

THE
MARITIME MONTHLY.

A MAGAZINE

OF

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

VOLUME I.

ST. JOHN, N. B.:

PRINTED FOR THE PROPRIETORS AT THE STEAM PRINTING
ESTABLISHMENT OF J. & A. McMILLAN.

1873.

THE

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BY JOHN W. B.

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1840

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JANUARY, 1873.

No. 1.

USE AND BEAUTY.

IF Substantives had a Master of Ceremonies whose business was to direct the order in which they should appear in the procession of literature, he would have about as much difficulty as old Mr. Pepys with French and Dutch Ambassadors at the English Court. Whether should Use precede Beauty, or Beauty Use? Is not the Necessary before the Ornamental? Must we not eat that we may admire? and be clothed before we buy feathers? There may seem to be but one answer to these questions. Your smart man will tell you at once that only fools prefer the ornamental to the useful, and that these are at most but a small proportion of the human family, while if you were to ask the question of the lower animals, they would be found universally on the side of the wise. There are no fools among them.

Mr. Darwin will tell you otherwise. He says that the ornamental is the grand desideratum of all the polygamists. The duck gives the cold shoulder to the beau who has not highly ornamental feathers. So do the hens and turkeys to the plain feathered masculines. Magpies and daws steal jewels and bright things, hoarding them past, as misers their gold. If parrots could talk, would not their discourse be of flowers more than of fruits,—of pretty feathers rather than of warm clothing? The hen does not care a straw for the worm to which the lord of the harem calls her, save as an index of his affection: she can catch worms for herself, but she cannot find elsewhere such a pleasant, agreeable fellow as this one who calls; and then, what a charming voice he has. The squirrel, who scolds you as he runs along the rail, and then sits up

to eat his nut, thinks more of his own admirable figure and curled tail, than of the savory food. Hear the birds: do you think they dwell on the value of food half so much as on the beauty of song. Listen! that lark who springs up and flies away, higher and higher, till he is almost lost to your sight; what cares he for grubs or grain. He delights to hear his own voice, and to let others hear, and to show off his own great agility. It is just so with bounding lambs, and horses at play. As to bees and ants, they are such plodders, we do not know on which side their verdict would be: probably they would be on the side of Mr. Gradgrind, and would have nothing but things of use,—no ornament, or sentiment, or poetry, or other humbug. But with these discreditable exceptions, universal animalhood thinks more of the florid and lovely than of the merely useful.

Come next to the simple untutored savage. If you intend to trade with him you need not carry hogsheads of sugar or barrels of flour. He will thank you more for some beads or bracelets, or rings for his nose, or pendants for his ears. He has his hunger for food appeased, but not his thirst for the beautiful. Give him something showy, bright, glittering. The same desire will be seen in his Squaw; though, poor slave, she rather delights to see her taskmaster look brave than herself beautiful. So it is in all the grades of social life, from the lowest to the highest.

We will not dwell on the fact that we must live that we may live ornamentally, that we must eat or we shall soon cease to admire. This of course is patent, but as soon as the grosser needs are satisfied, we see that all seek for that which is beautiful more than that which is merely useful.

These two are however wedded together, so that though they may be divorced and wend through life their solitary way, they ever tend to come back and join hands, and live a harmonious life again.

We see this in the dress, the house, the garden, the landscape, the useful article.

What man or woman was ever satisfied with mere covering that displayed no taste? The divine song may warn against pride in, and love of dress, telling us that

The sheep and silkworm wore
That very clothing long before.

And the Minstrel, in a fine fit of moral superiority, may ask—

Vain Man! Is grandeur given to gay attire?
Then let the butterfly thy pride upbraid.

But such moral reflections will not uproot the love of beautiful dress from the human heart. Beautiful dress? Rather love of beauty, for dress is only a necessity of our sin, and a part of our punishment, or rather, moral discipline. Paradise needed no clothes, nor as far as we recollect have the angels pants or stove-pipes, or bonnets or shawls or frills. But the human form divine, being covered, must have somewhat in the clothing to compensate for the hidden beauty. And then, what colours, and textures, and forms of tailorism shall compensate fully? Only think of trying to improve the Medicean Venus or the Apollo Belvidere by satins and broadcloths. No doubt some tailors or mantua-makers would try by the arts of dress to improve the artist's conceptions, but we will find no sculptor to think such a thought. In conformity with our manners he must copy men and women in dresses, but when he chisels gods,—that is another affair.

When the pioneer clears the farm he contents himself with a log hut, which has small pretensions to beauty: indeed it has a grim and forbidding form, into which we do not willingly enter, save for shelter. It is hardly capable of taste. The spruce, notched with an axe, the interstices stopped with clay, the roof covered with bark, almost defy the efforts of the settler to beautify his rough structure. He contents himself with thinking that in a few years, when the settlement has grown, and the children are a little advanced, he will have a frame house, clapboarded and shingled, which it will be possible to make pretty.

Of course, in all natures there is not the same need of the beautiful. You can tell that when you see Mrs. Slattern with her ragged gown, dirty face and unkempt hair. And Mr. Slattern, poor man, he has not much eye for the beautiful, or his house would not stand bare and bleak, with not a tree to keep it company; nor would his bit of garden be overgrown with weeds, nor his rail be down, nor the window be paned with old hats and rags. For a time we could not understand why the farmers here had such a grudge against trees. It is the "struggle for life." Terrible work have the pioneers with the old forest. What chopping and burning and piling and rooting; and then what a lot of young sprouts and

saplings to pull up; then too the fearful fires might be brought up to the very house by the trees; so, they must all go down,—the cedar, the spruce, the pine, the maple, the birch, the beech. War, war to the bitter end against all these stately and beautiful intruders within a certain respectable distance from the residence. And so there is bareness and ugliness over all the fields, interrupted only by the line of dark wood away at the back of the lot. But the settler gets tired of the bareness. He begins to think of the pleasant hedge-rows and bits of grove and skirting trees of Father-lands, and wonders how he could be so insane as to ruin and destroy what thousands in old countries would spend much in producing. We can think what delight many a Lord or Marquis or millionaire would feel on proceeding over some winter road through one of our forests, with stately pines and beech and chestnut intermingled with the ever-lovely evergreens. Nor do our settlers enjoy the desolation they have caused, and they may be seen planting, in a hard, angular way, trees, in place of the far more naturally placed ones which, in their insane fight against nature, they destroyed by the steel and fire. In our fight for existence nothing is sacred or safe from our destroying hands and ferocious tempers,—not even the human form divine, much less forest forms, in one sense hardly less divine. We cannot be expected to respect trees when they are our enemies, when we will destroy our rivals and enemies of flesh and blood. But soberer thoughts take the place of wild rage, and there is peace made,—for with nothing which is really lovely can we long remain at war. There is in our breasts a sympathy for it which will not be satisfied, and so we go and shake hands with our foes, and if they be dead we take their children into our favour; and so with the trees which we pursued with grim rage, we will have their descendants to grow up around us to be our comfort and delight.

There is a love of order and regularity which, though in degree beautiful, may by exceeding its functions lead to untasteful, not to say ugly, dispositions of things. Angles, and quadrangles, and octagons, and quincunxes, and formal palings about garden lots, are the products of this love of order. Yet how much is all this improved by the curve, the serpentine, the “line of beauty and grace.” We are sorry to see a man planting trees so many feet apart. There is then too much similarity between them and the white pickets of his fence. A large house too with windows all of

a size, and at just such distances, is a dreary, monotonous affair. The five story factory with two or three hundred windows, impresses us very unpleasantly. Mr. Fowler's octagon house must be ugly unless relieved by balconies and other offsets. We like to see something wild and irregular. We want to see something harmonious in the scene. There is no doubt some latent law by which to combine order and irregularity. Art too requires something of nature. Suitable architecture grows out of the forms of the surrounding scene. A castle with irregular outlines among cliffs is agreeable. It is at home there more than in the low plain. Cottages can nestle in among evergreens.

Far in the windings of a vale,
Fast by a sheltering wood,
The safe retreat of health and peace,
An humble cottage stood —

was the place where "beauteous Emma" flourished "the pride of all the vale." We see at once that this is just where such a beauty should dwell. Then, churches should be Gothic. Grecian temples never pleases us as the home of Christian worship. However, we are going into a criticism of what is beauty. This is too wide a subject. We want rather to show how the useful, though first in order, becomes last in aspiration. We must, however, combine the two in dress, houses, gardens. The statuary, painter and poet may pursue the forms of beauty, as Apollo his Daphne, through all difficulties, caring only to become possessed of the loved one: but the tailor and the architect and gardener must think meantime of the uses of things. Mr. Snip must protect from cold the most brilliant gentleman patron. And Mrs. Milliner must have some respect, however small, to covering in the bonnet. Use has however all but vanished from the vision, as in this wonderful article of head-dress. Indeed the bonnet, like a humming bird, is so small, that we are in doubt about its identity or use. It would be well always, beneath a picture of these, to write "this is a bird, this is a bonnet." Houses are now many-formed, but yet we want greater variety: they have considerable ornament, and unlike bonnets, have grown to great dimensions,—a rather unpleasant circumstance in these days of difficulty in procuring "Helps." We rather think the fine houses will soon all be pulled down and cottages will be at a premium, if the difficulty continue long. Mrs. Upperten can no longer live in her fine house, for money cannot

purchase what is not to be had; and she cannot tend to those great rooms and windows and blinds and curtains, and so many of them. Mr. Upperten must either have a smaller house, or the family must go to a hotel. The country will then gain in the picturesque for a while, as ruins, such as they are, will be found everywhere. But these will not last, and they will become unsightly things, whether Gothic or French in construction. Speaking of the French style, we rather like the Mansard roof, the chief objection to it is that it has become too fashionable; indeed so much so that it has gone down to very cottages and cabins, and then it is said to be an attraction to fire, at least when it is put on the brick or stone house. Is there no architect who can produce anything new? All that we see in construction is to be found in a dozen of architectural books, and the only use we know of the living architect is to copy these or spoil by combining them, making some horrid hybrid that is neither Grecian, Gothic, Elizabethian nor French; and what is worse, has no element of nature or beauty about it. There are some architects to whom these remarks do not apply, but the rule is as we have said.

We have arrived at that time of national life when we can afford to pursue the beautiful somewhat irrespective of its uses. We may not be able, like our neighbours, to erect statues for our great men, nor to devote our lives to the pursuit of the Fine Arts, irrespective of the bread and butter which they afford. We cannot afford to rear a "National Monument," as the Edinburghers, that we may have the pleasure of gazing upon a Grecian temple in ruins; but we can pursue the beautiful in flowers, gardens, landscapes, etc. But here comes up the question, What is Use and what is Beauty? Is not whatever is beautiful also useful? Since the beautiful appeals to a deep need of our nature, can we do without the beautiful? No. We need not say that we should become beasts without it, for, as we saw, and as Darwin affirms, many at least of the lower animals love the beautiful. We might, if we were inclined to build hypotheses, succeed in showing that probably not a single animal is so stupid or stolid as to recognize no form of beauty; else why, for so many millions of years, did God scatter beauty all over the earth if there were none to admire? Is it true that

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

or, as animal life has always accompanied floral life, were there not always admirers of the bright-eyed flowers? Verily we are not the only æsthetic beings among God's creatures. We shoot and hunt and fish, and ill treat these denizens of the forest, lake and stream; in fact, may we not do them great injustice in sentiment. Inability to expound feeling is not an assurance to us of its absence. Here is a fine region for romance, not indeed altogether untrodden—the sublime and beautiful in the eyes of animals. Moore has given us the "Loves of the Angels," and the Rosicrusians have told us of ghouls, nymphs and salamanders; and we have the old mythologies of Greece and Rome, and fairy tales; but could we not by any means get some more correct knowledge of the thinkings of the butterflies and the bees, and the simia and the parrots, and the browsing kine, and the horse,—especially as to how they look upon the uses and beauties of Nature and Art?

Leaving such speculations to romancists, we turn our attention to use and beauty in the interior of the home. In the savage and semi-savage state, there is not found much to admire. The wild man has too much difficulty in adorning his person to have time for ornamenting his house. He is content with a bed of branches and a covering of skins. No article in his hut has any pretensions to beauty. The same holds good of the pioneer in his log cabin. But there is a great change when, comfort having been attained, ornament becomes possible. Not in the parlor alone with its elegant chairs, vases, what-nots, and bijouterie; nor in the bed-room only with its shining mirrors, graceful pitchers, carved bedsteads and snowy coverings; nor solely on the dinner or tea-table with their costly apparatus of plates, and dishes, and knives, and spoons of various shapes, is the abode of taste. Go to the kitchen, and in the stove, the dresser, the bright covers, the culinary wares, you will see beauty paramount. Romantic stories are pictured on plates. The old "willow pattern" suggests a tale of love, and devotion, and tragedy,—Chinese lovers, separated by a river, seeking communion in the boat which skims the lake, divided in their loves, and dying in their devotion, re-appear as two doves in the air to dwell for ever together in the spirit world. The change of taste has discarded this earliest product of Chinese imagination and art for white ware, yet we must confess to a strong fancy for this old favorite which we sometimes yet find among "old cracked tea cups, wisely kept for show" in some corner of the kitchen, or laid up in cupboards, or stowed away in the recesses of the pantry.

In the kitchen, however, though beauty be bright, it is in the drawing-room that it weaves a chain for the heart. There we find statuettes, and pictures, and books of art, and stereoscopes, and gems. We tread on flowery carpets, and look up to heavenly ceilings. The walls, and curtains, and furniture match. Harmony flows from agreeable contrasts and hidden correspondences. A tasteful room is a genuine poem, inviting admiration and defying criticism. There are not many such indeed. Too often, on entering amidst rich and costly furniture, we feel a jar to our sensibilities. That sofa does not harmonize with those chairs; those curtains are not of the right color; that piano does not correspond with the woodwork finish, and so we are put out of sorts with ourselves, and leave the place for a breath of fresh air, and take a journey to the woods to restore the balance of our powers. Upholstery is a divine art as much as poetry and painting, and none but true artists should meddle with its mysteries.

We might follow use and beauty into the fields of literature. There it might be a question which is first in order of time. The speech of the savage is highly ornate. The first history is in the form of verse. Homer and Hesiod preceded Herodotus. The poem became perfect while science was in its infancy. The poetry of Job is probably older than the cosmogony of Moses. The history of Joshua is indebted to the poetry of Jasher. The Vedas transcend, in time, all heathen literature. The Dawn leading out her cows; Indra chasing Daphne; hymns to Agni, the son of strength and conqueror of horses; prayers of poetic form for repentance and pardon, were the earliest themes of authorship. History and arithmetic, and the various bread and butter sciences followed at slow pace, and different distances, while the minstrel continued his song in the court, camp and grove, celebrating the triumphs of war and love, and weaving the songs of the affections. Still, too, does the poet stand in the foremost rank of artists,—possibly we might give the palm to the men of action. If Agamemnon and Cæsar were to come before us with Homer and Shakespeare, we might feel a greater desire to see the men who have held the world in awe. And yet we must confess to a preference to Longfellow over Grant, — conqueror and President though he be. He, who goes down into the depths and mysteries of our being, bringing up and marshalling armies of thought, which are destined to destroy the errors and evils which afflict us, is the

greatest warrior of our race, and ought to be considered the King of men.

One other phase of the subject may be noticed — the beauty of the useful and the use of the beautiful. In all beauty there is a use “if we but know how cunningly to distil it out,” and there is loveliness in all the adaptations of nature to our wants. There is a fine harmony in the correspondence between our being and the objects of gratification which may be modulated into divine songs; and that which awakens and delights the finest sensibilities of our minds and souls, become transformed to the noblest uses. The lowest faculties of our nature are the most necessitous, but the cultivation of the highest demands the more serious and sedulous attention. He who is satisfied with food and clothing is more akin to the brutes, but he who seeks for order, and beauty, and moral harmony, is rising to the angelic. Nature gives to the invocation of toil the daily bread that, being sustained, man may cultivate the superior fields of the affections. Science is the culture of knowledge, literature the product of taste, and religion the bread of the soul. All are beautiful, — all are useful. Thus harmonize all the elements in nature and man — industry, art, science, poetry, religion; and the grand result is the exaltation of the human to the divine.

A MOST UNORTHODOX GHOST.

BY M. A.

I HAVE often wondered how it is that people are, to me, the only creations to whom, or to which, I can truthfully apply the term “interesting.”

I flatter myself that I am as fond of what is commonly called “scenery” as most folks, and that I have had as many opportunities of indulging and cultivating a taste for it as the generality of mortals.

How very disconnected those two sentences seem as I read them over, and the last one looks so egotistical that I dread to read it aloud, knowing that the egotism would be intensified by sound;

but still, it is excusable and necessary, to introduce an explanation of my first sentiment.

Once (don't ask me how many years ago,) I stood on the summit of a mountain at sunset time, and looked upwards at peaks still towering above me,—peaks all bathed in a rosy mist and tipped with snow, every flake of which, when struck by a slanting sunbeam, glittered like a brilliantly tinted gem, and gazing upward my heart was filled with reverence and awe for the Creator of the scene with a wondering admiration for the scene itself; then drooping my eyes downward I noted that the mountain sides were resplendent with fields of ripening grain waving to the base; that far to the south stretched peaceful, verdant valleys, across which the gigantic mountain shadows lay like Titans reposing, after a struggle, in the bosom of their mother earth; and I rejoiced because I had been permitted to look upon such a combination of the glories of nature, and said to myself, "I am tasting the purest of earthly pleasures." But this enthusiasm for scenery, as I that evening very satisfactorily demonstrated, is, after all, but a sentiment made up of wonder and admiration: it is not really part of our nature. Even as I feasted my eyes, a peasant came out from a hamlet almost buried in pine trees, and immediately my mind lost its hold on that with which a moment before I had believed it so all-absorbingly occupied, and I fell to speculating on the peasant's family and his farm, to wondering what his name was, to thinking of a dozen things in connection with him.

Now, there are some who may contemptuously call this curiosity, and loftily assure themselves they are above such weaknesses. They are mistaken; it is not curiosity, but one of the few feelings that spring directly from what is best in us: it is an interest in and a love for our own kind. And since that evening, so long ago, I have proved over and over again that to me, and I think to most others if they would only admit it, people—even insignificant, ordinary looking, commonly clothed people—are the only really interesting creations, and if they happen to be young and beautiful and happy looking people, they rise in the scale of interest proportionately, that is, at first sight, for I do not by any means intend to say that, on closer acquaintance, the shabby fraternity are not very, very often found to be in every way immeasurably before their more brilliantly plumaged brothers and sisters.

There! I find I have been guilty of what I specially dislike in

any written composition,—several paragraphs of apology; for although I firmly believe every word of the foregoing, I am bound to confess that it amounts to nothing more nor less than an apology, for a story which will contain neither philosophising, moralising, nor information, but is merely the recital of the sayings and doings of a few boys and girls—I may almost call them men and women—who, as I introduce them, are rejoicing in their youth and in their health, and in their money; yes, in their money, for their money had always been part of them; and a very good thing it is when one is young and does not abuse the privilege of possessing it, as perhaps not one of these has ever done. Those who are not at all jealous of their manifold blessings will, I hope, really enjoy making a separate and individual acquaintance with these young people, who rejoice most of all because it is the blessed Christmas Eve, and who are merrily preparing for the festivities of to-morrow.

In the first place then a little retrospection is necessary. Please carry your mind back to the twenty-fourth of December, eighteen hundred and seventy-one; and a very stormy twenty-fourth of December it was too, and very cold for Christmas-tide, in one of the most southern of the Midland States, as all who live in that part of the Union will well remember.

The wind swept up from the Atlantic, not many miles distant, bringing with it hail and snow. Even the snow was hard and cutting, with nothing soft or gentle or poetical about it,—just such snow as people will not tolerate anywhere south, say of New Brunswick. And the wind and sleet and snow, each trying to get first and hit hardest, drove up a long avenue of oaks and maples, or some sort of trees; I have not sufficient arborical knowledge to distinguish the different species, when there is not a leaf to be seen, and when the branches are all equally bare and brown and snow-laden. The contending forces were as ignorant as I, and cared as little what the trees were, so long as they suited their purpose, by enclosing a sort of skirmishing ground, along which they could try their strength, and out of which they could make a grand rush at what seemed to be the principal object of their spite, namely, a large, comfortable stone house standing at the head of the avenue. The numerous turrets and towers of this house faced the fury of the elements with steady indifference, never bending or quivering,—a fact that is accounted for by their having nothing decayed, shaky and aristocratic about them, but being merely sub-

stantial plebeian turrets and towers of the most modern and ornamental description, according to the modern idea of ornamental in houses. Then the windows, against which the hail beat so incessantly, were neither small nor of grotesque form, nor mullioned nor latticed, as they certainly should have been, seeing that they looked out on such a stately avenue, but like every thing else, the long plate-glass panes expressed modernism and money, with not a vestige of romance, with nothing to delight those who think there is no virtue in that which is not old.

"Oh dear!" I hear some one saying; "what is the good of keeping us out in the storm discoursing thus prosily on windows? We expected light and warmth and pleasure, but instead of that we stand perishing in outer darkness," remembering

"It is truth the poet sings,
A sorrow's crown of sorrow
Is remembering happier things."

I hold it best to keep the good things till the last. Ah! in life there must be pain as well as pleasure. Take my advice and get through with all the pain first, if possible, and even then don't rush madly at the pleasure, but rather creep to it slowly.

That is what I did on the night in question. I had been out in the cold so long that before going into the life and joy, I crept up the icy steps, slid along the veranda, peeped in one of the windows there has been so much talk about, and glanced at all the things and people behind them. As for the things, I am not going to waste time on a description of them, for the collection of modern necessities and unnecessaries were simply such as any one would expect to see inside of a house possessing the exterior I have tried to give you an idea of. Only one, or rather two things, I must stop to say a word for. The fires! Whenever I look at a fire, I am inclined to quarrel with the fates because I was not born a Roman maiden, a vestal virgin, with the privilege of watching "the fires that last for aye." And these fires, two of them in open grates, mostly wood, with a dash of coal to make them burn well, were such grand ones! They created hundreds of dancing shadows on the marble mantels and on the white walls, and threw a ruddy light across the faces of those whom I was intensely interested in the moment I caught sight of them, so interested that I hastily donned the mantle of invisibility and ubiquity, so necessary to an elderly person who wields the pen. I entered in, all unknown,

forming one of the merry party, and immediately set about noting all I saw and heard.

The carpet, in a corner of one of the rooms, was covered with linen, and on this was heaped evergreen wreaths, crosses and vines, and long strings of scarlet berries. A lady, still young, though dressed in black, with a widow's cap perched on the top of her glistening hair, was seated picking out the different ornaments, as they were called for from various quarters, and handing them to a little curly-headed boy who seemed to be acting Mercury. A very good looking Mercury he was, and specially good natured too; for as soon as he arrived at the north end of the room with a load of crosses and wreaths, a shrill voice at the extreme south would call out, "Ned, dear! bring me some berries: that's a love!" (It is astonishing how sweetly affectionate girls can be, even to small boys, when they have an object in view.) So "Ned dear," with the lurching and jumping style of locomotion peculiar to boys, got himself over to the south room, and was hardly there when he was summoned back to the north, till his mother began to wonder if these thoughtless young people regarded her darling in the light of a peripatetic, wound up, to go as long as they might require his services.

The widow, by the way, was Mrs. Payson, the daughter of Mr. Howard, who owned the house and every thing pertaining to it. Then, in a corner of the north room, near a window, was grouped enough bright young life to interest an elderly person for weeks. Close against the crimson curtain stood pretty May Dacre, mounted on a chair, stretching her arms upwards with a long holly-wreath which Jack Abbot was supposed to be twining round a picture frame. How he expected to twine a wreath artistically while his eyes never, by any chance, wandered from May's face considerably below him, is incomprehensible; and why they could not, before they mounted, have arranged all the particulars concerning the twining, and so do away with any necessity for low mysterious conversation, is still unaccountable to me, the elderly person, and was excessively aggravating to Jack's young sister Alice, who stood near by patiently waiting for Jack to come and hang her wreath.

I hope it is not out of place to remark here that the persistent blindness of brother Jacks to the needs of their own sister Alices, when there happens to be any one else's sister near, is always too marked to be purely accidental. And alas! for the sister Alice in

this case. There is no other brother Jack to come to the rescue, therefore I am afraid her wreath will long remain unhung. Mr. Jack Abbot is only twenty, and May Dacre seventeen, and but a few moments before a certain person in the other room had looked their way and laughed, and nodded, and said in the classic language of modern young ladyism, "Ah! that's a gone case."

But, after all, it was only the manner that was so suspicious; the matter of what they said was remarkably innocent.

Do you see Josie Redburn flirting desperately with Orpheus, down there? She is pretending to ask his advice about the proportions of that arch, and getting him to suggest improvements, when she knows that she would not alter a twig on any consideration.

"I wonder how she can act so," said May, severely, who was never, Oh! never guilty of anything of that kind herself.

"Yes, I see them," answered Jack; (that was a slight prevarication, but May's white arms, which were very conspicuous against the crimson curtain, formed a sufficiently valid excuse.) There is something wrong between Orpheus and Eurydice. I always know that when he betakes himself to a mathematical and architectural flirtation with Miss Redburn.

"Oh! so you think that is the case?" said May reflectively. "Twist the holly into a knot at the top there. Dycie has been down stairs for some time. I am inclined to ask Orpheus to go down for her, just to aggravate Miss Redburn."

Said Jack mentally, "I never knew a girl who had not a proclivity for disturbing flirtations that she herself has no hand in." Said Jack audibly, "Miss Dacre, how could you think of sending Orpheus to the regions infernal to look for Eurydice? Who knows what might result from such a risky proceeding? Let us ask him for some music, and no doubt the strains will penetrate to Miss Howard and succeed in unearthing her."

Even as Jack spoke, a few rapid chords struck on a magnificent piano by a skilful hand, filled the rooms with melody. There was a momentary suspension of conversation, and during the pause, I had time to take a good look at Orpheus, known to the outside world as Harold Farnley; dubbed Orpheus by Jack Abbot, partly on account of his remarkable musical talent, but more, I rather think, from his very obvious penchant for Eurydice Howard. He was a grandly built young fellow, apparently about twenty-

four or twenty-five years old; his features refined American thoroughly; his face, hair, eyes, moustache, all brown; his brow wrinkled till his hair almost met his eye-brows, and as he kept his eyes fixed on the piano, seemingly in a very brown study, I said to myself, "You are a disagreeable, melancholy, unsociable young man. I never did like brown."

He played a brilliant prelude, and dashed into a light waltz, when, as Jack had foretold, Eurydice Howard appeared at the door; though, to tell the truth, she had been half way up stairs when the music commenced, and seemed to be the only one of the party not at all impressed by its power.

Eurydice was the beauty of the party, and consequently Princess Imperial. I say consequently, because, being Princess Imperial wherever she goes, is the divine prerogative of a born beauty, unless there is some extraordinary defect of character which counterbalances the effect of her charms.

Some people dislike descriptions of personal appearance, and there are cases in which it is best to leave faces and forms to the imagination; but when an affirmation is made to the effect that a certain person is a beauty, I always wish for a minute description of that person, because ideas and conceptions of beauty are so extended and dissimilar.

Therefore, I am constrained to tell you that Eurydice's beauty was not the mere delicately featured, sallow prettiness of a country where pretty girls are very common productions, but was more conspicuous on account of its being the exact reverse of the accepted type. She was stout, don't be horrified! Stout, I repeat. Her beautifully rounded waist would have shocked the advocates for corsets, and she wore a tight-fitting garnet colored dress which well displayed her wholesome figure. Her skin was fair, with a healthy rose tint about the cheeks, and her eyes were dark, and full, and mischievous. Her hair was bright waving chestnut, and her little nostrils dilated saucily as she leaned against the arch between the rooms, scanning the decorations and the decorators critically.

She opened her rosy lips and spoke in tones which, in singing, would, I knew, develop into a glorious contralto, and this is what she said:

"You lazy people! you have done positively nothing since I left you. Jack, you and May began that wreath before I went down

stairs, and I fully expected to see five or six of them finished by this time. Go over there and help Alice while May and I finish the pictures." Jack made a rueful face, but the Princess was immovable, and he had to obey her command, whilst she laughingly told May that it really was too bad, but she must have the work done before ten o'clock. Under her brisk management, by ten o'clock the last wreath was twined, the last berry strung, and refreshments being produced, they all gathered round the fire with Eurydice in their midst.

The storm still howled about the house, and the hail rattled on the window panes. The chattering and laughing within was louder than the storm-wind, and drowned the tapping of the hail.

I said, they all drew round the fire, but I had forgotten. That unsociable Hugh Farnley sat outside the circle, his brows still making acquaintance with his hair, and still lost in that brown study, not of the piano this time, but of the hearth-rug. Then it occurred to me, the elderly invisible, that perhaps he was not as supposed, thinking of that survey out on the "San Joaquin," but was merely observing the effect of a garnet dress on a white wool mat, of the flashing firelight on a soft white neck and on gleaming chestnut hair. The moment the idea occurred to me I thought better of that young man, and hoped that soon he would approach nearer to the central figure and share in the fun.

Something has moved him. What is it? Only this: Eurydice has just finished a plate of oysters, and has called to Mr. Farnley to come and put her plate on the table. Immediately the brows assume their natural position and the brown eyes light up as joyfully as if the Princess had bestowed on him an Earldom. But he is to be still further honored, for no sooner is the plate disposed of than Eurydice calls again: "Mr. Farnley, come and sit in this arm chair where I can see you; I want your opinion on a ghost which I have heard, only to-night, my father has purchased with the rest of the property."

"A ghost! Oh! Dycie!" screamed the young ladies in chorus, and they were observed to look fearfully over their shoulders, while Jack Abbot's chair moved a hair-breadth, not more I am sure, nearer to May Dacre.

"Yes, a ghost, and if you will not be extravagantly frightened, I'll tell you about it."

"Oh! tell us! we would love to hear a real ghost story on

Christmas Eve!" Again in chorus, but again the heads looked over the shoulders, and that chair twitched convulsively.

"It is not much to tell, after all, said Dycie, so do'n't form very great expectations. Mr. Farnley will you be kind enough to hold that screen between me and the fire."

I began to have quite a good opinion of the young man, for he looked ecstatic, as if the request was equal to boundless estates. When the screen was arranged to her liking, Dycie continued:—"I went down stairs to-night to see about the plum-pudding for to-morrow. Of course the cook was rabid at my interference; but I didn't mind that, for no cook shall play mistress in my house, and I will personally superintend the making of plum-puddings, having no fancy for suet in balls. Now you are all laughing at me, and no wonder. I really have commenced my ghost story oddly, and perhaps had better avoid preliminaries, and plunge at once *in medias res*.

"In the kitchen I found Virginny, a very old colored woman, who lives up the road. She came down here this afternoon to get some things I had promised her, and was storm-stayed. She asked me if I would go out to-night to see the black lady walk. I inquired in astonishment 'what black lady?' She threw up her hands and contorted her face, and rolled her eyes till nothing but the white's were visible, all of which pantomime I should, in a white woman, have considered indicative of approaching convulsions, but, in a negro, I knew it simply expressed astonishment. When she had sufficiently recovered to pay attention to what I said, I begged her to tell me the story of the black lady, and that is what I am going to repeat. Of course it loses a great deal in my telling, but I cannot give it to you in her words, because, in the first place, I am no mimic, and in the second place, it would take too long.

"About a hundred years ago there stood on the very spot where this house now stands, a magnificent mansion, in comparison with which, according to Virginny, my home is but a miserable hovel; but between ourselves I would very much sooner occupy the hovel on such a night as this than that same old noble mansion. That remark, however, is not at all to the point. A family called Wingard, in every way worthy of the delightful residence, owned and occupied it. Virginny's grand parents and parents were slaves on

the estate, so that she has the story, which really is coming, direct from her mother.

“At the time of the Revolution, which began in—let me think, what year?”—“seventeen seventy-four,” suggested May Dacre.

“It really began in seventeen seventy-five,” said Josie Redburn, whose memory for dates was provokingly accurate.

“Oh, of course. How stupid of me not to remember. In seventeen seventy-five then, Mr. Everard Wingard had a beautiful young daughter who was engaged to marry Mr. Stafford, who at that time owned nearly all the town of Farmington. Wingard took the side of King George. Stafford, who was young, and a born American, espoused the cause of liberty, of his countrymen and women, of right. (Eurydice was splendid when patriotic.) As might be supposed, Wingard broke the engagement and forbade his daughter ever to speak to her lover. The daughter pretended to obey her father, but in reality deceived him, and met Stafford on every possible occasion. I won't stop to remark on *her* conduct (with a very contemptuous sniff.) Mr. Wingard, always on the alert, discovered them together one day late in the fall of seventy-five. He was terribly enraged and warned Mr. Stafford never again, on peril of his life, to appear near his house; then he took his daughter into the house, locked her up, and only allowed her to go out when he accompanied her. But the warm young hearts, and the sharp young wits managed, as ‘Sam Weller’ would have put it, to ‘circumwent the old ‘un,’ and they corresponded constantly, principally by means of Virginny's grandmother, who had been Miss Wingard's nurse. At last the regiment Mr. Stafford had joined was ordered into active service, and he so urged and entreated Miss Wingard that she consented to elope with him. Christmas Eve, or rather Christmas morning, was the time appointed. Mr. Wingard invariably slept with the keys close beside him, and, in consequence, Miss Wingard, at about half-past one, was to come down stairs and get out of the dining-room window, which Virginny's grandmother would have open. Outside of the window her lover would await her, and at the foot of the avenue were two swift horses which would bear them into Farmington, where a clergyman, Mr. Stafford's younger brother, would be in waiting to marry them. The arrangements were good, but the Fates unpropitious. The night, instead of being dark and wild, as to-night, was clear and still, and the moon

shone brightly. Miss Wingard, we can imagine, enveloping herself in a large cloak, and crying a farewell to every little knick-knack about her room, for I suppose, girls lumbered up their bed rooms with an unlimited quantity of useless trumpery then as well as now. At any rate, when she reached the dining-room, she told her nurse that she had not been able to resist the temptation of going to her father's room for a last look, and that she would have kissed him if she had dared. Ah! that look was her undoing. When she had been hugged and kissed by the old woman, she stepped out of the low window, and quietly took her lover's arm. Virginny's grandmother slipped into the drawing-room and watched the two steal round the corner of the house. They turned into a side path that ran along by the avenue, and then, without a preparatory sound, she heard the bolt of the front door drawn, and her master's voice calling angrily, 'Come back! come back with my daughter or I will shoot you dead.'

"In the bright moonlight she saw him run down the steps and along the avenue; but the two lovers ran faster. She hoped they would escape, and that Mr. Wingard, for fear of hitting his daughter, would not fire. He too must have seen that they were distancing him, and that in a few moments they would be beyond the range of his rifle, for, as they neared the turn, he stopped, raised his rifle, and fired. Virginny's mother heard a shriek. For a moment she did not dare to look, for she knew that her master's aim never missed. When she did look, she could barely distinguish two figures on the ground, and Mr. Wingard running towards them. She cried out, running through the hall, and as she went down the steps one of the two figures sprang up and hit Mr. Wingard a great blow, which felled him to the earth. Then the poor old woman knew how it was. She had not strength to move, to speak. She saw Mr. Stafford pick up her darling, and in the bright light she distinguished blood pouring down her dress. Almost momentarily she heard Mr. Stafford's voice cry out through the still clear air, 'In life her body was yours, and her spirit mine. In death her body is mine, and I would have killed you but that I know her spirit will haunt you to a miserable death.'

"There was a clattering of horses' hoofs along the frozen road that roused the woman from her terrified stupor. Again she shrieked, for her first cry had not awakened the servants in the

back of the house. This time some of them heard and came rushing out. They picked Mr. Wingard up off the hard, cold ground, which was not half so hard or cold as he was, and carried him into the house. He was only stunned, and when he came to his senses told his valet to take him to his room. For a week he never came down stairs, and every night the servants heard him pacing up and down his daughter's room, which opened from his own, and the door of which, leading into the hall, he had locked. When at length he appeared, the only change in him was a hard drawn look about the mouth, and an additional tone of decision and severity in his voice. He called the servants together, and told them that, by the next day, they must all have left the house, for he intended shutting it up, and going away till the rebellion was put down. He did as he said. He went away, and never was heard of again till the peace was made. In what year was that Josie, please?"

"In seventeen eighty-three," said Miss Redburn, gravely. "Well, in seventeen eighty-three, he came back, sold the estate and everything in the house, with the exception of the furniture in Miss Wingard's room; all of that he took away with him, and never after was heard of more.

"The people who bought the estate re-sold it shortly afterwards. It has since passed through two or three hands. Some twenty years ago, the old house, all in ruins, was burnt down. The site was never built on, till I took a fancy to it, and as the place was offered for sale, persuaded Papa to buy it.

"And now what I want most to tell, and what you are all expecting, is this: Virginy most solemnly attests that every Christmas morning, at about half-past one, a woman, clothed in black, with blood streaming over it, that glistens and shines through the darkness, walks up the avenue to the turn, shrieks and disappears. And immediately the clattering of horses' hoofs is heard along the road. Now that is the ghost story as it was told to me, and what do you think of it Mr. Farnley?"

Mr. Farnley had risen immeasurably in the estimation of the elderly invisible during the last twenty minutes. He had never once wrinkled his brow; he had never once moved his eyes from the animated face of Eurydice. His rudeness delighted me inconceivably, it is so refreshing now-a-days to see a young man so deeply in love that he becomes entirely forgetful of *les conve-*

nances. His thoughts had certainly been very much more occupied with the story-teller than with the story, so his answer to her query was not as sharp as it might have been.

"I think it most unsatisfactory. I cannot conceive why the woman, who must long ago have accomplished her mission of haunting her father to death, should still continue to wander about an avenue that has passed into other people's hands. I rather admire old Wingard's determination, and would like to know what eventually became of him."

Dycie looked around the group. She saw that Jack and May were very close together, and that Alice, Josie and her sister, all looked a shade paler than usual. It was evident that the story had had a depressing effect. She shrugged her shoulders, and turning to Mr. Farnley, said, "You seem to regard the story as not at all improbable, when the utter absurdity of it is most palpable." Then, seizing on his last remark, in order to distract the general attention from her ghost, she continued: "I shouldn't wonder if that old wretch Everard Wingard went to the Provinces with those whom they call the 'Loyalists.'"

"Did you say he disappeared in eighty-three, Dycie?" said Alice Abbot. "Yes," answered Dycie. "Why?"

"Because if that was the year, I know exactly the place he went to. I have been there myself, and should say that having to endure the climate was sufficient punishment for all the old gentleman's sins. It is a place principally composed of hill and stone. It snows there for six months in the year, and fogs intermittently during the other six. You remember the place Jack, and the fun we had with that gentleman at the hotel, who, when I asked him what the cannons were firing for, said it was in honor of the anniversary of the landing of the Loyalists. Then he offered to show me an account of that auspicious event, which he had entered in his diary. At that I looked sharply at him, then elevated my eyebrows at Jack, who muttered something about the 'Wandering Jew,' and the 'Elixir of Life.' The gentleman heard him, and seeing the joke, explained that the entry was not in his diary, but in his father's; that his father kept a diary; that he himself kept a diary; in fact, that diary keeping was a specialty in the family. Don't you remember, Jack?"

"Yes, I remember. I likewise have a vivid recollection of a day and a night spent in beating about a Bay in fog so thick

that you couldn't distinguish your hand held close before your eyes. 'At last did cross,' not 'an Albatross,' but a steam horn hoarse, and 'as through the fog it came,' one of the hands informed me, much to my pleasure, that we were nearing our destination. I rather liked the place when we got to it, and the people we met with were first class. But Oh, the getting there! The getting there! It strikes me that if the Loyalists encountered the same difficulties, they must have wished themselves back in their own country often enough. Don't you think so Farnley?"

Now why did Jack appeal to Farnley? Couldn't he see that he was absorbed in the contemplation of the hearth-rug?

"To be sure! Pig-headed fanatics who were obstinately determined to look at the question only in one light."

The girl on the hearth-rug rose up and shook out the folds of her garnet dress. Her eyes blazed splendidly as looking full at Mr. Farnley she exclaimed contemptuously:

"You surely do not mean what you say; or if you do, you form a very incorrect estimate of those men. I would be the last woman as you all know, to sustain them in the upholding of a government that tyrannized over their adopted country; but, at the same time, I cannot fail to admire, to reverence, the heroism which moved them to forsake the homes they loved, and, in order to act consistently with their idea of right, dare to begin life anew in such a country as Jack and Alice have described."

Poor Harold! All the honors stripped from him. All his castles shattered at a blow. He had answered at random, and now his faint protestations were lost in the bravos of the very Jack who had been the first cause of bringing down Eurydice's burning contempt on him.

And when Jack subsided, May Dacre exclaimed: "Does the privilege of seeing as well as that of possessing a ghost pertain only to blue blood? If so, I presume there is no hope of any of us base-born plebeians catching a glimpse of the Lady of the Avenue. But what do you say to our going out in a body and watching for her?"

"That," said Dycie, "is what I suggested to Virginny, but she was horrified at the mere supposition of an illustrious ghost appearing to a crowd of unbelieving youngsters. She says that it is only visible to one person, and that one person must watch for it alone. That, of course, shows the discrepancy in the whole thing,

for it is ridiculous to suppose that the movements of the spirit of the departed Miss Wingard would be influenced by the observation of a certain number of eyes."

"As for discrepancies, the yarn is full of them," said Jack. "What does she make of the non-appearance of a special reporter from the office of the 'Farmington Times,' within at least a half an hour of the tragedy? How does she account for the horrified populace of Farmington failing to rise *en masse* and lynching Wingard, or for not being tried as a murderer before a tribunal of his countrymen?"

"Now Jack, don't be absurd," said Alice, in an encouraging sisterly way, "you ought to know that in the good old times men were able to get a living without hiring themselves to expose everybody's business for the delectation of everybody else. (Jack frequently acted as a 'special,' by the way.) Then the country was in such an unsettled state that I don't wonder at no notice being taken of the affair. But think of Virginny's or somebody's originality in inventing a ghost in black and red, and dating her appearance at half-past one."

"And how is it that she walks up the avenue instead of down?" asked Josie Redburn.

"You are all getting so critical," said Dycie, "that I feel bound to defend my story. The fact of its having lived through so many years ought to be sufficient excuse for its defects. I am convinced that none of you girls would go down that avenue to-night on any consideration, so I propose that we go to bed now, in order to get up early in the morning. You know we are to celebrate Christmas in the old English fashion."

"You forget about the dance, Dycie," said Mrs. Payson. "Oh Lizzie, you know I gave in to that American innovation under protest, and then it is only a quiet affair. Good night and a merry Christmas to all. If either of the gentlemen feel inclined to brave the elements they had better try the avenue, and give us the benefit of their experience to-morrow."

She looked directly at Harold Farnley, but the brown fit had been on since that unlucky Loyalist business, and he merely stood up and repeated the "good night" and "merry Christmas," without noticing the look.

Then, amidst a good deal of laughing and joking, Dycie led the way up stairs, whilst the rest of the girls all huddled together,

and looking suspiciously round, followed her. Dycie told them all to go into her room, and she ran along the hall to her father's study, opened the door, and sitting down on the arm of her father's chair, called him a "dear, inhospitable old Papa" for not coming down stairs and having some fun.

"Eurydice, child," said her father, "the presence of an old grey beard like me would only spoil the fun of you giddy young people; the echo of it was quite enough for me. Besides, Mr. Farnley was with me during the first part of the evening, and entertained me with an account of the proposed survey of the San Joaquin valley. The directing of it is a splendid berth for a young man, and will help Farnley, who is an extraordinarily talented fellow, to make a name for himself."

"Ah!" said Eurydice, tossing her head, "he may be extraordinarily talented and entertaining, but I can assure you that he doesn't condescend to display his powers to us giddy young people. Last summer I might have agreed with your opinion, but now he does nothing but moon round with his brow wrinkled up as if he was continually solving some abstruse, mathematical problem. Then, when I ask him a question, he answers in such an absurdly irrelevant manner that really I have no patience with him. The one virtue he has not lost, is that of playing on the piano, and I can't enjoy that because it makes me so envious and dissatisfied with myself." All this Dycie poured out in a tone of most vehement depreciation. When she stopped to take breath, her father remarked slyly:

"You seem to have been at such pains to note the young man's peculiarities, that I am sure he would feel flattered, notwithstanding the unfavorable result of your observations."

"Well, one can't help noticing what is so very apparent," said Dycie, blushing uncomfortably, and then adding hurriedly, "I must go now. When you go down stairs please see that the drawing-room fires are well banked up with coal, and that the screens are put on. Good night."

"Good night, daughter," said her father, as he rose and put his arm round her. "What would I do without my little house-keeper, Eurydice?"

Now Mr. Howard had made that remark almost every night for the last three years, and Dycie never commented on it. To-night she looked up at him and said, "Why, there is Lizzie now you

know." Then she wondered why she had said it, and kissed him, and went back to her own room, where she found the girls in their dressing-gowns, each one brushing her hair in a subdued melancholy manner.

"I do believe," she cried as she entered, "that that silly ghost story has frightened the whole of you, even Josie Redburn."

"Not at all," said Miss Redburn, courageously, "we have just been wondering how we could keep awake long enough to hear, if not to see, the performance."

Dycie looked contemplatively round as if hardly determined whether or not to encourage the proposition. It did not, however, require much penetration to see that the other two did not support Miss Redburn, so she said decisively: "If it will not be a great disappointment, girls, I should advise you not to do anything of the kind. We want all our superfluous keeping-awake powers for to-morrow night, so if you don't mind, I think we had better go right to bed."

For a moment there was silence. Each girl was mentally congratulating herself on the prospect of being sound asleep before half after one, still no one liked to show the white feather. At last Alice Abbott jumped up from her easy-chair, and striking a toilet table emphatically, with her brush, said: "I hold that the story is all confounded nonsense; and even admitting the possibility of a shriek from a ghost, I am sure it would be immediately followed by fainting and hysterics on our part. Whichever way it went the result would be equally unsatisfactory, so I for one will retire immediately. You must come with me Josie, although you were so accommodating in making that peace in eighty-three, that it goes to my heart to disappoint you in this little matter."

"Ah, well," said Miss Redburn resignedly; "of course, I must do as the rest do, but I really am sacrificing my inclinations." She suffered herself to be led off, and as Alice afterwards informed Dycie, before five minutes had elapsed, had her head under the blankets, and either was or pretended to be fast asleep.

Then when May Dacre, who roomed with Dycie, had comfortably ensconced herself in bed, she waxed talkative, and asked Dycie to open the door, so that she might hear Orpheus play.

Dycie complied with the request, and wondered how it would have been if she had asked May to open even a wardrobe drawer. However, she made no remark on May's very evident terror, lest a

woman in a black robe, with glistening streams of blood flowing down it, should be lying concealed in every dark corner, but she said quite sharply: "Why do you call Mr. Farnley, Orpheus. I wouldn't mind if I had not happened to have been burdened with my ridiculous name."

"Why Dycie?" laughed May. "That's the very point of it. Can't you see that the man is head over ears in love with you; so far gone in fact that he takes no pains to conceal it!"

Dycie answered never a word. May returned to the charge: "You know that to Josie he indulges in most learned disquisitions on all sorts of ologies and isms. With Alice and me he is continually joking and chaffing, but with you—*Bien! Tout se change*. Do you mean to say, Dycie, that you don't know he would do anything in the world for you?"

Dycie sat facing the fire with her back towards May. Her countenance had not evinced a shadow of surprise at what May said, but, was it the fire that deepened the color in her cheeks till it neared the shade of her garnet dress?

Without a moment's hesitation she answered the inquisitor: "May, will you never cease talking slang. It is bad enough in a boy, inexcusable in a girl. Do you hear the wind howling?"

"Now, Dycie, you are not going to get out of—I beg pardon—to evade my question in that way. Do you mean to say—There was no shirking it. Dycie turned and looked May in the face. "I mean to say, that your nonsense about Mr. Farnley has no more foundation than the ghost story. My father has taken a great fancy to him. My father asked him here to spend Christmas because he has no particular home. As he might just as well be here as with any of his friends, he came. Now, you know how it is May, and if you can't talk on any more interesting subject, you had better go to sleep."

That silenced May, but by no means convinced her; and Oh! Eurydice, you are a young person possessing far too much acumen not to have observed long ago, all that May had called your attention to. You are immeasurably too practical a young person not to have soliloquized over and over again somewhat to this effect: "If the man is in love with me, why doesn't he say so; if he is not in love with me, why doesn't he treat me as he treats other rational young women."

But with her true eyes and her frank young face, who could

accuse her of deliberate prevarication? Ah! I have it now! Her answer to May was guarded. She made a mental reservation to the effect that there was some foundation for the ghost story; at any rate her subsequent conduct looked very like it.

She took off her crimson dress and substituted a warm blue flannel robe de chambre. She sat down in front of the glass, and while taking down her hair, talked to May about to-morrow.

But May, who smarted under the rebuff her curiosity had met with, refused to talk. Her conversation degenerated into the very shortest monosyllables, approving or disapproving. At last she drawled out that she was sleepy, and did not want to be bothered, and that Dycie had better hurry and come to bed.

That seemed to be the idea farthest from Dycie's mind. She deliberately brushed out her hair, and braided it in two long braids. She listened attentively to May's regular breathing, and satisfied herself that she was sound asleep.

She went to her wardrobe and took out a long waterproof cloak and hood and a pair of rubber boots; the latter she deposited on the hearth-rug with the evident intention of warming them.

She drew an arm chair in front of the fire, sat down with her feet comfortably on the fender stool, and then looked at the clock on the mantel, which denoted that the hour was half-past twelve of Christmas day in the morning. "Now," said she, "one half hour's waiting, and then I shall put on my things and slip out."

The house was perfectly still. The music had ceased half an hour before. She had heard her father bid the young men good night and come up to his room, while they went along the hall to their apartments, which were on the first floor in the left wing. The clock ticked steadily. The wind howled mournfully. Eurydice, the beautiful, sat in the easy chair; her arms stretched upwards; her head resting against her hands clasped behind it; her dark eyes staring, wide open, at the fire-light. The hands on the dial plate pointed to five minutes to one. Eurydice rose quietly, and going to the window drew aside the curtain and peered out into the night. The wind, no longer bringing with it snow and hail, had calmed down considerably. The masses of black cloud were scattered into detachments and divided by long columns of light gray, which gave promise of a fair to-morrow.

"It is not so bad," said Eurydice. "I will go and prove that ridiculous nonsense to be untrue."

Dycie's common sense said, stay home! Don't go on a fool's errand, and perhaps get your death by it.

Dycie's love of sensation said, go! Prove yourself a strong-minded girl. Prove the ghost a myth!

Dycie compromised with the good sense and said: "To avoid taking cold I will wrap myself up well. No one will know anything about it till to-morrow morning, so there will be no harm done."

Acting immediately on her resolution, she put on the long cloak and tied the hood closely round her face. She took off her slippers, and lifting up the boots, walked with them in hand through the open door into the hall. There she looked and listened for a few moments, but not a sound came from any of the bed rooms, not a ray of light from underneath the doorways. She crept through the hall, feeling her way in the dark, then down the stairs into the lower hall, which was lighted by a brilliantly colored hanging lamp which burned all night. In an instant she was in the north drawing-room, where she sat down, drew on the boots and took a large key from the pocket of her cloak. All this she did briskly and resolutely, but her fair face, with the dark hood drawn closely round it, was very pale, and her eyes distended, seemed to look everywhere at once. With the key she opened the door into the conservatory, and as she unlocked it, she heard a noise, as of a window moving up or down, in some other part of the house. She stepped into the conservatory and closed the door easily. She stood, and listened, and trembled like — well, like a girl who has undertaken to do something without feeling certain that she has sufficient nerve to carry it out. There was no further noise. She ran along the conservatory, unlocked the outer door, went out, waded through a snow-drift up to her knees, and was round to the head of the avenue before she stopped to take breath. Here a gust of wind met her full in the face, and she staggered and grasped at a tree with both arms. She declared afterwards that if the tree had not been within convenient embracing distance, she would, even then, have ran back towards the house, and never rested till she was safely in her own room. But the tree sustained the shock of the wind so unyieldingly, and sheltered her so bravely, that she felt encouraged, and said aloud (her voice was such company) "don't be a fool Eurydice Howard! go on! Make a rush before the wind comes up again!"

She made a rush. She plunged through the snow for some five minutes, till she neared the turn where the tragedy had occurred. She stopped again, listening and trembling, as before. Then, as before, she made a wild dash, rounded the turn, and looked down the avenue. There, walking slowly towards her, was a tall, black figure, with something red about it that glistened brightly through the darkness!

There it was, just as Virginy had described it, and certainly there was the chance for Eurydice to go on, interview the ghost, and immortalize herself.

One glance was enough for Eurydice. That one glance buried her scepticism, completely set at nought her strong-mindedness and resolution, deprived her of every thought but the one of getting out of the way as quickly as possible. She was thoroughly terrified. She quite forgot to scream or faint. She was unwomanly enough to turn her back to the dreadful thing on the avenue, and run homewards as fast as her trembling legs and the wind would carry her.

When the tree which sheltered her before was reached, she had begun to think, and she thought: "Perhaps there is some mistake." She turned her head, and behold! the terrible apparition, glittering all over now so that the black was hardly distinguishable through the red, was advancing towards her with rapid strides. "It will certainly reach me before I get to the conservatory. I will cut across instead of going round the corner." The action and thought were simultaneous.

The girl, whom physical fear had deprived of reason, floundered through the drifts, but she had only progressed a few yards when a branch of a tree, blown downwards, struck her on the breast. She tottered and fell forwards. She felt as if the horrible black and red thing had already got her in its clutches, and then she uttered a shriek that was loud and long, and expressive of extremest terror.

There was a crackling of branches close behind her, a dashing aside of snow and hail close beside her, and Eurydice was conscious that her hour was come.

Then she felt herself lifted from her snowy bed, and she thought dimly: "What strong things ghosts are;" but her tongue was tied, she could not speak. There was no need, for as the light struck across her face from the hall, the spirit cried out. It

uttered not the legendary shriek, and what could the wraith of the unfortunate Miss Wingard mean, by exclaiming, "Eurydice," in a tone that in writing could only be expressed by half a dozen notes of exclamation? How can you account for a still stranger proceeding on the part of the mysterious figure, which consisted in bending its head and kissing the face of Eurydice, all bespangled with snowflakes, and distorted with terror. If it had been a gentleman ghost, one would not have wondered, for the temptation was great. As it was, the kiss was too hot and passionate to be purely spiritual, and Eurydice feeling it thought, "Some one is saving me from that hideous phantom." This encouraged her to open her eyes, and look up at a brown face very close to hers. Instantly she flung her arms round the neck of the apparition, and begged it to save her from that dreadful thing behind. Then suddenly changing her mind, she cried in her quick, imperious way: "Put me down," and before this most unorthodox ghost could venture on a remonstrance, she had wrenched herself from its arms, was flying round the corner of the house, through the conservatory, into the drawing-room, and crouching down close into the fire.

Following close upon her came the ghost, or the deliverer from the ghost, or both in one. He walked straight across the room towards the hall, as if going to call some one. Eurydice started up; "Hush! Come back. I would not have any one know. Virginny's story is true. Did you see it, Mr. Farnley?"

She shuddered, put the hood back from her face, and crept in closer to the fire.

Mr. Farnley came back and leant against the mantel. "See what, Miss Howard?"

Eurydice looked up at him still with the wild scared expression. Could she have been mistaken?

"The horrible creature that haunts our avenue. I saw it first coming up from the gate, and afterwards just above the turn."

Harold Farnley's brown eyes looked neither astonished nor sympathetic; on the contrary, they looked very much amused, as if they, ably supported by his whole face and lungs, would have laughed merrily if the person who made that assertion had been any other than she whom he had kissed and called Eurydice but a few moments before.

"I really think you are mistaken, Miss Howard. I walked all

the way up and down the avenue, and neither saw nor heard anything till I passed the turn coming up. Then I noticed a dark figure ahead which turned out to be you. I would have called out, but thinking that the person ahead might possibly not have seen me, I refrained from doing so; I knew the story, and feared alarming any one. Do you think it was not I you saw?"

Eurydice was getting warmed, though the excitement was passing off, and she now more than suspected her mistake. But she determined to fight it out. "How could that be, Mr. Farnley? I am positive that the first time I saw the thing there was something bright red about it. The second time it was all in a flood of red light. How do you explain that, Mr. Farnley?"

Eurydice flung out the words defiantly and desperately. If he could not explain that, she would still believe she was right. Mr. Farnley rather disliked destroying the delusion, but still he would not allow the girl to think she had seen a ghost when she had not.

"That is easily accounted for. The first time you saw me the light from my cigar twinkled through the darkness, and your heated imagination magnified it into a bright red light. The second time I stood where the light from the hall lamp shone full on me. You know that it throws a red shadow across whatever it strikes, but in your excitement you quite forgot that. Are you convinced, Miss Howard?"

Poor Eurydice! She felt herself get redder and redder. She knew that she had done what she most dreaded, made herself ridiculous. It was hard to think that Harold Farnley, of all people, should be the person who knew of it. It was bitterly mortifying to know that she, in her absurd terror, had thrown her arms round his neck; to vaguely doubt whether it was not she who had kissed him in her joy at discovering he was not the ghost. Oh! Why had she not seen her mistake then? Why had all her reasoning faculties so completely deserted her?

And now, Harold Farnley stood before her and talked coolly of her "heated imagination," of her "excitement." For all she knew, he might be laughing at her in his sleeve; he certainly looked very like it. That was the "most unkindest cut of all." Eurydice could not bear to be laughed at. It made her cross, unjust, unreasonable. The thought of what was in store for her if this escapade should become known, was more than her philosophy could bear.

She sprang to her feet, angrily threw off the cloak she had unfastened, struck her clenched hand on the mantel, and said in a firm stage whisper, for now she dreaded waking any one more than ever.

"Then I would like to know, what you mean by prowling round the grounds, almost frightening people to death, when you knew the story that is abroad? It is what I call most thoughtless and ungentlemanly. I thank you for taking me out of the snowdrift; but, if it had not been for you, I should not have fallen in it. It is cruel in you to laugh at me. You may go now!"

Perhaps Eurydice did not mean it, but she waved her hand imperiously, as if she, the Princess, was done with him, the slave, for ever. He who had been her slave so long observed the gesture and rebelled. He would not be treated in that way even by the woman he would willingly have given his life for. He did not go; he stayed.

"Miss Howard you are most unreasonable; you are unjust. You know that when you went up stairs, you seemed to have no idea of going out to the avenue. Jack and I agreed to go together. Jack lay down to wait and went sound asleep. I did not wake him, and a few minutes after one, opened my window and jumped from it. Of course I had not the slightest expectation of meeting with either a ghost or a human being during my walk. I must have been some minutes ahead of you, and as I went down the side path, you saw neither me nor my foot-prints in the snow. I think it quite natural that you should have been frightened. I am sorry that I was the cause, and I beg your pardon if I laughed.

"I have decided to go away by the first train this morning, instead of waiting over another day. Will you shake hands with me before I go?"

He had begun very boldly; he ended very meekly. Eurydice stood with her back towards him, her hands clasped on the mantel and her head leaning forward on them. She had never once looked round at him; she had never showed by a single gesture that she heard what he said.

I, the elderly invisible scribe, was in a state of trepidation lest my pet, who had been behaving so abominably, was about putting a finishing touch to her senseless behaviour, by allowing Harold to take himself off without her acknowledging that she had been

wrong. But then it was she showed her common sense; then it was she put aside her mortification and wounded self-conceit.

She turned to him, held out her hand, and said frankly: "It is I who should beg your pardon. I have acted like a fool from beginning to end. I hope that, if you are not very, very decided, what I have said will not influence you to leave us sooner than we expected. Papa would be excessively annoyed, and I—well—I would be disappointed!"

He was at her feet again; metaphorically speaking, of course.

He held her plump white hand in his; she looked up at him so fairly and so frankly. The temptation was great, greater than the temptation of the avenue. When she finished speaking, he still held her hand; he looked straight down into her luminous, dark eyes:

"Eurydice! Eurydice! If you say for me to stay here for ever, I will stay. If you mean that I am to go, say so, and for Heaven's sake let me go at once."

That was what he would have said long ago if she had not been the prospective heiress to great wealth, and he a poor engineer, with not a great deal in the world but youth and brains, and a good knowledge of a first rate profession. That was in effect, pretty much what he had hoped to get away without saying; but circumstances were against him. Eurydice still let her hand rest in his, still looked steadily up at him.

"I have said that I would be disappointed if you went in the morning. If it were not that you must go on with that work which Papa says will make your fortune, I would say for you to stay forever."

Now, I am an elderly person, and the room was lighted only by the dull glow of the coals. I am a little, just a little, short-sighted at the best of times, so I won't assert it as a certainty, but would merely hint as a possibility, that his arm slipped round her neck, that his head bent downwards till it quite met hers, and that there was a repetition of the performance in the avenue.

Any way I am sure of this, that it was highly improper in my pet to encourage such goings-on at such an hour, and equally improper to continue a conversation in such very low tones that I could not distinguish a word, and was getting quite out of patience when Harold said in rather an elevated key:

"That's the worst of it. If I take the appointment I must

leave on the twenty-sixth, and I may not be able to come back for two years. It is such a long time, Eurydice. Of course you could easily come out to me, but then it would be so much pleasanter if you could only go out with me."

"Go with you, Harold! That's a splendid idea. You know I love sensations. That's what took me out to see the ghost, of blessed memory, henceforth and forever. Let us sit down and talk about it."

Then this highly indecorous young woman, in a blue dressing gown, with her brown hair braided in two long pigtails, actually lit a lamp, and sat down in an arm-chair, on the side of the fire opposite to her accepted lover.

"For, you know, Harold, we are going to talk business now, not sentiment, and there is so little time, we must make the most of it."

The talk was a long one, and I, the elderly invisible, would like to know what the rising generation calls sentiment, if the style they two discoursed in was business.

At first Dycie repented of her sudden resolution of going with him. He was going to a country they knew nothing about. She did not think her father would give his consent.

Then Harold represented that most of California was fully as civilized as the Eastern States; that she could at any time come home in a few days. Of course, if her father opposed the scheme it could not be carried out, still it was worth trying. He was so much alone out there, and she would be such company. On this point he grew so eloquent that the "business" element in the conversation was very severe. Ah! remarkably so!

Eurydice was so much moved thereby that her love of sensation returned. She thought a wedding on Christmas night would be grand, and no one should know one word about it. She always had been wild to go to California. If papa could be talked over in the morning, it was as good as settled. When this conclusion was arrived at, it was nearly four o'clock in the morning. Fortunately no one had been awakened, or at least no one had ventured down stairs. Eurydice at last rose, picked up her boots and cloak, slipped up stairs to her room, and got safely into bed beside May, who still slept the steady unwakeable sleep, born of youth and health and a clear conscience.

Oh! Eurydice, how things had changed in the last few hours.

She had proved the ghost story to be utterly baseless; but, how about that other story which she had asserted to be equally without foundation?

How could she, knowing what she did, go sound asleep? And when, at eight in the morning, May woke her with a shake, a "Merry Christmas," and "I wonder if any one saw the ghost;" how could she answer sleepily, "Bother the ghost! Who do you suppose would be mad enough to go out such a night as last night was?"

Then, when she had taken her place behind the coffee urn at the breakfast table, how could she, with equanimity beautiful to behold, listen to Jack Abbot's recital of how he had missed seeing the ghost; to Josie Redburn's positive affirmation that she had heard a shriek, that no one would ever convince her she had not heard a shriek. And when Harold Farnley, sitting at the other end of the table, next her father, said he thought Miss Redburn must be mistaken, for he had walked up and down the avenue and had neither seen nor heard anything at all like a ghost or a ghostly shriek; how could that deceitful Eurydice beam serenely down at him and remark demurely:

"You were very courageous, Mr. Farnley. I am sure we are all very much obliged to you for setting the ridiculous story at rest for ever."

When they had all gone into raptures over the various presents found at each one's plate, and had gotten through with their principal object in coming to the breakfast-table, Eurydice rose, and, according to the articles of the business arrangement made the night before, asked her sister Lizzie to come up to her (Lizzie's) room for a few moments and consult on some of the plans for the day. Harold, as usual, went up to her father's study. In about twenty minutes the sisters came out of Mrs. Payson's room; the elder pale and calm, the younger flushed and excited. They, too, per business agreement, adjourned to Mr. Howard's study. Eurydice sat down on the arm of her father's chair, put her arm round his neck, looked into his face, and said never a word.

"That was a wild escapade of yours last night, Eurydice, child. I can not say I am displeased with the result, for there is no man in the world I would rather give my daughter to than my friend, Harold Farnley. But to let her go away with him so suddenly, to

a wild, unsettled country. That is a different thing. I do not think I can consent to it."

But how could one old man hold his own against three young people, and two of them women.

There was Harold's argument of the superior Western civilization. Besides, he would be almost entirely in San Francisco for the next three or four months, when he would probably go South. If, by that time, Eurydice was tired of California, or afraid to trust herself with him (Eurydice was sublimely indignant at that insinuation), she could easily come home again. There was Eurydice's argument. It was not as if she was leaving her dear old papa alone, for Lizzie was with him now, and Lizzie's boy.

Last and most effectual of all was Lizzie's argument: "You remember how it was with me papa. Let the child go." And Lizzie, as she spoke, could not repress a great sob, for her own history was a sad one, though common enough, God knows.

During the rebellion she married a Federal officer, whose regiment, only two months after their marriage, went South. In the fighting before Richmond he was wounded and went into hospital. She pleaded hard to go to him, but her father would not consent. Her nature was gentle and submissive, and she did not insist. When news came of her husband's death she was wild with grief. She so bitterly resented her father's conduct, that she left his house and went to live with her husband's friends. After a child was born to her she began to judge her father less harshly, to look at things more reasonably. Eventually she became quite reconciled to him, but never consented to make his house her home till he moved out of town, when Dycie persuaded her to come and live with them.

So when Lizzie said, "You remember how it was with me papa," the old man thought of a scene one day, years ago, and how did he know that there might not be a reproduction of it if he refused to let Dycie go, and anything should happen to Harold.

Dycie, looking into his face all the time, knew that Lizzie had conquered him. She half expected him to rise up in a melancholy manner, place her hand in Harold's, extend his arms over them, and murmur in deep melo-dramatic tones, "Bless you my children, bless you."

Mr. Howard, however, dispensed with any dramatic performance. He pushed Dycie towards Harold and said:

"There. Take her. Have your own way children. Thank the Lord I have no more daughters to call me a dear old papa, and kiss money out of me for some twenty years, then basely desert me for the first good-lookng, curly-haired, brown-moustached young fellow who presents himself! There, go along!"

Dycie, now that she had her way, only clung closer to him.

"Papa, that is not fair. You know Harold is not the first;" at which Harold, Papa and Lizzie all laughed, and Dycie blushed.

"You ought to be delighted at getting rid of me so easily. We both hate fuss, and here I am going to be married and people will hardly know anything about it till the thing's half done. No tiresome congratulations for a month beforehand! No polite requests for anything and everything in plated ware, masked under gilt lettered 'At Homes.' Then, think of the first-class sensation. (Dycie fairly clapped her hands as she warmed to the subject.) The people in the house even will never suspect it. Of course, I shall wear that lovely salmon-colored costume which that old tyrant, Du Chasset, made me for to-night. A pretty bill you'll have to pay for it too, papa, by the way. Now, Lizzie, you needn't look shocked. I am going to put aside all time-honored customs. I always said I never would be married in white, because it makes me look positively ugly. I will not even take the black velvet bows off my dress, because I hold it would be giving in to a senseless superstition, which would be very unbecoming in a young lady who can face a ghost as courageously as I can. Don't you think so, Harold?"

Of course Harold thought so. He likewise thought he would just as soon marry her in the blue robe she wore last night as in anything else. If he had given the matter any consideration, he would not have made that assertion. When a man sees a number of well-dressed women about him, he likes to feel that the woman he holds nearest and dearest is as well "gotten up" as the best of them; if he doesn't, I pity the woman.

After a short time spent in arranging preliminaries, Harold bethought himself that it would be necessary for him to go into Farmington by the next train, and return by the special evening train. Eurydice remembered that the people down stairs might be wondering what had become of them, and that she had promised to spend Christmas in real old English style.

Her ideas on this subject seemed to consist in having decorated

the house from top to bottom, and in having invited all the children in the neighborhood to partake of a dinner that would completely upset their digestive organs for the next week. But this invisible elderly has not time to tell of how those children ate that dinner; of how they played blind's-man's-buff and puss-in-the-corner; of how they knocked one another down and pulled one another up, all in the most intensely ecstatic manner; of how at six o'clock they went at the eating again with renewed zest, and were afterwards rolled up and carried or driven home. Nor can the invisible stay to dilate on the astonishment of the young ladies when they heard Mr. Farnley had gone to town, on the firm conviction expressed by May Dacre, to the effect that Eurydice had rejected him, and he had gone off in despair; on the still further wonder expressed by the same young ladies as to what that funny story might be which Mrs. Payson had told Jack in a corner, at which he had laughed so, and promised not to tell till after eight o'clock.

No! all these interesting topics must be passed hurriedly over.

It was eight o'clock in the evening. The long drawing-rooms were most brilliantly lighted up. The dark carpets were covered with a white glistening material stretched tightly over them. At the head of the rooms stood Eurydice resplendent in salmon-colored *crépe*, which, as the gas-light flooded over her, was hardly a shade deeper than her delicately tinted arms and shoulders. Her chestnut hair was arranged in multitudinous braids and curls; her cheeks were flushed and her eyes sparkled with excitement and pleasure. Nearly all the guests had arrived in a special train. They came down from the dressing-rooms into the drawing-rooms two and two. Each one came up to Eurydice and shook hands with her, and though she had a gay smile and greeting for each, her eyes continually wandered towards the door as if there was somebody or something yet to come.

At last three gentlemen entered at the south end of the rooms. As Eurydice looked at them the color in her face and neck so deepened, that the salmon color was pale in comparison, and she answered to Mrs. Col. Denham's kind enquiry, as to whether the children had not been very noisy and fatiguing: "Oh! yes, quite so."

A few moments before Mrs. Col. Denham had heard Eurydice expatiating to a lady on the delight the children had given her,

and she immediately made a mental note. "There's something the matter with that girl. She don't know what she is saying. *Who* can it be?" She adjusted her eye-glass and glared at the company.

The three gentlemen were, first, Mr. Harold Farnley, such a vastly pleasanter, handsomer looking individual than the very brown young man of twenty-four hours ago. Perhaps it was the rigorous evening costume that so improved his appearance and made him look so cheerful and happy.

At his left hand was Mr. Howard; at his right Mr. Broughton, the well-known Congregationalist minister of Farmington. As Jack Abbot espied the latter, he shook his head and cried aloud, apropos of nothing: "By Jove! I have it now."

"Have what?" said May Dacre, whose hand was on his arm.

"You'll very soon see. Excuse me a moment, please."

Jack moved off through the crowd towards Harold; but Harold had the start. Before Jack was half way across the first room, Harold had penetrated the crowd surrounding Eurydice, had offered her his arm, and had said:

"If you can spare a few moments, Miss Howard, Mr. Broughton would like to speak to you."

Eurydice said afterwards, that at that moment her only wish was for the floor to open up and swallow her. As there was no possibility of that, her only resource was to accept Harold's offered arm and walk down the room with him.

They stopped right under the arch, in front of Mr. Broughton, and almost before any one had noticed it, Mr. Broughton's clear, impressive voice was sending through the room the first words of the simple Congregational marriage formula.

There was a buzzing, and a crushing, and a rustling, expressive of astonishment, doubt, curiosity.

There was a silence, a dead silence, till the "Amen" of Mr. Broughton's prayer.

Immediately the noise began again. May, Alice, and half a dozen of Eurydice's particular friends sprang at her, each trying to kiss her first, and calling her a "love," and a "deceitful creature," in one breath.

The dowagers wielded their fans, and whispered busily on the "strange impropriety" of the affair.

The old gentlemen, at discreet distance from the dowagers,

adjusted their spectacles and murmured: "lucky fellow;" "splendid girl."

The young men shook Harold's hands as if they never hoped to have another opportunity of torturing him, and several daring spirits, taking advantage of the general excitement, succeeded in kissing the bride, not to mention one or two of those who ought to have been bridesmaids.

When the first hub-bub was over, Harold and Eurydice were left to receive the well-regulated, conventional congratulations of the assembled guests, and Jack began the conclusion to the ghost story which Mrs. Payson had thought too good to be kept, and had imparted to him.

It did not take him long to tell it either, with sundry additions and embellishments to suit his own fancy.

"There!" exclaimed Josie Redburn, "I knew I was right. I did hear a shriek!"

"Oh dear!" cried Alice Abbott, who was closely attended by some other girl's brother, to-night. "What a lovely story it makes altogether. So odd too. Nothing orthodox about it except that it ends in a marriage, as all stories should!"

"Hear! hear!" echoed the other girl's brother.

"And such a complete contradiction of the old fable," said May Dacre. "Isn't it funny that Orpheus should have gone out to look for Eurydice in the face of an element just the reverse of the one old Pluto reigns in? And that her looking back should not lose her to him for ever, but be the means of giving her to him?"

"Was it not Orpheus looked back at Eurydice, May? You had better be certain before you quote from the heathen mythology," said Miss Redburn, whose memory for dates was only equalled by her memory for legends.

May blushed, and Jack immediately took up the cudgels in defence.

"What the deuce is the difference which it was? It all amounts to the same thing. Here are our Orpheus and Eurydice coming this way, and I propose—

"A Merry Christmas to the ghost of seventy-five,
Wherever she may be;
The same to the *ghosts* of seventy-one,
And many may they see."

Jack's impromptu rhyme, so bad in metre, so good in sentiment,

was taken up by many voices and echoed round and round the room. In the midst of the merriment, I, the elderly invisible, slipped out into the cold, starlit night. My work was done. I had left my pet in good hands. I must hurry off to others who might have need of me to watch over them and chronicle their doings. Willingly would I have staid for the dancing and the feasting that was to follow, but I tore myself remorselessly away. For a moment I rested on the veranda to peep in the window, to have one more glance at my pet, so beautiful, and so proud, and so happy, to whisper "God bless them all. A merry Christmas, and many may they see!"

SONNET.

"A vast multitude was incessantly passing, who severally kept their right hands on their hearts." — BECKFORD.

I SOMETIMES dream when looking in your eyes,
 That they do ope to me your heart of hearts;
 And then, unbidden, doth the thought arise —
 Life is a drama, and we play our parts!
 What aspirations to the world unknown —
 What griefs that utterance hath ne'er allayed —
 What Alp-like hopes by foul mischance o'erthrown,
 Mayhap, your pilgrimage have desert made!
 And these are treasures that by stealth we wear,
 Their being, trusted to ourselves alone! —
 On with the mask! Away thou phantom, Care!
 Join hands with Mirth, e'en though the heart be stone!
 All men believe all men unmasked, and thus,
 In our gay masks, all men shall envy us!

ENYLLA ALLYNE.

LOVE'S OCTAVE.

I.

THE tide was ebbing and I sat watching,
 Every wave come back for a wave,
 Out each rocked to the length of ocean,
 Whither had sailed my lover brave.

He left me here when the woods were budding,
 He kissed me here when the moon was low,
 And here to-day I await his coming,
 Expecting ever his good ship's prow.

II.

Where are the chaplets which not long ago
 Were round mine wound,
 As bays are bound
 About a warrior's temples stern?
 Faded and Flown,
 On chilly gust,
 I know not whither.

Life's Spring to Autumn went, then fell the snow,
 Uncrowned, I sound
 My loss profound,
 Nor yearn my blossom's fate to learn,
 On what grave strown,
 On whose poor dust,
 To dust they wither.

III.

His breath oft filled this flute at night,
 While I gave voice to some old song,
 Concerning love's brief-lived delight,
 Or broken-heart's incessant wrong.

The wild, sweet music that he made,
 With sad words well could sympathize,
 He felt their pathos as he played,
 And uttered sobbing notes in sighs.

IV.

Overmast the Southern Cross,
 Under-keel the Tropic Sea,
 Ah! to-night a sense of Loss—
 Head-stones green with rain-nurst moss,
 And a sombre, low yew tree —
 Such suggestions of Remembrance,
 Bring the far Home-Land to me.
 Oh! my love, my heart is breaking,
 With the thoughts of Death and Thee.

V.

Alas! for the rose-crowned Fancies,
 For the bright-eyed Hope, ah me!
 Lo! over the long moor dances,—
 White on the marshes, wan on the lea,—
 Will-o'-the-Wisp in the murky night,
 Mocking my soul with his elfish flight.

I would it were faintly beating,
 Beating to death, my heart!
 For after Death *must* be meeting,
 We shall then be near, not apart.
 Will-o'-the-Wisp in the murky night,
 Guide me to him with your fitful light.

VI.

“Oh! moody guest of mine, depart!
 Go hence pale Necromancer!
 I'll harbor Joy within my heart,”
 Then Memory made me answer —
 “I will abide
 And be thy guide,
On dreary nights to yon still Land
Where white by graves the head-stones stand.”
 “Sad-visaged Shade, begone! for hark!
 Love knocks and craves admission,
 If thy weird presence he should mark —
 Thy tear-moist eyes' contrition —

He would not stay,
 So haste away!"
 But Memory weeping only said,
 "I am not faithless to the dead."

VII.

The flapping of its wounded wing,
 Doth sorely pain the dove in flying;
 The beating of my broken heart
 Makes living very like to dying.
 The days must come; the days will pass;
 Some bleak as frowns—some bland as smiles—
 Like stones they'll stand in snow or grass
 To mete for weary me Life's miles.

Within this shell's pink-tinted cell
 Out comes a sound of hopeless sighing;
 And so from out my vacant heart
 Forlornly ever issues crying.
 The nights must come—the nights will go—
 And some dawn surely I shall cease:
 Oh! answer Love! "Shall this my woe,
 In God's beyond, give place to peace?"

VIII.

At low tide! at low tide! I lost my sweetheart true,
 And watched the sails that bore him below the foaming bar;
 Along the bare, wet beach I ran and passed the wind which blew
 His ship across the roughened sea towards the evening star.

At high tide! at high tide! I gained my love again:
 I saw men furling canvas, as up the bay there sailed
 His vessel in the dawning; and I to weep was fain,
 When by the waning morning star his cheery voice I hailed.

ALICK RAE GARVIE.

“AULD LANG SYNE.”

BY DR. DANIEL CLARK, PRINCETON, ONTARIO.

WE often hear the Pilgrim Fathers extolled, and relic worshippers go into ecstasy over a bit of prominent stone, on an iron-bound coast, called Plymouth Rock. The fact is, these wanderers had nowhere else to lay their heads, and, therefore, a virtue was made of a necessity. The poor pilgrims had the choice of being persecuted, hung, gibbeted, or burned, as an alternative to coming to America, and I think the choice could soon be made. But when they landed and went to *work*,—not in enacting *Blue* laws, which smelt brimstone, nor in burning trance-wakers or hysterical women for witches,—then heroism had its more perfect exploits. The stroke of the first axe, made by unskilful but willing arms, was the aggressive effort of a coming conqueror, and the clearing of the way for westward Empire. It was the knell of the bell of civilization over a doomed barbarism; and to this day the sound of the woodman's axe, in the tangled forest, speaks of victory, and aggression continuously persistent, on the skirmish line of an advancing mighty host. We have often odd ceremonies at the laying of the foundation stone of some stately edifice, or some public work; but no imposing ritual (except the dignity of honest labor and earnest endeavor can be called such) gave the initiatory impulse towards laying the deep and broad foundations of Anglo-Saxon dominion in America. The old log-houses, fast passing away, have a charm for me. The sight of them conjure up in my mind myriad memories of the past. There is the commanding knoll, with splendid beeches and maples, the work of centuries, adorning the highest point of the undulating prominence. As the rustling leaves, in autumn, glided obliquely downward, and performed strange gyrations in the air, as the gusty winds howled in savagery the requiem of the departing year, I gathered the pyramidal beech-nuts—it might be—in nooks or crannies of the ground, or being rocked gently in the curled up corners of sere-leaved cradles, or partially buried in the clefts of dead trees, or having refuge in the mould of decomposing vegetation. The merciless axe, like an invading foe, swept over the hill, and the fire-fiend finished the work of ages, leaving

naught behind but smoking ruins and smouldering ashes. The Nor'land wind, so often heard in the tree-tops, but never felt, now remorselessly blew over the denuded hill, and rage at the cruel spoiler filled my juvenile bosom. Groups of men came, one bright spring morning, and stood, and looked, and studied, and measured, as if a second Rome was to be laid out. Logs accumulated round this focus of coming greatness; and on a Friday morning the foundations of the representative log-house were laid in the midst of shouts, oxen, dogs, and christenings with deep libations of whiskey. A jacketed urchin sat on a peeled bass-wood log, gazing in wonderment, as notched ends were joined, and the fabric grew up to the rafters, and roof of hollow logs, having the chinked holes plastered with primitive mortar, made from the red clay in the bank down by the brook. For chairs, logs were split in two, placed with the flat sides upwards, and the legs protruding from one to four inches upwards, to keep us from sliding off. There were no backs to these seats, and strange to say, no permanent curvatures of the spines of the occupants followed. The stick fireplace, with its alternate layers of mud and timber—the buckskin door-opener with its huge cross-bar—the rude window, rejoicing in four lights, fastened with shingle-nails—the floor, with its huge rents, the sad traps for many bare and pattering feet,—the cobwebbed rafters, smoky, sooty, and festooned with gossamer adornments of sable hue, and the merry, riotous mice gamboling on roof, rafters, and logs, holding high revelry over stray crumbs of mince-pie, Johnny-cake, and dainty biscuits, perched on primitive shelves along the walls. And then, such a capacious fireplace,—none of your “cabined and cribbed” dainty “ingles,” but wide enough to roast an ox. The stove abominations were as rare as the plague. Who ever thinks of calling a stove “our ain fireside?” Black, ugly, sickening, sultry, and *head-achative* is its history. A cold blast of the breath of sullen Boreas in our faces drives us to it, but we can't be cheery near it. The rollicking, jolly company, the ruddy cheeks, the brimful of fun, the shining faces have no abiding place around a stove. The “pale faces” are its presiding deities, and its victims can be counted by tens of thousands; but the heat of a fire-place is wholesome. We feel its exhilarating effects in every inhalation. It is fresh and *spiritual*, for it is a diffusible stimulant. The room where the wide and deep chimney stands has no foul, pestiferous vapors

lingering within its precincts, and no "blues" afflicting humanity near its cleanly swept hearth. The stove, in its heated blackness, produces sleepiness, fretfulness, and hence domestic scenes of hottest strife; and the sable, uncouth "fire-fiend" is, if not the cause, the occasion of it. I believe such changes of domestic arrangement affect the patriotism of a people. The thought of a cheery home braces up the heart and nerves the arm. We are ready to fight for our "altars and hearths," but stoves have no hearths worth fighting for, and it takes the poetry out of the thing to speak of "getting our backs up" about our altars and our stoves. The associations of a family circle gathered around a roaring fire, in winter, are potent for good. The harmless jests of the *teened* youngsters—the tales of scenes on flood and field, of the white-haired sire or matron, so intensely real as to make the listeners cower in mortal terror, even at the chirp of a mouse—the popping of nuts, and their sudden collisions or divorces, suggestive of life's episodes—the dreamy gaze into glowing coals, and the "biggin castles in the air," seeing towers, minarets, gorgeous halls peopled with soldiers in scarlet, or weird beings in gossamer garments, with "worlds wombling up and down, bleezing in a flare,"—and then being brought back to the real by a punch in the ribs, of the most vigorous kind, from a fun-loving member of the group, are panoramas not to be forgotten. A cheering sight it is to peer through the window of an old-fashioned log cabin, in a wintry night, on such a circle, near Christmas time. It may be a re-union of the family. The big back-log lies like a sleeping giant in the back-ground, with a fiery, red abdomen, prominent and rotund. The forestick crackles, sputters, and shoots in sportive glee its scintillations up the wide-mouthed chimney, or impudently on the laps of the watchers. The well polished and brass-headed andirons patiently suffer, from year to year, their hot and hissing loads. The tongues of flame, like coy maidens, come up intermittently and bashfully retire; each lambent spire becoming more daring than its predecessor, always hungry and devouring as a Theban sphinx, first licking up the palatable combustibles of the centre, and then savagely attacking, with a withering fire, the enemy in front and rear. Like a victorious army, they march triumphantly onward, bringing up reserves, until sparks, smoke, fuel, and laughing groups disappear in the darkness. I used to watch, with great interest, an "auld Auntie

Kate," in an old arm chair, smoking a short clay pipe, black and strong. Its receptacle, when not in use, was a worn-out cavity in the wall of the chimney. She would put her right elbow on the arm of the chair, and seize, daintily, the "nib" of the bowl between the forefinger and thumb. I see her yet, in memory, as the eyes are dreamily gazing, as if they gazed not, into the fiery embers. Puff, puff, mechanically goes the white curling smoke over her clean and well-starched "mutch" in fantastic columns, pyramids, and canopies; but other scenes, other days, and other figures, than those I conjured up, were in her day dreams. Nothing but a fireplace could be an appropriate background to the picture, which would have put a Wilkie or a Hogarth, full of thoughts of domestic and street scenes, into ecstasy. The walls were adorned with the trophies of the chase, and with well-burnished implements of culinary use. The bedsteads knew not the turners' nor carvers' art. The wind, in dancing weird reels down the yawning mouth of the chimney, made as doleful music as a wizard's dying song. But no happier days could be seen in lordly halls or courtly palaces than in the cabin, and its blazing ruddy light of home. Uncle John never could argue on points of theology unless he had the giant tongs in his hand, wheeling them in the ashes, first on one leg, and then on the other; and as each section made its circle, you could almost see the arguments laid down, one by one, in the furrow; but when he nailed his antagonist with some potent argument, down came the biped instrument with a thud on the forestick, which made the sparks fly in all directions like routed enemies. Women (forgive the good old English word) may show off their figures and graceful steps in the mazes of the giddy and fashionable dance; but the good old fireplace was an excellent training school for those of "thirty years ago." How nicely the foot and ankle were set off near it, say, cooking a dinner! (Of course, that is not now-a-days the work of *ladies*.) What ingenuity was necessary to take from the pendant chain, or swinging crane, the boiling potatoes, laughing all over, or the bubbling soup, with savory smell, or the singing and sputtering mush or porridge! What dexterity was needed in handling the rotund "spider," or the long stemmed frying-pan, with its striated sections of pork lying in military order, or with venison, which some juvenile Nimrod had shot in the woods, as the fruits of such future exploits, and which filled "*but and ben*" with its

inviting perfume—I almost wrote aroma! How deftly was the knife wielded to turn the browned morsels! and not even a sleight of hand actor could turn such a complete somersault of pancakes, by edging them skilfully upon the rim of the pan; and then by a throw—a forward jerk and a backward catch—presto! the feat is done. It looked so easily accomplished, I challenged a trial—result: a flabby, sticky pancake, seeking a north-west passage in an angle of the chimney, and by sheer gravitation burying itself in the hot ashes, a sad warning to confident amateurs. The stove has economic advantages, but cheerfulness and health are not ingredients in the sum total. No one, unless running over with music, feels full of song over a stove. We may have exuberant cheerfulness by its sides, but it is being expended and exhausted from a reservoir of joy filled elsewhere. Go from its sable sides, in an autumn morning, and sniff the fresh air, and listen to the song of universal nature, and you feel intuitively like joining the chorus. Go from a hot and sickening room, where no firelight is seen, and where the air is surcharged with thrice-heated air, into the cheering presence of a roaring fire, and no thermometer could rise quicker than do your spirits under its genial influence. These veteran houses never were cursed with modern bedrooms. They might be small, but that was compensated for by their breezy character. A stray snowflake might court destruction by sailing through a chink, or the spray from a rain-drop might dash upon the upturned faces of sleepers, but no pent up “dust and disease” could loiter long with “malice aforethought” in such an atmosphere. In well settled parts of Canada what a contrast! Septimus Jinks, Esq., is wealthy, and rejoices in a fine mansion. It is full of bedrooms of the seven feet by eight feet style. The bed is in one corner, the wash-stand occupies another, and a solitary chair is perched in another of the angles, with a dressing-table in the residue nook. The light is blown out, and you creep round the foot of the bed, lest the half-opened door slyly edges itself between your outstretched arms, and impinges unceremoniously on the end of your nose. You make a flank movement by the side of the bed, but if you are out of Scylla you are stranded high on Charybdis, with abraded shins, or bruised toes, or cracked knuckles. A beautiful dungeon it is. The window—a solitary sentinel of light—is, in the first place, covered with paper blinds, adorned with paintings of a *high* style of art, in the centre. One may be

some lonely castle about to fall to pieces into a placid lake, covered with monstrous wild fowls, second cousins to those which left the imprint of mammoth feet upon the petrified sands of time, and surrounded by rocks of the most approved pattern. Another is often a lonely milk-maid and a tender lamb; the former not at all fashionable in dress, and seems to be seeking a lover, or a "babbling brook." Often she appears as one

"Who sets her picher underneath the spring,
Musing on him that used to fill it for her,
Hears and hears not, and lets it overflow."

These, and sundries like these, seemed to my youthful fancy wonderful works of art. After the paper blinds, those models of perspective skill, come the cloth ones; then damask on the one side and lace on the other, or both in duplicate. On the outside are green Venetian blinds, and all to ornament or keep the blessed light out, and the dampness in. The bed is so unique, so high, so new, so white, so soft, so clean, so downy, so mountainous, so needle-worked, and so *musty*. It may be the best furnished room in the house, but the doors of this miniature Bastile are kept constantly closed, except on state occasions. Then bonnets, and gloves, and muffs, and spare babies are deposited *pro tem* on this decayed and decaying mountain of feathers. It may have had no other occupant for weeks. The walls ooze moisture. The windows condense watery tears. The bed-clothes imbibe the general contagion—dampness. No such pest room could be found in the cabins and log-houses of the first settlers, but advanced civilization continues to keep in fine houses deadly miasma, and keep out the air, heat, and light of heaven. Can the elderly reader think of an old-fashioned log-house, and by the law of association, not conjure up in the imagination the two oxen, Buck and Bright, also pioneers, in the dense wilderness. They were a queer representative couple, and seemed to appreciate each other's good qualities, and were well acquainted with each other's bad habits. Buck was of a metaphysical turn of mind. In chewing his cud, with his nose over the gate, he was always in a contemplative mood, and the dreamy eye showed a reverie, if not consecutive, at least profound. He had not a "crumpled horn," but in a Waterloo of former days, he had been disarmed of part of the left one, and the other had been twisted in a fantastic way, on the

field of Mars, until its point was in close proximity to an eye always watery, and seemingly in deep grief because of some bereavement. The other eye was bright in comparison, and had a roguish wink and twinkle about it, as if it had in its counterpart—its mind's eye—some practical joke in store. He was no believer in the conduct of his historic namesake, who was said to have starved to death between two bundles of hay of *equal* size and appearance, because, being guided *solely* by *motives*, and these being equally and exactly powerful, he could not move towards either, and heroically died. Buck, under such circumstances, would have showed a creditable spontaneousness of will, and could have made decisions at once. It was only on such occasions he showed unusual activity. About noon, or evening, he seemed to cast a leer up from the watery eye to "old Sol," as if taking the sun, and wondering at the tardiness of his chariot wheels. When the dinner-horn blew, he was impatient, and shook his ears and huge wooden yoke fitfully and savagely, and at the word of command went at the "double quick" for home, dragging his comrade almost at his heels, an equally willing, but less swift captive. A knowing ox was he. Bright was not so phlegmatic and stubborn. Such, when once aroused, perform prodigies of valor. He was nervous and irritable; always on the *qui vive*. The least thing tickled his hide—from a dragon-fly to a thistle down; and the least thing seemed to excite his fancy—from a tuft of grass in Bob's hand to a pinch of salt, in prospect, half a mile away. How similar in all these respects are man and beast! Bright had method in all he did. He knew how to open the rustic garden-gate, and the exact spot between the bars to introduce his horn. No fence could withstand his attacks. The philosophic Buck would go at the fence with genius but not with tact, and *vi et armis* attempt its overthrow, and find it as difficult to storm as did the "red-coats" at Badajos—sometimes being caught by the crooked horn, and sometimes by a sudden recoil, finding himself, to his amazement, on his haunches, contemplating the stars, with one from the blow, in his eye. Bright knew better than use "brute force." He would commence systematically, at the rider first, and send it flying over his back, then away went the stakes in utter discomfiture, and these followed by each rail, in succession, to the ground. He knew the salient angles of the fence, and never advanced upon them. He had strategy enough in

his mind to know that a concavity was much easier to drive in than a convexity, and always "went for" the retiring recesses, coming out on the other side victorious. For him there was no "pent up Utica," if left to his own devices. His comrade soon learned this, and became a spectator of the various assaults, until a breach had been made, and in he came for a share of the plunder, without a struggle. He did not seem to have in his code of ethics the rule that "to the victors belong the spoils." The sly rogue might be four hundred yards away from his comrade, but no sooner did the noise of falling rails reach his ears, than he rushed to the spot as if his motto was, "Deil tak' the hindmost." In the days we "went a gipsying," horses were not as plentiful as now. These bovine gentry were oft times "hitched up" to a sleigh to take a jolly load of jolly youths to a singing-school. The sleigh was none of your tricky bob-sleighs, which seem to seek out, in fiendish glee, all the irregularities of the road, and dive nose first into all the valleys, and snappishly ride over the miniature mountains, as if bent on producing a catastrophe. Not so the old-fashioned long sleighs. There is grace in their movements. When they mount a hillock, they seem, at the top, to hesitate for a moment whether to retreat or advance, and then, with a parabolic curvature forward, like a gallant ship over a mountain wave, they plunge bow first into the yielding snow. Their movements are not done by halves; nor is there a needless bracing of the riders to prepare for plunges leeway and forward, which never come; for with them "coming events cast their shadows before." See that old sleigh, which has almost "braved a thousand years" the battles of snow storms, drawn by our oxen friends, loaded with a merry group of juveniles, on the rampage. Clean straw is on the bottom for seats. No box is there to keep the fidgetty cargo from spilling out. The four iron-wood stakes rise up above the heads of the passengers like jury-masts on a cast-away raft over the bleak sea; but no shipwrecked crew are they, for young and old, male and female, poor and rich, are making hills and valleys, woods and fields, vocal with melody and song. The oxen have an episode in store for the laughing group. They seem to grin with satisfaction at the prospect. The road has a sharp turn in it, and, as if with common consent, and by one impulse, they "take to their heels," and crowding into one track, run the sleigh on a stump, and

deposit the merry load in a mixed condition in the snow. After the *debris* had been collected, and an "omnium gatherum" had taken place, there were beautiful casts of limbs, arms, and bodies in the snow. The imprint of John's gigantic paws yonder—thumbs, fingers and wrists. Ned's outline from occiput to heels—not in bold relief, but in concave beauty, true as life. Joe's impression was a sort of medley: it was evident he fell in a heap, and then gathered up his legs, as if giving up the ghost. Women were there, with expansive hoops, the centres of great circles, and left no footprints, or any other prints, upon the snows of time (forgive the parody), except a good mother's scoop-shovelled bonnet had, in its posterior part, left an indentation like that of a quart bowl in the snow. Abrasions of the cuticle, from noses, shins and elbows, by too close contact with somebody's heels—all forgiven trespasses—made the sum total of casualties; and none were put *hors du combat* in those blessed days of yore, when "telescoping," explosions, and such like evidences of progress, were for the coming race. Thus I wander on with these retrospects, and find an echo of approval in some reader's breast. He and I have passed the spot, only the other day, where the log house stood; and it was a ploughed field, with not a vestige of it remaining. The crooked, primitive woodside road has been obliterated, and Buck and Bright, by Darwin's law of selection, have given way to the noble horse. The joyous group is scattered "far and wide," from the quiet graveyard to the unknown sepulture of the distant battlefield—from the billowy winding sheet to the monumental tomb—and from the haunts of infamy to the pinnacles of fame.

"The days which are past, they come before me with all their deeds."

CANADA TO HER VICEROY.

BY J. BYRON COSSITT.

WE give you hearty welcome to the land that gave us birth,
 And, though it may not seem to you the fairest of the earth,
 Although you miss among our ranks the names that live in fame,
 Perhaps we'll learn to know and love each other all the same.
 You'll find that while we're true to Her who sits upon the throne,
 We swear by you, because you are a Sovereign all our own,
 That none may claim but Canada; yet none without deny,
 Till the red stream of loyalty that fills our veins runs dry!

Who values most ancestral fame and pride of gentle birth,
 May pass the rude Canadian by as but of little worth,
 But who would find the sturdy arm and the heart that owns no
 fear,

May come to us, and never doubt but we can suit him here;
 For we have hearts that never beat 'neath aught but homespun
 grey,
 Who'd keep their honor longer than the life for which men pray;
 And we have hands well used to wield the spade, the axe, the oar,
 Whose brawny grasp would not disgrace the sword that Richard
 wore.

Yet, all the same, we're proud to own a Chief of gentle race;
 And none the less we promise him that we will ne'er disgrace,
 Though all unheralded remain our sturdy ancestry,
 A leader from the noble ranks of British chivalry.
 Then welcome to our stormy shore, our land of frost and snow,
 And to the brave and loyal hearts that with affection glow;
 And blessed by many a kindly soul the happy day shall be,
 When Lord and Lady Dufferin came hither o'er the sea!

DIGBY, N. S.

DOMINION STATISTICS.

A GOOD statistician is probably as rare as a good poet. Indeed one requires to be born to both arts. There is something forbidding in columns of figures and classes of things. Then, who but a ledger-keeper can understand those strange classifications and abbreviations? The readers of a new poem are probably more numerous than the readers of abstracts of public accounts. Yet there is something fascinating about these strange figures, which increase in interest as we come to a comprehension of their meaning. Yet, without doubt, but few will ever think of trying to comprehend them. The only thing that we, as a general thing, care for, is the sums total. Let us know whether our debts or our credits are the greater, and if the balance be on the right side we are satisfied. We propose to extract this important information from the pages of the Dominion Public Accounts for 1871—pre-mising that we do so because, as yet, those of 1872 are not published. In a month or two hence we shall have a similar abstract and comparison of the accounts of 1872. We shall not be particular to a few dollars and cents, but, in a general way, indicate the great results.

We find that there has been paid into the consolidated fund of the Dominion, in 1871, nineteen millions three hundred and thirty-five thousand dollars. Of this sum, eleven millions eight hundred thousand are from the Customs, and over four million from Excise. From the Post Office over six hundred thousand dollars have been received. The remainder has been contributed from railways, stamps, lands, interest on investments, etc., etc. During the same period there has been paid over fifteen millions six hundred thousand. This would indicate a good state of affairs by itself—the income exceeding the expenditure over three millions and a half. But there is another phase of the matter. We find on one side loans of a million seven hundred and eighty thousand, while there has been paid not quite a million of redemption. In what is termed the Open Accounts, the whole surplus is swallowed up. These we do not profess to understand. They are in an unsettled state; but the one thing which we do understand from them is, that the receipts here are only three millions, while the expenditure has been over eight millions. This, with some other erro-

neously credited sums, now corrected, balances the whole—receipts and expenditures—being nearly twenty-five millions of dollars on either side.

We may note that the whole debt of the Province is one hundred and fifteen and a half million dollars, with investments, public works, banking accounts as an offset—many of them, no doubt, valuable either directly or indirectly.

Passing from the Dominion we find that the total receipts of the Province of Quebec were one million six hundred and fifty-one thousand dollars, and the payments about twenty-five thousand dollars in excess of this sum, but as there was a large previous surplus, this is not of consequence. The balance, in favor of the Provinces accounts, was still six hundred and fifty-nine thousand dollars on June 1st, 1871.

Ontario commenced on December 31st, 1870, with a balance on hand of near two hundred thousand dollars, had received up till December 31st, 1871, two millions three hundred and thirty-three thousand dollars, and had expended one million eight hundred and sixteen thousand dollars. She has nearly two million dollars invested in Dominion bonds; on special deposit half a million, with a balance of one hundred and seventy-two thousand dollars. Her finances are in a very flourishing condition indeed.

New Brunswick commenced the year, October 31st, 1870, with a balance of eighty-three thousand dollars, and ended October 31st, 1871, with a balance on hand of ninety-five thousand seven hundred. The receipts appear to have exceeded the payments by nearly thirteen thousand dollars. We hope the last year may show as good a balance.

Nova Scotia, during the year from December 31st, 1870, to December 31st, 1871, appears to have gone behind considerably. Commencing with a balance in treasury of nearly sixty-five thousand dollars, she left off with a deficit of over nine thousand dollars, her receipts being six hundred and two thousand, and her expenditure over six hundred and seventy-six thousand dollars. We do not know what the explanation of this increase of expenditure over income may be. We do not hear that that Province is in any other than the most prosperous condition, and suppose some special causes, other than poverty, have influenced the balance sheet. We expect to see the resolution of the problem in next year's accounts.

We may remark, however, that while Nova Scotia receives one hundred and twenty-nine thousand dollars more subsidy from the Dominion than New Brunswick, her other revenue amounts to one hundred and fifty-eight thousand dollars, while that of New Brunswick, exclusive of subsidy, amounts to one hundred and thirty-nine thousand dollars. Much of the New Brunswick revenue is derived from sources which are rapidly drying up, being almost entirely from land and lumber. The land will soon be all disposed of, and the lumbering privileges are being contracted in dimensions. The export duties too will fail with the clearing of the lumber. What she will have to fall back upon we do not see, but we suppose the Government consider that "sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

The total value of exports of the Dominion amounted to over seventy-four millions of dollars, and that of goods entered for consumption nearly eighty-seven millions, the duty paid on these being nearly twelve millions. The tonnage of vessels employed carrying outwards being six and a half millions of tons, and about the same entering inwards. Of this, British ships, including Colonial, carried near nine millions of tons, the remainder—four millions—being carried in foreign bottoms.

Of the above imports and exports, Ontario is credited with over twenty-three millions dollars value of exports; thirty-three millions seven hundred and seventy-three thousand dollars worth imports, twenty-nine million dollars worth being entered for consumption and paying three millions three hundred and thirty-five thousand dollars duty. Quebec exported thirty-nine millions dollars, imported forty-three millions—about forty millions being entered for home consumption and paying nearly six millions of duty. Nova Scotia exported about six millions and a half, imported over ten and a half millions, entered for consumption nearly nine and a half millions, and paid one million three hundred and sixty-three dollars duty. While New Brunswick exported over five and a half millions worth, imported over eight and a quarter millions, entering for consumption all save about a quarter of a million, and paying duties amounting to one million two hundred and thirteen thousand dollars.

Of the exports, being produce of the Province, Ontario had nearly two millions, Quebec two hundred and fifty-six thousand, Nova Scotia seven hundred and ninety-seven thousand, and New

Brunswick one hundred and seventy-two thousand—in all, near three and a quarter million dollars worth.

The fisheries produced for Ontario eighty-nine thousand; for Quebec six hundred and seventy-eight thousand; for Nova Scotia two millions eight hundred and fifty-two thousand; for New Brunswick three hundred and seventy-four thousand—in all, near four millions of dollars worth of fish exported from the Dominion.

The forest produced—from Ontario six millions, Quebec twelve millions, Nova Scotia one million, and New Brunswick three millions—in all, twenty-two millions of dollars.

For animals and their produce, Ontario received five millions seven hundred and eighty-six thousand, Quebec six millions three hundred and nineteen thousand, Nova Scotia four hundred and five thousand, and New Brunswick only seventy-one thousand four hundred and fifty-four, while Manitoba is credited with over twenty-five thousand five hundred dollars from this source—twelve millions and a half in all.

Of agricultural products, Ontario sent out nearly five millions, Quebec over four and a half millions, Nova Scotia two hundred and thirty-two thousand, New Brunswick fifty-three thousand—nearly ten million dollars in all the Dominion.

Manufactures are credited—to Ontario three hundred and thirteen thousand, Quebec seven hundred and eighty-four thousand, Nova Scotia two hundred and ninety-five thousand, New Brunswick eight hundred and seven thousand, Manitoba four hundred and eighty-three dollars—altogether, two millions two hundred and one thousand dollars worth.

We pass over the miscellaneous articles, coin and bullion, etc., and remark that Quebec received for ships over half a million of dollars, while none of the other Provinces would appear to have got anything for this article. It would appear that these are not taken into the account by them, no duties being charged. The value of ships sold from New Brunswick is not so large now as it once was, as, since the market in England for wooden ships failed, the people here rather choose to own and sail them, bringing in rich revenues yearly.

Probably we have given the readers of the *MARITIME MONTHLY* a sufficient dose of statistics. We have not been careful to note the amounts too closely, but the above estimates may be taken as correct enough for usual purposes.

AMERICAN SKETCHES.—No. 1.

HOLIDAYS.

BY MAUD S. WENTWORTH.

TWO holidays belong to the world at large—weird, enchanting, merry Christmas, and joyous, happy New Year. Then there are holidays which belong exclusively to nations. Americans have two, strictly national. One in the warmth of summer, with balmy air filled with the perfume of countless flowers, with waving flags and garlands of roses, and young and old, and rich and poor, welcome this day, which celebrates their independence from all foreign power—a day born of the Pilgrim band who landed upon the bleak and wave-dashed rock of Plymouth. The other holiday comes when the autumn leaves are rustling to the tread of rapid feet, and mournful winds are sighing, and harvests have been gathered, and the nation thanks the great All-father for its prosperity, and acknowledges its dependence on God, who governs and gives. It is a happy day; for families are united and gathered together under the parental roof; they are made better for this holiday, which carries thanksgiving into destitute homes, made desolate by grim and unrelenting want. It is a good day, for the poor are remembered. These days have passed, and so has Christmas—the holiday of the whole Christian world—the gladdest, merriest time of all the year, the dying year.

Where are its hopes and fears;
 Where all its smiles and tears;
 Where are its joys and woes,
 All its soul-throbs and throes?
 Gone to the past.

Into our Saviour's hand;
 Into the angel band;
 Put we our trust and love,
 Ah! like a gentle dove,
 Peace come at last.

And now we step upon another year. We know not what it holds for us; we pick for roses—we may gather thorns; yet still we welcome it, the glad New Year. And New Year's day is the gala for the paper-carriers in great cities; they dance about from

early morning until night, with their addresses in doggerel rhyme, up the steps, and into the doorways, and all along the streets, and the stamps are showered upon them, for who would refuse the carrier's address. Some of the little fellows are blithe and gay, while others tell a world of grief in their sorrowful eyes.

One of them with wan cheeks and threadbare clothes, actually sobbed as a crisp dollar bill was given him by a lady, who lifted her deep mourning veil, and paused to talk to the child, as she stepped from her carriage in front of the Executive Mansion in Washington.

A short time after, when meeting her at a social gathering of a few young girls and their parents and guardians, she told the story of the little boy.

"One day, about two weeks ago," she said, "at the Capitol, I was attracted by the wistful face of a child in the hall, outside the Senate Chamber, so much so, that I asked him if he wished to see any person there. He looked up at me with a sudden animation, as unexpected as it was beautiful, as he answered, 'No ma'm, but I am trying to earn enough money to get me a decent suit of clothes, and then I shall try to be one of these ushers,' waving his hand with a graceful gesture toward the boys within, gliding to and fro, with their messages from one member to another.

"I thought it only a child's wish, yet went on talking to him, and in the course of conversation he told me that he 'carried papers, and did anything honorable to get money.'

"I asked him how long he had been trying; he could not have been more than ten years of age."

"Ever since last winter, when the House was in session, and now," he continued, "it has come together again, and I can't be an usher yet, but I won't give it up."

"Surely Charles," I said, "you could have made a suit of clothes by this time."

"Oh yes, if that were all I had to do with my money," and he looked at me as though the subject pained him.

"I believe people are just about what they look to be," the lady said emphatically, then she added tenderly, "there was something noble about Charles, and I thought I'd try him. I'd risk a five dollar bill to his care, and if I lost it, why it would be only an experience. Would you like to earn half a dollar? He turned his eyes upon me perfectly luminous. I wish you, Charles, to

take this note to a lady at the Kirkwood House, and be careful, for it contains five dollars. You will find me in the Senate gallery when you return. Bring me a written answer from the lady and I will give you the half dollar."

"He bounded away, with head erect, and was lost in the crowd. I glanced from a window looking out on Pennsylvania Avenue, and saw him like a bundle moving on. The afternoon had almost worn away when he returned with the answer, which was correct. He had waited for the lady, who was out. I gave him the half dollar and told him to be at the Capitol the next day, for I wished to talk with him. He promised to do so, but I never saw him again until New Year's day, when he told me of his dear mother's illness, of their residence in a remote part of the city, and that he could not leave her for fear she might die, until New Year's morning, and then he had received so much for the Addresses that he had bought her some wine, and she was growing well again, and he was so happy. I asked him where his home was, for I wished to see his mother, and that very evening I found her. How starvation and cold had made her ill! I saw that at a glance, and I lost not a moment to aid her. My husband installed the child as his own usher, and I expect to hear from that boy inside the walls of the Capitol, and the day is coming when he will be an honorable member, for he is highly gifted."

The purses of the little party were shaken, and a respectable collection was raised on the spot for the benefit of the little protégé, whom we saw the next afternoon with flashing eyes and flushed cheeks, hurrying to and fro, with slips of paper, in the Senate Chamber.

A STORY OF NORTH AMERICA.

BY R. C. W.

IT was late in the month of November. The day had been cold and gusty, with occasional dashes of rain, and the evening, which had set in early, promised to be one of gloom and tempest. The wind went rushing about with that low, mournful howl which is known only in the autumn time, lashing the naked boughs of the old forest trees with its furious surges, whirling the dead leaves, which lay heaped in the dark ravines, into maelstrom eddies, and driving everything before it with a violence that made them only too glad to be free. The clouds, which had hung in scattered masses, while the livid sun sent its straggling beams among them, gathered themselves into a single mighty one, and shrouded the heavens as with a pall, threatening every moment to burst into drenching floods. "God pity the homeless to-night!" exclaimed a young man in an emphatic tone as, pushing open the rude door of his log-cabin, he dragged in the old back-log that was to warm the rough hearthstone and irradiate the brown rafters through the long, cheerless hours of the autumn storm. "God pity them, and help them, too, for a cold and weary time they'll have. I trust no one wanders to-night in the wilderness; though, lest one there should be, I'll do what I can to give them a beacon-light;" and even while he spoke, he planted the huge, knotty stick into a bed of crimson coals, and filled the space between it and the old iron fire-holders with a generous armful of light dry wood, which soon burst into a brilliant blaze, not only scattering light and heat across the dim apartment, but sending a stream of moonlike rays through the little windows, that went dancing like a thing of life through the outer darkness till it was lost in the mazes of the untracked forest.

"There," said the warm-hearted woodsman, as he watched the sky-bound sparks and the continuous glow, "I've done my part towards lending them a home, if any there be abroad and wandering, and now I'll enjoy myself;" and he drew his seat to the homely board, on which smoked a hunter's fare—steaks from the wild deer, a stew of birds which he had shot while standing in the door of his cabin, and cakes of powdered corn, nicely baked and

browned on a clean corner of the rough hearth. A relishing meal it was, too, for the hands of a loving and gentle wife had cooked it all, and honest, sturdy toil had awakened that keen zest for food which the idler had never known.

"A supper fit for a king," said he, as he returned to his cozy place before the fire. "We shan't starve yet awhile, Mary—not while there are birds in the trees, and game in the woods, and strength in these brawny arms. Only keep a warm hope in your heart, little wife, and our home will yet be a bonny spot!" And then he folded his arms on his bosom, and bent his head, and seemed to be reading bright fancies in the warm firelight. And when her light evening work was done, his wife drew her seat close beside him, and as we are all wont on such stormy nights, when the hearthstone beams, the two warmed their young memories and strengthened the pinions of hope. And the evening sped on wildly and awfully without, but calmly and beautifully within, by the side of the blazing fire, whose streaming light was the only star that gleamed in that dim old forest.

"We'll keep the fire up all night, and as bright as we can too," said the brave pioneer, as, ere he leaped into bed, instead of raking the coals, he threw on a fresh bundle of wood; "it's too awful a night for me to sleep sound, and I may as well tend it as not. God help them that roam, if any there be, and guide them this way. It shall never be said that I darkened my fire in a night like this." Once or twice did he rouse himself from the slumber that in spite of his awe of the storm would steal over his senses, and renew the blaze that was dying away, but then, as the rain ceased its dashing, and fell only on the rough roof with a lullaby tone, and the wind hushed its howls, and moaned in a weary-like way, he suffered himself to sleep in that calm, deep sleep which comes only to those who have labored with hands that were clean and hearts that were pure.

An hour or two passed on, and still he slept; and the blazing brands died in the ashes, and the old back-log, cleft with the evening's flame, dropped slowly its crimson flakes, giving out no longer a brilliant flash, but only a steady, ruddy glare.

Just then, footsore, wearied and sick, there leaned against the rough door a poor Indian hunter, a brave and right royal descendant of those red men who, ere the pioneer girdled his trees, was king of this wild wood. Many a long, weary mile had he travelled

since dawn, and when the dark night set in so stormy and cold he had drawn his torn blanket about him and sought only to find in the grove some hollow in which to lie down and chant the death hymn that had rang all day in his ears. A long time he wandered, entangling himself yet deeper in the intricate windings of the dense old wood. But just when his feet lagged most, and his heart was sorest, a beam from the woodman's fire lit on his path, and lit, too, a hope in his bosom. He followed the rays, and ere the last brand had fallen, was so near the rude home, that his Indian eye could track the path which its owner had made in the forest, and followed it to his door. But there he paused awhile. Would the white man be kind to his red-faced brother, and give him the food he craved and a skin by the fire?

"Me try him," said he, as he pushed against the door; "me try him—he good to me, me no forget," and the wooden bar rattled and the woodsman awoke, startled, but not afraid. One bound brought him to the door, and with one hand on its guard, and one on his rifle, he called, "Who's there—what want you?"

"Me Indian; me sick, and me hungry;" but ere he could speak more the door flew open, and he was bid to come in and be welcome.

"Friend nor foe stand not outside my door on a night like this," said the sturdy host, as he threw on a generous armful of his light wood, and raked out the coals till they were all aglow.

"Me your friend, and me no forget," said the Indian in a voice emphatic though weak, as he sank on the hearthstone, tore off his blanket that was dripping and cold, and suffered the warm, rosy-light to creep over his great brawny limbs, and redden the cheek that had never been pale before.

"And I your friend, for God knows, by your looks, you need one," responded the brave pioneer, "and the best that I have shall be your's to-night," and, suiting actions to words, he set on the table the remains of the evening meal, and then drawing out a clear bed of coals, laid over them a generous slice of the noble deer he had slaughtered himself, and had soon a smoking meal to tempt the hungry palate of his guest. Then casting a bundle of skins on the floor, close to the hearthstone, and taking from off the bed, whereupon lay his wife, trembling in silent terror, a heavy blanket, he told the poor Indian to rest himself there till morning, and longer if he chose. And then, with a heart lighter and hap-

pier than when he arose, he lay down again, drawing his pale companion closely to his breast, and quieting her fears with endearments as gentle and soothing as those a mother bestows on a frightened child.

When they awoke in the morning, their Indian guest lay still upon the floor in a sound, refreshing sleep. When he rose from his rustic couch, they asked him not whence he had come, nor whither he was going, but only to partake of their hospitality so long as he thought fit. With Indian taciturnity, he said nothing, but ate with them, and then lay down again, and in this way passed two days. On the morning of the third, when the hearty breakfast had been disposed of, he drew his blanket round him and went to the door. As he crossed the threshold, he turned his face to the still seated husband and wife, and said, emphatically, "Pale face good to Indian—me no forget;" and as an arrow darts from its bow when the strong arm draws, he sped from the sheltering roof, and was lost almost instantly in the mazes of the dense wood.

For some weeks the incident was dwelt upon frequently by the family, but gradually it faded from their memories, and as years passed on it was only once in a while recalled at the request of two buoyant lads, "that father would tell them an Indian story, a true story about a *live* Indian." Then taking them on his knees, he would relate to them what has just been written, and they would draw his arms yet closer round their trembling forms, and wonder if they would dare to go to sleep while a "live Indian" lay stretched before the fire; and they would say, "Were you not afraid, father?" and cuddle up to his breast, seeming to feel their hair stand straight.

Alas! they, nor he, nor that still beautiful wife, thought then of the sorrow that "live Indians" were to bring upon their happy hearts. Closer would those little ones have clung to him, and fairer arms than theirs would have been wound about his bosom. But the threatened blow came soon and sad, and a crushing one it was.

Many changes had occurred since the pioneer had cleared his first acre and built his cabin. What was then only a wild and tangled forest, with game starting up at every rod, had become, before the hands of labor and cultivation, a blooming plain, dotted with white men's homes. Not now, as once, could the hunter

shoot a buck while standing under his own eaves: he must roam away over fertile field and grassy meadow, across the rolling river, and round the foot of a wooded hill, ere he would often spy the wild deer he so loved to hunt. But there were plenty there, and a smoking steak or a saddle of venison was often seen upon the settler's board.

It was to hunt the deer, to fill up, as he said, the empty spot on the table, that Hugh Ely, the warm-hearted pioneer, of whom we have written, left his dwelling one morning in winter, and hastened away out of sight of the smoke of the settlement, and far from its sounds. Fleet was his foot, but fleetier the foot of the noble buck he started, and not until noon, and when many miles from home, did he succeed in pointing towards it his unerring aim. Ere it fell, it gave one wild bound and leaped into a tangled brake, and after him went the hunter, flushed with success, but weary too with his lengthened chase. But with a wilder bound than the wounded game, and a fiercer fire in their glaring eyes, there burst upon Hugh a band of Indian warriors, and in a moment he was disarmed and bound, and helpless as the dying deer which gasped at his feet. Why he was then made captive, and why he was dragged with them so many weary miles, no rest allowed his torn and bleeding feet, no sleep his heavy eyelids, no hope his sad lone heart, he never knew, though he guessed afterwards, when they finally halted with him at a hunting ground in the northern part of Canada, far, far away from that valley which had been so dear a home, that he had been mistaken for another, for a brother pioneer, who had once given a deadly insult to a fettered Indian, who afterwards escaped.

*Long and weary were the months of captivity that ensued,—long and weary to the captive, torn so suddenly from his household treasures, but longer and sadder too, to the dear ones left behind—for their's was the agony of suspense, and of all earth's agonies, that is the most harrowing and wearing, extinguishing even hope itself. For a while Hugh cherished the idea of escape, but the close and continued watchfulness of his captors, and his situation in a wild and, save by the red man, unfrequented country, pathless only to the moccasined foot, after awhile convinced him it was best to submit patiently to his wrongs and trust in God.

When he had been with them about a year, his faithful fulfil-

ment of the menial tasks allotted him, his cheerful, contented air, his manly endurance of his captivity, so impressed the Indians that they relaxed somewhat their severity, and occasionally allowed him to wander off a piece into the woods, or to ramble beside the river. He was seated one bright autumnal afternoon on a log that had fallen close to the water's edge, sadly musing on his lone and desolate condition, and wondering if he should ever again see the faces of those whose memory was so holy, when suddenly a low cooing sound, like the notes of a dove, broke the deep silence that reigned. Hugh heard it for some moments without observing it very closely, for he was intently looking into his darkened future. But after a while it struck him that the sound was an unusual one for the spot, and somewhat versed in Indian ways, he recognised it as one of those signs by which they express sympathy, pity or affection, and he gazed cautiously round to see if some human form was not concealed in the vicinity. Wild with joy at the thought that amid the dusky warriors who surrounded him, one there might be whose heart had yet a loving pulse. A clump of low, tangled bushes grew just back of his rude seat, the only spot close by, that could conceal a friend or foe. He fancied as he gazed there, he beheld them move—he was certain of it—and it could not be the wind, for scarcely a breath was stirring. Then noiselessly some branches were pushed aside, and from the opening there peered the red face of a stranger Indian. Intently it looked upon the captive, so intently that its gaze was like a marvellous fascination to him, and he stood rooted to the spot. In a few moments the branches were pushed still further aside, and a brawny red hand was visible. It held a pair of moccasins, it turned them up and down and around, and then pointed them southward, while from the stern lip issued the same cooing sound. The heart of Hugh leaped up with a quickened life, and he was starting to the side of the unknown, but as he felt now, friendly stranger, when the signal whoop for his return was sounded from the camp. The Indian pressed his hand to his mouth in token of secrecy, again moved the moccasins in token of escape, and darted through the bushes and out of sight so quickly, that it seemed to the observer the earth must have swallowed him.

More bravely than ever did Hugh now bear his captivity, for hope burned brightly in his bosom. There was something in the mien of the unknown Indian which assured him he was planning

his deliverance; and though he could not conceive who he was, or why he had taken so deep an interest in him, he was satisfied that in time, through means prepared by him, he should see again his beloved home—clasp again his beloved family.

Many days passed ere he saw another token; but one sunny morning, as he sat on the ground floor of his wigwam, engaged in one of his menial duties, the broad belt of sunshine that streamed in through the entrance was suddenly obscured, and raising his eyes, Hugh beheld the same red face that had peered through the bushes. It was but one look he had a chance to give ere it had vanished, but in another instant, from the rear of the wigwam, issued the same cooing notes that had so sweetly disturbed his mournful reverie once before. In another instant the shadow again intercepted the sunbeams, fleeing almost as quickly as seen. As it passed, Hugh felt, rather than saw, that something was thrown in; but when, as the sunshine again played upon his knees, he beheld a pair of moccasins resting there, a wilder, stronger pulse beat in his bosom, for he felt that the hour of his deliverance was nigh. He remembered that on the morrow a grand hunt came off, and he knew that on such occasions all the bravest of the braves were gone, and inferred that as he should be left, as he had been many times before, in the care of only the squaws and, perhaps, one or two Indians, his deliverer had selected that as the propitious time to effect his escape.

With leaden wings rolled on the hours that intervened between the token and the time. But the morrow's sun dawned at length, and with its first beam the hunters sped away. But so many duties had they left their captive to perform, that it was late in the afternoon ere he could repair to his accustomed seat beside the river. But all day his heart had been cheered by those cooing words that first woke hope. Now they seemed circling in the air above him; now stealing out of the mossy ground; and anon floating, as it were, on the breath of a few flowers that yet smiled in life. As he neared the water, louder and clearer rang the notes, and following them, he was led a mile or two down the bank to a spot he remembered as one where the river indented the grassy soil with a small bay. Scarcely had he stepped there ere a light canoe darted from under a shelving bank, and at the helm stood the Indian friend. Hugh had lived long enough with red men to understand unspoken language, and a sign from his deliverer was

enough to tell him that he must crouch in the bottom of the little craft and be motionless, under some skins.

The sun set and the moon rose, and still the canoe sped on over the blue, calm waves, and not until midnight was it moored, and then Hugh knew he was safe. Up a steep ledge of rocks did his conductor lead him, and through long, narrow and dark aisles, whose bottom, but for the friendly moccasins, would have sadly torn and bruised his feet. At length they stopped, and the Indian, releasing his grasp, lighted a torch and revealed to the white man the fact he had guessed, that they were deep in the earth, in one of those weird-like caverns of which legend loves to sing. A fire was kindled; the smoke somehow finding vent for itself without annoying the lookers-on, and soon, over the crimson coals that dropped on to the rude hearthstone, was broiled a venison steak that the Indian had taken from his wild-looking larder; and, refreshed and happy, Hugh, in less than two hours after he had entered the cavern, slept soundly on a couch of dried grass, and dreamed beautiful visions of home.

For several days they tarried there, the Indian going out each morning, but returning regularly at sunset, and always bearing a plentiful supply of game. When a week had elapsed, simply saying to Hugh, "We go now; they no find us," he led him forth, and commenced journeying towards the south. One night, after they had been long on the road, they walked to a much later hour than usual,—walked till Hugh, who had fancied several times through the day he discerned familiar trails, and thought he must be close to his home, became lost, as it were, and followed his guide blindly, thinking, in his weariness and perplexity, he must have been mistaken, and was still in a strange wood. They rested at length, but the white man had scarcely, it seemed to him, closed his eyes ere his Indian friend awoke him, and together they toiled up the steep and wooded hill that rose directly before them. But the intense soul-thrilling joy of the long-absent one can only be conceived, when, on reaching its summit, he beheld close at hand the valley of his choice, the home of his heart.

When his emotion was somewhat passed, he turned to his deliverer, and, in the mute but expressive signs of Indian language, told his thanks. The red man heard him through, and then pointing to the dwelling of Hugh, said, in the brief words he had learned of the English tongue—

"Many moons ago, Indian sick, tired, hungry. He go to white man's cabin—he no turn him off; he give him supper—let him sleep on his skins—take blanket from his pretty squaw; he good to him till he want to go. *I that Indian.* Me no forget. Now I pay you. Go home."

Ofteener than ever did Hugh's little ones, as they bounded on his knees, beg for the story of the "live Indian;" and when he had passed away to the green, silent graveyard, they in turn told it to their little ones, nor failed to draw from it a moral, beautiful and holy, as was the Indian's gratitude.

WIT AND WISDOM.

THESE are by no means synonymous terms—hardly even relatives. Wits are frequently not wise, and many wise men are far from witty. But wit also is a general term, having at least two significations. "He *has* no wit," means he is without good sense. "He *is* no wit," means he is not sparkling or brilliant in his conversation. In the former sense wit is related to wisdom. A man who has wit is a man who has at least the faculty for becoming wise. Still, wisdom is rather the accumulation of wit whether original or acquired. It is in this sense that it is said of the proverb that it is one man's wit and all men's wisdom. Wit, in a proverb, is good sense condensed into small bounds, neatly turned, and with a certain beauty of expression. Conversation usually is like common charcoal; the proverb is the pure carbon—the cutting diamond, sparkling, translucent. The proverb may, however, be witty, or it may merely be an acute observation. When we say of a person "he is a wit," we mean that he has the capacity of uttering sharp, sententious, caustic things. There are, so to say, two genders of wit—masculine and feminine,—the former generally tart and biting, the latter more sweet and gentle. Chaucer, Dryden, Pope, Swift, were satirical. Cowper was more gentle and feminine, and good-natured. The Canterbury Tales, Absalom and Achitophel, The Rape of the Lock, The Tale of a Tub, John Gilpin, are full of wit. The last of these is the most amusing of all—but there is in it less of the biting, nothing of the malicious. Wit may be wicked or kind.

It may be a lash or it may be a bon-bon; a pebble slung at a giant and smiting a mailed warrior down, or a rocket shooting towards heaven, and in exploding dropping showers of stars for the applause of admiring multitudes.

Wit has a relative called humor, which shows itself in a sense of the peculiar. Humor is a sentiment, wit is a thought; not that the humor can exist without thinking, nor wit apart from feeling—but that the former is more the product of the sensible, the latter of the intellectual. They have this in common, that they are both amusing. They differ perhaps in intensity. Humor makes us smile, wit makes us laugh. Humor is a pegasus of a slow and progressive mood. Wit is like the arrow of the far darting Apollo. We find humor in the strange moods of a man, wit in his strange expressions. The uncommon enters into both.

How far all this is from wisdom is easily seen. Wits have generally rather lacked wisdom. Butler would have been wiser if, instead of inditing *Hudibras*, he had turned his attention to some art or science which would have kept him from starving. Swift's wit kept him from promotion in the Church. So was it with the author of the *Sentimental Journey* and *Tristram Shandy*. Pope would have led a happier life if he had restrained the shafts of his wit. The *Rape of the Lock*, which elevated him to fame, produced lasting enmity between him and the subject of his song. The *Lady Arabella* never forgave him. It was said of Sheridan that he would rather lose his friend than his jest. The greatest of wits have often been the unhappiest of men. Not only is the organization that sees and utters the sharp saying more sensitive, and so more capable of feeling the retort, but its arrows raise enemies and excite revenge. The *Dunciad* might annoy Cibber, but Cibber could also inflict terrible vengeance on its author. "The English Bards and Scotch Reviewers" was pardonable to Byron, but it made him always feel that those whom he so mercilessly lashed were his permanent enemies. His own arrows were infixed in his own heart. Many, too, of our famous wits were men of unwise and intemperate lives. Burns, Byron and Sheridan were of irregular conduct and premature death. E. A. Poe, too, died far too soon. We cannot but think that the *Noctes Ambrosianæ* of wits have brought too early the shadows of death around the feasters. We hardly like to refer to Dr. Quincy

and Dr. Maginn. There is something very pleasant in the goodly company, and in the flashing repartee, where song circulates with the wine, and where the wit sharpens the wit. Too attractive is all this for feeble reason, and the feeble frame. So if wisdom keep us from the intenser enjoyments of wit, it generally gives us a longer term of existence. Green fields and babbling brooks, and good wholesome work are of more worth and are more conducive to true philosophy than festive boards. Wordsworth at Windermere, and Carlyle in his retirement, are more to our taste than the festive dinners at Mr. Bradbury's, with the contributors to Punch around the board.

One thing should console those who are of mediocre nature, that though wit is the birthright of a few, wisdom may become the heritage of all. Few can possess diamonds and treasures of gold and silver, but the light, and air, and food of the kindly soil, and flowers and the symphonies of nature, are for all who keep their nature undebauched, and are of a cheerful, happy disposition.

GROWING OLD.

NOT like a tiger at a bound, nor yet like a confessed foe met honestly in the open, and conquering by fair means in a fair fight; but like a thief in the night, silent, stealthy, unperceived, creeping on by unmarked degrees, and at each step carrying a point and gaining an advantage, comes old Age, that dreadful enemy to men, that pitiless harbinger of disease and death. And, however gallant our resistance may be, however resolute our intention of withstanding to the last, and dying victorious over age if conquered by death, we are overcome in the end. Year by year we lose ground steadily when once the Rubicon is passed and the war between our youth and time has begun; and we never get it back. The first grey hair is the first flag of triumph which the enemy unfurls; the first undeniable wrinkle is the first breach made in the outworks, irreparable and ever widening; and nothing can bring down the first or build up the second again. Crafty appliances may conceal the damage done, but they do not change the fact. Not a fortune spent in the costliest hair dyes ever made

by chemist and barber in concert, can restore the lost gold, or turn those silver tresses back to their original blackness. They can make a good pretence, just as lacker can make base metal look like fine gold. But the reality remains the same. The core of your fine gold is, in spite of polish and color, only base metal; and old age is not cheated of the substantiality of his victory because dyes and paints fashion out a youthful vizard, which in the beginning of things can make the false appear the true. Underneath the glossy flattery of the dye are the silver streaks from which age has banished the color of youth; underneath the fair surface made up of paint and powder lies the reality of seams and puckers, which are the finger-marks of time—of crow's feet trodden thick about the eyes, of furrows ploughed deep across the brow, and channels cut and scored round about the lips. Age can afford to laugh at my lady's clever devices for her disguise. They arrest nothing, if they seem to stop all, and only delay the moment of public surrender by a few months at the best. Those rouge pots and crystal vials of *blanc de perle* do not constitute the bloom of youth, though they say they do; and what is more, they soon show that they are of art, not nature. They are like the crossed straws laid across the road to arrest the progress of the witch, and which never did arrest it. They only make a feint of holding the way, while the witch steals on quietly and irresistibly, as a mist steals over the mountain side, as darkness creeps across the face of the earth when the sun has gone down. As time goes on, the enemy becomes too strong even for the bravest pretences of art and science to mask his works. Dye becomes patent; rouge and *blanc de perle* deceive no one but the wearer thereof; pads and stays, puffings and pinchings, are of no more effect in giving roundness to the "ruckle of bones" to which that un gallant Time has reduced Hebe, or in keeping down the monstrous load of flesh which the former sylph now carries, panting, than the galvanic battery has power to make the dead bird fly and seek its mate. Ruddle on the cheeks does not give the lost lustre of youth to the dim and swollen eyes; enamel, though laid on with a trowel, does not brace up the loose flesh nor give back the soft roundness of the young throat, nor pare off the superfluity of skin that hangs from the broadening jowl. No artificial support can bring swiftness to the tottering steps or straightness to the failing knees. Year by year the enemy waxes stronger, and the pretence work

grows more transparent; till at last the supreme moment comes, when the flag has to be struck, and the surrender formally made—when the former belle, the old-time beau, has perforce to confess to the march of time, and the ravages committed on the way.

Some, however, fight on to the end, and never surrender, even when beaten on all points. They go to the grave, trodden down by Old Age, only dying because the machine is fairly worn out, but convinced that their youthful disguise was never seen through and that the enemy has been held at bay to the last—in appearance. But what miserable creatures those are who go on with their pretence work to the end! They are more like marionettes than human beings, and forego all the advantages of one state, while losing all the beauty of the other. Neither young in fact nor old in dignity, they are nowhere in the ranks of humanity. The youthful laugh at them, and will have none of them; and they will not join the corps of the aged, where they belong. They put themselves to absolute torture to keep up the semblance of the state they have lost, but they do not keep it up; and the torture goes for nothing, save to the increase of the ridicule they cultivate so diligently. One meets them about the world, and one shudders involuntarily as one watches them. Living lessons are they to the young, who, however, think, in the plenitude of their strength and the pride of their beauty, that they can never come to be as old as these miserable antediluvians! Or, if such a miracle could be worked, then that they will be wiser, not to speak of brighter and better preserved; and that they will be always more beautiful, because more natural. And not even when they begin with just that dash of white and red for night wear to conceal the traces of the day's fatigue, with just that trial-bottle of auricomus fluid to brighten up the dulling gold—not even then will they be persuaded that they have enlisted in the army of the make-believes, that they are bent on foiling the forces of time by pretence works—that they will be of those who refuse to grow old even at the command of half a century of decadence.

But it is not in the loss of mere physical beauty that the ravages of time and the approach of age are most felt and bewailed. If eyes lose their brightness they also lose their sharpness, and blink and wink in the twilight as the grandmothers used to blink and wink so many years ago. They cannot see to read small print as they used, nor to mend pens, nor

to thread needles, nor to do fine work of any kind. To be sure, it is all the fault of the printers, and the needlemakers, and all the rest of them. They are all in a conspiracy not to make things so good and clear as they used to be in the days when the poor blinking orbs were fresh and bright. And voices are changed too. No one speaks as of old. What has come to the present generation that it mutters and mumbles as it does? Why cannot it speak out as distinctly as we spoke when we were young? Our father used to scold us, we remember, for mumbling. We did not mumble, and he was deaf. But that is quite different from things as they are now. We are not deaf; and the present race of talkers do mumble. And surely hills are steeper and miles longer than formerly. They never seemed to be so difficult. Or have we become strangely delicate in these latter times? We used to be strong and active a few years ago. We cannot understand the change that is creeping over us, and fear that we are settling down into a state of dire disease. So we are; the most dire disease of all, the most unconquerable; that for which no remedy has yet been found—the disease of growing old. We are faint often; weary always; our nights are sleepless; our days hang heavily on our withered hands; our food has lost its flavor, and the daintiest dishes that our *cordon bleu* can prepare are tasteless, while the rough meats of our youth—oh, how delicious they were! All pleasures pall on us; we have seen everything before, and nothing is as good now as it used to be; our emotions will not come at our bidding, our fancy is dead, and our imagination is laid in the same grave. We do not love as we used; and the present passes by us like a dream.—*Queen.*

SCIENCE---ART---NATURE.

LYELL ON THE ANTIQUITY OF MAN.

SIR CHARLES LYELL thinks that though the whole human race spread from a single starting point, it does not follow that all are the descendents of a single pair; that Agassiz *may* be right in the opinion that the great divisions of the human race proceeded each from a distinct parentage; that the human race is

more ancient than the period assigned to it in Scripture; that it has risen from a lower state of civilization to a higher; that though Mr. Darwin has not proved his position, there is yet reason for supposing that the changes in the organic world have been effected by the gradual modification of older forms; and that the amount of power, wisdom, design, forethought, required for such gradual evolution of the different forms of life, are as great as though it were the work of separate creation. He tells us we should weigh the evidence, and not our wishes in all conclusions which we may draw on these very important points.

TUBERCULAR CONSUMPTION—ITS CAUSE.

Dr. MacCormac thinks that tubercular consumption is to be attributed more to breathing vitiated air than to severity of climate. When people live mostly out of doors, and have free ventilation in their houses, especially at night, consumption will be almost altogether unknown.

RECENT UPHEAVAL.

It appears that there has been a recent upheaval of the Patagonian coast. Prof. Agassiz, writing of the geology of the Straits of Magellan, says that a mile back from the coast, he found, nearly one hundred and fifty feet above the sea-level, a salt pond containing marine shell-fish, some of them still living, of species common on the adjacent coast.

BARK-LOUSE OF THE APPLE-TREE.

The male of this animal has been at last discovered. In some places, where the male is not to be found, the creature is dying out; but in those districts where it is to be seen, the insect is multiplying rapidly.

HOW EELS ARE PRODUCED.

Some think they are produced from horse hairs. Certain it is, that animals may be found in water no thicker than the hair of a horse's tail, but that these grow into plump fat eels is a hard tale to swallow. It is now affirmed that they live in the ponds and rivers, and go down to spawn in the sea—thus reversing the processes pursued by the salmon, shad, etc. Ercolani, an eminent physiologist, says the eel is a hermaphrodite, and that the organs

of generation are only perfected in the sea, where the spawn is cast; and that thence the young make their way inland to the bogs and ponds, in which they so much delight. This, too, needs confirmation.

CHANGES OF CLIMATE.

Greenland was once capable of supporting a large population; now, it is uninhabitable, being covered with snow and ice all the year. Cold, however, has decreased elsewhere. Gaul and Germany have become milder since the days of ancient Rome. The Danube and the Rhine were frequently frozen over, and the reindeer and moose once lived there. The white fox once inhabited the coast of Thrace. Perhaps we shall yet have mild winters in our Maritime Provinces.

A FISH STORY.

A story is told by Walton of a pike three hundred and fifty pounds weight, measuring nineteen feet in length, caught in 1497 in a fish pond near Helibron, in Suabia, with a ring fixed in its gills, on which was engraved: "I am the fish which Frederic the Second, governor of the world, put into this pond 5th October, 1233." Its age must then have been over two hundred and sixty years.

Mr. Frank Buckland professes to have a portrait of this fish. Those who like may swallow this fish story. It is a large one.

NEW USE OF SAWDUST.

Alcohol, it appears, can be obtained from sawdust. If alcohol is to be made, it would be well that it could be procured from some such useless substance. We have plenty of that article, and, for the benefit of those who may wish to experiment, we give the process: Into an ordinary steam-boiler, heated by means of steam, were introduced 9 cwt. of very wet sawdust, 10-7 cwt. of hydrochloric acid, and 30 cwt. of water; after eleven hours boiling, there was formed 19-67 per cent. of grape sugar. The acid was next saturated with chalk, so as to leave in the liquid only a small quantity (half degree by Ludersdorf's acid areometer); when the saccharine liquid was cooled down to 30 degs., yeast was added, and the fermentation finished in twenty-four hours. By distillation, there were obtained 26.5 litres of alcohol of 50 per cent. at

15 degs., quite free from any smell of turpentine, and of excellent taste. When all the cellulose present in sawdust might be converted into sugar, 50 kilos. of the former substance would yield after fermentation, 12 litres of alcohol at 50 per cent.

CAUSTIC SODA.

A new method of preparing caustic soda is given by M. Tessié du Motay, in *Les Mondes*. One equivalent of sulphuret of sodium is mixed and fused with one equivalent each of caustic soda, hydrate of lime, and metallic iron (cast or malleable.) When these substances are heated to redness, the sulphuret of sodium is completely converted into caustic soda, and sulphuret of iron formed. M. du Motay considers that the water of the hydrate of soda or lime is decomposed by the iron, which, becoming oxidized, hydrogen is set free, oxide of sodium formed, and then sulphuret of iron, the soda being separated from the last-named substance by lixiviation with water. In another process the sulphuret of sodium is first converted into a basic phosphate of soda, and then into caustic soda, by means of caustic lime. This item is for our very scientific readers.

GOLD IN SEA WATER.

The *Chemical News* gives a very interesting paper "on the Presence of Gold in Sea Water," by R. Sonstadt. The proportion of gold in sea-water is stated to be less than one grain to the ton; consequently, especial precautions are necessary to detect and obtain this very small quantity. The processes given are said, however, to be very satisfactory.

THE THUNDERBOLT.

Has any of our readers seen the thunderbolt strike and noted its action? A writer in the *Scientific American* says he had a view of a stroke of this kind of lightning at about eight rods distance. It struck a tree, rent it from top to bottom, passed off to a cart tongue laying near, into and through a pile of railroad ties, and into the railroad track about two rods distance. It was seen by six other persons, and the size, as it appeared to all, seemed to be as large as a bushel basket. They were in a building on a rise of ground facing the tree, and had a most perfect view of it. Undoubtedly there are a good many in the Dominion who have seen such strokes, if they would take the trouble to answer.

THE SUN AND THE ORIGIN OF STORMS.

Mr. John Hepburn says: "I have seen that all gusts coming up in the morning come from the eastward, all about noon from the southward, and all after sunset from the westward; thus clearly proving, to my mind, that the rays of the sun drive the storm, as it were, away from him after their electricity has fired and lit it up. Let the interested please observe, and they will find it so, I believe, in all cases."

HOW CERTAIN CREATURES TRAVEL.

Professor Morse tells us the curious modes in which certain creatures move. Microscopic animals swim in the following style: These move rapidly through the water by means of little oars or *cilia*. There are creatures which are destitute of shape and yet can form any part of themselves into stomach and digestive organs, or can temporarily assume forms which give them means of locomotion. Others throw out arms and seize their food, but yet have no specific shape when at rest.

Belonging to a higher order are the jelly fish. These strange creatures which, while in the water, are perhaps as large as a wash tub, if dried scarcely weigh an ounce. They do not move by means of muscles, but by cells independent of each other, which, by contraction and expansion, answer the purpose of paddles.

The star fish is among the most curious of ocean forms, having his mouth in the centre of his body, his eyes at the end of his arms, and a series of suckers, constituting locomotive appendages, thrown out from beneath the animal in the water. If the star fish wishes to travel, he attaches these suckers to whatever is ahead on the ocean bed before him and pulls himself forward. The common fresh water mussel has large muscles, which give motion to a long foot which it wedges into the sand, and then, by contracting the foot, draws the shell after it. As they work along the shore, these fresh water mussels make grooves in the sand by which they can be tracked; in fact, wherever such a groove is, a mussel can usually be found at the end of it. There is another fresh water shell-fish which darts out its foot with great rapidity, and as suddenly contracts it, and by this propulsion swims through the water. The shell that pincushions are made of—the scollop—is that of an animal which swims by opening and closing its shells,

forcing the water out from between them. The cuttle fish has two broad fins behind and a series of long arms in front. It draws in water as most shell-fish do, but, unlike others, pumps it out in front so that it swims backward, though it has also, by other means, the power of swimming forward.

Worms move by means of little bristles which stick out from the sides of the body, and are used to hold part of the body while the rest expands, or while part expands the rest contracts, and thus the worm is drawn forward in sections. This is the case with the common angle worm. Among the crustaceans, the lobster either crawls forward with his legs or jumps backward by strokes with his tail. The eyes, mounted on the end of long feelers, can look over the shoulder of the animal while he is jumping backward.

In commenting upon lepidopterous and hymenopterous insects, the lecturer stated that, as with birds, if the wings are small, they move rapidly; if large, slowly. The grasshopper was referred to as having a variety of modes of locomotion; and the cheese mite or "skipper," it was stated, hopped by coiling his head and tail together in a ring and pulling them suddenly apart with a snap. After illustrating the movements of the fish and frog, those of the snake were explained. Its locomotion is obtained by means of scales, which are thrust against the ground by motions of the ribs, actuated by powerful muscles. It results that if a snake, though capable of the most rapid movement on the ground, be put on a smooth surface like that of glass or varnished wood, he will wriggle with great efforts, but make no forward progress.

The variety of functions performed by the muscles of the birds and the singular shapes of their bills, adapted to their various modes of feeding, were next illustrated. The arms are to become the organs of flight, and the bones are bridged, and trussed, and modified so as to give the requisite power. Below the heel and bones are extended and anchylosed so as to furnish the requisite prehensile strength. The tendons naturally close the toes when the weight of the body rests so as to bend the leg; thus the bird rests securely on its perch. Hence, also, the fowl always shuts its toes as it lifts them, because bending the leg draws the tendons. The modification of the arm in the bat still leaves it an organ of flight.

In the lower vertebrates we have simple fins; going up step by

step the functions of the arm by degrees escape the need of use for locomotion. The higher the grade of animals, the greater the power of the arm for other purposes than that of locomotion. The monkey uses the arm and hand for a great variety of other purposes, such as for feeding itself, and the female monkey holds its young to its breast by means of its arms. At last with man the arm becomes a cephalic appendage, and is no longer used for purposes of locomotion, unless, indeed, he drives a hand car. Step by step among the lower animals we may trace the improvement of organ and of function until we reach its highest development in a species where only the lower limbs are employed to carry the body, and the upper become exclusively the servants of the brain.

CONCHOLOGY.

What is Conchology, as seen in museums and cabinets, but a collection of husks and rinds of things that are dead and gone? We treasure the envelope, having lost the letter; the book is destroyed, and we preserve the binding.

Not one person in a hundred who decorates his apartment with shells, can tell whether the living creatures they once contained had eyes or no eyes, were fixed to the rock or drifted with the sea-weed, were purely herbivorous, or, by an insinuating but unamiable process, dieted on the vitals of other mollusks, their neighbors, and were, therefore, as we might say *ichthonivorous*. The Radiata, and the rest of their allied tribes, are still less inviting to the common run of men and women, since they puzzle and worry even philosophers and practised naturalists. We are told that Mr. Charles Darwin, one of the most celebrated and patient naturalists of the age, has been, for some time past, engaged upon the barnacles, and has well nigh been driven to despair by the slipperiness of their character.

THEOLOGY AND SCIENCE.

A writer takes the Editor of the *Scientific American* to task for affirming that Theology taught the earth was flat, while science proved it round, and maintains that at no time did theologians assert anything which was not asserted by the great mass of the scientific men of the day; that the Copernican and Newtonian systems were originated among theologians; that Augustine sug-

gested the antiquity of the earth, and the very interpretation of the Christian narrative, which scientists pretend to despise as modern make-shifts, he announced more than thirteen centuries ago; that it may be proved by actual quotations that the Copernican system was promulgated, as a theory, by Christian theologians against the objections and the ridicule of the scientists of their days; and that it is a gross misrepresentation of facts to state that theologians have made these assertions with any more confidence than scientists have made them; or that they are the cast-off clothing of theology, rather than of philosophy.

The advance of science to-day, he says, is as antagonistic to the science of yesterday as it is to the theology of a thousand years ago. How lately was the fixedness of species a doctrine alike of theologians and scientists? But now behold we have the new doctrine of the evolution of species, held by both. It is just as difficult to harmonize the two theories as to harmonize the old with that new theology which is growing up around our scientific progress.

A writer in the *Scientific American* says: There are none but cowards who, for policy's sake, to-day allow their better thoughts to be crippled and trampled upon by the popular dogmas, which yet hold our struggling nation in chains of mental slavery. For freely expressing their opinions, men should have the honor and respect of every progressive mind, whether they cater to the old established and rusty dogmas or not. It is by the free expression of our thoughts that truth is developed. Open your ears first and listen, then open your mouth and speak. This, to-day, is a free country. The said editorial I much admire, as will thousands of others. I have been a scientist and theological student for some twenty years. I seek truth, not to cloak any special idea under.

As to the scientific facts of the day, we have no divisions of sects, which only exist as to some abstract points which are minor, and on which the evidence is not fully demonstrative. But in theology, let any one demonstrate any point or doctrine now held by the same rule as is demanded in science, and see where he will land. Schisms in theology are numerous, in science, few; hence let science be made the standard of truth, and let it sit in judgment.

COLORADO FLOWERS.

A traveller among the Rocky Mountains tells us of the Gilia:

The startling, blazing crimson of the gladiolus was but an ineffectual comparison to the splendor of the colors of these native floral maidens. Rearing their tall stems upwards two and a half feet, surmounted with the dazzling crimson, pink and white bells, and millions of them in sight, hardly permitting room for the foot to rest without breaking one—it was indeed a ‘joy never to be forgot.’

Acres of sunflowers were strewn along our track. Then too, we saw the Mexican poppy, with its pure white, delicate leaved blossom, upward turned as if to drink in the exhilarating sunlight; the ipomœa, or Rocky Mountain creeping convolvulus, hung for us its blue, bell-like blossoms; myriads of little prairie roses blushed with their light pink bloom; lupins erected their stately blue heads, and scores of others, till we were fairly bewildered. * *

Imagine, then, some of the delights of floral rambles and botanizing among these Rocky Mountains. Perhaps the botanist now coming may not find anything new, where so many have gleaned the field before, but he will always be entranced with the profusion of the flowers, the unusual brilliance of colors, the grandeur of the mountains, the ascent of the peaks, the sublime, inspiring atmosphere, the exhilaration of spirits, and, best of all, a grand appetite, with invigorated bodily powers.

Go, then, to Colorado, and enjoy, besides the flowers, its canons, its scenery, and life-giving atmosphere. One fact seemed curious to me. At elevations of eight thousand feet, I found better lands, a better climate, the temperature was more equable, grass greener, almost perennial in growth, and cattle grazing the year round. Flowers, too, were more profuse and brilliant. Above this the air is too cold and forbidding. Below this brings you to the warm plains, uncertain showers and dry grasses.

THE HOT SPRINGS OF GARDINER'S RIVER.

There is a calcareous deposit from these springs which announces the approach of the traveller to them. A traveller says: The snowy whiteness of the deposit, sparkling under the sunlight, presented the appearance of a frozen cascade. The next day a closer inspection revealed new beauties to our gaze. The upper plateau, elevated about two hundred feet above where we were encamped, was covered with little pools from six to eight feet in diameter, and varying in depth from a few inches to several feet. The

edges were rounded by the outflowing water as beautifully as if carved by hand; indeed, they resembled the basins of artificial fountains. The interiors were stained with yellow, red and green from the deposits of sulphur, iron and copper with which the waters are charged, the whole resembling an artist's palette covered with patches of most brilliant colors. A white cloud of steam rises from the mouth of the main spring flowing from the crest of the hill. It is about thirty feet in diameter, while the water is so transparent that one can gaze into the ultramarine depth, but look in vain for the bottom. The temperature of the water is one hundred and thirty-two degrees Fahrenheit. The water escapes into the basins below, where one can bathe, regulating the temperature according to the distance from the source. The edges of these natural bath tubs are decorated with a beautiful bead work that it would be almost impossible to imitate by art.

Not less wonderful, though not so beautiful, is a calcareous cone rising from out the plane skirting the mountain, to a height of fifty feet, with a diameter at the base of about twenty feet. It is evidently an extinct geyser, and is formed, like the High Rock spring at Saratoga, by the deposit of the never ceasing flow, forced upwards by the pressure beneath. This, from some natural cause, is gradually closed at the summit. It stands as a monument of a former age.

The country from this point became more difficult to travel, as we were approaching the land of canons. Several tributaries of the Yellowstone here empty themselves into the main river.

THE GREAT FALLS OF THE YELLOWSTONE.

Two days march brought us to the mouth of the great canon. Riding along the high plateau crowning its side, we first noticed the basaltic columns, capping the opposite bank with a regularity resembling Art more than Nature, and presenting an appearance not unlike a fortification. It is similar to the formation of the Giant's Causeway, and reminded me of that curious place. The scene below was almost fearful to behold, the river fairly lashing the rocks in its rapid descent at the bottom of the canon one thousand feet deep. The roar of the great falls first announced its presence, and a rapid ride, though scarcely apace with our eagerness, brought them in view.

What shall I say in their praise? How describe them? Mont-

morency excels in height; Niagara, in grandeur and force; Trenton, in beauty; but the great Yellowstone Falls combine the beauty of all three. The river flows smoothly as it approaches this, the natural floodgate of the great lake, until, narrowed by the rocks, it precipitates itself over the ledge and falls three hundred and fifty feet on the rocks beneath, sending up a cloud of spray and making a roar that can be heard for miles around. Grandeur and sublimity only can describe the scene.

THE EXPLODING MUD SPRINGS.

About ten miles above the falls we came to a most interesting group of hot springs, named the "Seven Hills." One of these had a powerful steam vent, making a noise resembling a high pressure engine, which we named "Locomotive Jet." The temperature was one hundred and ninety-seven degrees Fahrenheit, which at this altitude is boiling point. The crust surrounding the mouth is ever hot, and yet so strong that we could walk over it; and the entrance can only be approached on the windward side, so burning is the cloud of steam emitted from the cavern.

SILVER MINING IN UTAH.

Here is something about Utah, and how they mine the silver there, as observed by a correspondent of the *Evening Mail*:

"Ophir city," says the writer, "is an admirable specimen of the mining camp of our country. Two years ago the canon was in primeval loneliness and desolation; to-day it is lined with log houses and lumber shanties, while billiard saloons, bowling alleys, a telegraph station, and a bank exchange are established institutions.

"On Sunday morning I turned out for a *douche* under the mountain stream, and then started to explore the Miner's Delight. At so great an altitude as 7,000 feet above the sea-level, exertion becomes very oppressive, the air being so rarefied, and the lungs feeling as if they didn't get half enough air or inspiration; the nose is liable to bleed, and if that should occur, the difficulty is to get it to stop. I escaped this latter casualty, and after a stiff climb, during which we paused frequently to admire the scenery and take breath, arrived at a yawning chasm, piercing deep into the bowels of the earth, closed with a wooden gate. That opened, I left daylight, and, putting one foot in a loop while I balanced

myself with the other, was let down a shaft some 170 feet in depth to a chamber excavated out of the solid rock, whence galleries branched out in different directions. The interior of a silver mine is to the unskilled visitor not very interesting; he is unable to discriminate between the varieties of ore, and the general appearance presented to his eye is that of a dull yellow or greyish rock, crumbly in texture save where strata of quartz or granite intervene. Here and there the galleries opened into spacious chambers, propped and supported by strong logs of timber where the vein has branched out. There has as yet been no native silver discovered in this locality, the precious metal being found as sulphide, chloride, and pyromorphite in juxtaposition and combination with every known metal, tin alone excepted. Lead, iron, copper, and antimony are found in large quantities, and traces of gold are occasionally met with. The former ones are neglected, and the latter has not been discovered in sufficient quantities to justify exclusive attention to its production. The surface formation is limestone, but on the deep levels the course of the vein is traceable through the primary stratum. In mines as yet undeveloped the attention of the miner is confined to the external deposits, which are unreliable in continuance; whereas in those which are worked by capital, deep shafts are sunk with a view to striking the main lode and so securing an unfailling supply.

There are three methods by which the silver is extracted from the ore, two of them—milling with stampers and working in an araster—being based upon the power which mercury possesses of forming an amalgam with silver and gold; the third being a melting process by which silver and lead are run off into ingots of impure metal technically termed bullion. Those ores which contain twenty-five per cent. of lead are melted, while the other ores, in which copper, antimony, iron, and sulphur are present, are treated by dry or wet milling. In melting, an ordinary melting furnace is charged with alternate layers of charcoal, ore, and flux, and a steam blast, on the same principle as that used on locomotive engines, is introduced to create a violent draft and so expedite combustion. There are two tap holes at different distances from the base of the furnace, through the upper of which the slag flows out, while the base bullion is run off from the lower aperture into moulds.

“Milling may be divided into the dry process in a damp mill, and

the wet process in an araster. In the former, the ore is first baked in a kiln and then reduced to a fine powder by the continued action of heavy rammers or stampers, which fall upon it and crush it to an almost impalpable dust. If the ore contains sulphur, it is then mixed with common salt and submitted to the action of fire in a reverberatory furnace; the sulphur is sublimated while the chlorine of the salt takes its place. When sufficiently roasted, the powdered ore is conveyed to revolving barrels with mashers in the interior, mercury and a little water are introduced, and the apparatus is agitated for about six hours until all the silver has been taken up by the mercury to form an amalgam, which is then drawn off and strained through a common leather bag. The uncombined mercury drains off, leaving a compact amalgam about the consistence of putty, which is retorted; the mercury distils away and is condensed for future use, and the silver remains in a porous state. It is then remelted and cast into ingots of pure metal ready for the market. The araster is a Mexican machine, and is a cheap substitute for the more expensive outfit of the stamping mill. It is worked by water and consists of a large tub, some seventeen feet in diameter, floored with rock; a transverse bar, to the extremities of which ponderous stones are attached, revolves above, and the tub is filled with a mixture of pounded ore and water. The stones revolve until the grit is all worn away, and then the fluid is transferred to the amalgamating barrels. The remainder of the process is identical with that described above.

So much for mining, milling, and smelting. There are a number of mining districts around Salt Lake city; in fact, every canon is a district.

A MILLION DOLLAR TELESCOPE.

The *Manufacturer and Builder*, in noticing the fact that Congress has appropriated fifty thousand dollars to pay for a twenty-seven inch refractor for an Astronomical Telescope, calls attention to the want of liberality usually shown by our public men, in respect to expenditures for scientific instruments. It thinks there is no difficulty in obtaining money to build engines intended for destruction, such as monitors, but, when it comes to devices that are solely capable of adding to human knowledge and augmenting human happiness, then the purse strings are drawn tight, and money grudgingly given. Our cotemporary thinks that an appro-

priation of a million dollars to build a large telescope ought to be passed, and that science ought to be aided and encouraged in the same liberal style on all suitable occasions. The editor further believes that if such a telescope were to be capable of killing people at the rate of a thousand souls a minute, the million dollars would have been paid out and the machine constructed long ago.

It may be interesting, in regard to this matter, to give an account of the largest telescope constructed, and a few hints about what we may expect of a million dollar telescope.

The large telescope, commenced by William Herschel in 1785, was finished in 1789; its objective was a reflecting metallic mirror of four feet diameter, and of nearly two thousand pounds weight; the focal length was thirty-six feet. It magnified objects six thousand times in their linear dimensions, or thirty-six million times their superficial area. Herschel found, however, that the penetrating power depended on the size of the objective. A small objective of long focus causes the rays to be diffused so much that little light is left; and by using the telescope with different sized diaphragms, he found that, while with a small opening he could only see to a certain distance in the heavens beyond the stars visible by the naked eye, he saw much farther by using the full opening of his telescope. By the latter, he saw nebulae so distant as to totally escape vision when using a diaphragm with smaller opening, which was equivalent to a smaller objective. He further found that some nebulae could be resolved into stars, and others could not; and it was supposed that this was a confirmation of La Place's nebular theory, these nebulae being assumed to be future planetary systems in their incipient condition.

The next large telescope was constructed by the late Lord Rosse. It had a reflecting objective of six feet diameter, and a focal length of fifty-three feet, and magnified objects over ten thousand times in linear dimensions, or one hundred million times in their superficial area. With this telescope, many of the nebulae not resolvable into stars by Herschel's telescope were resolved, and it was a question whether all nebulae could not thus be resolved, if only a still larger telescope than that of Lord Rosse was used.

This problem, however, has since been solved without building such a large telescope, as the spectroscope has proved that most of these unresolvable nebulae consist of glowing hot hydrogen gas.

The magnifying power of a telescope is found by dividing the focal length of the eye-piece into the focal length of the objective. It follows from this that the magnifying power increases with the focal length of the objective, which regulates the length of the tube, and is in an inverse ratio to the focal length of the eye-piece. Some very long telescopes have been made, of over one hundred feet length, mounted on a stick in place of a tube; but as the objectives were very small, the great magnifying power was counterbalanced by the small amount of light they received; and they had a total lack of penetrating power, and could be of use only for observations of such highly luminous celestial objects as the sun. For a successful instrument, the size of the objective must, therefore, be proportional to the length of the focus; and an objective of say twelve feet diameter, with a focal length of one hundred and twenty feet, would be the thing to be desired, unless, indeed, these dimensions could be exceeded. If such an objective is ground to a very true parabolic curve, it can stand a very strongly magnifying eye-piece, that is, one of very short focus. Suppose that the objective is so truly ground and polished that it could stand an eye-piece of one-twentieth of an inch focus, with which to magnify the image of the distant object formed in the focus of the objective; the magnifying power would then be equal to one hundred and twenty feet divided by one-twentieth of an inch, or one thousand four hundred and forty multiplied by twenty—twenty-eight thousand eight hundred times the linear dimensions, or over eight hundred million times the surface.

Such a degree of magnifying power would make the moon an interesting object for the geologist, showing the results of ancient volcanic action undisturbed by the effects of air and water. As the moon is at a distance of nearly two hundred and forty thousand miles, a magnifying power of twenty-eight thousand eight hundred would bring it to a distance of about eight miles, and then the theory that the moon cannot be inhabited would be practically verified.

In regard to the planets, Mars would be brought to within four thousand miles, and thus would be apparently sixty times nearer than the moon; and it would have a visual diameter of fifty degrees, or one hundred times that of the moon. As this is the only planet which, according to the latest scientific revelations, has conditions so similar to those of our earth as to make it highly

probable that it is inhabited, the observations of the same would perhaps be the most interesting of all, as the works of men, such as cities and roads, could certainly be distinguished.

It is impossible to speculate on what such a telescope would discover in regard to the other planets or the vast regions of the firmament; let us hope that some day the amount of capital necessary will be forthcoming, on the most liberal scale, for the progress of the most sublime of all the sciences.

LETTERS FROM HIGH LATITUDES.

THE Earl of Dufferin, in 1856, wrote "Letters from High Latitudes," which have recently been reprinted in Toronto in a neat volume. The first letters in the volume are written from Scotland; one is devoted to the voyage, and the remaining ones to Iceland, Jan Mayen, and Spitzbergen. The letters are written in an agreeable, off-hand style, revealing betimes the peculiar feelings of the high-minded nobleman. At first, not being accustomed to see females wait on the table, as they do in those regions, he felt himself spontaneously starting up to take the burden from them when they came in with dishes; after a time, as custom reconciles to anything, he was able to sit as coolly as his neighbors in presence of the waitresses. He makes his apology for speaking to a traveller who came in great haste to see the spouting of the Geysers without an introduction; but adds, apologetically, that the stranger was a Frenchman. The Earl was quite at home among the Scandinavians as regards their drinking customs, being taught to avoid "heeltaps," and drink upon the nail. We have quite a large amount of tragic and mythic lore, with many fine descriptions of natural curiosities and scenery. We may quote his account of the eruption of the Skapta Jokul, a mountain which has an area of about four hundred square miles, which have never been trod by human foot, and where it is impossible for man to penetrate:

"This event occurred in the year 1783. The preceding winter and spring had been unusually mild. Towards the end of May, a light bluish fog began to float along the confines of the untrodden tracts of Skapta, accompanied in the beginning of June by a

great trembling of the earth. On the 8th of that month, immense pillars of smoke collected over the hill country towards the north, and coming down against the wind in a southerly direction, enveloped the whole district of Sida in darkness. A whirlwind of ashes then swept over the face of the country, and on the 10th, innumerable fire spouts were seen leaping and flaring amid the icy hollows of the mountain, while the river Skapta, one of the largest in the island, having first rolled down to the plain a vast volume of fetid waters mixed with sand, suddenly disappeared.

“Two days afterwards a stream of lava, issuing from sources to which no one has ever been able to penetrate, came sliding down the bed of the dried up river, and in a little time,—though the channel was six hundred feet deep and two hundred broad,—the glowing deluge overflowed its banks, crossed the low country of Medalland, ripping the turf up before it like a tablecloth and poured into a great lake, whose affrighted waters flew hissing and screaming into the air at the approach of the fiery intruder. Within a few more days the basin of the lake itself was completely filled, and having separated into two streams, the unexhausted torrent again recommenced its march; in one direction overflowing some ancient lava fields,—in the other, re-entering the channel of the Skapta and leaping down the lofty cataract of Stapa-foss. But this was not all; while one lava flood had chosen the Skapta for its bed, another, descending in a different direction, was working like ruin within and on either side the banks of the Hverfisfliot, rushing into the plain, by all accounts, with even greater fury and velocity. Whether the two issued from the same crater it is impossible to say, as the sources of both were far away within the heart of the unapproachable desert, and even the extent of the lava flow can only be measured from the spot where it entered the inhabited districts. The stream which flowed down Skapta is calculated to be about fifty miles in length by twelve or fifteen at its greatest breadth; that which rolled down the Hverfisfliot, at forty miles in length by seven in breadth. Where it was imprisoned, between the high banks of Skapta, the lava is five or six hundred feet thick; but as soon as it spread out into the plain its depth never exceeded one hundred feet. The eruption of sand, ashes, pumice and lava, continued till the end of August, when the Plutonic drama concluded with a violent earthquake.

“For a whole year a canopy of cinder-laden cloud hung over the island. Sand and ashes irretrievably overwhelmed thousands of acres of fertile pasturage. The Faroe islands, the Shetlands and the Orkneys were deluged with volcanic dust, which perceptibly contaminated even the pure skies of England and Holland. Mephitic vapors tainted the atmosphere of the entire island;—even the grass, which no cinder rain had stifled, completely withered up;—the fish perished in the poisoned sea. A murrain

broke out among the cattle and a disease resembling scurvy attacked the inhabitants themselves. Stephenson has calculated that nine thousand men, twenty-eight thousand horses, eleven thousand cattle, one hundred and ninety thousand sheep, died from the effects of this one eruption. The most moderate calculation puts the number of human deaths at upwards of one thousand three hundred; and of cattle, etc., at about one hundred and fifty-six thousand."

The description of "the churn" is worth quoting. The company had sat down by the side of the little Geyser, when—"the whole earth shook, and Sigurdr, starting to his feet, upset the chess-board (I was just beginning to get the best of the game), and flung off full speed toward the great basin. By the time we reached its brim, however, the noise had ceased, and all we could see was a slight movement in the centre, as if an angel had passed by and troubled the water. Irritated at this false alarm, we determined to revenge ourselves by going and tormenting the Strokr. Strokr—or *the churn*—you must know, is an unfortunate Geyser, with so little command over his temper and his stomach that you can get a *rise* out of him whenever you like. All that is necessary is to collect a quantity of sods and throw them down his funnel. As he has no basin to protect him from these liberties, you can approach to the very edge of the pipe, about five feet in diameter, and look down at the boiling water which is perpetually seething at the bottom. In a few minutes the dose of turf you have just administered begins to disagree with him; he works himself up into an awful passion—tormented by the qualms of incipient sickness he groans and hisses and boils up and spits at you with malicious vehemence, until at last, with a roar of mingled pain and rage, he throws up into the air a column of water forty feet high, which carries with it all the sods that have been chucked in and scatters them scalded and half digested at your feet. So irritated has the poor thing's stomach become by the discipline it has undergone, that even long after all foreign matter has been thrown off, it goes on retching and sputtering until at last nature is exhausted, when sobbing and sighing to itself, it sinks back into the bottom of its den.

"Put into the highest spirits by the success of this performance, we turned away to examine the remaining springs. I do not know, however, that any of the rest are worthy of particular mention."

They had to keep watch four days to see the great Geyser rouse himself. He says:

"All the morning of the fourth day I had been playing chess with Sigurdr; Fitzgerald was photographing, Wilson was in the act of announcing luncheon, when a cry from the guides made us

start to our feet, and with one common impulse rush towards the basin. The usual subterranean thunders had already commenced. A violent agitation was disturbing the centre of the pool. Suddenly a dome of water lifted itself up to the height of eight or ten feet,—then burst and fell; immediately after which a shining liquid column, or rather a sheaf of columns, wreathed in robes of vapor, sprung into the air, and in a succession of jerking leaps, each higher than the last, flung their silver crests against the sky. For a few minutes the fountain held its own, then all at once appeared to lose its ascending energy. "The unstable waters faltered,—drooped,—fell, 'like a broken purpose,' back upon themselves, and were immediately sucked down into the recesses of their pipe.

"The spectacle was certainly magnificent; but no description can give any idea of its most striking features. The enormous wealth of water, its vitality, its hidden power,—the illimitable breadth of sunlit vapor, rolling out in exhaustless profusion,—all combined to make one feel the stupendous energy of nature's slightest movements."

We have no doubt this volume will be sought after and widely read by the Canadian public, to whom we heartily recommend it.

GOOD WORDS.

Men think that their children must be governed; and their idea of governing is often about equivalent to a cooper's idea of holding a barrel together. He gets so many staves, and puts one hoop around them at the bottom, another in the middle, and another at the top; and then he drives the hoops home; and every stave is in its place; there is not one vagrant; and with good usage they will all stay where they are for a hundred years; but it is nothing but a barrel, after all.

Here are the children in a family, and there is a pattern character. It is attempted to bring them up according to that pattern character. They are cuffed here and driven in there, and watched everywhere. And when the hoops are put on and driven home, people say of them, "Perfect children." Perfect barrels! There is no real and natural life in them. The way to bring up children is to bring them up to know what are the laws that govern them in moral, social, and physical life. The way is to put them where

they will have to fight with each one of these laws, and subdue it. When a child has gone through this process, he has become a law unto himself. If you govern your children in the family, restraining them in every direction, and giving them no liberty, you make automatons of them.

I would rather trundle a wheelbarrow than be a curmudgeon in what men call "prosperity" in this world. Money in your pocket and hell in your heart do not make you prosperous. Reeking contempt, rasping selfishness, avarice that is vulgar and remorseless—is that prosperity? Is that what you want to live for? Was it for that that your dear mother brought you to the baptismal font? Was it for that that your father uttered prayers over your head every morning? Was it for that that there were well-springs of sentiment and aspiration opened when you came into life? Was it for that that you came down into life with full freight of anticipation? Was it to pile up money, and waste manhood? Does prosperity come in that way? You cannot have any prosperity that corrupts manhood. There is nothing prosperous which does not make you more than you are.

If I had my choice, I would rather live in a hovel, with a joyous, genial, kind, cheerful companion, in one room, with all my little delf on one little shelf; one room, redolent every day with true enjoyment; one room, with the companionship of one on whom the morning came full of brightness and sweetness; one room, and good digestion; one room, with songs enlivening the day; one room, baptized by the influences of religion; one room, where God's sweet angel of mercy has brought invisible gifts that never spend themselves—if I had my choice, I would rather live in one room in such a hut than in the resplendent mansion through which the prosperous man walks, and sees nothing that comforts him, and nothing that his eye delights to look upon.

The blossom cannot tell what becomes of its odour, and no man can tell what becomes of his influence and example, that roll away from him, and go beyond his ken on their mission.

One reason why the world is not reformed is, because every body would have others make the beginning, and thinks not of himself.

No man can be happy in life without having some business that tasks him; for happiness means manhood. Quiescence brings no consciousness of enjoyment with it, though it may bring great profit. But no man has a business to which he applies himself assiduously, and which he sees succeeding, without enjoying himself. I do not know that there is any better enjoyment for a man than to have been mated to some vocation which suits his nature and disposition, to have heartily accepted it, and to make it the occasion, every day, of the activity of every part of his nature.

“Noise is human, silence is Divine.” Undivine souls, therefore, feel that more or less noise is necessary to their comfort. In silence an uneasy feeling steals over many persons, as though they were breathing a strange element, or as though an invisible hand were about to be laid upon them.

The art of spreading rumors may be compared to the art of pin-making—there is usually some truth, which I call the wire; as this passes from hand to hand, one gives it a polish, another a point, others make and put on the head, and at last the pin is completed.

Too much care sometimes punishes itself, like the old lady, landing from the steamer in a shower of rain, who covered her new bonnet so completely with her gown that she missed her footing on the plank, and fell into the river!

We touch men by words. These are the thistledown which float upon the air like lifeless things, but where one bit alights a new life grows up. How much of ourselves goes out in our words!

The purest joys of earth are like those Eastern birds whose beauty is in their wings.

Generosity during life is a very different thing from generosity in the hour of death; one proceeds from genuine liberality and benevolence, the other from pride or fear.

Much might be done in those little shreds and patches of time which every day produces, and which most persons throw away; but which, nevertheless, will make at the end of it no small deduction from the brief life of man.

The true motives of our actions, like the reed pipes of an organ, are usually concealed; but the gilded and hollow pretext is pompously placed in front for show.

If men are to be fools, it were better that they were fools in little matters than in great; dulness trimmed up with temerity is a livery all the worse for the facings; and the most tremendous of all things is a magnanimous dunce.

Leave company when you find you lose by it, and see that you cannot improve it.

While we preserve the adamantine shield of a clear conscience, terror can never strike a dart through it to our hearts.

Kindness is the music of goodwill to men; and on this harp the smallest fingers may play heaven's sweetest tunes on earth.

I suspect every nature must have the subsoil ploughing of sorrow, before it can recognise either its present poverty or its possible wealth.

To Readers and Contributors.

OUR resolve to prepare for this month's issue was so hasty that we gave forth to the printer almost at random the articles which herein are to be found. We feel satisfied that whatever judgment may be passed on this number, we shall be able so to improve succeeding ones that there will be no room for complaint. Some of the best articles, kindly forwarded to us for insertion, remain on hand, while several of our most brilliant writers have not yet sent in their promised contributions. Our next issues will be more of an eclectic character. We are not yet in a position to pay for the mental products of the most gifted authors, and we know that articles of a first class character cannot be had at first hand without money. Under these circumstances, we shall make such selections from the best writers of the age as shall, while not injuring them, but rather increasing their fame, give buoyancy and attractiveness to our Monthly, so as to make it a welcome guest in every house in the Maritime Provinces.—[THE EDITOR.