lellworth, "we will talk about hasheesh, then; and, perhaps, if I take it, I will manage to punish you for this. Now, what is your plan respecting hasheesh?"

"I have no plan," said he; "but I have some hasheesh, which is of the nature of opium, and said to produce pleasant feelings, and make people do queer things. As you expressed yourself to be dying for something to do, this might be a good opportunity to frighten the doctor, and create an excitement."

Mrs. Lellworth clapped her plump hands in delight.

"I hope they'll all take it!" she exclaimed; "Mrs. Mintley and all, and be just as bad as ever they can. I intend to do *my* worst."

"I have no fear for *you* on that score," laughed her companion. "I only hope that you won't be so bad as to put an end to the establishment altogether. I should really like to test the doctor a little," he continued, "and see whether he has sense enough to find out that his patients have been tampered with."

The hasheesh was passed around, and rapidly disposed of, amid many questions and much laughter; and even Mrs. Mintley took her full share, though under protest from Mr. Mintley, who mildly remonstrated.

"My dear love, pray remember the oyster!"

But the "dear love" persisted that the oyster had nothing whatever to do with hasheesh; and not only partook of the fascinating drug herself, but, like her great ancestor succeeded including her Adam into eating likewise.

It seemed a very crazy performance on the part of all those sane men and women; but the monotony of their life was unbearable, and the experiment promised to be so exciting that it was not to be resisted.

Miss Sybilla, who was suffering from

toothache, was drawn into the conspiracy by a promise of speedy release from all pains and aches; and Helen took it because the prospect of "going out of herself" for awhile was the only one that promised any sort of comfort.

In the course of the evening, Dr. Mulbrie received a peremptory summons to Mrs. Mintley.

When he entered the apartment, he found that lady seated in a large chair, with her cap on one side, and a pair of bellows in her hand. Mr. Mintley stood in a corner, looking foolish.

"Sit down," said Mrs. Mintley, severely. "I wish to inform you that you are an elaborate parrot, with a wooden leg, and I intend to blow you up."

The doctor trembled; this extraordinary, but unfortunately profitable patient always kept him in a state of suspense as to what phase her disease would take next; but this address manifested a decided aberration of intellect that was really alarming. Mr. Mintley, he thought, was, probably, frightened to death; but when that gentleman, with a rakish air, began to sing something about "Blow, gently zephyr," as an accompaniment to his wife's performance with the bellows, the case was still more perplexing.

"Why, you've both been drinking!" exclaimed the doctor, after steadfastly regarding the pair. "You are perfectly aware, Mr. Mintley, that I allow no spirituous liquors in my establishment—what does this mean, sir?"

"I know you don't allow anything to drink in your establishment," said Mr. Mintley, with a very silly smile, "nor anything to eat, either; but Arethusa—"

"Silence!" shouted Mrs. Mintley, making a sudden lunge at the doctor with her bellows. "You are a horrid old tom-cat! you know you are! And if you say a word to Adam, I'll tear your eyes out! You've been killing me ever since I came here, and now I'm dead and buried, I'm going to haunt you as long as I live. Let me cut off your hair, and put some of it into the beds—they're dreadfully hard, all the people say so."

By this time, Mr. Mintley had seized the doctor in an affectionate embrace, and was whirling him around the room, and singing wildly, "We won't go home till morning!"

"Go home this instant!" screamed Mrs. Mintley, punching him through the half-open door with her bellows. "How dare you stay in my room so late, keeping Adam up, and making such a commotion? I know you're intoxicated, and you may be thankful that we don't turn you out of the house!"

The next room was Mrs. Lellworth's; and the astonished doctor knocked at the

door to make inquiries respecting the scene he had just witnessed. An audible sound of weeping saluted his ears, and an angry voice said, "Come in."

He entered to find Miss Tweedy in tears on the sofa, and Mrs. Lellworth apparently in the sulks.

"What is the matter?" asked the doctor, of the weeping fair one.

"I want my money," she replied, with a loud sob. "You told me I should have it to-day."

"You are a fool!" said the doctor, vehemently. "I have had nothing to do with any money."

"That is the way he always talks, Carrie," said Miss Tweedy, appealingly, and crying harder than ever. "He said he'd keep it for me; but now I want him to give it back to me."

"Madam" said the doctor, turning fiercely to Mrs. Lellworth, "what does this woman mean? Do you know what is the matter with her?"

But Mrs. Lellworth remained speechless; and the doctor began to wonder if he were awake or dreaming. Such conduct had never been witnessed in the establishment before.

"When are you going to marry me?" asked Miss Tweedy, with a sudden change of subject.

"Never!" replied the person addressed, with most eloquent emphasis.

"You hear that, Carrie?" continued the tearful lady, again apostrophizing her silent friend. "And how in the world am I to get my money?"

"I believe you are *all* drunk to-night!" exclaimed the harassed doctor. "And if I can only ferret out this mystery, I will certainly expose the conspirator, or conspirators."

Mrs. Lellworth rose deliberately, and walking up to the excited speaker, administered as severe a castigation as the nature of the implement (a parasol) would admit of; and saying, in a withering tone, "Leave the room, sir, until you are fit to show yourself in the presence of ladies!" calmly shut the door on him.

After this assault and battery, the doctor was almost beside himself with anger and perplexity, and scarcely knew where to turn his steps.

Just then the packing woman besought him to go to Miss Trafton. The old maid," she whispered, "she's in *such* a way!"

Trembling inwardly, the doctor approached Miss Sybilla's bedside.

"Five small imps, and two curly tailed demons," said the lady, as though she were counting them on the patchwork bed-quilt. "It is very singular that I never got into such society before I came to this place; I am not at all pleased, Dr. Mulbrie, with the style of company you keep here. My niece,

too, has been murdered!" she proceeded, calmly, as though this were a slight inconvenience not worth dwelling upon; "and I shall be obliged to you if you will send in your bill, and tell the first train to be at the door at midnight."

The doctor turned hastily toward Helen; but she was lying in a deep sleep, perfectly quiet, and looking like a piece of beautifully-sculptured marble.

"Slow poison!" whispered Miss Sybilla. "I think we shall bring an action for this. But *will* you send those imps away or not? How very rude of them to stay under the circumstances!"

"My good lady," remonstrated the doctor, while the perspiration started to his brow at the dreadful condition of his patients, the cause of which he was unable to fathom, "my good lady, you are certainly laboring under a mistake."

"Don't take the other two out of your pocket," was the rather irrelevant reply; "I must positively object to having any more let loose in the room. I wonder you do not keep them properly chained. I really believe you are the Evil One himself!" she continued, excitedly. "Go out of the room immediately, before it is full of brimstone!"

This was the third expulsion in the course of the evening; and full of a determination to punish somebody, the doctor inquired furiously for Mr. Rogers. That gentleman was supposed to be in his apartment, and thither the enraged M. D. directed his steps.

Mr. Rogers was extended upon his couch, with his eyes fixed upon the ceiling, and his tongue very hard at work. Indeed, he had nearly exhausted the British poets, and was now in the full tide of Poe's "Raven." As the doctor entered, he greeted him with the complimentary address.

"Are you bird, or are you devil——"

"This thing must be stopped, sir!" interrupted the doctor, looking very fierce, and trembling all over.

"Or thing of evil?" proceeded the speaker; and when he had gotten through with the "Raven," he took up "Thanatopsis;" and could not be prevailed upon to speak at all except in the words of another.

It allayed the doctor's suspicions to find the new-comer apparently in the same condition as the others; but it by no means satisfied his curiosity. He did not relish the idea of having the Western Water-Cure converted into a lunatic-asylum; and he was obliged to admit to himself that, in this case, "the eye of science" was entirely at a loss.

As he was leaving Mr. Rogers' room, that gentleman called piteously after him:

"Maid of Athens, ere we part,
Give, oh! give me back my heart!"

One gentleman flung a pair of boots at the doctor, and another called him an old humbug; while Phœbe seemed to be peeping behind all the doors, and enjoying the fun intensely. Not being able to seize any one else, the doctor seized her, and interrogated her severely.

"Now," said he, sternly, "have you any idea what is the matter with all these people? What have they been eating and drinking?"

But Phœbe, knowing the value of her services, laughed his authority to scorn.

"Eatin' and drinkin'?" she repeated, with a chuckle. "I guess it's the *want* of it's made 'em crazy; or mebber," she continued, trying the sarcastic vein, "mebber that hot supper to-night, with the fried chicken, and oysters, and strong coffee was too much for 'em. Shouldn't wonder, now, if that *was* it."

"You're a great fool, Phœbe," said the doctor, turning off worsted.

"Mebber I am, and mebber I ain't," said the colored woman to herself; "but ef I am a fool, there's a pair of us."

Every one came down to breakfast next morning, and every one looked as though nothing had happened—except the doctor; and on the first opportunity, he addressed the company with the unexpected remark,

"I shall now insist on having last night's performances thoroughly explained."

"I am very glad," said Mr. Rogers calmly, "that such is your intention, for I had a very singular night of it. I began to be afraid there were housebreakers about; for the conviction that there was a rogue of *some* kind in my room last night was so strong upon me that I could not possibly skake it off. I dreamed, too, that I put him to flight by quoting poetry to him—a novel weapon, was it not?"

The doctor's face was a deep mahogany color, and Mr. Rogers continued, "I had come to the conclusion that this might be nightmare, or something of the kind, until you, too, spoke of a singular experience last night, and I thought we could not both be mistaken. Did any one go to *your* room, doctor? And are the spoons safe?"

"No," replied the doctor, after a vain endeavor to confuse the calm eye that gazed so steadfastly into his, "no one visited my room; but I visited several rooms, and met with a very strange reception."

"I had the most vivid dream about the Evil One," observed Miss Sybilla. "It affected me so unpleasantly that I could scarcely believe it wasn't *real*, and I thought, too, that Helen was murdered!"

"And I," said Miss Tweedy, with a contemptuous glance at the doctor, "had the most ridiculous dream, in which I was troubled because I couldn't do a thing that

nothing would induce me to do in my waking moments. An odious man like that, too."

Here her expression became so vindictive, that the doctor absolutely trembled.

"Well," said Mrs. Lellworth, indifferently, "I have a distinct recollection of being in a great rage, and pommeling somebody, but *who* I can't for the life of me, say."

"And I," said Helen dreamily, "thought that I was in Heaven, and never wanted to come back to earth."

"The doctor has not yet told us his dream," observed Mr. Rogers, with much suavity."

"I dreamed that you were all crazy," was the sudden reply; and I am by no means satisfied that it *was* a dream."

The doctor disappeared as he said this; and Mr. Rogers looked very much like laughing.

"Do you mean to tell me," asked Mrs. Lellworth, incredulously, "that all this was hasheesh?"

"Every bit of it," was the reply; "but I really had no idea that you would all conduct yourselves in so extraordinary a manner."

"What *did* I do?" asked Miss Sybilla, in great trepidation. "I believe it cured my tooth-ache; but, dear me! I hope my conduct was not unlady-like. I wonder what I said to the doctor?"

"Nothing worse, I believe, than calling him the Evil One," said Mr. Rogers. "He seemed to receive a general blowing up all around."

"Mrs. Mintley began with a pair of bel-lows," said Mr. Mintley, evidently very proud of his wife's performance.

"Bravo for Mrs. Mintley!" exclaimed the chief conspirator; and all were so interested in hearing how Mrs. Mintley conducted herself on this important occasion, that the devoted husband was the centre of attraction.

There was a great deal of laughter among the invalids, especially after Phœbe had been questioned, and added her testimony to the light already thrown upon the subject; and all agreed that the doctor must be thoroughly puzzled respecting the cause of such singular conduct.

The hasheesh experiment had succeeded even better than he expected; and Mr. Rogers was wicked enough to enjoy most thoroughly this odd sort of revenge upon Helen's presumptuous lover. It was a very dog-in-the-manger-ish feeling, though, after all; for he progressed not one step in the matter himself, and quite longed for the house to burn down, or something to occur by which he might save Helen's life, and thus win the right to watch over it forever after.

Young Folks.

CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE; OR, SCHOOL DAYS OF BERTHA PRICE.

BY MRS. A. CAMPBELL, QUEBEC.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER III.

It was on one of those hot stifling days in the month of August, when people crawl about with a tired, lazy sort of look, and have energy for nothing at home,—nothing except pushing in every direction abroad, as if the mere restlessness of motion could bring coolness and rest—that the large handsome steamer which plied between Hochelaga and Stadacona moved off from the wharf of the latter place. The usual crowd was there to see, pushing, jostling, and elbowing each other as if the sight were not an every day occurrence. On the deck of the steamer stood Mrs. Price and her children, leaving Canada for a visit of some length to the States—Bertha smiling and waving her handkerchief to some friends who had come to see them off, till they were visible no more. Nearly two months have passed since we last saw Bertha, when we left her lying prostrated with the suddenness of the shock she received, in reading the notice of her friend Elinor's death in the paper. She now looks stronger though not robust, and the tinge of sadness which pervades even her smile tells that she passed not unscathed through the fire of suffering. Is she the better for it? is a question we fain would know. Has her affliction yielded the peaceable fruits of righteousness? That Bertha has been much solemnized and sobered by the event, there is no doubt, and made much more religious too, though not a bit nearer the truth as it is in Jesus. She is fearing God, not loving Him; she is striving to obey His commands, striving to be good, because she knows he is terrible in justice and majesty, and life and death are in his hands. She remembers how near death she was, with a feeling of thankful

awe at her escape. She remembers also with grief how flowers are now growing over the remains of what once was Elinor; and she tries, tries very hard, to be holy and just and good, and she falls and fails again and again. The pride of her own heart, the leaven of Bidley's teaching, which she has not got rid of, have choked the seed sown and rendered it unfruitful.

The enjoyment of travelling to one who has never left home, is usually very great. Bertha's case was no exception to the rule; she threw herself, with the natural fervency of her character, into it with all her might—everything was so new, so charming to her.

After reaching Montreal, our party went by small steamer over to Laprairie, then on to St. Johns by rail. Bertha had never seen rail cars before, and amused all her fellow passengers by her unqualified expressions of approbation at that mode of travelling. The neat little carriages, divided off in the English style, were very unlike those now in use, built upon the American plan, which, though less comfortable, are certainly safer, when one might have lunatics and madmen for occasional fellow travellers.

After crossing lovely Lake Champlain, with its narrow windings and beautiful scenery, our friends enconced themselves in a large four-horse stage, preferring that mode of travelling, from Whitehall to Albany, to the crowded little canal boat with its tiresome locks and endless bridges.

At first Bertha enjoyed driving along with four spanking horses and studying the faces of her fellow passengers very much; then looking out of the window at the homesteads and farms they were passing

had its share of novelty for her, so that for a while she was happy enough.

The coach was capable of holding twelve people inside; but, as only eight were in it, our heroine had a seat all to herself. Opposite to her was a plainly-dressed, coarse-looking man with sharp-pointed beard, whom Bertha set down in her mind as a very common, unsatisfactory sort of personage, and she quietly moved her dress as he got in, lest he might defile it by his touch. Next him was a fat, good-natured looking Quaker whom she liked better, and in the corner was a well-dressed, dandified young exquisite whom she liked best of all. His large gold chain, breast pin and finger ring she admired as much as he seemed to do, while the various little airs he gave himself made her suppose him some very important individual.

At the first stage of the journey they all got out to stretch their cramped limbs and rest themselves while the horses were being changed.

Bertha, who was running about, saw her mother, who had declined getting out, taking a tumbler of water from the hand of the ugly man who sat opposite, and she said to herself: "I wonder at mamma; if she wanted a drink why did she not ask somebody else to get it for her, not that common-looking fellow." "All aboard" shouted the driver, and everybody tumbled themselves into their seats as quickly as possible, fearful of being left. Bertha's pride and feathers were a little ruffled at the hoist she got into the coach from the very subject of her cogitations. Everybody, however, soon got shaken into their places; some laughing, and the fat Quaker panting, at the hurry they had been in; while the young exquisite, who had brought into the coach a newly-lighted cigar, began vigorously to puff at it, regardless of the volume of smoke he was filling the carriage with.

"Thee should'st not smoke where there are ladies, friend," meekly suggested the fat Quaker.

No notice, however, was taken of the hint, the young man contemptuously puffing away harder than ever.

A moment or more the Quaker paused, then, catching the cigar from the mouth of

its owner, he threw it out into the road, saying: "Excuse me, friend, for having to teach thee good manners."

Such an oath and look of rage as the young fellow started round with, frightened Bertha; but the quiet, firm look of the Quaker and the determined face of his friend, who said emphatically,

"Wall, I guess if you had manners to match your finery you wouldn't raise the hair of people's heads by swearing so," completely cowed him into silence, and so he contented himself with falling back in his corner, stretching out his feet to take the greatest possible amount of room, and laughing an insolent "ha! ha!" at them both. Bertha looked at him with undisguised disgust. Her admiration of his jewelry was all lost in her contempt for his want of good breeding; and she wondered at herself for supposing him a person of consequence at all. The heat and dust and continual sameness, however, soon tired her out, and, nodding forwards and backwards to the right and the left, she fell asleep, in momentary danger of knocking her head against the side of the vehicle.

"What are you looking for, sir?" said Mrs. Price as her *vis a vis* began diving down and fumbling at her feet.

"I want," was the reply, "to find my small carpet bag to put under that ere—that ere Bertha's head."

The last words were got out with a jerk. Smiling, Mrs. Price aided him in the search. Tenderly the man lifted the child, laying her full length upon the seat, with his carpet bag under her head, then, taking his light overcoat off, he carefully spread it over her feet. Once Bertha opened her eyes to see what was being done to her, and the look of honest kindness, which beamed down upon her from the face of the ugly man, made her close them again very quickly and blush with shame at the ungenerous thoughts she had about him. After this they became friends,—Bertha making what she considered the *amende honorable* by lending him her paper-knife to cut a pamphlet he was tearing apart with his horny, rough fingers,—an opening towards a better understanding approvingly smiled upon by her mother, and warmly met by the object for whom it was

intended. Greatly amused as Bertha was at his Yankeeism,—so much so that she could hardly help laughing outright sometimes at his droll, quaint manner of expressing himself, so different from anything she had been accustomed to in Lower Canada,—yet she had sense enough to soon find out that, beneath a rough exterior, there was concealed a great kindness of heart, and a thoughtfulness and delicacy of feeling that made him, as Mrs. Price said, one of “nature’s gentlemen.” Her widow’s cap and mourning garb had appealed to his sympathies, and he waited upon her, looked after her baggage, and made himself so useful in a quiet unobtrusive way that she parted from him with real regret, promising if ever she visited his part of the country she would stop for a day to see his wife and children.

Mrs. Price’s destination was New Jersey, where her husband’s mother lived upon a farm. Hatfield Place, as the farm was called, was thirty miles from New York, towards the southern part of the State of New Jersey. It was prettily situated by the side of a running stream, and had gardens and orchards and everything to make country life in that fertile locality desirable. The house was a long, old-fashioned rambling one, with wide verandah all round and cool shady nooks in every direction. Here our travellers spent a month enjoying the rest and change of scene very much. To Bertha it was perfectly new life, town child as she had always been. The farm-yard, the dairy, the garden, the rambles through the woods, all possessed such attractions for her that she felt she could live there for ever; but Mrs. Price did not intend her daughter’s time should be frittered away in idleness, healthful though it was, longer than she could help. The month to herself had not been spent alone in enjoyment. She had been busy making arrangements for a contemplated stay of some time. All the entreaties of her mother and sisters-in-law to make Hatfield Place her home she had resisted, feeling that with two little ones she would be more free boarding out, and nearer a school for Bertha. It was no easy matter to find what she wanted in a country place where there were no boarding-houses, and the people were comfort-

ably off and proud; but she, at last, succeeded in persuading a well-to-do farmer and his wife to pocket their pride and take her and the children as boarders. This was done partly through the sympathy excited by the delicate-looking widow in search of a home, and partly through the glimpse of that “almighty dollar,” as Longfellow calls it, which few, be they ever so well off, can resist.

Mrs. Price was well pleased. The place was about two miles from the town of Rahway in one direction, and one and a half from Hatfield in another. The house was a square two-story roomy one, with an enclosed door-yard, as they called it, shaded with fruit trees in front. A branch of a lovely peach tree brushed the drawing-room window in one direction, while in another a high white cherry tree, just in its prime, fragrantly scattered its white blossoms or nodded its tempting fruit with every summer breeze. Our friends soon became quite at home with the inmates of the house—Mr. and Mrs. Marsh and a grown up son and daughter—while they, in their turn, were greatly amused and interested at having the addition of little children to their family. “Old Dad,” as the farmer was familiarly called, laughed heartily at the sight of a little boy and baby girl running about the rooms when he came in to rest himself, tired with the heat of the day. Miss Baby soon learned to know him as her best friend, and would climb upon his knee and comb out his long grey locks with sundry bits of chips she called “tombs,” stroking down his withered cheek with her plump little hand and saying, “Dear old Dad! welly pretty old Dad,” in her soft, cooing voice to his intense amusement and gratification, while the boy would follow him about the farm, lost in wonder at all he saw. Daily did they grow in health and strength and happiness, while a more peaceful look of resignation settled upon the drawn, pinched suffering features of their really beautiful widowed mother,—a look seldom seen since the death of her husband.

And where was Bertha all this time? Bertha with whom we have most to do? the clouds and sunshine of whose child life we have been trying to draw, trusting

that the picture may carry its own simple tale of truthfulness home to childish hearts and make them the better for the sight. Vain is all book knowledge if its effect be not like the artist's pencil, shading and softening and gradually defining the sketch, casting bright lights here and deepening shadows there; but, above all, drawing us nearer to the great source of all wisdom and goodness—the Father of lights, our God in heaven above.

In the town of Rahway was an excellent girl's school called the "Rahway Female Institute," a small branch or offshoot of a celebrated one of the kind in Troy, kept by Mrs. Willard, whose school-books are well known and valued both in the States and Canada. Madam De Veuve, the principal of the Rahway Institute, was one of those rare few with whom it was possible to fall in love at first sight. Graceful and soft in her manners, strikingly handsome in person, she impressed you with the idea or the most perfect sincerity and uprightness of character the moment you saw her, and a longer acquaintance only deepened this impression. By birth an American, she had lived both in England and in France, in which latter country she had married a French officer, who died, leaving her with two sons. So much had she seen of the world that she laughingly called herself a cosmopolitan. At all events, all narrowness or prejudice of nationality had been smoothed from her, and, while preferring her own country and institutions, she was not blind to the beauties of others, and skilfully blended what she had gained of good in each for the building up of those under her care.

With this lady, then, was our little friend Bertha left, satisfied to have it so, and with very different feelings from those she had when placed with Miss Mark. Wholeheartedly and impulsively did she give herself up to this dear new teacher at once, and wisely and well did that lady repay her love and confidence, as she did that of all privileged to be under her charge. We have used the word privileged not lightly but with consideration, and, we trust, our dear young readers will forgive us if we press upon them the fact that it is not only a privilege but a great responsibility to be

under good faithful teaching, and may, possibly be looked upon as one of the talents committed to their trust for which they will be enquired of at the Judgment Seat. Mrs. De Veuve's rule was love,—punishment, the exception. No one ever heard her voice raised higher than its usual soft key; yet a look of grave rebuke or displeasure from her large brown eyes would throw the whole school into consternation and dismay. Kindness and thoughtfulness for others, plenty of regular occupation, varied by time for hearty play, were the mainsprings on which her machinery worked, while Christian love was the oil which made the whole run smoothly. At seven the young ladies got up, prayers and breakfast at eight, school from nine till twelve; then dinner and school again from one till three; after school, exercise, games of romp and fun, or working in their little gardens, if they liked it better, till tea; then an hour or two of study, according to their age and strength, and they could do as they pleased till bed-time. Lights were out and all expected to be in bed at nine. Saturday evenings the boarders spent in the drawing-room with Mrs. De Veuve and the teachers, where they were received as guests, and treated accordingly. On these occasions, games of chess, draughts, &c., were varied with music and cheerful conversation. At these times the Principal gained a good knowledge of the different characters of her pupils, while they formed an intimate friendship with her, which lasted, in some cases, for life, and which the mere routine of school work could never have brought about. They saw her as friend, counsellor and Christian adviser; and many a little ruffle of perplexity and uncertainty was smoothed out and straightened and made clear from a few minutes' pleasant friendly talk in the drawing-room on Saturday nights. Refreshments and prayers closed the evenings, and every girl went to bed with the feeling nestled close at her heart, that, if there were a person who loved her and cared for her well doing and well being in the world, next to her own mother, if she had one, it was the head of the school, Madam De Veuve.

With such an incentive to labor as her approbation, valuing it as they did, it was

no wonder that her girls worked hard, that they were remarkable for progress in study; so that the grave professors, LL.D.s and wise D.D.s, who made a yearly examination of the school at midsummer, were often amazed and surprised at the amount of learning, not crammed but neatly stowed away in order, ready for use in the heads of young ladies—young ladies whose heads are generally supposed to be capable of holding little more than the latest valse, a new dress, a love of a bonnet, or such like rubbish. Whatever influence Madame De Veuve possessed over the young ladies had the effect of shaking everything wonderfully into its place—not that new dresses, loves of bonnets, &c., were entirely shaken out, it would be hard to do that, where the female sex are concerned; but as we said before, they kept their place, higher things superseded them, and prayers were daily offered that the grace of God might establish, strengthen, settle them and bless all their efforts in a right direction. Mrs. De Veuve had an active and zealous coadjutor in her labors for the spiritual good of her young people, in the clergyman whose ministrations she and the school attended. Mr. Imbrey was a devoted servant of God, whose master's work was his very meat and drink. The lambs of the flock were his especial anxiety and care, as he felt that impressions were more easily and permanently made before the world had set its hard grip upon its victim; and he hurried, to use the words of an old Christian, to "fill up the bag with grain, before the Devil had time to cram it with chaff." Frequently were the girls invited to the Manse, sometimes all together, sometimes two or three at a time; and the sociable tea, the pleasant conversation with the pastor and his wife, the game of play with the two little children, and the peep into the nursery to see them put to bed, had such a touch of home about it, and made the visit so pleasant, that the school girls were always glad to go again. Adopting Mrs. De Veuve's plan, he in this way studied the peculiarity of every child in the institute, though they little guessed as much; his power of winning confidence and his tact were so great that they chatted to him as unreservedly as if he were one of themselves. In Bertha, the little fatherless Canadian, he took great interest; her half Roman, half Pagan and still enquiring state of mind,—so honest, so outspoken—touched him deeply, and he prayed to be made useful to her,—and he was. Without combating any of her long rooted prejudices, he strove to throw gleams of

light into her darkness; finding her fond of reading, he supplied her with books carefully selected for that purpose—Life of Luther, of Wickliffe, Abridgment of the History of the Reformation, Covenants of Scotland, and other works of decidedly Protestant history and teachings, took their place and did their work through his hands. In his Wednesday afternoon Bible class at the school, he also laid down simple, plain gospel teaching; and so Bertha's eyes were gradually opened to see the errors she had been hugging all her life, and to wonder at them. To say that her eyes were really opened to see and lay hold of the things which belonged to her everlasting peace, we cannot; other agencies were yet to work, the darkness had been thick, and time and means and long suffering patience of the Lord had yet to be exercised, ere our heroine could say in truth "Whereas once I was blind, now I see."

(To be continued.)

A SORRY LOSS.

By the gate of the garden, near the wood,
A brother and sister together stood.

"Beyond the gate you are not to roam,"

Their mother had said, as she quitted home;

But, tired of playing within the bound,

Frank opened the gate, and they looked around.

"O Jessie," he cried, "How I long to go

To play for a while in the wood below."

"But, Frankie, what did our mother say?"

Said the little one, tempted to go astray.

"She thought in the wood we might get harmed,"

Said Frank. "But we need not feel alarmed;

There is nothing to hurt us; and oh, just see

That beautiful squirrel on yonder tree!"

And away ran Frank to the green retreat,

While Jessie followed with flying feet.

They chased the squirrel with laugh and shout;

They gathered the flowers and played about;

And then, as they feared it was getting late,

Returned unhurt to the garden-gate.

No questions were asked, and nobody knew

What Frank and Jessie had dared to do,

Till on Saturday night, as they sat alone,

Frank to his mother the truth made known.

"But mother," he said, "tho' we went in the wood,

We got no harm, as you thought we should;

Into the water we did not fall,

Nor did we injure our clothes at all."

"My son," was the answer, "it may be so,

Yet something you lost in the woods, I know;

Think well, and then tell me," the mother said,

As she laid her hand on her Frankie's head.

"My knife, my ball, and my pence," thought he,

"I have them all safe; then what could it be?"

"I know," at length he said, with a start—

"I lost the *happy* out of my heart!

I have not felt easy since then," he sighed,

"And I could not be merry, although I tried,

Mother, I'm certain not all my play

Made up for the loss that I had that day."

Frank's tears fell fast as the summer rain;

But the *happy* came back to his heart again,

As he to his mother his fault confessed,

And her pardoning kiss on his lips was pressed.

Dear children, remember this simple lay,

For if in forbidden paths you stray,

Though you seem unhurt, and your fault be hid,

You will lose a treasure, as Frankie did.

—Child's Paper.

WINNING A MINE.

(ORIGINAL.—FOUNDED ON FACT.)

BY "WIZZEY."

It is not intended, as might be inferred from this heading, to give a description of metalliferous mining operations, nor, as regards collieries, to explain the difference in *winning* under the "pillar" or "long wall" systems—a question of much contentious discussion in the mining world; but to give a succinct account of a circumstance to which the term is applied in its most attractive sense, the publication of which can scarcely fail to prove an incentive to many desirous of making an effort for their moral and personal advancement.

In the Spring of 1859 considerable excitement was occasioned throughout the southern part of the State of Kentucky, by the announcement of well known geologists that it possessed equivalents to the famous mineral-bearing rocks of Wisconsin and Iowa, which might be safely presumed to be associated with equally extensive mineral treasure. With the rapidity so peculiar to the Americans whenever a sudden opportunity of acquiring wealth presents itself, mining operations were commenced in every direction where the slightest superficial indications were observable, and every class of society was soon represented in the exciting speculation which ensued; indeed there were very few who did not hold stock to some extent in one or other of the many legitimate or illegitimate enterprises which were projected, as is often the case, the first with *bona fide* objects, the second to supply the inordinate desire of the public appetite for gain. The landowners, however, were above all others the most deeply interested in the question, and each became anxious to ascertain if his own land possessed indications of the treasures so earnestly coveted. Amongst this class were two brothers who owned a moderately sized farm in Crittenden County, in a geological situation under-

derstood to be highly favorable to the formation of metalliferous deposits. A slight examination revealed the existence of some highly promising veins, which the proprietors, under the impression that a small outlay would suffice, determined to test for themselves, and they accordingly commenced operations by sinking a shaft to intersect them at a depth which it was hoped would be sufficient for their being found productive of minerals. When, however the intersection was made at 18 fathoms from the surface, the anticipated discoveries were not realized, although the appearance of the vein viewed in connection with the congeniality of the surrounding strata, gave every evidence that increased depth only was necessary to ensure success. The proprietors, however, had exhausted their funds, and as the ardour of speculators who might otherwise have joined in the undertaking had somewhat cooled, there appeared to be no alternative but to abandon the project, and to regard their past outlay as a total loss. Many plans to raise the necessary capital were proposed, but none sufficiently feasible for adoption, when at last one of the brothers hit on an idea as novel as it certainly was sensible and praiseworthy, by which he saw a means of the works being continued. It was in fact nothing more or less than to become teetotalers and to apply the amount which would otherwise be uselessly spent in drink to the prosecution of their favorite enterprise. His proposal met with no favor from his brother, who preferred to mortgage rather than dispense with his accustomed glass. Both were free drinkers, and the proposer to abstain calculated his savings alone would enable him to test the undertaking, though time would be required to accomplish its fulfilment; and he accordingly deter-

mined to try the experiment on his own account.

It is impossible for any one, whether a "tippler" or not, to regard this determination otherwise than as a sound one. The experiment could cost nothing on the one hand, nor would any loss accrue whether the object to which he turned his usual squanderings were successful or not; while, on the other hand, the new purpose to which they were to be devoted afforded chances, if not indeed good prospects, of enriching him. How many are there in every class of society who, by a similar determination, might be able to gratify their healthful cravings or to effect their fancy projects? How many an artizan in our cities, while viewing with affectionate alarm the sickly appearance of his wife and children, and sighing with regret at being unable to give them the occasional enjoyment of a country trip, is unconsciously spending in sundry drinks enough to procure this healthful recreation? How many a youth, on completing his studies, or his apprenticeship, regrets his inability to start in the world on his own account, who has wasted enough in social meetings at public bars to have effected his object? What solid comforts, at present unknown in many a home, might be enjoyed by the very means frittered away in sundry "horns?" But we will leave our readers to moralise and calculate for themselves, and return to our story.

The mine continued to be carried on, although with a limited force, and the shaft gained something in depth every day. In the meantime the perseverance of our hero was considerably tried by the chaff of his brother, and by what was more discouraging, an unfavorable bar of rock setting in, which was not only uncongenial to the formation of mineral, but rendered progress difficult and slow; but his perseverance was firm. In this way near two years had elapsed when a favorable change occurred in the strata, shortly after which the chief vein was intersected and found to be over four feet wide, composed of rich lead ore—forming one of the most valuable discoveries yet made in the district. Here then was a reward for our sensible abstainer who had staked the bottle and "won" the mine.

It only remains to be added that when subsequently the discovery was further opened and its value fully established, when in fact it had attained a market value of over \$15,000, the successful experimentalist admitted his brother unconditionally to a considerable share of the enterprise, which long after continued to yield a handsome yearly revenue; in gratitude for which, and to obliterate the reproach which he felt attached to him for refusing to join in the development, he felt bound to abandon drink, and became a most ardent supporter of temperance, arguing its economy as a special cause for its adoption.

AMUSEMENT FOR WINTER EVENINGS.

Though the evenings are short in March compared with what they are in December and January, they are quite long enough for many a merry game and pleasant piece of work. For this month we present our readers with some verses and sentences, the fun of which consists in the difficulty of pronouncing the syllables correctly when the words are rapidly repeated. First, of course, comes our old friend

PETER PIPER.

Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers;
A peck of pickled peppers Peter Piper picked;
If Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers,
Where is the peck of pickled peppers Peter Piper picked?

Those who are successful with the P's will probably not have much difficulty with the T's and the R's in the following:—

THE TWISTER TWISTING.

When a twister twisting would twist him a twist,
For twisting his twist three twists he will twist;
But if one of his twists untwists from the twist,
The twist untwisting untwists the twist.

ROBERT ROWLEY.

Robert Rowley rolled a round roll round;
A round roll Robert Rowley rolled round;
Where rolled the round roll Robert Rowley rolled round?

Here are some short French sentences in the same style:—

TON THE.

A Frenchman having taken herb tea for a cough, his neighbour asked him, "Ton The, t'a-t-il oté ta toux?"

IL M'ÊUT PLUS PLU.

Etant sorti sans parapluie, il m'êut plus plu qu'il plût plus tot.

DIDON DINA.

Didon Dina, dit on, du dos, d'un dodu dindon.

We should be glad if the boys who try the experiments which we give, would write and tell us whether they were successful or not, and whether they wished to hear of any more. While waiting to hear from them, however, we give two new ones:—

THE CONJURER'S JOKE.

This is a complete trick; but may afford some amusement. You tell any person that you will so fill a glass with water that he cannot move it off the table without spilling the whole contents. You then fill the glass, and laying a piece of thin card over the top of it, you dexterously turn the glass upside down on the table, and then draw away the card, and leave the water in the glass, with its foot upwards. It will therefore be impossible to remove the glass from the table without spilling every drop of it.

TO CUT GLASS WITH THREAD.

Having privately dipped a thread in sulphur, wrap it round the part of the glass you wish to cut, then set fire to it, and by immersing it smartly in cold water, it will immediately cut in the way required. This may cause a good deal of curiosity, and be also very useful on some occasions.

Now for the little girls here are two small pieces of work which were crowded out last time:—

EASY NEEDLE BOOKS.

The materials for these are two yards of narrow ribbon—any color you like—a little piece of white flannel, and a package of those cards they sell at the book stores, which have bright autumn leaves or flowers on them. You cannot buy less than a package. That holds twelve cards and will make six needle-books. Choose two cards for the two covers. Pinch two little holes through the back of each at the top, and two at the bottom. Slip a piece of ribbon through both and tie it in a pretty bow. Button-hole the edge of the flannel with bright worsted or silk, after cutting it into four small leaves; bind these together at the back with ribbon, and sow it firmly to the inside of the little bows. That is all. These needle-books are very pretty, and any little girl six years old could make them.

Cards with fancy photographs on them can be used if desired.

A SPONGE-HOLDER FOR MAMMA.

To make this, you want a piece of scarlet enamel cloth, a quarter of a yard square, and a bit of oiled silk of the same size. Baste them together, and bind all round with red worsted braid. Bend the corners up a little, and sew on each a long piece of the same braid. Fasten the four strings together at the top with a neat bow. The string must be so long that the holder can hang from the side of the wash-stand like a pretty little basket, and hold the wet sponge. A quarter of a yard of enamel cloth, which costs twenty cents, will make three.

C. R. B. sends the following decapitations:—

I.

Complete I am a frown,
Behead me and I am a cap,
Curtail me and I am a very useful animal.

II.

Complete I am rubbish,
Behead me I am hasty,
Behead me again and I am a tree.

Here is a charade by A. E., Quebec:—

I am bound in the brain, but imprisoned in vain,—
I'm acquainted with anguish, with grief and with pain;
In the depths of the mine, in the diamond I lie;
I dwell in the air, yet unseen in the sky;
With the Indians over the Prairies I ride;
But not in Fort Garry can I be described;
Though I tracked not with Parry the Northern main,
I ever with sailors have followed his train;
And amid those lone regions of cold enterprise,
I am found safely lodged in the Islands of Ice.

In the following riddle it must be remembered that the feet represent letters:—

Without beginning or end, on four feet I stand,—
If the gift of a friend, oft worn on the hand.
Change my first foot, and then, 'twill be clear to your view,
That I belong to the *males*, and that my feet are *two*.
First, I'm a bond, though light, yet strong;
Next, I am a power, for right or wrong.

The fishes concealed in the Fisherman's Puzzle which we gave last month, are as follows:—

Ray, Sole, Ling, Maid; Plaice, Thorn-back; Codling, Crab, Pike, Smelt; B-rill Carp, S-hark, Seal; Skate, Jack, Whiting, Perch; Her-ring, D-ace, Barb-el, Flounder.

THE PATTTER OF THE RAIN.

By MRS. E. A. PARKHURST.

8va

1. When the hu - mid rain-clouds gather Ov - er all the star - ry
 2. Then in fan - cy comes my mother, As she used to years by -

spheres,
gone, And a mel - an cho - ly dark - ness Gent - ly
To sur - vey the in - fant sleep - ers Ere she

The Patter of the Rain.

weeps in rain - y tears, 'Tis a joy to press the
left them for the dawn, I can see her bend - ing

pil - low Of a cot - tage cham - ber bed, And
o'er me As I lis - ten to the strain, Which is

lis - ten to the pat - ter Of the soft rain o - ver head. *rall.*
played up - on the shing - les By the pat - ter of the rain.

rall.

The Patter of the Rain.

SOPRANO.
 List-en to the pat-ter Of the rain up - on the roof,.....

ALTO.
 Pat-ter, pat-ter, pat-ter Of the rain up - on the roof,.....

TENOR
 Pat-ter, pat-ter, pat-ter Of the rain up - on the roof,.....

BASS.

list-en to the pat-ter Of the rain up - on the roof

pat-ter, pat-ter, pat-ter Of the rain up - on the roof.

pat-ter, pat-ter, pat-ter Of the rain up - on the roof.

3. Then my little seraph sister,
 With her wings and waving hair;
 And her bright-eyed cherub brother,
 A serene angelic pair,
 Glide around my wakeful pillow
 With their praise or mild reproof,
 As I listen to the patter
 Of the rain upon the roof.

4. There is nought in arts' bravuras
 That can work with such a spell,
 In the spirit's pure deep fountains,
 Where the holy passions swell;
 As that melody of nature,
 That subdued and softening strain,
 Which is played upon the shingles
 By the patter of the rain.



FASHIONS FOR MARCH. 27

The Fashions.



DESCRIPTION OF PLATE.

FIG. 1.—Dress of blue and green plaid. The underskirt is trimmed with two bias flounces. The upper skirt, made pretty full behind, is edged with a stripe of black velvet, and caught up at the sides and back. Sash of the material, with velvet bows. Jacket trimmed to match the upper skirt, and lined with red flannel. Velvet hat and feathers.

FIGS. 2 AND 3.—Dress with tight paletot; front and back. The warm flannel lining of this paletot makes it suitable for winter wear, even if the material be light; but it may be made of cloth if preferred. Our illustration shows the arrangement of the trimming, which consists of black velvet stripes and quilling of the same. The back of the paletot below the waist is a straight piece of the stuff, laid in pleats, which are hidden by velvet, as shown in the cut.

COLORS.

It is generally conceded by connoisseurs of chromatic taste, that colors acting by relation will produce a more desirable effect than if selected with reference to contrast or reflection. This is thought to be more especially true in features where there exists an excess or deficiency of color. If red predominates to an unpleasant degree, it may be relieved by dress in which that color predominates more intensively; if yellow prevail in the complexion, it may be mitigated by an association with that color, and so on. This principle, though fundamentally it may possess much merit, is seldom so definitely detailed as to be thoroughly comprehensible to the mass, who, if not proficient in the law that governs the harmony of dress, would at least desire to become adepts in its practice. There often seems to be a confounding of shades, even among those who profess uniqueness in this department. Addison is sometimes quoted where, in referring to the hoods worn by the ladies of his time, he says: "The palest features look the most agreeable in white sarcenet; a face that is overflushed appears to advantage in the deepest scarlet;" and in speaking of his friend, Will Honeycomb, he continues: "He is for losing the color of the

face in that of the hood, as a fire burns dimly and a candle goes half out in the light of the sun."

It would not have increased my admiration of Addison, as a man, had he been more discriminative in these matters, but I beg to differ with him. It is quite true that a fire or candle will be overpowered by the intenser light of the sun, because between the two there exists a perfect assimilation of color; but, if in the position of the candle, a rose should be substituted, its brilliancy, instead of being diminished, would be greatly heightened, and in this, the relation of colors and their effect would correspond to the application of scarlet to an overflushed face. It should be remembered that the flush of the complexion is a crimson, not a scarlet. It is a red tinted with blue, which, if too intense, would be subdued by a rose or any other shade of red that combines more of blue than yellow. The scarlet, combining more of the latter, produces upon a face already overflushed the scorching effect of the mid-day sunlight.

If it be desirable to modify the complexion by dress, the utmost care should be given to the choice of shades, that they bear, primarily, an exact affinity to the peculiar tint in the features.

Another consideration in the adaptation of dress sometimes conflicts with all affinity of colors; this is the harmony of temperature, not only in reference to the season, and the absolute degree of heat and cold, but also with regard to relative individual temperature recognizable in colors.

Of the three primary colors—red, yellow, and blue;—the red is warmest, and the blue the coolest, but the extremes of heat and cold are produced by the combination of either with their intermediates; yellow combined with red in all its proportions, from orange to the deepest scarlet, composes the warmest of all colors; while the yellow and blue, in its varied shades, forms the coolest of all hues, and the same is true in regard to the tertiaries resulting from the further combination of scarlet and green with other shades.

All shades of brown and slate in which the tinge of green preponderates, at once strike the observer as producing sensations

of coolness; and those browns in whose combinations red enters to any considerable degree, convey sensations of warmth.

To associate excessive warmth of coloring with complexions over-heated, is exciting and unhappy; while, if green, citron, or olive be brought in proximity, the effect is refreshing, and does not appear, in the least, to heighten the color. If dark and expressive eyes be combined with a ruficund complexion, or more especially if the hair be of a dark red or chestnut, a dark and enlivening green will impart a delicious coolness to the face, and a deep rich tone to the hair, that grows by the contrast, not a whit the less red, but what is better, quite reconciles by its effect the prejudice that from time immemorial has clustered round the flame-colored locks of Mary.

To a too rosy blonde, a delicate shade of green will appear more suitable; while features already too pale will require the warmth of the other extreme.

A pale brunette will need an orange or scarlet to impart warmth and character; while pale, but more delicate complexions will appear to advantage in the varied shades of crimson.

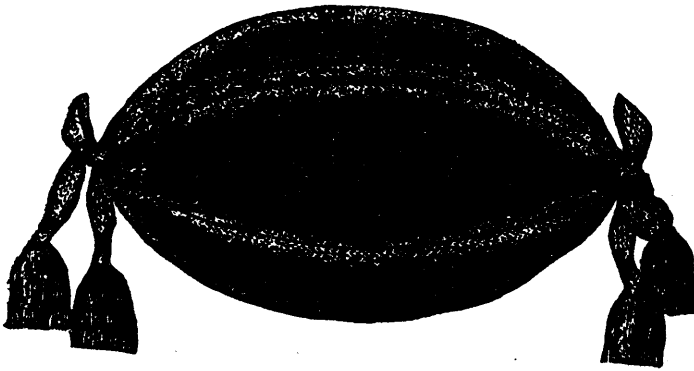
All browns, drabs, and slates, that in themselves lack vigor and distinctness, should never constitute the prevailing colors of those who are wanting in characteristic expression, nor should such affect colors so striking, or so gay as to produce a blanching effect; the more delicate tints of the primaries, and all cheerful combinations of hues, will be perfectly suitable.

The color and character of dress affect the complexion and style of face not more than the figure and general character of the wearer. Black and sad-hued colors are not adapted to figures already too petite and subdued, neither should white be unrelieved in a figure and style already too masculine.

As a general rule, where there exist peculiarities so striking as to require intense affinities or violent contrasts, the medium coloring and style furnish the only reliable resource.

It will generally be found unsafe to associate with the caprices of nature, the freaks of fashion and whims of art.

The subject might be pursued almost *ad infinitum*, but a word to the wise is sufficient.—*La France Elégante*.



CASE FOR BUTTONS.

CASE FOR BUTTONS.

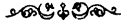
MATERIALS.—Little pieces of colored velvet, silk, or merino, silk braid, steel beads, white cardboard.

The case is made of six cardboard parts, three inches and three quarters long, pointed at the ends, and one inch and a half broad in the middle. These may be covered in different colors, or all the same. Each piece is bound with silk braid of a contrasting

color, ornamented with steel beads; they are then sewed together on the wrong side. The two end parts, overlapping, firmly close the case, which may be opened by a slight pressure on the ends. The bows are made of braid, drawn out and tied up at the ends to make a fringe tassel.

This case is very useful to hold odds and ends in a work-basket, or for carrying tatting or other fancy work in the pocket.

Domestic Economy.



ACCIDENTS.

Yesterday I began the tedious process of making grape-preserve. While up to my elbows in the grapes, Mrs. Thomas came running in, with terror and alarm written all over her face. "O, Mrs. Hunnibee! my little girl has drank the paregoric all up. What shall I do—what shall I do? She got into the closet when I wasn't looking, and I'm afraid she's poisoned to death."

I dropped the grapes, washed my hands, and got a glass, filled it half full of water, put in a heaping teaspoonful of salt and the same of ground-mustard, stirred it up, and followed Mrs. Thomas in about three minutes. This we gave the child, and it produced, as we expected, copious vomiting. While she was attending to the little girl, I beat up the whites of two eggs, and as soon as the vomiting ceased gave her the eggs. In a half hour she seemed entirely relieved. Mothers cannot be too careful about putting beyond the possible reach of children every thing that can injure them. If I could not have gotten eggs, a cup of strong coffee would have proved a good antidote for the poison. Dr. Lester had been sent for, but did not arrive until the danger was all over, as he was absent when the summons was left at his house. He approved what we had done as the best thing possible under the circumstances. The thing to be accomplished in such cases is first to remove the contents of the stomach, and whatever will quickest induce vomiting is the best remedy. Salt and mustard are always at hand and effective.

"We are always having accidents here," said Mrs. Thomas; "somebody gets burned or cut or dreadful sick. The other day when it rained, and every thing was wet, Mary Jane couldn't make the fire burn; so what should she do but get a half a gill of benzine out of the can (Mr. Thomas is a painter, you know, and always has benzine on hand), and pour it over the fire. There happened to be a few live coals in the bottom of the grate, and the first she knew it flamed up and caught her dress. She screamed, and I ran to see what was the matter, and there she was all afire." "What did you do in such a case as that?" "I laid her down quick, and rolled her over to smother the flames, wrapped her up in the rug and dashed on cold water. Fortunately she wasn't burned much,

though it ruined her dress. I always put raw linseed-oil on a burn; it's an excellent remedy." "Yes, that is good; tar gives immediate relief, so do lime water and sweet-oil—one-third of the former to two-thirds of the latter, well shaken together. Scraped potato is good, molasses and flour also. These all keep the air away from the burn, and are healing in themselves. If inflammation sets in, a poultice of mush, bread and milk, or mashed potato moistened with milk, is suitable.—Mrs. Hunnibee's *Diary in Hearth and Home*.

GARDENING FOR LADIES.

Under the above head we find the following seasonable suggestions in the *Home Magazine* :—

The interchange of plants and seeds in a neighborhood should be as much a matter of course as any other neighborly courtesy. Do not hesitate to ask for them, and, in return, be as ready to give as you are to receive, never throwing away a plant or allowing seeds to go to waste, until all your neighbours are well supplied. In this manner your seeds may cost you very little, or nothing at all.

If seeds are desired of other varieties than those which can be obtained in the neighborhood, it is a good plan for several persons to club together and send for seeds, dividing both the expense and the seeds among them. Thus each will secure a greater variety for the same amount of money than though she sent alone.

We will give, for the benefit of our readers, a list of the most desirable annuals and perennials, their desirability including both beauty and ease of culture. Many of our readers will find such a list unnecessary; but there are others, if we may judge by our own needs when we first undertook the care of a garden a few years ago, to whom it will prove convenient.

In selecting flowers, place double zinnias first upon the list, though they are last in the catalogue. Asters should next be added. There are so many varieties of asters, that it will be necessary to make a selection. The new rose, new Victoria aster, and early flowering dwarf chrysanthemum, are among the best.

Double balsams, antirrhinum, calliopsis, one or more varieties each of the annual and perennial larkspurs (*delphinium*), lych-

nis, *tragedes signata pumilla* (a species of marigold), *tagedes patula* (French marigold), *petunias*, single and double, a variety of *phlox Drummondii*, one or more of each of the annual and perennial poppies, and *sweet-williams*. These will form a fine collection of showy flowers for a small garden. If the garden is large, others very desirable may be added.

To this list we should add one or more *lobelias*, only we have had no success in making the seed germinate. The *lobelia cardinalis* is a magnificent flower.

For large showy-leaved plants, there are none better than the different varieties of *canna* and *ricinus*.

Now we want smaller flowers to fill vacant spaces, to edge our borders and circular beds. The indispensables are *sweet alyssum*, the different kinds and colors of *Candy-tuft*, *dianthus Chinensis* (Chinese pink), the *eschholtzia*, *sweet mignonette*, *nigella* (love in a mist), *pansies*, single and double, and variously colored *portulaccas* and *verbenas*. And if there is any spot in the garden so shaded that the sun seldom or never penetrates, and if the soil is cool, moist, and clayey,—by all means sow *nemophilas*; but they will not do well under other conditions than those specified.

For vines, the *convolvulus major* (morning glory) the *ipomea* (cypress vine), *thunbergia*, *tropæolum*, *nasturtium*, and varieties of the *phaseolus* (running bean), are all excellent.

Among flowers suited for hanging-baskets we may mention the *abronia*, *convolvulus minor*, *lobelia erinus*, *mimulus*, and *maurandia*.

This is not, by any means, a complete list of all the desirable flowers for garden culture, but, as we have already said, will suffice for a garden of moderate size. If the garden is small, the list must be reduced by omitting some of the larger plants.

GOOD AND DISEASED MEAT.

Good meat is neither of a pale pinkish color, nor of a deep purple tint. The former is indicative of disease, and the latter is a sign that the animal has died from natural causes. Good meat has also a marbled appearance, and the fat, especially of the internal organs, is hard and suety, and is never wet; whereas that of diseased meat is soft and watery, often like jelly or soddened parchment. Again, the touch or feel of healthy meat is firm and elastic, and it hardly moistens the fingers; whereas that of diseased meat is soft and wet—in fact, it is often so wet that *serum* (the watery part of the blood) runs from it, and then it is technically called *wet*. Good meat has but little odor, and this is

not disagreeable; whereas diseased meat smells faint and corpse-like, and it often has the odor of medicine. This is best observed by cutting it and smelling the knife, or by pouring a little warm water upon it. Good meat will bear cooking without shrinking, and without losing very much in weight; but bad meat shrivels up, and it often boils to pieces. All these effects are due to the presence of a large proportion of serum in the meat, and to the relatively large amount of intercellular or gelatinous tissue; for the fat and true muscular substance are to a greater or less extent deficient. The use of diseased meat not only affects the human constitution, but it is also certain that tapeworm, trichina, and other parasitical diseases are produced by it. Experience also points to the fact that carbuncles and common boils are in some degree referable to the use of the flesh of animals affected with pleuro-pneumonia; and occasionally we witness the most serious diarrhoea and prostration of the vital powers after eating diseased meat. It is, therefore, safest to forbid its use.

SELECTED RECIPES.

TO BROIL FISH.—When fish is broiled, the bars of the gridiron should be rubbed over with a little butter. Then place your fish, skin side down, and do not turn it till nearly done through. Save all your butter till the fish is dished. In this way you save the juices of the fish too. Fish should be broiled slowly. When served, fish should not be laid over each other, if it can be avoided. The top ones will be made tender and moist by the steam, and will break to pieces.

BEEF STEAKS BROILED.—Steaks cut from the sirloin are the best; from the rump the next best; those from the round are not so good, but usually can be bought for a less price. Cut three-quarters of an inch thick, place on a hot gridiron over a good bed of coals, sprinkle with pepper and salt, and turn the moment the fat begins to drop. Turn constantly until done. Place on a hot dish, spread with butter, and serve. They may be sprinkled with shallot or onion cut very small, and sent to table with oyster sauce, a dish of greens, and boiled potatoes. May be garnished with scraped horse-radish.

PORK-STEAK BROILED.—The tenderloin is the best for steak, but any lean, white meat is good. Broil slowly, after splitting it, so as to allow it to cook through without drying or burning. When ready to turn over, dip the cooked side in a nice gravy of butter, pepper and salt, which should be prepared on a plate, and kept hot without boiling. It must be well done. It requires slow broiling. It will take at least twenty minutes to broil a pork-steak.

SPICED BEEF.—Procure a piece of thin flank of beef, about ten pounds in weight, which salt for

about a week. When ready, split it open with a knife, and lay it out flat upon a dresser, having previously prepared six onions, chopped very fine, with about ten sprigs of parsley, and the leaves of ten sprigs of thyme, the same of marjoram, two ounces of mixed spice, (without cinnamon,) and half an ounce of black pepper. Mix all together, spread half upon the beef as it lies before you, then fold it over to its original shape, lay on the remainder of the preparation, roll it up tightly in a cloth, and boil. When done, take it up, remove the string, tie the cloth at each end, and put it upon a dish, with another dish over, upon which place a half hundredweight, leaving it until quite cold; then take the meat from the cloth, trim and glaze it lightly, and serve garnished with a few sprigs of fresh parsley.

A HOMELY MODE OF WARMING COLD MEAT.—Fry some slices of onion in butter, and when they begin to take color put in your slices of meat, pepper, salt, and a sprinkling of flour; keep on frying till the onions are thoroughly done and the meat warmed, then add a small quantity of stock, broth, or water, with a small quantity of vinegar, and serve. Minced parsley may be added to the above dish with advantage.

FRITADELLAS.—Put half a pound of crumb of bread to soak in a pint of cold water, half a pound of any kind of meat, roast or boiled (or of fish,) with a little

fat, chop it up like sausage-meat, then put the bread in a clean cloth, press it to extract all the water. Put into a stew-pan two ounces of butter, fry for two minutes, then add the bread, stir with a wooden spoon till rather dry, then add the meat, season well, stir till very hot, add two eggs, one at a time, well mix together, and pour on a dish to get cold; when cold, roll with the hand to the shape of a small egg, egg and bread-crumbs, and fry in a quarter of a pound of lard or dripping, and fry a yellow color; serve very hot, either plainly or on mashed potatoes, or with sauce *piquante*.

STEAMED FOWLS.—Fowls are better steamed than boiled, especially when there is no veal stock on hand to boil them in. When steamed, the juices should be saved by placing a pan under the strainer to catch all the drips. Drawn-butter, plain or seasoned with parsley or celery, is the most common sauce used for fowls.

CRUMB-PIE.—Mince any cold meat very finely, season it to taste, and put it into a pie-dish; have some finely-grated bread-crumbs, with a little salt, pepper and nutmeg, and pour into the dish any nice gravy that may be at hand; then cover it over with a thick layer of the bread-crumbs, and put small pieces of butter over the top. Place it in the oven till quite hot; and should the bread-crumbs not be sufficiently brown, hold a salamander over them.

Literary Notices.



THE LIFE OF MARY RUSSELL MITFORD, authoress of "Our Village, &c.," told by herself in Letters to her Friends. Edited by the Reverend A. G. K. L'Estrange. In two volumes. New York: Harper Bros. Montreal: Dawson Bros.

In the volumes now before us, we have the views of a highly cultivated mind expressed with all the freedom of private correspondence concerning the doings of the literary world for the last half century. The letters, evidently written in haste, in moments snatched from literary toil, show better than anything else could do the author's rare freedom of style, and not only this, but her amiable and excellent character. Miss Mitford belongs to a past generation; her books, though abounding in charming descriptions of English life; her tragedies, though wonderfully successful at the time, are not at all likely to become again popular; but these inimitable letters, which reflect as in a mirror the wisdom and the folly, the failures and the successes of her time, will long be read with interest by every cultivated mind. Every work of note is criticised as it appears. Of Byron's greatest poem she says:—

"I am almost afraid to tell you how much I dislike

'Childe Harold.' Not but that there are very many fine stanzas and powerful descriptions; but the sentiment is so strange, so gloomy, so heartless, that it is impossible not to feel a mixture of pity and disgust, which all our admiration of the author's talents can not overcome. I would rather be the poorest Greek whose fate he commiserates, than Lord Byron, if this poem be a true transcript of his feelings. Out of charity we must hope that his taste only is in fault, and that the young lordling imagines that there is something interesting in misery and misanthropy. I the reader believe this, as I am intimate with one of his lordship's most attached friends, and he gives him an excellent character."

In describing a lecture of Campbell's on poetry she writes:—

"Never in my life was I so highly gratified. Campbell's person is extremely insignificant—his voice weak—his reading detestable—and his pronunciation neither English nor Scotch; and yet, in spite of all these disadvantages the exquisite beauty of the images, the soft and sweet propriety of the diction, and the admirable tact of his criticisms enchanted and almost electrified the audience. Campbell's prose is all light—one longs for a little common writing as shades to the picture. And yet there were some terrible heresies; he likes Thomson's "Seasons," which nobody, you know, likes now; and he prefers Pope to Dryden, which is quite astounding. Every body stared; and to make them stare, he said it."

The interest excited by the anonymous appearance of the *Waverley Novels* was extraordinary, and efforts to elucidate the mystery were numerous. Under date October 31st, 1814, Miss Mitford writes to a friend:—

"Have you read Walter Scott's '*Waverley*'? I have ventured to say 'Walter Scott's,' though I hear he denies it, just as a young girl denies the imputation of a lover; but if there be any belief in internal evidence, it must be his. It is his by a thousand indications—by all the faults and all the beauties—by the unspeakable and uncollectable names—by the vile pedantry of French, Latin, Gaelic, and Italian—by the hanging the clever hero, and marrying the stupid one—by the praise (well deserved, certainly, for when had Scotland ever such a friend!) but thrust in by the head and shoulders) of the late Lord Melville—by the sweet lyric poetry—by the perfect costume—by the excellent keeping of the picture—by the liveliness and gayety of the dialogues—and last, not least, by the entire and admirable individuality of every character in the book, high as well as low—the life and soul which animates them all with a distinct existence, and brings them before our eyes like the portraits of Fielding and Cervantes. Upon reading this sentence over (backward, by-the-way, with the view of finding where it began), I am struck with the manner in which I have contrived, without story-telling, to convey to you a higher idea of the work than I entertain myself. There is nothing that I would unsay, and yet you would infallibly think that I like it better than I really do; though I do like it very much indeed."

Two months later she says:—

"I am still firmly of opinion that Walter Scott had some share in '*Waverley*;' and I know not the evidence that should induce me to believe that Dugald Stewart had anything to do with it."

The extraordinary popularity of these *Novels* is strikingly attested in an incident she relates. Speaking of "*Guy Mannering*" she states:—

"Do you know that this book has brought astrology into some degree of repute again? An instance of this has actually occurred in my own knowledge. A young Oxfordshire lady, of a character exactly resembling Miss Austen's 'Harriet Smith,' with the same prettiness, the same good-humour, the same simplicity, and the same knack of falling into love, and out of love, and into love again, had a scheme of life erected about two months ago. The conjurer took care to tell her several things which had happened in her family, and were well known to all the neighborhood—many things too, he told her of lovers and offers—much of husbands and children; but as the last and most solemn warning, he told her to beware of fire in her thirtieth year. She heard it with horror—a horror that shocked and alarmed the whole family. It was some time before she could be prevailed upon to reveal the cause, and when discovered she took to her bed for a fortnight."

On almost every page there is something that we would like to extract; but we have only room for one more from a letter dated 1817:—

"Mr. Wordsworth not only exacts an entire relinquishment of all other tastes besides taste for his poetry but if an unlucky votary chance to say 'Of all your beautiful passages I most admire so-and-so,' he knocks him down by saying, 'Sir, I have a thousand passages more beautiful than that. Sir, you know nothing of the matter.' One's conscience may be pretty well absolved for not admiring this man: he admires himself enough for all the world put together."

"The best estimate I ever met with of Wordsworth's powers is in Coleridge's very out-of-the-way, but very amusing '*Biographia Literaria*.' It is in the highest degree flattering, but it admits that he may have faults, and Mr. Lamb, who knows them both well, says he is sure Mr. Wordsworth will never speak to Mr. Coleridge again. Have you met with the '*Biographia Literaria*'? It has, to be sure, rather more absurdities than ever were collected together in a printed book before; but there are passages written with sunbeams. The pleasantries throughout is as ungraceful as a dancing cow, and every page gives you reason to suspect that the author had forgotten the page that preceded it. I have lately heard a curious anecdote of Mr. Coleridge, which, at the risk—at the certainty—of spoiling it in the telling, I can not forbear sending you. He had for some time relinquished his English mode of intoxication by brandy and water for the Turkish fashion of intoxication by opium; but at length the earnest remonstrances of his friends, aided by his own sense of right, prevailed on him to attempt to conquer this destructive habit. He put himself under watch and ward; went to lodge at an apothecary's at Highgate, whom he cautioned to lock up his opiates; gave his money to a friend to keep; and desired his druggist not to trust him. For some days all went on well. Our poet was ready to harm himself; could not write, could not eat, could not—incredible as it may seem—could not talk. The stimulus was wanting, and the apothecary contented. Suddenly, however, he began to mend; he wrote, he read, he talked, he harangued; Coleridge was himself again! And the apothecary began to watch within doors and without. The next day the culprit was detected; for the next day came a second supply of laudanum from Murray's, well wrapped up in proof-sheets of the '*Quarterly Review*.'"

From these few extracts, taken almost at random from the first volume, the value and interest of the work may be judged. To the last year of her life, 1854, she continued thus to criticise all the books that appeared, and her letters will, doubtless, afford much useful material to future biographers and historians.

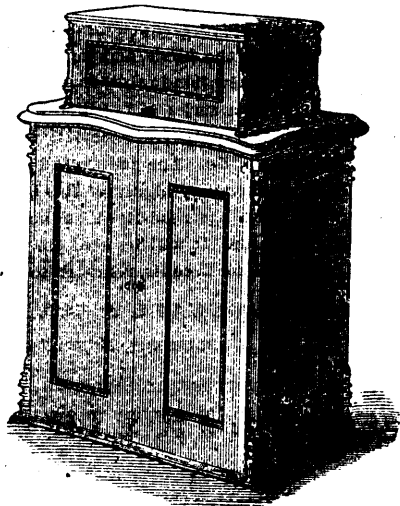
CONTENTS FOR MARCH, 1870.

	PAGE.		PAGE.
Marguerite:—A Tale of Forest Life in the Dominion (Continued).....	1	YOUNG FOLKS—(Continued.)	
To My Own Green Land (Poetry).....	9	Winning a Mine.....	51
Mounted Rifles our best Protection against Inva- sion.....	10	Amusement for Winter Evenings.....	52
The Forest Chief (Poetry).....	18	MUSIC:—The Patter of the Rain.....	54
Montreal Fifty Years Ago.....	19	FASHIONS for March.....	59
The Captain's Wife (Poetry).....	29	Colors.....	59
Memoirs of Major Robert Stobo.....	30	Case for Buttons.....	60
Henri Rochefort.....	30	DOMESTIC ECONOMY:—	
James McGill and the origin of his University.....	34	Accidents.....	61
Dr. Mulbric's Proposal and its Consequences.....	37	Gardening for Ladies.....	61
YOUNG FOLKS:—	40	Good and Diseased Meat.....	62
Clouds and Sunshine; or, School-Days of Bertha		Selected Recipes.....	62
Price (Continued).....	46	LITERARY NOTICES.....	63
A Sorry Loss (Poetry).....	70	ILLUSTRATIONS:—Hon. James McGill. Frontispiece..	
		Henri Rochefort.....	Page 35
		Fashion Plate.....	53

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