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NEW DOMINION MONTHLY.

Sept

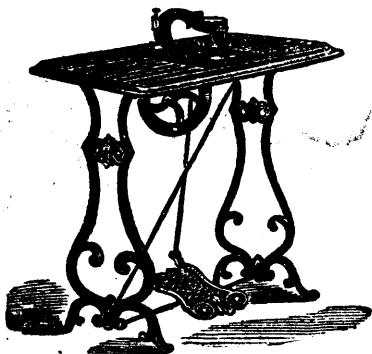
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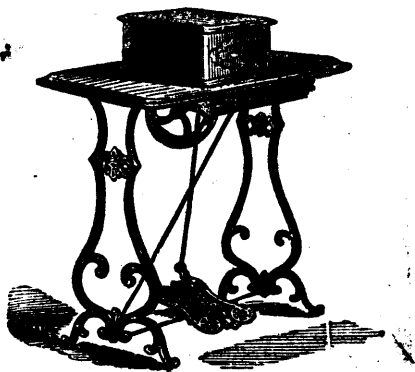
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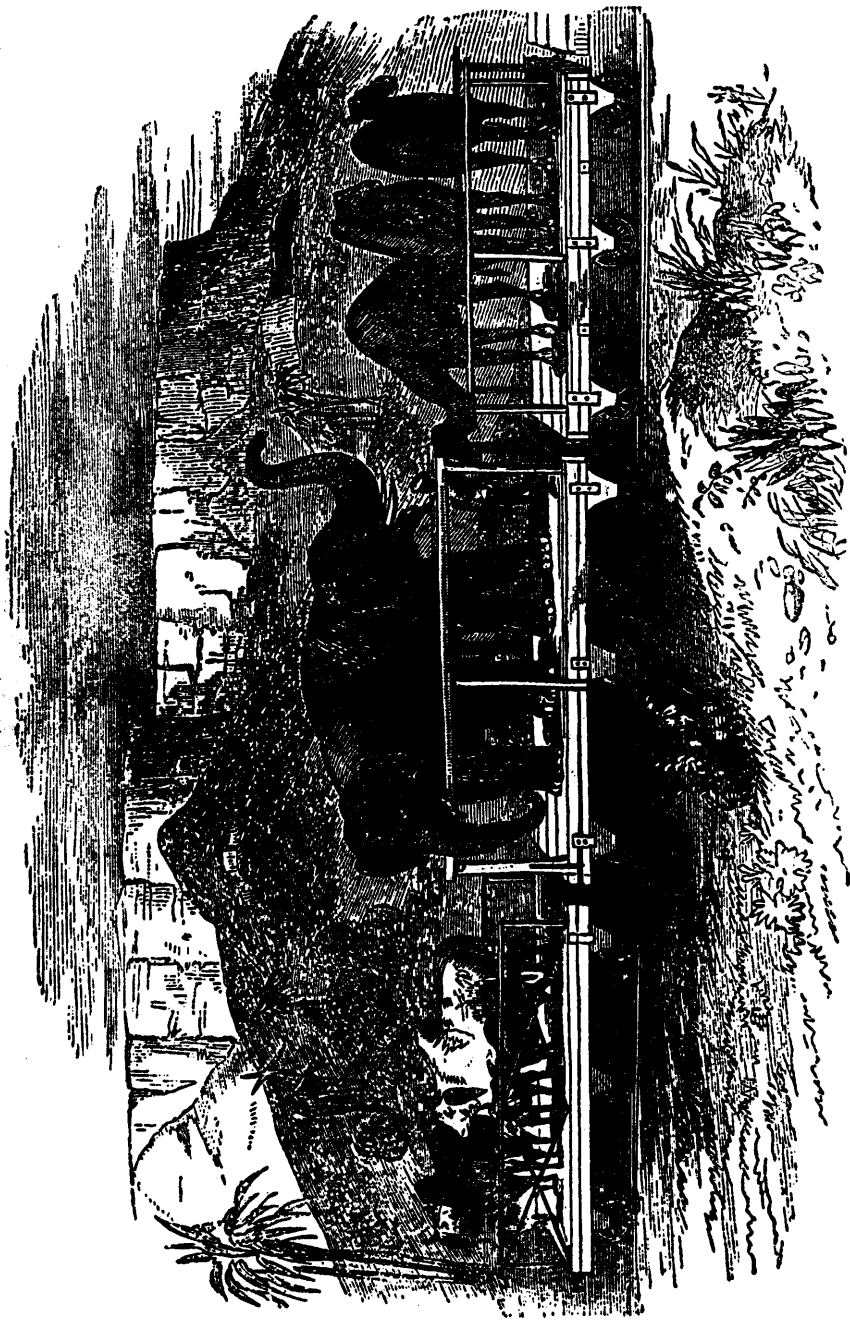
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SCENE ON INDIAN RAILWAY.

NEW DOMINION MONTHLY

SEPTEMBER, 1869.

THE RED INDIANS, OR BÆOTHICKS OF NEWFOUNDLAND.

BY REV. P. TOCQUE, HOPETOWN, BAY OF CHALEURS.

The Bæothicks, or Red Indians of Newfoundland, painted themselves with red ochre, hence they were called Red Indians. When Cabot discovered Newfoundland, in 1497, he held intercourse with the red men, who were dressed in skins, and painted with red ochre. He carried away three of them on his voyage to the American coast. Jacques Cartier, who visited Newfoundland in 1534, describes the natives as "of good size, wearing their hair in a bunch on the top of their heads, and adorned with feathers." In 1574, Martin Frobisher, the celebrated mariner, visited Labrador, when, probably forced by the ice, he touched at Newfoundland. On that occasion, some of the Red Indians went on board his ship, and, on their return to land, he sent five sailors ashore with them; the men did not return, but he took one Indian to England, where he lived but a short time. It has been conjectured that the aborigines of Newfoundland were descendants of the Northmen or Sea Kings, who were supposed to have visited that island in the tenth century. A discovery on an island near the shores of Maine, U. S., gives additional plausibility to the theory that the coasts of North America were visited by Northmen some centuries before the English, French, and Spaniards. In 1808, a gentleman in Bath, Maine, communicated to the Rev. Dr. Jenks, well known as an accomplished oriental scholar, a sketch of some singular characters found on the side

of a ledge of granite rocks, near the middle of a small island. At the annual meeting of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, in May, 1851, Dr. Jenks made a statement respecting the characters referred to. Since that time an accurate transcript has been made of the inscription. The characters are eighteen in number, and Dr. Jenks has no doubt they are Runic in their origin. He says: "It might possibly countenance the hypothesis, which has of late been entertained with so much approbation and interest by the Danish antiquarians, that America was visited by the Scandinavians, or Icelanders, long before Columbus." The universal colonization of the continents and islands of the sea has not been satisfactorily accounted for. Previous to the invention of the mariner's compass, the ancients steered their ships at night by the moon and stars. The peopling of the world was probably the result of accident or disaster. Sailing cautiously along the familiar shore in their rude boats or canoes, perhaps they venture a few miles beyond the sight of land; suddenly they become enveloped with fog; the freshening breeze drives them further and further from the shore into an unknown sea. At length, the moon and the stars once more silver the evening sky, but their appearance is now too late to be of service to the bewildered mariners, for whether their home lies on the right hand or the left they know not. They try one course, then another: finally,

they put their boat before the wind, when, after a few days, they descried, in the dim distance, lofty mountains; gradually, green slopes and forests are seen, shrouded in primeval silence, and untrudged by the foot of man. Here they land, and make their future home, and become the founders of a tribe or nation.

For three centuries the red men were hunted like beasts, alike by Europeans, Micmacs, and Esquimaux, until not one of the race has been seen these forty years past. All are supposed to have been exterminated. Sir Richard H. Bohnycastle says: "I remember in 1831, when I had the honor of accompanying the Governor-General of Canada, Lord Aylmer, in an exploratory voyage round the Gulf of St. Lawrence, that the Indians, a sort of half Esquimaux, who were employed in the Salmon Fisheries of the King's Ports, on the Labrador shore, were very much agitated and alarmed in the Bay of the Seven Islands, by the sudden appearance of a fierce-looking people amongst them, of whom they had neither knowledge nor tradition; and who were totally different from the warlike Mountaineers, or Montagnards of the interior, who came occasionally to barter at the posts. I believe the strangers themselves were as much alarmed at seeing the very unusual circumstance of three small ships of war riding in that splendid basin, and finding that the part of the shore they had arrived at was occupied by a large storehouse and a dwelling, with some tents; for, after frightening the others out of their wits, they disappeared as suddenly as they came. These were very possibly the poor disinherited red men, whom it had been the disgraceful practice of the ruder hunters, furriers, and settlers in Newfoundland, to hunt, fire at, and slaughter, wherever they could find them." The Right Rev. J. T. Mullock, R. C. Bishop of Newfoundland, says in 1864: "I have some slight reason to think that a remnant of these people remains in the interior of Labrador. A person told me some time ago that a party of Mountaineer Indians, saw at some distance (about fifty miles from the sea-coast), a party of strange Indians, clothed in long robes, or cassocks, of skin, who fled from them. They lost sight of them in a

little time; but on coming up to their tracks they were surprised to see the length of their strides, which showed them to be men of a large race, and neither Micmac, Mountaineer, nor Esquimaux. I believe that these were the remnants of the Bœothic Nation; and as they never saw either a white or red man, but as enemies, it is not to be wondered at that they fled. Such is the only trace I could find of the Bœothics."

In 1842, old Mr. Wiltshear, residing at Bird Island Cove, on the northern coast of Newfoundland, informed me that, in the year 1810, five of them were returning one evening from fishing, when, on rowing round a point, they came close upon a canoe of Red Indians; there were four men and a woman in the canoe. Had they been disposed to shoot them they could have done so, as they had a loaded gun in the boat. The Indians became alarmed, and pulled with all speed to the shore, where they jumped out and ran into the woods, leaving the canoe on the beach. They were within ten yards of them when they landed. They took the canoe into their possession and carried it home. In the fall of the year, when they went to St. John's with the first boat load of dry cod-fish, thinking the canoe would be a curiosity, they took it with them in order to present it to the Governor; but immediately it became known that they had a canoe of the Red Indians, they were taken and lodged in prison for ten days, on a suspicion that they had shot the Indians. They protested their innocence, and stated the whole affair to the authorities; the canoe was examined, no shot-holes were found in any part of it, and there being no evidence against them they were set at liberty.

Mr. Wiltshear stated that he had frequently seen the encampments of the Red Indians, consisting of twelve wigwams, in the neighborhood of Cat Harbor; and that a fisherman living at that place having built a new fishing-boat, for which he had made a new suit of sails, one night the Indians came and carried away every sail. Immediately it was discovered, the fisherman and his men set out in pursuit of the Indians. After travelling nearly a day, they espied them on a distant hill, shaking their cassocks in defiance, which were made

out of the boat's sails, and daubed with red ochre. Seeing further pursuit was fruitless, they returned home. The next day, however, the fisherman raised a party of twenty-five men. They proceeded overland, to a place where they knew the Indians had an encampment; when they arrived, they found twelve wigwams, but all deserted. Previous to the party leaving, two men were despatched in a skiff, in order to take them back by water. On approaching near the place of the Indians, they saw apparently a fine goose swimming about a considerable distance from the shore. They immediately rowed towards it, when the goose began to swim towards the shore; but on rowing faster to overtake it, one of the men happened to see something dark on the shore, moving up and down behind a sand-bank. Suspecting all was not right, they at once pulled from the shore, when they saw two Indians rise from concealment, who discharged their arrows at them, but the boat was at too great a distance to receive any injury. After the sails had been taken, the Indians, expecting a visit, placed these two of their number to keep watch. The goose was fastened to a string in order to decoy the men in the boat near the shore, so as to give the Indians an opportunity of shooting their arrows at them. The two Indians on watch communicated intelligence of the arrival of the boat to the encampment; hence the cause of the forsaken wigwams when the fisherman and his party arrived. Mr. Wiltshear said he recollected seeing two Red Indians when he was a boy, at Catalina; their names were William June, and Thomas August, (so named from the months in which they were taken). They were both taken very young. It is said August fell from his mother's back, who was running off with her child, when she was barbarously shot. August lived many years after the death of June, and went master of a fishing-boat some years from Catalina. Of the whole race of the Red Indians, June and August were the only two brought to adopt the modes of civilized life. The Red Indians of Newfoundland, never knew the use of the gun, nor were they, it is said, ever blessed with the services and companionship of the dog. They were considered

as the fair game of the Micmacs, the English and French furriers, and the Northern settlers. The Red Indians inhabited the north-eastern and north-western parts of the island, in the vicinity of the Bay of Exploits, and on the shores of the lakes of the interior. In 1760, Scott, a master of a ship, went from St. John's to the Bay of Exploits, to open a communication with them. He succeeded in getting an interview with them, but, being unarmed, he was killed with five of his men, and the rest fled to their vessel, carrying off one of their companions, whose body was full of arrows, from the effects of which he died.

During the administration of Admiral afterwards Lord Gambier of the Government of Newfoundland, in 1803, a reward was offered for the capture of a Red Indian, or Bæothick, as they called themselves; and in 1804, a fisherman of the name of William Cull, brought an Indian woman from Gander Bay to St. John's, and was paid for his trouble, &c., the sum of fifty pounds. She was kindly treated, and was sent back in charge of Cull to the spot from whence she was brought. From some cause this was not immediately done, and the woman remained with her captor all the winter. The man in charge of her was entrusted with a quantity of clothing and a variety of articles as a conciliatory present to be left with her and her tribe. What became of this poor woman, who was at the mercy of such a man as Cull, (who is said to have shot a number of Indians) has never been stated. Dr. Chapell and others think that this woman never reached her tribe, and that she was made away with on account of the value of the presents. In 1809, under the auspices of the Governor, Admiral Holloway, another attempt was made to open up a friendly intercourse with the aborigines. Lieut. Spratt proceeded in an armed schooner to the Bay of Exploits, with a painting representing friendly intercourse between the Indians and Europeans. But none of the tribe were found. After this the notorious Cull, already spoken of, and several others, were engaged to make a journey into the interior during the winter, in search of Indians. Cull and his companions saw two of the natives on their way to the place

where their winter provisions were stored; but the Indians saw their party and fled; and the party gave up any further exploration. In 1810, Sir John Thomas Duckworth, the Governor, issued a new proclamation for the protection of the Indians, and soon after sent to the Bay of Exploits, an armed schooner, under the command of Lieut. Buchan, R. N., to winter there and open a communication with the Indians. He succeeded in discovering an encampment, and prevailed on two of the Indians to go on board his vessel, leaving two mariners with the Indians as hostages, while he proceeded in search of another party. But as Lieut. Buchan did not return at the time appointed by him, the Indians, suspecting that cruelty was about being practised upon them, murdered the mariners and fled. When Lieut. Buchan returned to the spot, and did not find his men, the two Indians he had taken with him immediately decamped and never were heard of afterwards. In 1811, a reward of one hundred pounds was offered to any person who should bring about a friendly understanding with the Red Indian tribe. In 1819, Mr. Peyton, who was engaged in the salmon fishery, at the mouth of the River Exploits, and constantly suffered from the depredations of the Indians, resolved, if possible, to hold friendly intercourse with them. Accordingly, early in the spring, accompanied by his father and eight of his own men, he proceeded into the interior, and on the 5th of March, on Red Indian Lake, which was then frozen, a number of the Indians came in sight, who, on seeing the party, ran away; but on Mr. Peyton making signs of pacific intentions, one of them stopped, who proved to be a woman. The rest of the Indians then approached with hostile intentions. One of them seized the elder Mr. Peyton intending to take his life, to prevent which, the Indian was shot, when all his companions, save the woman, fled. The woman was taken by Mr. Peyton and his party to Twillingate, and placed under the care of the Church of England clergyman residing at that place. It was ascertained that she had a child three or four years old. It therefore became an object of solicitude to restore her to her tribe. The man shot was her husband, said to be a man six feet

high, of noble and commanding figure. The woman was named Mary March—so called from the month in which she was taken. She was taken to St. John's where she remained nearly a year, and experienced the kindest treatment from the inhabitants. I have seen a miniature of her, drawn by Lady Hamilton, which was in the family of the Hon. John Dunscombe, father of the respected collector of customs of the Port of Quebec. She appeared to be about twenty-three years of age, and of a gentle disposition, and acquired a number of English words. Her hair was much like that of a European, her complexion was of a copper color, with black eyes. She was active and her whole demeanour agreeable—in these respects different from all other tribes of Indians with which we are acquainted. Mary March was sent back to the River Exploits under the care of Capt. Buchan (who had before, when Lieutenant, been engaged in expeditions to the Indians) with presents to her tribe; but, unfortunately, she had contracted sickness and died on board the vessel. Capt. Buchan proceeded on his journey, taking with him the dead body, which was wrapped in linen, placed in a coffin, and left on the margin of a pond, where it was likely to be found by her tribe, and where it was discovered by some of her own people, who conveyed it to their place of sepulture; and where, very much to the surprise of Mr. Cormack, he found it some years after, lying beside the remains of her husband.

In the winter of 1823, some Indians were seen on the ice in an inlet of the Bay of Notre Dame, by some furriers. The Indians appeared to be a man and a woman, both of whom, it is said, were cruelly and inhumanly shot by these savage white furriers.

In the spring of 1823, Cull, (whose name has appeared before) while hunting, fell in with an Indian man and an old woman. The man fled, but the woman approached Cull, and led him to where her two daughters were—two young women. All three were conducted by Cull to Twillingate, and placed in charge of Mr. Peyton, the Magistrate. Shortly after, Mr. Peyton accompanied them to St. John's. It soon appeared that one of them was in consumption, and the health of the other two fail-

ing. Two of them were sent back in charge of Mr. Peyton, with presents for their tribe; but what became of them does not clearly appear. Shanandithit, the one left in St. John's, was very kindly treated there. She lived six years, dying of a pulmonary disease, in the hospital, in 1829. She lived in Mr. Cormack's house until he left the island, and then with the late Judge Simms, at that time Attorney-General, by whom she was most kindly attended to.

In 1827, a Bæothick Society was formed in St. John's, having for its object the civilization of the native savages; and an expedition was undertaken by W. E. Cormack, Esq., President of the Society. Mr. Cormack commenced his expedition with an Indian of the Abenakie tribe, from Canada; a Mountaineer from Labrador; and a Micmac, a native of Newfoundland. In a journey of thirty days, they traversed the whole island from east to west, and made a complete circuit of two hundred miles in the Red Indian territory, but not a single Indian was fallen in with; much curious and valuable information, however, was obtained. Four days after his departure, Mr. Cormack found traces made by the Red Indians, in the spring or summer of the preceding year, such as a canoe-nest, on which the daubs of red ochre, and the roots of trees used to fasten it, appeared fresh. Among other things which lay strewn about, were a spear-shaft, eight feet long, recently made, ochered parts of old canoes, fragments of their skin dresses, &c. This was the favorite place of settlement with these people. A chain of lakes extended westerly and southerly, which emptied their waters into the River Exploits, about thirty miles from its mouth, thus favoring a route for the Red Indians by water to the interior, and to the sea. Here was seen the remains of one of their villages, consisting of eight or ten wigwams, of large size, and intended to contain from eighteen to twenty persons. The winter wigwams had pits dug in the ground, lined with bark to preserve their stores, &c. In this village was also discovered the remains of a vapour-bath. The method of raising the steam, was by

hot by a pile of fuel around them. After the ashes were cleared away, a frame-work closely covered with skins, to exclude the external air, was fixed over the stones. The patient then crept in under the skins, taking with him a birch-bark bucket of water, and a small bark dish to dip it out, which by pouring on the stones, enabled him to raise the steam at pleasure. These baths were chiefly used by old people and for rheumatic affections.

Mr. Cormack visited the famous Red Indian Lake, a splendid sheet of water, forty miles long and from six to twenty miles broad. At the margin of this lake the ruins of winter and summer wigwams were seen. One of the singularities of these wigwams of the Bæothicks is, that, although conical, and the frame made of poles, covered with skins or birch bark, like those of the Canadians, each had small cavities, like nests, dug in the earth near the fire-place, one for each person to sit in, by which it is conjectured that these people slept in a sitting posture. A smoke-house for venison was still perfect, and the wreck of a large bark canoe lay thrown among the bushes.

But what were most interesting were their wooden repositories for the dead. These were differently constructed, according to the rank, as was supposed, of the persons entombed. One of them resembled a hut, ten feet by eight or nine, and four or five feet high in the centre. It was floored with square poles, the roof covered with bark, and in every part well secured against the weather, and the intrusion of wild beasts. In it were found the bodies of two full-grown people, laid out at full length on the floor and wrapped in deer skins, with a white-deal coffin, containing a skeleton neatly shrouded in white muslin. This was the remains of Mary March, who was captured in 1819, and whose body, after her death, was left by Capt. Buchan some years before, on the sea-shore. In it, also, they thought they observed the corpses of children, and one body had not been placed there more than five or six years. In this cemetery were deposited a variety of articles, in some instances the property and utensils, and trophies of the achievements of the deceased. There were two small wooden

images of a male and female, meant to represent husband and wife, a small doll or image of a child, (Mary March had to leave her only child here, who died two days after she was taken,) several small models of canoes, &c., a bow and quiver of arrows, were placed by the side of the body, supposed to be Mary March's husband, and two fire-stones (radiated iron pyrites, from which the Indians used to produce fire, by striking them together) lay at her head. Here were also several other things.

Another mode of sepulture, was the wrapping of the body in birch bark, and with the property placed on a scaffold, about four feet from the ground, formed of posts about seven feet high, to sustain a kind of crib, five feet and a half in length, by four in breadth, with a floor, made of small squared beams laid close together, and on which the body and property rested. A third mode of disposing of the dead, was when the body was bent or doubled up, wrapped in birch bark, and enclosed in a kind of box on the ground. This was four feet by three, and two and a half deep, well lined with birch bark to exclude the weather, and the corpse was laid on its right side.

A fourth and most common mode of burying among these people has been to wrap the body in birch bark, and cover it well with a heap of stones; but sometimes the body was put a foot or two under the surface, and covered with stones; in one place, where the ground was soft and sandy, the bodies appeared to have been buried deeper, and no stones placed over them.

This singular race appear to have shown great respect for their dead, as seen in their sepulchral stations on the sea-coast, at particular chosen spots, to which, it seems, they were in the habit of bringing their dead from long distances. With their women, it appears, they only buried their clothes, but no property. From Red Indian's Lake to the sea is about seventy miles. Mr. Cormack says: "During our descent we had to construct new rafts. What arrests the attention most while gliding down the stream, is the extent of the Indian fences to entrap the deer. They extend from the

lake downwards continuous on the banks of the river, at least thirty miles. There are openings left here and there in them, for the animals to go through and swim across the river, and at these places the Indians are stationed, and kill them in the water with spears, out of their canoes, as at the lake. Here, then, connecting these fences with those on the north-east side of the lake, is at least, forty miles of country, easterly and westerly, prepared to intercept all the deer that pass that way in their periodical migrations. It was melancholy to contemplate the gigantic, yet feeble efforts of a whole primitive nation, in their anxiety to provide subsistence, forsaken and going to decay."

During the time of the French Dominion in the south-west part of Newfoundland, nearly two hundred years ago, and when Plaisance (Placentia) was the capital, it appears the Red Indians incurred the displeasure of the French authorities, and a reward was offered for the heads or persons of some of their chiefs, and for this purpose a number of the Micmacs were brought from Cape Breton and Nova Scotia. As the Micmacs had learned the use of fire-arms, they had a decided advantage in the wars of extermination that followed, and the poor Red Indians were hunted like wolves ever afterwards both by Micmacs and Europeans. There are only a few families of the Micmac tribe now inhabiting Newfoundland, residing principally in the Bay of Notre Dame, north, and Bay of Despair, south-west and west coasts. Probably not more than a hundred persons altogether.

Once the red men sported along the shores of Newfoundland in perfect security; their hunting-grounds unintruded upon, and their peace unbroken by their cruel persecutor—the furrier. But as soon as the Europeans began to settle in the country, the French and English furriers, perceiving the skin dresses of the Indians, and the rich fur which served them as bedding at night, conceived the diabolical purpose of shooting them for the valuable furs which they always carried with them, and thus commenced a cold-blooded war against these unhappy people, who were thought

as little of by these so-called civilized men, as a seal or a bird. The poor Indians were hunted like wolves by those merciless and unfeeling barbarians, the white men, till at last, of all this noble race, at one time a powerful tribe, scarce a trace is left behind. No canoe is now seen gliding noiselessly over the lakes; no war-song breaks upon the ear. If we go to the River Exploits, no sound of the Indian is heard breaking the silence of these gloomy solitudes. If we visit that beautiful sheet of water, Red Indian Lake (their last retreat) no smoke is seen curling from their wigwams, no footstep is traced, all is barrenness and naked desolation. Where then are the red men? They are gone; they have passed away for ever, and are now in the far-off land of the Great Spirit. The philanthropist cannot contemplate the destruction of the aborigines of Newfoundland without dropping a tear over their melancholy and sad destiny. The government endeavored to bring about a reconciliation with them, but it was then too late. The red man had lost all confidence, and his heart was steeled against the cruel treachery of the white man. It is astonishing that such a length of time should have rolled on, and so little effort have been made for the accomplishment of one of the sublimest objects in which man can be engaged, the civilization of his fellow man. Had the government in the beginning sent a devoted Christian missionary to this degraded race, to charm them with the music of a Saviour's dying love, he would have been the true pioneer in the march of civilization; the hearts of these savages would have been tamed, their ferocity

restrained, their passions subdued, and the bow and arrow exchanged for the "olive branch of peace."

The Beothicks had some idea of religion, though dark and mixed up with errors and superstition. They believed that they were created by the Great Spirit out of arrows, and that after death they went to a distant country to renew the society of their friends. Thus they believed in those great doctrines of the Christian revelation,—the existence of a God, and the immortality of the soul. Reason never could have discovered the doctrine of the soul's immortality to them, because there is nothing in nature, unaided by revelation, from which the doctrine could be deduced. The ancient Greeks and Romans, with all their learning, eloquence, and refinement, could not discover the soul's immortality. Some few of them had a faint idea of the existence of the soul; but what they asserted at one time, they doubted at another. Of the resurrection of the body they were totally ignorant. Sunk in ignorance as they were, we cannot suppose that the red men were sufficiently acquainted with the operations of nature in the vegetable kingdom; or the principles of philosophy by which the laws of rest and motion are governed, to draw any analogy between them and the resurrection of the human body. Their knowledge of a future state they must either have inherited from tradition, or had communicated to them by a divine intuition. The dealings of Jehovah are frequently dark and mysterious. "The ways of God are in the whirlwind, and His paths are in the great deep; clouds and darkness are round about His throne."

THE BEACON LIGHT ANNOUNCING THE FALL OF TROY
AT ARGOS.

(From the *Agamemnon* of *Æschylus*, v. 255.)

BY JOHN READE.

CHORUS and CLYTEMNESTRA.

- CL.—Word of joy this morning brings
From the bosom of the night,
Higher joy than Hope's gay wings
Circled in her farthest flight!
Troy is taken, Troy is fallen
By the victor Argive's might!
- CH.—Troy has fallen dost thou tell me?
Have heard thy words aright?
- CL.—Hearken! I repeat the words,—
Troy is held by Grecian lords.
- CH.—Ah! what gladness fills my heart,
And my tears with rapture start!
- CL.—Yes, thine eyes thy feeling shew.
- CH.—This by what proof dost thou know?
- CL.—The gods, that never would deceive,
Brought these tidings.
- CH.— Dost believe
In the fickle shapes of dreams?
- CL.—Nay; the dozings of the mind
Leave in me no trace behind.
- CH.—Some wild rumour, then, meseems?
- CL.—Dost thou think me but a child,
Thus and thus to be beguiled?
- CH.—How long, then, is it since proud Ilion fell?
- CL.—Since but the night that bore this morning's
light.

CH.—And who this message hither brought so well?

- CL.—Hephæstus, sending forth his beacon bright
From Ida's summit; then, from height to height
With blaze successive, beacon kindling beacon,
Bore us the tidings. Ida glanced it forth
To Lemnos, even to th' Hermæan rock;
And next steep Athos, dear to Zeus, received
From Lemnos the bright flame, which, in its
strength
Joyous, pursued its onward course, and flew
O'er the broad shoulders of Oceanus,
Giving its gleams all-golden, like the sun,
To those that on Makistos kept high watch.
Nor dallying he, nor won by ill-timed sleep,
Assumed his part of messenger; and far
Over Euripus speeds the signal flame,
Telling their tasks to the Messapian guards,
Who answered with a blaze that straightway lit
The heather on old Graia's mountain-tops.
Then in full-gleaming strength, like a fair moon,
The beacon-light shot o'er Asopus plain,
And lit with answering fire Cithæron's cliff,
Whose emulous watch made brighter still the blaze.
Thence darted on the fiery messenger
Over Gorgopis lake and up the sides
Of Ægiplanctus, whence (the waiting wards
Heaping no niggard pile,) a beard-like flame
Streamed onward till it touched the cliff that spies
The billows of the blue Saronic sea;
But paused not in its course, until it reached
The heights of Arachnæum, over there.
And thence it strikes upon these palace-roofs,—
Far offspring of the light of fallen Troy.

HOW I WENT DUCK-SHOOTING.

It has been said by close observers of human nature, that there are two things in regard to which no man will willingly confess ignorance: the management of a gun, and the qualities of a horse. To the first weakness, viz., the hallucination that I know how to handle a shooting-iron,—that, in fact, I am rather a crack shot, as far as game is concerned, and that, moreover, it would be the easiest thing imaginable for me to carry off a few several-hundred dollar prizes at a Rifle Tournament,—to this weakness, if such it be, I at once plead guilty. As to horse-flesh, I make no great pretensions to an intimate acquaintance with the nature and properties of that mysterious and deceitful commodity.—Nevertheless, my conscience does bring to my recollection several occasions on which I have patted and punched some noble steed, feeling his legs, and examining his dental arrangements, with an air which was, I must confess, designed to impress upon the mind of onlookers the idea, that if I was not born in a stable, at least the denizens thereof had been my most intimate companions from early childhood. To return, however, to the shooting business. How such an idea as the one I have mentioned has ever grown to the vast proportions which it now displays,—how it has ever come to weigh upon my mind with such overpowering irresistible conviction,—it would rather puzzle me to explain; for in looking back upon my experience as a hunter of wild animals, I am forced to acknowledge, at least to my own mind, that all the game that has ever fallen by my hands, if collected in a lump, would scarcely fill an average wheelbarrow. Conscientious as I am of this fact, the conviction still remains in all its gigantic proportions that I am a sportsman. How it comes let philosophers tell—it's their business, and I

am under the impression that they are paid for it.

Possessed then with such a conviction, and having moreover a reputation to maintain before the world,—a reputation founded chiefly on my own sportsmanlike remarks on various occasions,—I was induced, after much persuasion, to join a shooting party on one of the Ontario tributaries of the noble Ottawa. This stream, which in general is of considerable magnitude, expands in places into lakes of several miles in length. The largest of these lakes is a famous resort of duck-hunters, who, as soon as the first of September has removed the restrictions imposed by the law during the summer months, come in large numbers from all parts of the surrounding country, for the purpose of slaughtering the unfortunate web-feet. From a conscientious objection to puns, I avoid any clever allusions to *foul murder*. The shores of the lakes are, for the most part, low and marshy, lined with extensive beds of wild rice, while the wild celery, the special food of the far-famed and delicious canvas-back, is found in abundance in the shallow bays, which run in all directions from the main expanse of the lake.

It was just about dusk one sultry evening in September, when I stepped aboard a trim little skiff, which had been brought down from the hunters' camp by two of my friends to meet me on my arrival at the village, about five miles from the scene of action, and also to lay in a fresh supply of eatables for the hungry sportsmen up the lake. All the evening the clouds had been piling up their mighty masses in the south and west, and, as we started, the increasing blackness of the sky, with the yet distant but ever nearing roll of the thunder, and the quick flash of the lightning, gave token that many hours would not pass without a

shower. With diligence, therefore, we plied the oars, till about half our voyage had been accomplished, when, a light breeze springing up, we hoisted our sail, and scudded merrily over the rippling waters of the lake. Save for the now more frequent flashes of lightning, it was dark as Egypt, and it was not until after numerous involuntary excursions into strange and undesired bays that we at length discovered the friendly gleam of the camp-fire, and were enabled to land ourselves and welcome cargo.

Four young and eager sportsmen made their appearance from the tents where they had taken refuge from a sudden thunder-shower, which had, fortunately, missed us in the boat. Selfish and careless, that they were! They had thought only of keeping their own precious carcasses dry, and had left "out in the wet" the whole stock of sugar, which, after being exposed to the pelting rain, showed a sadly diminished pile, as it lay on an old log by the fire. The bread also had been left out to soak, and was now somewhat of the consistency and weight of a saturated sponge. However, as we had brought a fresh and plentiful supply of the latter article, we could put up with the loss, and the dogs were the gainers by the accident. We were informed that we could have nothing for supper but bread and butter and tea, as the ham, having fallen down from the limb on which it had been suspended, had fallen an unresisting prey to the voracious dogs, and there were no ducks plucked and ready for cooking; moreover that everybody was too lazy and tired to cook them if there were. So, too-hungry to be particular, we waited anxiously for symptoms of boiling in the large tin pail suspended over the fire, that we might wash down the chunks of bread which we were already devouring, with refreshing draughts of tea. Nor long had we to wait. The simple process of infusing the herb by throwing two or three handfuls into the boiling water, and letting it stand for a few minutes, was soon completed, and we were invited to dip in. We were just about to comply with the hospitable invitation, when plump came the rain upon us without the slightest warning, and we made a rapid retreat to the friendly shelter of the

tents, carrying with us the materials of our supper. How it happened was never discovered, but in the scramble, some unlucky foot came in contact with the pail, and over went the tea, flooding the tent, and the blankets of the occupants with a deluge of the precious beverage. Loud and deep were the anathemas directed against the luckless foot, and its unknown owner; maledictions, smothered into indistinctness by the intervention of huge mouthfuls of bread and butter, were to be heard in all corners of the tent, not only for the loss of the tea, but also for the pleasant prospect of a night's sleep in tea-drenched blankets. But our appetites were too keen for time to be wasted in grumbling, and we proceeded to conceal from human gaze a quantity of bread that would have struck consternation into the heart of a boarding-house keeper when flour is "skeerce and high."

Our hunger allayed, we lit our briar-roots, and, sitting around the brightly blazing camp-fire, we spent a pleasant hour with jest and song and story, till nodding heads and closing eyelids warned us that it was time to turn in. In a few moments I was wrapped up in my warm and dry blankets, for I was lucky enough to secure a berth in the second tent which had escaped the tea deluge, vainly endeavoring to adjust my body so as to avoid a rock of many angles, that would insist on making its presence known by vicious pokes in the region of my short ribs. But the soothing splash—plash of the water on the rocky beach, and the gentle patter of the rain-drop on the canvass roof were soporific sounds, which in a very short time rendered one oblivious even of protruding rocks.

I seemed to have just fallen asleep, when I was aroused by no gentle application of somebody's boot to my toes which were stretched out in the neighborhood of the door of the tent; and on raising my head to see who was cruel enough to disturb my balmy slumbers, I was saluted with:

"Get up; it's four o'clock, and if you want to get a crack at the ducks, now's your time."

With many grumbings and growlings, I arose from my warm nest, and rubbing my eyes, went stumbling over rocks and logs scarcely visible by the light of the smoulder-

ing fire. Weather sloppy, misty, chilly, in a word abominable. We snatched a hasty bite, lit our pipes, and seizing our guns and ammunition, launched our flat-bottomed skiffs, and pushed out on the lake. I was directed to make my way up a long bay which ran off to the right, where I was certain to get lots of shots as soon as daylight appeared. So off I paddled through the morning mist, and was soon as completely out of sight of land, as if I had been in the middle of the Atlantic. Ere long, however, I came in sight of a low marsh, and sending my skiff into a narrow channel among the weeds, I shipped my paddle and waited patiently for daylight. Never did time pass more slowly. I smoked my pipe down to the heel, and on proceeding to refill it, imagine my disgust to find that my tobacco-pouch was nowhere to be found. How I had lost it was a mystery, but such was the melancholy fact. There was no help for it, however, and I endeavored to while away the weary moments by whistling and re-whistling the few simple melodies with which I am acquainted. Surely, never was the sun so dilatory in rising in the month of September. But everything has an end, and at length my patience was rewarded, and a greyish light in the east warned me to look out for sport. Before it was light enough to see anything distinctly, I could hear the swift flap of wings overhead, and discern faintly the dim shadowy forms of the ducks, as they passed above me.

"Now," thought I, "is the time for business. They fly low, and where there's a lot together I can't miss them all." So getting my double-barrel handy, I waited for the next flock; and, as they flew swiftly over my head, I let blaze right amongst them. I certainly expected to see, at least, a brace of them tumble, and had actually seized my paddle for the purpose of securing them; but alas for calculations! a sudden swerve to one side, as the report reached their ears, was all the attention they paid to my hail. "Never mind," said I to myself. "Better luck next time." I had not long to wait; whizz came the ducks; bang went both barrels; and squawk screamed an old drake, in accents of the utmost derision. Need I say that I was somewhat disgusted with such work?

I remained there for some time longer, blazing away with praiseworthy perseverance, but not one fowl could I induce to "stoop to the welcome land." Weary at last of my fruitless efforts, I backed out from my station, and paddled off in another direction, with the intention of getting, if possible, a shot at some more stationary individuals of the genus duck, than I had yet had an opportunity of observing. An extensive rice plantation, with open spaces here and there, seemed to me to be a favorable spot, and, getting close in shore, and pushing my skiff out of sight behind the leafy top of a tree, that had been blown down by some late storm, and now lay, half in the water, and half on shore, I cast an eager look around me. As I was gazing intently over the log, there came sailing round a clump of weeds, a dozen or more perfect beauties, indulging in a morning promenade, and apparently conversing with each other in a friendly and agreeable manner. They were led by an old drake of most gorgeous plumage, who seemed by his complacent glances at his reflection in the unruffled mirror of the waters to think "no small flies" of himself. "Poor fellow!" muttered I, "you are almost too handsome to kill, but needs must. My reputation as a sportsman is at stake, and you must be the victim." Slowly they came paddling along; slowly I raised my gun, and taking a careful aim, emptied both barrels right amongst them. I could see the shot splashing all around them, but, mysterious to relate, not one of the flock appeared to have a feather ruffled by the hailstorm. The old drake uttered an inquiring "quack," as if desirous of knowing the opinion of his family in regard to the phenomenon; but, catching the gleam of my gun, as I slowly dropped it, he sounded the alarm, and in a twinkling, they were scudding over my head to more peaceful quarters.

This was too much. A strange feeling of dread came over me. Was I bewitched? Were these phantom ducks, sent to vex and trouble me as a punishment for the tall yarns I had at times been guilty of? No mortal ducks composed of ordinary flesh and blood and feathers, could ever have withstood such a shower of No. 5, as I had

sent amongst them. Thus ruminating, I slowly turned my head, and, as the ballads say, "was aware" of an old duck which had lit on a stranded sawlog about thirty yards distant, and was preparing to perform her morning toilet. Hastily, but quietly, I loaded one barrel, squeezed on a cap, raised my gun, and pulled. Click, went the hammer, but no report followed. Duck raised her head as if alarmed, but seeing and hearing nothing strange, went on with her dressing, while I quickly removed the cap, poked out the nipple, and got ready for another trial. But the result was the same, and before I could load the other barrel my feathered friend had gone: "The abyss of heaven had swallowed up her form."

Good nature at this point ceased to be a virtue, and my temper was not improved by a feeling of vacuity in my gastric region. I pulled out my watch to see if it wasn't nearly time for breakfast, and found that, by that excellent chronometer, it was half-past ten o'clock. Of course, I had omitted to wind it up on turning in the previous evening.

I therefore determined to have one more crack at the ducks, and then whether successful or not, to make my way to the camp as speedily as possible. No more sitting shots were to be had, so I paddled carefully along among the rice, and kept a bright look-out overhead. I had not long to wait. A flock of nine or ten big black ducks came whizzing along, with their heads poked out in their usual ridiculous fashion. Without delay, I let fly my only available barrel, and greatly to my own astonishment, considering my previous experience, I saw one big fellow go fluttering and struggling, in a slanting direction into the middle of a thick plantation of rushes, about a hundred yards in front of me. With eager delight I seized the paddle, and sent the skiff crashing through the bending reeds, till I came bump on a little island, a few feet across, weedy, and covered with great limbs of water-lily roots, which sprawled over it in all directions. I leaped ashore, and poking round among the tall grass, I thought I heard a rustling and fluttering across a narrow channel which separated my standing place from another

hillock of weeds and mud a few feet distant. Without a moment's hesitation, I jumped, and alighted—goodness knows where; for, unlike Brian O'Lynn, of whom we read in the pages of history, it was not my good fortune to "find ground at the bottom." Nothing but mud, adhesive, black, and evil-smelling. To add to my disgust, almost from between my fingers, as I struggled and sprawled in the dirty bath, rose the villainous fowl which had lured me into such a plight. It is my solemn belief that the carcase of the wretched biped, was at that very moment totally unharmed by lead, and that the whole affair was a huge practical joke at my expense. I am the more inclined to this belief from the fact that the vile Anatid, while whirring from my side, gave utterance to frequent peals of the most diabolical laughter, responded to by joyous quacks from the other members of the flock, which had been circling and crossing to and fro, above my head, evidently awaiting with anxiety the result of the manœuvre.

But I am leaving myself all this time struggling and blowing in my unpleasant predicament. It was with no little difficulty that I succeeded in extricating myself from the labyrinth of grass, weeds and roots, that clasped my legs, and twined affectionately round my body; but at length I got my feet established on *terra firma*, if such it could be called, which rocked and swayed with every motion, till it was about as good a feat to preserve my equilibrium upon it, as to navigate a mill-pond on a small saw-log. I found a drifted chip, which served me as a scraper; and, after some minutes hard work, I began to discern faint signs of boots and trowsers. Alas for these same unmentionables! Only a fortnight previous, I had received them in all their virgin beauty from the hands of the maker, and at that very time owed eight dollars on their behalf. My pockets, unlike those of Pat Malloy, were by no means "empty," nor was my heart "filled with joy" either. They, that is the pockets, were filled with a choice assortment of mud, weeds, chips, clamshells, &c., and I had my hands full, in a literal sense, when I undertook the work of clearing them out. My hat was gone; whether it had taken to

itself wings and flown away, or had with a sudden increase of specific gravity sunk in the mud, or whether that vile duck had carried it off as a trophy, I could never discover; but it was gone. Slowly and carefully feeling every inch of my way, after the manner of an elephant crossing a rickety bridge, I managed to reach the skiff, and stepping in, started for the camp.

Unacquainted as I was with the lake, and having paid no attention to the directions in which I had been paddling while engaged in my sport!—such sport,—it was a work of considerable trouble to find the location. But a friendly column of smoke, rising over the trees, marked the spot, and in a few minutes I was standing by the camp-fire, surrounded by a wondering and—but such is human nature—a mirthful crowd. But I steadfastly refused to answer any questions till I had satisfied the claims of both the outer and the inner man. My demand for something to eat was answered by the presentation of a tin-plate of most delicious stew—duck and bacon—which, with about half a loaf of bread, furnished me with the materials of the most delicious breakfast I ever tasted; for, be it remembered, it was now nearly eleven o'clock. About a quart of tea washed down my meal, and I then recounted to my companions as much of the morning's adventures as I thought fit to impart, touching very lightly on the mysterious misses I had made, but enlarging eloquently on the mistiness of the morning, the unworkableness of my gun, the discomforts of my bath, and the length of time it had taken me to find the camp. There were two circumstances which in nowise tended to lessen the feelings of disgust and chagrin which the proceedings of the day had caused in my mind. The first was the intelligence that the watch of the young man who had so cruelly disturbed my rest was an hour too fast, and

that instead of starting at four o'clock, as we intended, we had left the camp at the ridiculous hour of three. This accounted for the length of time I sat in the boat waiting for the appearance of daylight. The second cheering fact was that, the other three sportsmen who had been out that morning had returned with an average of a dozen ducks apiece, and my want of success could therefore scarcely be altogether accounted for on the hypothesis of bad luck.

I now applied myself with diligence to the process of drying my lovely garments, and for more than an hour I slowly revolved before the fire, like a heretic suffering protracted martyrdom. Most labours come to an end, even that of drying clothes without taking them off, though I have heard this denied, and, as soon as I could get anyone to accompany me, I started down the lake in a dug-out.

Space forbids me now to tell how we trolled for pike and caught a dozen beauties; and how a thunder shower drenched us when we were within five minutes paddle of the village. Suffice it to say, that I managed to borrow some comparatively respectable habiliments, and catching the evening train, found myself ere nightfall, safe in my own room, clothed in my own garments. Need I add, that since that eventful day, I have kept at a respectable distance from the mud of that treacherous lake; and that I have registered a mental vow that no inducements whatever, shall ever tempt me to expose myself to such "moving accidents" a second time. When I break this vow, may my gun refuse to go off, and my pipe to draw; may thunderstorms drench me, and the mists of morning chill my bones; and may I be plunged head first in that slimy mud, where bull-frogs croak, and black snakes love to dwell. So mote it be.

DEAD OR ALIVE.

It is now many years ago, when I was a junior officer on one of our large Ocean passenger steamers, that the following circumstance occurred:—It was my middle watch on deck, between two and three in the morning, when one of the stewards informed me that a passenger was ill, and appeared to be in a fit. I at once had the doctor called, who went to him, and found that he was insensible and breathing heavily. All sorts of remedies were tried, amongst others bleeding at the arm; but with no apparent success; and before four o'clock the same morning, the doctor told me that he was dead. I, as in duty bound, reported it to the captain; and at eight all hands were ordered to clean themselves for the funeral at ten that forenoon. The ship's carpenter having made a plain deal coffin, the sides of which were bored full of large auger holes, so that the water with the iron placed in it, would quickly sink the body, at a little before the hour for burial, it was carried out on a grating, and placed on the after-sponson, covered with the Union Jack. I must explain to non-nautical readers that on paddle-wheel steamers a kind of ledge about twelve feet by six, runs out from the side abaft the wheel, from which you enter into the ship through large doors. The captain, reading the burial service, with crew and passengers around him, was inside these doors; myself and two sailors stood outside by the coffin, ready when the words came "Commit his body to the deep," to lift one end of the grating and allow the coffin to slide into the sea. Imagine my horror, when this was done, to see that underneath where the coffin had stood, was all covered with blood! My first impulse was to rush forward, and stop the men; but I was too late. I then looked over to see if the coffin would float; but no. I saw it for half a moment, and then it disappeared, going down end foremost about twenty yards astern of the ship. This was all over in a few seconds, the service going on in the inside of the vessel. I was called to myself by one of my men saying to the other: "I say, Bill, that chap worn't dead." I at once stopped that; and a couple of swabs being at hand, had them thrown over the blood, and directly the service was over, a pail or two of water washed away all signs of it,—no one but the two men and myself, knowing anything about it, and they appeared never to give it a second thought; but I have often wondered whether he was "dead or alive."

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

BY AURAL MEAD.

Regret and reverence mingle with other emotions when we glance over the career of this gifted son of genius; regret that one giving such promise for the future should be cut off in the morning of life, and that the world has sustained so great a loss of reverence, for his beautiful piety. He would have been equal with the best English authors, both in prose and in poetry, and, even now, he ranks high among poets, although his life-work was but begun, and his "Remains," as his productions are called, are small, (yet, when we consider them the work of a short life, they are large,) yet more than sufficient, both in quantity and merit, to keep his memory bright while the English language lasts. His poems, some of which are not finished,

possess intrinsic beauty, and when we consider these as the blossoms of life's spring-time, we wonder what the fruit of autumn would have been.

The circumstances of his parents not being favorable, he had the advantage of a school only up to his fourteenth year; and after spending a year at a trade that he did not like, because he wished to be employed in something wherein "he could occupy his brain," he commenced learning the profession of the law. His hours during the day being all devoted to his profession in the Attorney's office, he had no other time than night to attend to those studies which he most loved, excepting at his meals, when his books were ever present with him. Had it not been thus, when he entered the University, by the assistance of friends that found out his genius and perseverance in educating himself, he might not have been so pressed for time, or have applied himself so closely to his books as to fatally injure his health; and the star of his genius, that was so bright in its rising, might not have set before its time beneath the dark waters of death. We can imagine him sitting, pale and still, far into the night, absorbed in his books, while the world without was sunk in slumber, and the stars were keeping their silent watch. It is not strange that he grew pale and emaciated, or that night fancies have a prominent place in his poetry. Southey says, in his life of White:—"The night," writes Henry, in one of his letters, 'has been everything to me; and did the world know how I have been indebted to the hours of repose, they would not wonder that night-images are, as they judge, so ridiculously prominent in my verses.'" One can easily imagine that many of his verses were composed as he sat by the open window, the cool air of evening playing on his cheek:

Season of general rest, whose solemn still
Strikes the trembling breast a fearful chill,
But speaks to philosophic souls delight,
Thee do I hail, as, at my casement high,
My candle waning melancholy by,
I sit and taste the holy calm of night.

When at the University, he studied almost without intermission. Even in his

exercise he had his book with him, and, in his walks, committed to memory a tragedy of Euripides. But it was at night that he "threw aside the learned sheet," and, for a moment, unbent his mind to look out at nature:

O pale art thou my lamp, and faint
Thy melancholy ray:
When the still night's unclouded saint
Is walking on her way.
Through my lattice, leaf embowered,
Fair she sheds her shadowy beam,
And o'er my silent sacred room
Casts a checkered twilight gloom;
I throw aside the learned sheet,
I cannot choose but gaze, she looks so mildly
sweet.

His earlier poems, as well as subsequent ones, possess true sweetness and beauty, and surpass Byron's written at the same age. Take, for instance, "To the Herb Rosemary." There is in it a sadness peculiar to minds poetical and refined, which gives it a mournful tinge; yet it is pleasant, and never was sadness more beautifully expressed than in this poem. When we read about "January's front severe," we feel as though it had about it a chill of winter, yet mingled with the breath of spring:

And hark! the wind-god, as he flies,
Moans hollow in the forest trees,
And sailing on the gusty breeze
Mysterious music dies,
Sweet flower! that requiem wild is mine,
It warns me to the lonely shrine,
The cold turf altar of the dead:
My grave shall be in yon lone spot,
Where as I lie, by all forgot,
A dying fragrance thou wilt o'er my ashes shed.

No one that loves nature can read the piece called "To the Morning," without entering into its spirit and feeling refreshed. It is clothed in the most beautiful language, and shows what fine colours his fancy was dressed in. It was after an illness, when he rose from his bed, and took an early morning walk, that he painted the glowing scene:

The lark has her gay song begun,
 She leaves her grassy nest,
 And soars till the unrisen sun
 Gleams on her speckled breast.

Above, below, what charms unfold
 In all the varied view!
 Before me all is burnished gold,
 Behind the twilight's hue.
 The mists which on old night await,
 Far to the west they hold their state,
 They shun the clear blue face of morn:
 Along the fine cerulean sky
 The fleecy clouds successive fly,
 While bright prismatic beams their shadowy
 folds adorn.

When one reads the fragments of his poems which, by his death, he was prevented from finishing, one feels regret. When one suddenly comes to the end of one of these, he feels as though he had been awaked from some fascinating dream. The spell is broken, leaving him with a longing, unsatisfied feeling. "The Dance of the Consumptives," an unfinished drama, one of his early efforts, has a weirdness, a touch of the supernatural that strikes one with awe:

Hark! hark! the death-watch ticks!
 See, see, the winding sheet!
 Our dance is done,
 Our race is run,
 And we must lie at the alder's feet!

His "Time," which was partly written when he was very young, and the rest when at the University, is sublime. He there shows the folly of finite beings attempting to speculate on the hidden things of the Most High, since it is impossible, as the smaller cannot contain the greater, for them to comprehend the mysteries of Infinity:

He might as well compress the Universe
 Into the hollow compass of a gourd.

We can fancy that we hear the sound of a multitude, as the voice of many waters when we read:

Heard'st thou that shout? It rent the vaulted skies;
 It was the voice of people—mighty crowds,—
 Again! 'tis hushed—Time speaks, and all is hushed.

After his death, there were found fragments written on the back of his mathematical papers—poesy mingled with the stern unimaginative reasoning of mathematicians. His friends had advised him to banish the muse for the time, that his necessary studies might not be interfered with; but there were times when imagination would rise, and when life needed something to smooth its path:

Yet I would press you to my lips once more,
 Ye wild, yet withering flowers of poetry;
 Yet would I drink the fragrance which ye pour,
 Mixed with decaying odors.

He had a foreboding that his life would be short; and the unnatural tension of his mental faculties served to realize it. He knew that death was coming; he heard its knock, and called for music to calm his brain:

O give me music—my soul doth faint;
 I'm sick of noise and care, and now mine ear
 Longs for some air of peace, some dying plaint,
 That may the spirit from its cell unsphere.

O! I am wrapt aloft, my spirit soars
 Beyond the skies, and leaves the stars behind.
 Lo! angels lead me to the happy shores,
 And floating pæans fill the buoyant wind.

He died at the age of twenty-one, with a disease of the brain, which was worn out by his severe mental labor, amid the regret of the whole reading world. It is true that:

'Twas his own genius gave the final blow,
 And helped to plant the wound that laid him low.

But while we lament the loss of his genius, we know that it is shining where he is now tuning his harp to an "immortal lay," with a lustre which it never would have known here.

NOTE BY EDITORS OF N. D. MONTHLY.—The lines to "Rosemary" and "Morning," above mentioned are among the finest short poems in the English language, and should be familiar to every one. It is, however, by his "Star of Bethlehem," which finds a place in almost every hymn-book, that Kirke White is most extensively known.

THE JAMES RIVER.

This River is nearly equal to the Hudson for size, and the facilities it affords for inland navigation, the country through which it passes being, upon the average, more fertile; and yet the Hudson is thickly studded with cities and villages and villas, whilst the banks of the James appear to be almost uninhabited. They are not really a wilderness, but the farms are so large, and the houses so few, that they have the appearance of being destitute of population. More especially is it to be noted that you see few or no churches in sailing from Richmond to Fortress Munroe.

The James River is only one of several affluents of the magnificent Chesapeake Bay. The York, the Rappahannock, the Potomac, the Patapsco and the Susquehanna empty into it; and at the outlet of the whole of this magnificent system of inland navigation lies Norfolk, on a harbour rivalling in extent and security that of New York. Until the Erie Canal and railways were made, New York had not probably a fifth part of the advantages for communication with the interior that Norfolk enjoyed; and yet, the northern port far outstripped the southern one even then in commerce, and now is out of sight beyond it. Why is it that the banks of these broad and beautiful southern rivers have so very few cities or villages on them, and not a church, or scarcely a house to be seen in long distances? Why is it that Norfolk is a sleepy, finished city, while New York seems only yet at the commencement of its vast growth? There is only one answer to both questions, and it lies in one word—Slavery. The large plantation, owned by a thriftless and expensive gentleman, and worked (a small part of it only) by thriftless, lazy slaves, was a system well calculated to keep back a country; and it has effectually done so. Now, however, that slavery is gone for ever, we may expect to see these fair and fertile regions gradually rescued from its blighting effects. Properties will be divided by will or inheritance, instead of

being left all to one son, to keep up the cherished family grandeur. Farms, or portions of them, will be sold to obtain money, or to pay debt. Industrious immigrants will prefer Virginia to the Rocky Mountains, and this comparative wilderness will yet, undoubtedly, blossom as the rose. Meanwhile, there is no greater moral phenomenon than that a whole people should still look back with longing regrets to a system that was their greatest bane. Nothing can equal this infatuation, except that of the drinker, who continues to resort to strong drink as the only remedy for the very evils which it caused, and must aggravate.

RICHMOND.

The James River at Richmond divides into many channels, forming a miniature Thousand Isles. Two of the chief of these channels surround the famous, or rather infamous Bellisle, where, under the very eyes of Jefferson Davis from his headquarters in the Spottswood Hotel, thousands of Union prisoners endured exposure, hardship, outrage and starvation. This, and the kindred Libby Prison are, and will long continue to be, the most celebrated objects in Richmond; though the blackened ruins of factories and dwellings, plundered and burned by the rebel soldiers themselves just before they finally evacuated the city, are also interesting historical monuments. Of these manufactories, only one, a large mill, was insured in Europe, and that was the only one that recovered its insurance. The Richmond, and other Southern Insurance Companies collapsed with the general ruin. There has, however, been an almost Yankee elasticity and enterprise in rebuilding Richmond, and, with the growth of the reconstructed South, it must become a great city, as its water-power is unlimited.

Richmond, as before mentioned, is at the head of navigation on the James River, and a short distance below it are the historical Bluffs and Landings of the war;

also Dutch Gap, where General Butler caused his men to cut a canal of about two miles to avoid a circuit of about nine miles. A little lower down are the remains of Butler's tower or observatory, which he constructed on the highest part of the river bank in order to overlook the operations both of his own army and that of the enemy, for a great distance. On the peninsula lying between the James River and the York River, McClellan frittered away the lives of his mighty army in digging ditches and lying among swamps, or in disastrous battles—forced upon him by a vigilant enemy; and, singularly enough, though Richmond was the object of all the operations in Virginia, which scarcely spared any other place, it was never itself attacked or bombarded. The trenches and earth-works constructed by McClellan at such an incalculable cost, are now being more and more effaced annually by the plough, so that little trace of them remains.

About 30 miles below Richmond, the Appomattox River joins the James. This branch has Petersburg at the head of its navigation, and was the scene of long-continued fighting. In fact, the closing victory of the war, which caused the evacuation of Richmond and surrender of Lee, was at the five forks of this river, and that surrender took place at Appomattox Court-House. The reason why this victory of Sheridan's was decisive, was, that it gave the North the control of the last railroad which remained open for the supply of Richmond.

At the confluence of the Appomattox and James, stands City Point, which is not a town or even a village, but merely a landing, with a few houses and a railway station; but at this place there were acres of wharves constructed by the Union forces during the war, for the reception and distribution of supplies for the army of the James and Petersburg. Here, too, the various Commissions, including the Sanitary and Christian Commissions, had their headquarters for the relief of the troops. The place, heretofore so busy, is now the very quintessence of dulness, with a few negro families round it, who seem to have nothing special to do. To this point we came by rail early in the morning from

Petersburg, to take the boat for Baltimore, but found that, on that particular day, the boat had been chartered by the Sabbath School of the Richmond Centenary Methodist Church, and that it was taking the said school to the Shirley Estate, nearly opposite, to pass the day,—returning in the evening, when the boat would sail for Baltimore, about thirteen hours behind time. We had thus a fine opportunity of seeing a Southern Sabbath school, and a Planter's mansion and grounds, which we considered well worth a day's delay.

A RICHMOND SABBATH SCHOOL AND A VIRGINIA MANSION.

The Sabbath school numbered about 300, though 500 had been expected, and the boys and girls were just like an average of the Sabbath schools, which collect all classes, with the unfortunate exception that there was not a single colored teacher or child in the lot. Had there been we suppose all the rest would have refused to go, so strong is the power of this infamous caste feeling even yet when slavery no longer exists. To make up for this want, however, we saw another steamboat come down from Petersburg with another happy band, only apparently more numerous and happier, of Sabbath school children, and these were all black together. The freight of the Petersburg boat, chiefly tobacco hogsheads, was transferred to the other, but if any of her passengers had transferred themselves we wonder what would have happened! How angels must weep, if they do not laugh, at such contemptible pride as this of one set of worms of the dust towards another. I am bound, however, to add that the Superintendent and teachers of the Centenary School, were exceedingly attentive to their scholars, and courteous and obliging to strangers.

The estate we visited was one of the finest specimens of the princely abodes of the F. F. V's or first families of Virginia. The house was of the same pretentious character with that of Washington at Mount Vernon, and Lee at Arlington, but in better taste and better keeping than either. It was approached from the landing (each considerable estate has a landing of its own) by a magnificent avenue of old locust

trees, and surrounded by magnificent oaks, walnuts, and other fine trees in great variety. It has beautiful lawns, pretty well kept, round it, and singular-looking high, narrow brick-buildings behind it. These are the negro quarters; and, as it was the dinner hour, or rather the two hours' interval for dinner, in the heat of the day, they were swarming with negroes of all ages and both sexes. There were several other "quarters" at other parts of the farm, which consisted, it was said, of 3,000 acres. There is a garden planted with the choicest flowering shrubs, many of them in bloom, and quite new to me, and stocked with all manner of vegetables. All these grounds were freely thrown open to the Sabbath school, which did not abuse the privilege. The young folks neither chased the various broods of chickens, turkeys and ducklings, that were camped about the greens, nor pulled the unripe peaches and pears, which were hanging about in profusion, nor broke the flowering shrubs; all of which I consider remarkable, seeing they were chiefly of the class to whom a pic-nic in the country is a rare enjoyment indeed. One of them, a respectable girl, of apparently sixteen, said she had never been on a steam-boat before. The mansion itself was a solid brick building, probably about fifty feet square, of two storeys, with garrets, portico, and balcony. From this balcony, which was graced with beautiful flowers, and which commanded a fine view of the grounds and river, the ladies of the family looked with dignified pleasure on the recreations of the Sabbath-school scholars below.

Our sail back to Richmond, in a fine summer's evening, was very beautiful: through scenes which, a few years before, had been crowded with all the evidences of a fierce contest, and where some of these still lingered.

JAMES TOWN.

"Pilot, when shall we pass James Town?"

"Between four and five in the morning."

"I wish much to see it. Shall we pass near it?"

"Yes; but there is not much to see. There is not even a house; but only a bit of an old church wall with some trees round it."

Before four I was on deck to see the first English settlement in America; and as we speeded towards it in the steamer "Maryland," I was struck with the width and shallowness of the James River. The few landings were wharves run far out on piles, and the steamer had to wind about a good deal to keep the deep-water channel. This channel passed close to the point of land called James Town, which was probably the reason of selecting it for a settlement, as there was nothing else in its natural advantages to give it a preference over the rest of the low banks of the river. There we saw the trees, sure enough; and what we were told was a bit of old wall among them; but no appearance of human occupation. And this was the first English settlement on the coast of America!—the scene of sickness, suffering, quarrelling, and crimes such as might be expected among the motley crew, who came to colonize Virginia. Here the venturesome pioneers of a new Anglo-Saxon empire, had cast anchor; and here Indians in all their wild pomp of paint and feathers, had met the white man.

All, all, however, is silent now, and James Town is an uninhabited low point of land, belonging with a considerable portion of the banks of the James River, to a Mr. Allen, who is selling his lands as fast as he can to Northern or other farmers.

The peninsula between the James and York River is historic in many respects. Here, at James Town, as already stated, was the first English settlement. A few miles farther down at Hampton, the first cargo of slaves was landed. The first of the long and black catalogue of white usurpations and Indian wars, took place on this peninsula; and on it the British campaign against her former colonies terminated by the surrender of Lord Cornwallis and his army at York Town. The last and greatest struggle on this peninsula was that of the army of the Potomac and the army of Virginia in the late civil war; and henceforth we may hope that it will be peacefully and prosperously cultivated

to a higher point of productiveness than ever.

Having just come from Plymouth, where the Puritans made their first settlement, James Town where the Cavaliers had first settled thirteen years earlier, was to me an object of no small interest. Perhaps, neither of the locations was well chosen; but the Puritan one, which had less natural advantages, grew into a respectable town, whilst the Cavalier one ran down to nothing—affording another illustration of the blighting influence of slavery.

It is a remarkable fact that tobacco, which was once the chief crop of all this region, is no longer cultivated to any extent in the seaboard counties of Virginia. The State still produces a great deal of tobacco, but it is in the uplands; and I was surprised that in travelling from Aquia Creek, on the Potomac to Petersburg, on the Appomattox, I did not see a single field of tobacco. In fact the crops were not materially different from what they are in Canada West, only the land was, generally speaking, not nearly so well cultivated.

HAMPTON ROADS.

There are other objects of special interest on the James River, or rather at its mouth. One of these is the scene of the terrible achievements of the "Merrimac" and its almost miraculous defeat by the first Monitor. It was here off a point of land where two large national vessels, full of seamen and marines, were lying that the great iron-clad, "Merrimac," steaming out from Norfolk, ran first into one, and then the other, sinking both with all their crews complete; and where that same "Merrimac" fled before the tiny Monitor which was the first of a large class of vessels. The time that intervened between these two

engagements was a dark day for the Union, as it was supposed that the "Merrimac" could, without regard to batteries or ships-of-war, steam into New York harbor, or any other port, and there burn not only the shipping, but the city. The Monitor's victory was therefore one of the greatest causes of general rejoicing that occurred throughout the war.

FORTRESS MUNROE.

This celebrated fortress, which was the headquarters of the Northern power on the Southern seaboard, was the scene of many memorable incidents and events, and of an amount of business connected with the war, which could scarcely be credited by one who sees it now lying in complete repose. It was in this fortress that some of the more important state prisoners, such as Jefferson Davis, were kept for security; and it was from it that nearly all the news concerning operations in the South came. It is a fortress and harbor of considerable extent and very great strength.

CHESAPEAKE BAY.

This bay into which the James River empties, nearly opposite its outlet to the ocean, is a very fine inland sea, affording the best means of steamboat communication between the seaboard cities and towns of Virginia and Maryland; and also an unrivalled extent of oyster-beds. In the oyster season it is crowded with fishing vessels, and at all times it has the commerce of Norfolk, Richmond, Washington and Baltimore, to enliven it; the latter being, however, the only commercial city of note that uses it. This bay has a considerable similarity to Long Island Sound, and may yet with its various tributary rivers make Norfolk a southern New York.

EARLY SCENES IN CANADIAN LIFE.

BY REV. T. WEBSTER, NEWBURY.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER XXI.

THE DAVISES SETTLE IN BARTON—A POOR PRICE FOR A FARM—DISCOMFORT STIMULATES THE YOUNG MEN TO TEST THEIR ABILITIES—MILLS BUILT—KINDNESS—COFFINS—SETTLER NORTH OF THE LAKE—A LONG JOURNEY TO CHURCH—DISAPPOINTMENT—FAMILY CONNECTIONS—FIRST SETTLER AT STONEY CREEK—DESCENDANTS.

The year following that in which the Davises came into the country they left the Chippewa, and travelling westward as far as the Township of Barton, there located themselves. The place they selected for their home was situated upon the "Mountain," some five miles east of the spot now occupied by the ambitious city of Hamilton. Where elegant mansions, chaste temples, and other stately public edifices now rear their imposing fronts, then beasts of prey had their lairs. The streets now thronged by a busy multitude, were then covered with the rich verdure of the primeval forest; threaded only by wild animals, a chance settler in search of a home, or some of the dusky tribes who still lingered about these their favorite haunts, ere they were thrust permanently farther back by the pale intruders.

Here our emigrants might, through the friendship of Governor Simcoe, have secured a large tract of valuable land; but they did not think it worth the having. Nor were they singular, in that day, in considering land in Canada nearly worthless. A friend of the writer informs him that, he knows a fine lot of land on the Niagara road, which is now one of the best farms in that beautiful section of Ontario, and which was sold about the same time for a bottle of whiskey and two loaves of bread,—the seller, thinking that the best use he could make of his land, was to procure by its sale something to support nature while travelling back to

the interior of the States; and thus provisioned he took his departure. Many others would also have left, at this period, could they have obtained by the sale of all their possessions the means of subsistence, while retracing their steps to the places from which they had come.

The Davises, having brought means with them into the country, were exempt from many of the hardships endured by others; but some of those incident to the situation they were obliged to share, with their less fortunate neighbors.

A few mills had been erected in the country, but they were all at too great a distance to meet the requirements of this settlement.

The long and difficult journeys necessary to be performed in order to get their grain ground, were attended with much exposure, fatigue and loss of time; and in certain circumstances they became impossible. Thus, all were subjected to privations, and not a few to absolute suffering.

The lack of saw-mills was also a serious discomfort to the settlers, they being unable to procure boards for the floors, or even the doors of their rude dwellings. It may be imagined that such a state of things would be particularly distasteful to persons who, like Mr. Davis, Mr. Ghent and their families, had been hitherto accustomed to commodious dwellings, and corresponding comforts and conveniences, in their far-off southern home before the sulphureous breath of the war-demon had blighted their fair inheritance.

But they did not—as others have done, who, coming after them, had much less to contend with—sit down and consume their time, and dissipate their energies, in whining over the unhappy events which had caused them to come into "such an horrible wilderness as *this Canada*."

Although neither millwrights nor car-

penters, they bestirred themselves to try to supply the deficiencies so much felt in the settlement, viz., mills. Accordingly, "at it they went axe in hand," about the year 1795, built a saw-mill, and cut for themselves and neighbors a supply of the so much desired boards. About the same time they built a grist mill—on the small stream and site where Secord's mills have since been erected—themselves putting in the work, wheels and gearing. They also dressed some rude stones into millstones. The efforts of these unskilled, or rather self-taught, workmen proved a success far beyond even their own highest expectations. Then one became a sawyer, and another a miller, to the great benefit and convenience, not only of themselves and their families, but also of their neighbors, scattered about them for a distance of from twelve to twenty miles.

In those primitive times, when the settlers were "few and far between," they knew each other as *neighbors* throughout a large district; frequently going ten or fifteen miles, to assist in raising their unpretending log-dwellings. When any suffered afflictions, sickness, or losses, there was a "fellow feeling" among these noble pioneer men and women, leading them to sympathize with each other in times of trouble and privation, to an extent that can now be scarcely realized in our older, and more densely peopled settlements. When new settlers arrived, they were hailed and welcomed, as acquisitions to the country, and when one died it was regarded as a public calamity. The Davises, having mills, possessed advantages over their less fortunate neighbors, and when a death occurred they were applied to for the coffin; and the writer has been informed that, for many years, they not only furnished the boards, but also made the coffins, gratis, for the neighborhood.

About the year 1804, Asahel Davis and his brother-in-law Thomas Ghent, removed some fifteen miles to the north beyond the "Little Lake," as Burlington Bay was then called, into the wilds of Brant's Block, or Wellington Square—since included in the survey of the township of Nelson, as mentioned in a previous chapter.

Here they again experienced difficulties

with regard to milling, such as they had previously so resolutely aided in surmounting in Barton. They were now, with their neighbors—except those who were so fortunate as to possess horses—obliged to carry their grain upon their backs to Davis' mill, and to bring their flour and bran home again in like manner—their road being only an Indian path.

Sometime after this Mr. Hall's mill was built, upon what was then called Morden's creek, at the place where the flourishing town of Dundas has since grown up, through which the stream flows, and from which it is now known as the Dundas stream. After the erection of this mill the scattered settlers to the North of Burlington Bay and Lake Ontario, for a number of miles east of the 12 mile creek—now Bronte—backed their grain to the water, and then in canoes paddled through the Lake, near its shore, thence through the Bay and channel—now Desjardins Canal—to Hatt's mills; some of them having come a distance of twenty or more miles. After the grain was ground, its product had to be conveyed home to the expectant, often hungry, family in the same manner. The weary *voyageurs*, after leaving the water, being in some cases obliged to carry their grist a number of miles to their residences.

Religiously, the destitution of the country at that period, was even greater than temporarily. Mr. Davis, the elder, had expected on coming to Canada to again enjoy the dearly-prized privilege of attending his favourite Church; but having settled in the wilderness on the Barton mountain, he found himself altogether cut off from the means of grace which he so ardently desired.

A clergyman having been stationed at Niagara, the eastern boundary of the settlement, he resolved once more to have the pleasure of attending upon the ministrations of his beloved Church. Having made the necessary arrangements, he with some of his sons proceeded to Lake Ontario, about six miles from their home; and thence, though it was in the heat of summer, they paddled in a canoe some forty additional miles to Niagara. What a rebuke to the self-indulgence of modern Christians, who so often find it difficult to prevail upon

themselves, to walk a *mile* or *two* to the house of God.

On Sabbath morning, weary and expectant, they repaired to the small building in which the services were to be held. Other worshippers were also assembling around the little edifice, and screening themselves in its shade, as best they might, from the intense heat of the sun while awaiting the arrival of the clergyman.

At length he came, and greeted the little flock. But Mr. Davis experienced a painful revulsion of feeling, as he observed in the conversation and demeanor of the minister no indication of the devout piety, which, he thought, ought to characterize one who was just about to lead the devotions of the people in the solemn services of the sanctuary. On the contrary, he seemed filled with levity—allowing himself the use of expressions ill becoming his sacred office; among other things remarking that, "Hell was but one degree hotter than what they were then enduring." Such irreverent language, from the lips of a man in holy orders, so shocked and disgusted Mr. Davis as to prevent his profiting by the discourse which followed. He had taken a long and fatiguing journey with his sons, that he and they might hear the pure gospel of the Son of God; and from His accredited minister, they had heard profanity. "Instead of bread he had received a stone." Deeply disappointed, he returned to his home, and never after took a similar voyage to be instructed in spiritual things by the Rev. Mr. —.

Happily for the early settlers, the few ministers who followed them into the wilderness were not all of this stamp. Sad as it is that there should be any such, the history of the Church proves that in all its ages, and in all its subdivisions, unworthy men have found their way into its ministry.

The family of Mr. Davis formed matrimonial connections with some of the most respectable of the U. E. Loyalist families settled about the head of the Lake. His eldest son, Asahel, married a daughter of the Mordens. One of the daughters, as has been previously noticed, was already married to Thomas Ghent before they came into Canada. Another daughter became the wife of James Gage, then of Stoney

Creek, afterwards for many years a prominent and prosperous citizen of Hamilton.

Mr. William Gage, the progenitor of the family of that name, still numerous and influential in the locality above mentioned, was one of those hardy adventurers who, at a very early day, braved the hardships of the Canadian wilds. He is said to have been the first settler at Stoney Creek; and as such was, of course, not exempt from the privations endured by his neighbors. Where he and they so sturdily wielded the axe and handspike, in clearing away the deep forest, the landscape is now adorned with tasteful residences, nestled among shrubbery, flowers, and fruit trees. Beyond these, stretching away to the fringe of forest on the remote margin, are fertile fields, within which the fragrant clover gives its sweetness to the gale, and the tall, soldierly corn, with its lithe body and spear-like leaves, haughtily bows its tasselled head to the golden wheat and bristling barley; while the delicate blossoms of the humbler potato, as becomes its lowly aboriginal origin, peep modestly out at the showier beauties of their more aristocratic neighbors. The individuals mentioned in this paper, have all long since been gathered to their fathers. But those to whom they bequeathed their names, have identified them with the material prosperity of their native land. By the blessing of God upon their persevering industry and sagacity, the majority of them have kept pace with the improving circumstances of their neighbors, and some of them have attained to wealth and position.

CHAPTER XXII.

MR. AND MRS. OSTRANDER—A WEDDING GIFT—THE GERMAN AND THE REFRACTORY ANIMALS—DISCOURAGED—A SUBSTITUTE—IMPROVEMENT—THE FIRST CROP OF WHEAT—THE WEDDING BONNET—A NOVEL BOLT—THEIR FAMILY—AN ACTIVE CENTENARIAN—A CONSIDERATE JUDGE—DEATH AT 104.

Among the early settlers in the township of Stamford, came a Mr. Ostrander, a German, accompanied by his young American wife. The father of Mrs. Ostrander had given a yoke of young oxen to his

daughter—a valuable gift to a young couple going into the wilderness to clear up a farm, and particularly so at that period when there were very few cattle in the country.

Mr. Ostrander one day having occasion to use the oxen, proceeded to yoke them up; but, being altogether unacquainted with such business, fell into the slight mistake of putting the “nigh ox on the off side.” The cattle, neither fancying this change in their relative positions, nor understanding what was expected of them, refused to go. In vain Mr. Ostrander drew upon the vocabulary of teamsters’ technicalities that he had picked up, the cattle only jerked the one this way and the other that, to the great annoyance of their perplexed driver. His patience becoming exhausted, he brought his whip into requisition, when the poor persecuted animals, after performing some astonishing evolutions, took to their heels, and left their irate owner to gaze in helpless bewilderment upon their erratic race.

Chagrined by the failure of his experiment, he returned to the house, telling his young wife that “Dem oxens vat your fader did give you is no goot, for dey vont do nothin’ vat I vants dem to.”

Mrs. Ostrander suggested that he might possibly have put the nigh ox on the wrong side.

“Vell den,” said he, “dey has peen on poth sides, and I have peen on poth sides mine own self; and dey vont go no vay as I can fix it. Den I gits mat, and whips dem. Den dey gits mat, and shumps over de yoke de other vay, and gits de top side under. How could dey do dat drick?”

After pausing a moment as if to witness the astonishment of his wife, he continued: “De pig yoke, vat I puts on to de top of deir packs, dey gits under deir necks, and ven dey did dat drick dey runs away.”

Mrs. Ostrander, after giving a sympathetic hearing to the story of his troubles, and seeing the oxen, endeavoured to explain to him the cause of the difficulty; but he would not be persuaded to try again. She was obliged to give practical demonstration of the method to be pursued, by going out herself, yoking up, and driving the oxen for several days, before he could sufficiently

recover from his recent discomfiture to be willing to renew the attempt. In a very short time, however, Mr. Ostrander learned to yoke oxen, and to perform all the more complicated labors devolving upon a backwoods settler. And in his vigorous and sagacious wife, he had an able coadjutor.

Their days passed in the usual routine of rough bush-life, as it then was—toiling hard, and faring hard, and enduring hopefully. Having raised a crop of corn, they, like their neighbors, made a hollowed-out stump and hard-wood pestle do duty for millstones. And when they wearied of johnnycake and *supawn*, (porridge made of corn meal) Mrs. Ostrander varied the bill of fare by manufacturing the same cereal into hominy or *samp*, — the corn being reduced to the proper condition for preparing the latter dish, by Mr. Ostrander planing it from the cob with his jointer.

But their first crop of wheat was ripe, and thoughts of a “wheaten cake” rendered Mr. Ostrander’s appetite quite too fastidious to relish longer their former homely edibles. The wheat must be converted into flour, and how that was to be done without a mill became an interesting question.

The steel hand-mills, provided by the government for the accommodation of the first settlers in the eastern part of Upper Canada, do not appear to have been furnished for those in its western section.

The wheat, he thought, might be reduced to a sufficient degree of fineness, by pounding it as they did the corn; but the rude sieve that they had made by stretching a cleanly dressed deerskin over a hoop, to which it was fastened, and then puncturing the pelt into a multitude of small holes, though answering very well to sift the corn meal, was not suitable for separating the bran from the flour.

The more he revolved the subject in his mind, the more likely it seemed that his “wheaten cake” was to take its place among the things that, though very desirable, were unattainable. He, however, presented the difficulty to the consideration of his good wife, who had probably been doing some thinking on her own account. She assured him that, if he would pound the wheat properly, she would soon have a bolt ready.

The fair reader will know how to excuse Mrs. Ostrander, if it was with somewhat less than her wonted alacrity that she turned to the receptacle wherein were deposited the more highly-prized articles of her wardrobe, and removed thence her carefully kept, though seldom worn, wedding bonnet. Perchance, as having set it upon her hand, and turning it now this way, and now that, while she regretfully contemplated its beauties—her thoughts went back to the dear old home, where in the old-fashioned looking-glass, she had first tried its effect; and to the fond parents, brothers and sisters, whose admiration had so gratified her; though some of them had questioned whether the sweet face beneath it was so much adorned by the bonnet, as the bonnet by the face.

But life was too earnest, and its realities too pressing, for her to allow herself to remain long wrapt in reveries, regarding either the past or the future. They did not tend anything to the furtherance of the business on hand—the procuring of a bolt.

The millinet* which formed the foundation of her bonnet, had occurred to her as the only thing in her possession at all suitable for the required article. Could she sacrifice her bonnet, well knowing that years would elapse before she might hope for an opportunity to purchase another? If struggle there was, it was very brief. Flour was something to be much more highly appreciated just then than millinery. The ribbons and silk, now of much less practical value to their owner, than the coarser fabric beneath them, were ripped away from the millinet, which, after being thoroughly washed, was sewed on to a hoop, and the improvised bolt was ready for use.

When Mr. Ostrander had pulverized the wheat as fine as his primitive appliances would admit of—this simple contrivance served as a bolt, and he was regaled with his much desired “wheaten cake”—the first, it is believed, that was made from Canadian-grown wheat in the vicinity of St. David’s.

* An old lady, a friend of the writer informs him, that *millinet* was a material similar to that of which bonnet shapes are now made, which many years ago was used for that purpose.

Mr. and Mrs. Ostrander lived to see the privations of the early years of their residence in Canada, succeeded by the blessings of competence; and to look back with satisfaction and thankfulness upon the difficulties they had surmounted, and the trials they had endured. They reared a large and respectable family of sons and daughters.

Mrs. Ostrander was a noble specimen of the industrious, energetic and hardy pioneer-women of Canada. She survived her husband many years; and, after she was over one hundred years of age, she would walk, aided only by a staff, a distance of two or three miles, to visit her children, her grand-children, and her great-grand-children—some of the latter being themselves parents before her death.

She retained not only her physical vigor, but the faculties of her mind to an astonishing degree, even in extreme old age. A difficulty having arisen with regard to the line of a certain lot of land situated near St. David’s, in the vicinity of her early Canadian home, after she was over one hundred years of age she was summoned as a witness in the case. The suit was brought before the court in Toronto, and the Judge in consideration of the great age of the witness, caused her to be seated beside himself upon the bench while she was giving her testimony. He also addressed the necessary questions to her himself, lest so very aged a person might become perplexed by the cross-questioning of the lawyers.

Her recollection of the identical spot in which the original stake had stood, seemed to be as distinct, and the precision with which she described it as exact, as if she had seen it quite recently. Her evidence was so remarkably clear and explicit, as to surprise those who heard her, and to elicit from the Judge some very complimentary remarks in reference to it, when directing the attention of the jury to her statements.

Having completed a long life of integrity and usefulness, she died at the residence of one of her sons, in the Township of Chinguacousy, aged one hundred and four years.

(To be continued.)

THE ROMANCE OF LANGUAGE.

The English, said Voltaire, gain two hours a day in talking, because they eat half their words. We are not greater gluttons than our neighbours in that sort of diet, but we do save time. We save it not because we swallow syllables and syllabubs with equal relish, but by paring and pruning. We are not omnivorous when we cut away the first two syllables of an omnibus, and save time by the use of a word in three letters instead of seven. Gentlemen and ladies of a precise classical turn still consume time by saying omnibus; and an over-classical member of parliament will go down to posterity as the gentleman who talked about "two omnibi," forgetting that if he will stickle for his Eton Latin grammar he must take omnibus for what it is already, a plural form of the word *omnis*—all; meaning "for all," and so indicating the desire of its inventors to provide a vehicle in which people of all ranks might agree to sit together, and solve one of the problems set them by the growth of London. If omnibus be bus, why not call the conductor duck? Hailing the duck to get a buss might sound like a forward proceeding. But what of that? The whole desire is to get forward—to be a little fast. Whatever the reason, this impassive man has a title that might be given to Death itself, The Conductor, and no mortal has ventured to contract it. Not even into the dissyllable, ducky. Yet when we chop three joints from the word *cabriolet*, and call that vehicle a cab, we call the driver thereof cabby. This way of economising speech was discussed by Addison in one of his papers for the Spectator, where, in the character of a silent gentleman, he rejoiced in the objection of his countrymen to waste of words. When we are obliged to utter our thoughts, we do it, he said, in the shortest way we are able; our language abounds in monosyllables which enable us to express thought in few sounds; where the words are not monosyllables, we often make them so, as much as lies in our power, by rapidity of pronunciation. We have left off sounding ed as a syllable in words like *lovéd*, except at church, where saving of time is not an object. We say can't and won't for cannot and will not, and save breath even at the expense of whoms and whiches. The abbreviation of mobile or mobility, as the name of the fickle populace, into mob was commented on by Swift as well as Addison. Dryden wrote "mobile." Says the Mufti in Don Sebastian, "'Tis a laudable commotion. The voice of the Mobile is the voice of Heaven." But mob is now lawful and accepted currency as a complete English word; and so is cab; and so is bus becoming. When the Times newspaper was established in January, seven-

teen 'eighty-five, the name given to it by its godfather was "The Daily Universal Register;" but this name being long, and allowing great latitude to the taste of the trade and of the public, was broken up into so many odd little bits, that on the first of January, seventeen 'eighty-eight, it appeared under the new name of "The Times," which, its proprietor announced, "being a monosyllable, bids defiance to corruptors and mutilators of the language."

Everybody knows that—except phrases adopted by successive generations from popular plays and songs, and retained, when their origin has become unknown to those who continue in the use of them—a great part of the familiar speech of the untaught is coin of the most ancient stamp. Thus "going the whole hog"—"the whole hog or none"—which bears the sense of doing anything with all one's powers; all at one stroke; is called an Americanism, and supposed to be a play of fancy in some incomprehensible direction. But it went forth from Scrooby with the Pilgrim Fathers, although how they came by it had passed out of memory, till Mr. Sabine Baring-Gould, three or four years ago, found its original form among the Icelanders, descended from those Norsemen who of old made many settlements among us. This hog has no more to do with bacon, than the old sign of the Virgin's Greeting, the "Pige was hael," has to do with its new form of the Pig and Whistle. It is the pure Scandinavian "*högg*" in the form "*med höggi*," which means all at once." In Iceland, Mr. Baring-Gould found that we owed to the Scandinavians the words brag, from bragth, rumour, renown; chap, from kappi, a fighting-man; fellow, from felag, a comrade, literally one who goes shares in money; duffer (a stupid fellow), from dofi, laziness; and ninny-hammer, from the negative *n* prefixed to the old Norse word *ein-hammer*, meaning one in his right senses—*nein-hammer* being, therefore, one who is not in his right senses. The Yorkshire Ridings (a corruption of Thriddings, that is, Thirddings) correspond to the divisions in South Norway, and our sailors take many a word from the old Norsemen and Danes, who made themselves a part of us, and helped centuries ago to strengthen us as a nation of seafarers. Nelson is Danish Nielson, and our Nelson was born at the old Danish Burnhamthorpe. The British fleet is named from the Scandinavian *flaede*; shipboard, from *skibsborde*; steersman, from *styrmand*; wreck, from *vrag*. An earl was called by our Anglo-Saxon forefathers an alderman, earl by the Danes, who would have spoken as we do of an earl in his yacht;—a jarl in his jagt, they would have said. Wherever we find many names of places ending, in the Danish way, with -by and -thorpe, there Northmen once abounded.

Observe the ending of the name of Scrooby; the Norse hogg was naturalised in those parts. And as there are hogs that are not hogs, so there are old men that are not men. The old native Celtic for a high rock, *alt maen*, comes down to us as the Old Man of Coniston or the Old Man of Hoy, in the Orkneys, a conspicuous rock pyramid, fifteen hundred feet high. This confusion of the old traditional word with the nearest sense that could be made of it, in later English is a common process. The sailor turns his good ship the Bellerophon into the Billy Ruffian; the *girasolè* has become the Jerusalem artichoke; the *buffetier*, a beef-eater; *dormeuse*, a dormouse; as the groom who had charge of the two horses, Othello and Desdemona, called them Old Fellow and Thursday Morning. Tradition tells how Guy of Warwick gained a mighty victory over a Dun Cow. It was the Dena Gau, or Danish settlement, near Warwick. Our town of Leighton Beau-Désert has become Leighton-Buzzard; and the brass eagle in the lectern of the parish church has been shown to strangers by a learned verger as the original buzzard from which the town derived its name.

The part of London where bullion was sheared or cut into shape before stamping—Shere-monier's Lane, became first Shere-monger's Lane, and eventually Sermon Lane, because it was near Paternoster Row and Amen Corner. So the part of London given to the artisans who came to England after the loss of Calais and its dependencies, was called Hames et Guines, which, as it was near Tower Hill, and a place of execution, came to be called Hangman's Gains. The Hay Market stood originally in Fenchurch-street. There never could have been a "Fen" on such high ground; and this thoroughfare owes its name to the French word for Hay, "*Foin*." A sort of English is made by the gardener, who calls one kind of cherry the May Duke. It is the *Médoc*, a cherry brought to us from *Médoc*, in the Gironde. Cherry itself is named from a town on the Black Sea. The name of the peach comes to us through several languages from the word that names its origin as a Persian fruit; and nectarine is Persian for the Best, as the Best form of peach. So some derive the bergamot from Turkish *Beg* or *Bey* Armoud, the Prince of Pears. Chestnuts are named from *Castanea*, in *Thessaly*; *filberts*—*avellana nuts*—are nuts of *Abella*, a town in *Campania*; *avel-nut*, *vel-nut*, *fil-nut*, *fil-but*, *filbert*. The *shallot*—*ascalonia*—is from *Ascalon*; *spinach* is *Hispanicum*, or, in Arabic, *Hispanach*, the Spanish plant, as *spaniel* is Spanish dog, the Spanish themselves having once also been called *Spaniels* by the English. *Chocolate* and *cocoa* are named from the Mexican province of *Choco*; but the name of the *cocoa-nut* is said to be

derived from the Portuguese word *coco*, a mask, because the shell, with the three holes at one end of it, is like a mask.

Sarcenet was the silk fabric got from the *Saracens*; *gauze* was made at *Gaza*; *fustian* in *Fustat*, which is the Arabic name of *Memphis*, in *Egypt*, where cotton abounds; *dimity*, at *Damietta*. *Carpet* is probably named from *Cairo* and *tapet*, *Cairo* having been a famous place of manufacture of *Turkey carpets*, and *carpets* with hair or shag on one side only having been called by the ancients *tapetes*. *Taffety* and *tabby* were *Atabi*, the fabrics of *Atab*, the street of the silk-workers in *Bagdad*. *Moire* and *mohair* were fabrics of the *Moors*, in *Spain*. The *Morris Dance*, by the way, which is the *fandango* said to have been brought by *John of Gaunt* from *Spain*, was so called in the belief that it was taken to *Spain* by the *Moors*. But to dance back to the dancing of the shuttle, after the *Arabs*, there rose into fame as leading manufacturers the *Flemings*, who made *cambric* at *Cambrai*; *diaper*, or *cloth d'Ypres*, at *Ypres*; *tapestry* at *Arras*, and *gloves* at *Ghent*, whence the *French gant* and *English gauntlet*. From a settlement of *cloth-workers* upon the river *Touques*, in *Normandy*, the *Germans* are said to have got their word *tuch* for a cloth, and we our *duck*, our *ticking*, and *best bib* and *tucker*. But *bib* is from the *Latin bibere*, to drink, the woven *tucker* being used to save the child's clothes from whatever may be spilt when it is *bibbing*. As we happen to be mixing food and clothes together in our heads, let it be remembered here that the dress called a *Spencer*, and the victual called a *Sandwich*, are named after the two noble earls, their inventors, of whom it is said that

The one invented half a coat,
The other half a dinner.

Blankets are, like *mackintoshes*, named from their first makers. These were three brothers of *Bristol*, *Edward*, *Edmund* and *Thomas Blanket*, who in the fourteenth century established a large trade in this fabric. They made coarse woollen cloths, and it is *Thomas*, the youngest, who is supposed to have hit on the idea of weaving the thick stuff, which sportsmen at once took to for protection against wet or cold weather. *Edward the First* found the new fabric of the *Blankets* valuable to his army when it was encamped against the *Welsh* or *Scots*. Before the *Blankets* made at a cheap rate this thick and comfortable woollen clothing, the *English peasantry* could afford only coarse garments of *hemp*. When in the reign of *Edward the Third* stump bedsteads came into fashion, and men ceased to sleep on *rushes*, *straw*, or *fern* laid on the floor, *blankets* became a necessary part of the *bed-furniture*, and they are duly and repeatedly accounted for

in the "Expenses of the Great Wardrobe" of King Edward the Third. In a later time cravats, which came into use in sixteen 'thirty six, were named from the Croats, called in French Cravates, who had a peculiar scarf tied about their necks. A fabric of silk and mohair, called in French gros-grain, meaning coarse of texture, was Englished in program. Admiral Vernon was so often seen by his men in a program cloak, that they spoke of him as Old Grog; and when he introduced on board ship the use of rum-and-water as a regulation drink, they called it grog. That by-the-by. Scotch tartan is a word recalling the old friendship between Scots and French. Tiretaine was a fine woollen cloth much used for robes, and generally of a scarlet colour. More than five hundred years ago Jean de Meung, in the Romance of the Rose, spoke of robes of silk and wool "de scarlate de tiretaine," which indicates that the word had been tire-teint, Tyre-tint, and meant scarlet of the Tyrian colour, which is purple; the old use of the word scarlet extending to all tints of blue and red, from indigo to crimson. As to Nature's own fine weaving in the webs of gossamer, for which the Germans have also a name of Mary-threads, and which is variously associated with suggestions of the Virgin, the prettiest of half a dozen ways of accounting for the name is that which tells us gossamer is Gauze o' Mary.

Less ethereal is Sally Lunn, to whom ten thousand of little monuments are daily renewed in our bakehouses, and set up by our hearths. The illustrious author of this tea-cake lived at the close of the last century. Her home was in Bath, where she cried her bun-cakes morning and evening about the streets, carrying them in a basket with a white cloth over it. A musical baker, named Dalmer, wrote and set to music a song in her praise, and bought her trade. The song was an advertisement. In many barrows he sent Sally Lunn's morning and evening about the streets, and succeeded so well that he could retire from business to eat his cake in peace at his own home as a private gentleman. It is not told us that Dalmer married Sally Lunn, and that they lived happy together upon tea-cakes ever after.

"A cockney, simper-de-cockit, nice thing," is part of an old French dictionary-maker's English for coquine, and it is probable that a too close relation to the cakes and pasties of the coquina, or kitchen, gave to the effeminate man of the capital his name of cockney. It is allied to the old fable of what Hobbes, the philosopher, called "the land of Cockany, where fowls ready roasted cry, 'Come and eat me!' for, among the delicacies of this happy country, ready roasted geese fly into the house exclaiming, 'All hot! all hot!'" But our

old English poet took that popular kitchen myth of France and other lands for special use in satire on the luxury of cloistered men. Their house in the land of Cockayne was an abbey:

The gees irosted on the spitte
Fleey to that abhai, God kit wot,
And gredith: "Gees al hote, al hot!"

Some Greek scholar has found another reason why a Londoner should be called a cockney. He is one born among houses, in Greek, "oi" *kogené*(s.)"

Happily, nobody derives Buncombe from the Greek. It is a county with an area of four hundred and fifty square miles in the western part of North Carolina. Some years ago the member for that county rose in Congress and talked nonsense for a considerable time. Member after member left the hall, and the orator told those who remained that they might as well go too; he should speak for some time yet, "but he was only talking for Buncombe." Hence, in America, the name of Buncombe is a byword for the wasting of time with talk made for show, and not for use. Who would deny that the word Platform, expressive of a political stand-point, is a modern Americanism? But it is older than the age of Queen Elizabeth. In the comedy of "Grim, the Collier of Croydon," a plotter exclaims:

A sudden Platform comes into my mind.

Tarleton produced a piece called "The Platform of the Seven Deadly Sins." The play of Sir J. Oldcastle, by Drayton (1600), contains a passage giving the word the precise signification it bears at this day:

There is the Platform, and their hands, my lord,
Each severally subscribed to the same.

The whining, singing speech about religion said to be called cant from two Puritan ministers, father and son, with the same name of Andrew Cant, who lived in the reign of Charles the Second, is more probably derived, like chant, from cant, the root of the Latin word that means to sing.

Fudge, which first took its place among good English words in Goldsmith's Vicar of Wakefield, was not a word of Goldsmith's coining. In a pamphlet of Remarks on the Navy, 1700, the word is traced to the name of a commander of a merchantman who lived in the writer's time. Captain Fudge, he says, "upon a return from a voyage, however ill fraught soever his ship was, always brought home his owners a good stock of lies, so much so that now aboard ship the sailors, when they hear a great lie told, cry out, 'You Fudge it!'" We are sorry to dispossess the captain, and to differ even from so good an authority as Mr. Hensleigh Wedgwood, who sees only in Fudge a provincial French exclamation, *Feuche*, which answers to our *Pish*. Fudge

is, in fact, an ancient native word, good Celtic for a lie. At this day, the Welsh for a disguise or lie is *Ffug*, and the verb, *Ffugio*, stands in the dictionary as meaning "to delude, to feign, to dissemble, to deceive, to deal hypocritically;" in short, to Fudge, while *Ffug-sant*—*Fudge-saint*—is the essential part of the Welsh word for a hypocrite.

Indeed, there has been more and closer union between Celts and Anglo-Saxons in this country than until of late some people have believed, and there is more trace of it in our language than any one imagined twenty years ago. We have accounted ourselves something apart from the O's and the Macs. Disdainful of the undistinguished Celt, Pinkerton said, "Show me a great O, and I am done." The Irish O, or Oy, is said to have meant grandson, and so meant the old lady who is reported to have said, "Oi have lived long enough to have a hundred Oyes." The Welsh Ap, meaning son, prefixed to Evan, becomes Bevan; Ap Henry becomes Perry and Parry; Ap Howel, Powell; Ap Hugh, Pugh; Ap Richard, Pritchard; Ap Rhys, Price; Ap Roderick, Broderick and Brodie; and there are plenty of them blended past all disentanglement with those who talk of themselves as purely Anglo-Saxon. Happy it is for us, and good for our wits, that we are so blended; it may calm the temper of some controversies when we have more general and thorough knowledge of the fact that a man of pure and single race does not exist in England, and probably not one among the educated classes without Celtic blood in him.

Talking of education, how is it that generations of the untaught send their descendants down to us with names that to the polite eye and ear often appear as vulgar as themselves? Certain names we condemn at once as plebeian. Very often they are stately names that have been damaged by the spelling of untaught possessors of them. Thus *Taillefer* reappears as *Tulliver*, *De Champ* as *Shands*, *Theobald* as *Tipple*, and *Bellechère* as *Belcher*, though that last name, by the way, suggests the image of a scholar and a gentleman. Of the same family of *Molineux*, the educated line retains the spelling of its name; the uneducated sinks into *Mulnicks* and *Mullins*. But *Mullins* may be also a version of *Desmoulins*. The *Tupignys* may keep their name, if they stick to their books and fight through generations for the accuracy of its spelling. If they don't, their fate is to become *Twopennies*. A parish register in *Suffolk* shows the origin of the *Griggs's*. They were *Greygeese*—from *Greygoose*, to *Griggus*, to *Griggs*, through many generations; but the uneducated do not trouble to go back to their remote beginnings, and could not always if they would. There is

an old word for "beginning"—*ord*—which occurred in the phrase for beginning and end, "ord and end." That has become "odds and ends," which is exactly what this paper has become. And so 'tis the reverse of odd that it ends here.—*All The Year Round*.

THE HEROINE OF LAKE ERIE.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

The dark, stormy close of November, 1854, found many vessels on Lake Erie. but the fortunes of one alone have special interest for us. About that time the Schooner *Conductor*, owned by John McLeod of the Provincial Parliament, a resident of Amherstburg, at the mouth of the Detroit River, entered the lake from that river, bound for Port Dalhousie, at the mouth of the Welland Canal. She was heavily loaded with grain. Her crew consisted of Captain Hackett, a Highlander by birth, and a skilful and experienced navigator, and six sailors. At nightfall, shortly after leaving the head of the lake, one of those terrific storms, with which the late autumnal navigators of that "Sea of the Woods" are all too familiar, overtook them. The weather was intensely cold for the season; the air was filled with snow and sleet; the chilled water made ice rapidly, encumbering the schooner, and loading down her decks and rigging. As the gale increased, the tops of the waves were shorn off by the fierce blasts, clouding the whole atmosphere with frozen spray, or what the sailors call "spoon-drift," rendering it impossible to see any object a few rods distant. Driving helplessly before the wind, yet in the direction of its place of destination, the schooner sped through the darkness. At last, near midnight, running closer than her crew supposed to the Canadian Shore, she struck on the outer bar off Long Point Island, beat heavily across it, and sunk in the deeper water between it and the inner bar. The hull was entirely submerged, the waves rolling in heavily, and dashing over the rigging, to which the crew betook themselves. Lashed there, numb with cold, drenched by the pitiless waves, and scourged by the shower of sleet driven before the wind, they waited for morning. The slow, dreadful hours wore away, and at length the dubious and doubtful gray of the morning of tempest succeeded to the utter darkness of night.

Abigail Becker chanced at that time to be in her hut with none but her young children. Her husband was absent on the Canada shore, and she was left the sole adult occupant of the island, save the light-keeper at its lower end, some fifteen miles off. Looking out at day-light on the beach

in front of her door, she saw the shattered boat of the Conductor, cast up by the waves. Her experience of storm and disaster on the dangerous coast needed nothing more to convince her that somewhere in her neighborhood human life had been, or still was, in peril. She followed the south-westerly trend of the island for a little distance, and, peering through the gloom of the stormy morning, discovered the spars of the sunken schooner, with what seemed to be human forms clinging to the rigging. The heart of the strong woman sunk within her, as she gazed upon those helpless fellow-creatures, so near, yet so unapproachable. She had no boat and none could have lived on that wild water. After a moment's reflection she went back to her dwelling, put the smaller children in charge of the eldest, took with her an iron kettle, tin teapot, and matches, and returned to the beach, at the nearest point to the vessel; and, gathering up the logs and drift-wood always abundant on the coast, kindled a great fire, and, constantly walking back and forth between it and the water, strove to intimate to the sufferers that they were at least not beyond human sympathy. As the wrecked sailors looked shoreward, and saw, through the thick haze of snow and sleet, the red light of the fire, and the tall figure of the woman passing to and fro before it, a faint hope took the place of the utter despair, which had prompted them to let go their hold, and drop into the seething waters, that opened and closed about them like the jaws of death. But the day wore on, bringing no abatement of the storm that tore through the frail spars, and clutched at and tossed them as it passed, and drenched them with ice-cold spray,—a pitiless, unrelenting horror of sight, sound and touch! At last the deepening gloom told them that night was approaching, and night under such circumstances was death.

All day long Abigail Becker had fed her fire, and sought to induce the sailors by signals—for even her strong voice could not reach them—to throw themselves into the surf, and trust to Providence and her for succor. In anticipation of this, she had her kettle boiling over the drift-wood, and her tea ready made for restoring warmth, and life to the half-frozen survivors. But either they did not understand her, or the chance of rescue seemed too small to induce them to abandon the temporary safety of the wreck. They clung to it with the desperate instinct of life brought face to face with death. Just at nightfall there was a slight break in the west; a red light glared across the thick air, as if for one instant the eye of the storm looked out upon the ruin it had wrought, and closed again under lids of cloud. Taking advantage of this, the solitary watcher ashore made one more effort. She waded out into the

water, every drop of which, as it struck the beach, became a particle of ice, and stretching out and drawing in her arms, invited, by her gestures, the sailors to throw themselves into the waves, and strive to reach her. Captain Hackett understood her. He called to his mate in the rigging of the other mast: "It is our last chance. I will try! If I live, follow me; if I drown, stay where you are!" With a great effort he got off his stiffly frozen overcoat, paused for one moment in silent commendation of his soul to God, and, throwing himself into the waves, struck out for the shore. Abigail Becker, breast-deep in the surf, awaited him. He was almost within her reach when the undertow swept him back. By a mighty exertion she caught hold of him, bore him in her strong arms out of the water, and, laying him down by her fire, warmed his chilled blood with copious draughts of hot tea. The mate, who had watched the rescue, now followed, and the captain, partially restored, insisted upon aiding him. As the former neared the shore, the recoiling water baffled him. Captain Hackett caught hold of him, but the undertow swept them both away, locked in each other's arms. The brave woman plunged after them, and, with the strength of a giantess, bore them, clinging to each other, to the shore, and up to her fire. The five sailors followed in succession, and were all rescued in the same way.

A few days after, Captain Hackett and his crew were taken off Long Point by a passing vessel; and Abigail Becker resumed her simple daily duties without dreaming that she had done anything extraordinary enough to win for her the world's notice. In her struggle every day for food and warmth for her children, she had no leisure for the indulgence of self-congratulation. Like the woman of Scripture, she had only "done what she could," in the terrible exigency that had broken the dreary monotony of her life.—*Atlantic Monthly*.

MULLER'S ORPHANAGES.

The largest orphanage in England is at Ashley Down, Bristol. It contains eleven hundred and fifty children, and this number will soon be increased to two thousand. This remarkable institution has grown to its present proportions in about thirty years. The founder of the orphanage is a Prussian, named George Müller, a minister among the Brethren in Bristol. When he went to Bristol first, he stipulated with the congregation among whom he ministered that he should have no fixed salary—a very singular arrangement considering that he had no means of his own—and it was while he was in a condition of comparative poverty that he projected and commenced

his orphanage. From that day to this he has never had a fixed salary, and he has never published any more than the initials of the donors who have supplied him with the means of carrying on the orphanage work. At first he took a few orphans into his own house, No. 6, Wilson Street, Bristol; and people in the neighborhood, seeing that he was a poor man engaged in a humane work, began to help him; but, as he never had a regular list of subscribers, his means were very fluctuating, and occasionally the funds from which he supplied the orphans with food were completely exhausted. In this, its first stage, the institution was regarded as the work of an enthusiast, who would be sure to break down in the end; and certainly the straits into which he was driven seemed to justify the opinion. But, just as Mr. Müller ought, according to ordinary calculations, to have shut up his institution, he opened a second house, and took in more orphans, although there were no visible means of supporting them. Then he opened a third and a fourth. And, while this was going on, he often had not a shilling in the world for himself. For years the life of the young orphanage was a continual struggle, but all the while the orphans continued to increase in number, and, at last, Mr. Müller, seeing the advantage that would arise from having a building properly constructed for the training of orphans, built a house to accommodate three hundred. This was followed by a second and a third still larger; and to these a fourth and a fifth have now been added, making a total accommodation for two thousand one hundred orphans. This work has cost over a quarter of a million sterling, every farthing of which has been supplied to Mr. Müller without solicitation; and the donations, which have varied from one penny to thousands of pounds in one sum, have never been published in connection with the names of the donors, so that there is no *éclat* to be obtained by giving. It will be seen from this that Mr. Müller is an extraordinary man, engaged in an extraordinary work. He has around him every day at the present time eleven hundred and fifty children, and these, as we have said, will very soon be increased to two thousand. Such an institution must be interesting not only to the philanthropist, but to all who are interested in the difficult question as to what is to be done with the destitute orphan poor.

Mr. Müller is a man of business and system, as well as of faith; and he would require to be systematic in the management of such a vast number of children. He opens each of his three great houses' one afternoon in each week, and, taking advantage of this arrangement, we propose to have a peep at the orphanage as it is seen

by a visitor. The houses are called respectively Number One, Number Two, and Number Three—the order in which they were built. Number One contains boys and girls (300); Number Two contains girls only (400); and Number Three contains girls only (450). If we want to see Number One—in which there are some special features, such as the bakery, which supplies the eleven hundred and fifty children with bread—we must go on Wednesday afternoon. If we want to see Number Two, which contains a nursery, with cots and cradles for the youngest infants, we must go on Tuesday. If we prefer to see the house most recently built, Number Three, we must go on Thursday. No exceptions are made to this order. The educational and other work is disturbed by the presence of the public, and, therefore, only one afternoon can be given up for their admission. If Cræsus himself were to apply for admission on any other day he would be politely informed that “no exceptions are made;” and King Cræsus need not stay to argue the matter, for no respect is paid to persons. So as this is Thursday afternoon, and as Number Three is open on Thursdays, let us take the legitimate opportunity of seeing this part of the home of the orphans:

At the top of Stoke's Croft, which verges on the old road from Bristol to Gloucester, there is a convenient cab-stand. We hail Jehu, and stepping into the cab we give the brief instruction — “Müller's — Number Three.” The next moment we are on our way to Ashley Down, for cabby, who has plenty of customers of the same sort, knows exactly where we want to be set down. After a drive of about a mile we ascend a rather long and steep hill, studded on either side with handsome villas and well-kept flower gardens. At the top of the hill we obtain extensive views over the county of Gloucester, and at no great distance we see the steam and hear the whistle of the locomotives on the South Wales Union Railway, which runs from Bristol to the Channel. Farther on we come in sight of the building we are about to visit—Number Three—and a very large and handsome stone building it is, without a single touch of eleemosynary repulsiveness about it. Number Three is on the right side of the road as we have approached it; on the left are Number One and Number Two; while a large scaffolding points out to us the sites of Number Four and Number Five, now nearly completed. We tell cabby to wait for us (he will have to wait rather more than an hour and a half, as it requires that time to walk through the building), and we ring the bell of the lodge. A pleasant-looking dame admits us and directs us to ring at the centre door. As we pass around the circular lawn we observe that the ground on our left is cultivated and has on it a good crop of potatoes;

on the right are other kitchen herbs. We ring as directed, and a lady opens the door, and shows us up a fire-proof staircase to the waiting-room. Before we have arrived a large number of persons, on the same errand as ourselves, have set out with an attendant guide to look over the building, and we must wait a few minutes till a second party is made up. We soon find ourselves surrounded in the waiting-room by a number of people from different parts of the country. One lady has brought with her a large parcel of toys for the orphans, and another has brought presents to a particular orphan. The room we are sitting in is neatly carpeted and has a corniced ceiling, and at one of the two large tables which are in the apartment there sits a lady who answers very affably such questions about the institution as the curiosity of visitors prompts them to put. We are just getting into a reverie on "individuality," as exemplified in the founder of this beautiful home for orphans, when the door is opened, and a young lady intimates that she will show us over the building. So in a crowd we follow her. There may be five-and-twenty of us, young ladies and ladies who are not young, gentlemen ditto, and two or three children. Five of our party are foreigners, among whom there is a stout gentleman who tells us confidentially that he is "one Frenchman," and has come from London to see the orphans. As our guide leads us, we note that she is dressed in a tastefully-cut black silk dress, with a gold buckle at her waist. There is no affectation of singularity in costume. Altogether she is a quiet, ladylike guide. Her daily life is, with that of many others, passed in ministering to the mental wants of all this fatherless and motherless community which she is now going to show us.

The first room she takes us into is a dormitory for eighty girls. This room must be something like twenty feet in height, and you feel by the pure sweet air that its ventilation is well attended to. The bedsteads are neat iron ones, and they are covered by the snowiest of quilts. Passing through we come to the girls' wardrobe. Every article of apparel belonging to each orphan is numbered, and there is a corresponding number on the shelves in the wardrobe, so that there is no confusion. "How many dresses have the orphans each?" asks one of the ladies present, and our guide informs us they have five changes of dress, and if they do scrubbing work in the house they have six. She also tells us that they have three pairs of shoes each; and we think the provision as regards wearing apparel is liberal. Then we go on to a second dormitory containing fifty beds for one hundred girls, and this is followed by a wardrobe as before. In each case a

teacher's sitting-room, of which we afterwards see several very neatly furnished, with a few of the freshest of flowers on a table partially covered with books. The place, we begin to recognise, has an air of refinement, and the arrangements all point to health and comfort. Next we advance to smaller dormitories, first for twenty-four girls, then for twenty girls, and the latter has in it servants' boxes containing dresses, etc.; for these twenty are being prepared to be sent out to service. We advance again with our guide, and enter a dormitory for ninety girls, followed by the usual wardrobe, and then come to another for one hundred girls. We have not seen the orphans themselves yet, and as it is only three in the afternoon we do not expect to find them in the dormitories; but we wonder where they are, and as we do so there comes up through the open windows the sound of a vast number of young voices singing a cheery song, with a "tra-la-la" refrain. We advance to the window, and find that it looks out on one of the playgrounds—there are two playgrounds, one for each wing of the building—and that the children having joined hands form two vast circles, and are tripping round the centre swinging pole, to the merry music of their own voices. We listen to their "tra-la-la" for a short time, and then follow our guide down-stairs to the working and educational regions.

We find the school-room to be a large apartment hung round with maps and other educational appliances. The girls have been called in from the playground, where they have been enjoying a short recess, and we find them at their work; for work and education alternate here. There is work at one part of the day, and school at another part, so as to give as much variety as possible. Some of the girls are making shirts for the boys, others are knitting, others are engaged on other useful articles of dress. The making and repairing of the wearing apparel for eleven hundred and fifty children is no light task, but it is all done within the buildings by the orphans themselves, who are aided by competent instructors. Before we leave this room, we look at the girls' copy-books, and see how the teacher and her multitude of pupils communicate with each other with the least disturbance to the general work.

Then we follow the orphans to a play-room, where they are put through a number of exercises, evidently founded on Ling's mild system. The orphans do this part of their work well and heartily. Then they sing us a few pieces, and after they are dismissed into the playground we look over their toys in the playroom. At the side of this apartment there is a long cupboard running the length of the room, with a

large number of doors. Here the orphans keep their little treasures—all sorts of little fancy things that have been given to them, or that they have made themselves. One has a toy bed, another a pincushion in the shape of a boot, a little china doll about half the length of a person's little finger, with the satin dress standing straight out from the waist; another has photographs, a box of wooden bricks, etc. Here, in fact, there are as many toys as would set up a bazaar.

But we pass on with our guide who takes us across the playground, fitted up with swings and springboards, and through the laundry into the washhouse. Here the elder orphans, with hired servants, are washing, ironing, and mangling. An American "ball" washing-machine is in operation, and the clothes are "wrung" by centripetal force in a machine which throws off the water in the course of its rapid revolutions. The best appliances for the saving of labor we note everywhere. Then we go on to the lavatory and bathroom—a large apartment with basins for washing on three sides, a large bath on the fourth side. A numbered bag containing combs and brushes, and a smaller bag containing a tooth-brush, hang over each basin. Next we come to the workroom for girls who are being prepared to go out to service, and you can here choose a servant, if you can satisfy Mr. Müller, who is very particular in selecting places for his orphans, that you are a person likely to give reasonable protection to a girl taken into your service from his institution. We next go on to the kitchen, where tea, which consists of a cup of milk and water and plenty of bread and butter, is being prepared. In this house there are 450 children to sit down, and the preparation of the meal is a matter of considerable labor. One fire, however, cooks the food for the whole of the orphans, and the same fire boils the four huge kettles for tea. From the kitchen we pass on to a second schoolroom, for we are in another wing of the building now, and we again see the orphans put through a variety of exercises. Then we go on to a second playroom with another bazaar of toys. From this we proceed to the storerooms and the cloakroom, the latter containing the winter cloaks of the orphans. We next enter the room in which the orphans are about to sit down to tea. There is a tablecloth on each table, and the elder orphans are preparing for the reception of the 450 who will shortly be here with good appetites. From this room we pass into a corridor in which we see the servants bringing forward from the kitchen the supplies for tea, and then we take leave of our guide, and quit the building by the same door as we entered it, mentally acknowledging that we have seen a wonderful sight. Every one of the orphans we

have seen was taken into the institution absolutely destitute, for no others are admitted; every one is well clothed, well educated for the position she is expected to fill; every one receives a liberal diet, and has her toys just as if she were at home. Nothing can possibly compensate for the loss of father and mother, and no "system" can make a real "home" for an orphan, in the sense in which home is understood by the children of well-to-do parents; but in the Orphan Houses at Ashley Down there is as near an approach to the domesticity of home life as it is possible to obtain in an institution in which there are a large number of children. Once a week the friends of the orphans may visit them, and the children are often taken out for a stroll into the country.

One peculiarity regarding these Ashley Down Orphan Houses is their expansiveness. Under the direction of their founder, George Müller, they have grown into their present dimensions; and, if they continue to expand as they have done, they must in the end include a large proportion of the destitute orphans in England.* In this aspect they assume a national importance, and make the question of orphanages exceedingly interesting. One great testimony to the efficiency of Mr. Müller's system is the healthfulness of orphans under his care. It is well known that, in founding hospitals, the mortality caused by the separation of the child from the natural parent is enormous. The mortality in the Ashley Down Institution is exceedingly light. The rate of mortality in healthy towns is seventeen per year for every thousand. In many places this rate is greatly exceeded; but in some of the healthiest towns in England the rate is as low as thirteen. In Mr. Müller's institution the rate of mortality last year was only about ten per thousand, and this very low rate is remarkable, when it is remembered that a large number of orphans are the children of consumptive parents. This is very strong proof indeed that the system pursued at Ashley Down is in its physical results an admirable one, and well worthy of the attention of those philanthropists and humanitarians who interest themselves in the protection and training of the young in all kinds of benevolent institutions.

No influence or interest whatever is required to get a child into Müller's Orphanage. The only conditions are, that the child shall have been born in wedlock; that it is bereaved of both parents; and that it is in needy circumstances. When these conditions are fulfilled, the children are received in the order in which application is made for them, without any secta-

* There are about 12,000 orphans in the work-houses in the United Kingdom.

rian distinction whatever, and without partiality or favour. The annual cost of an orphan is about £12 8s., and the total amount Mr. Müller has received on behalf of his cosmopolitan institution is £259,089 and 11d., an enormous sum, when it is remembered that not a penny has been asked for, and that the names of the donors are not made public. In all its aspects, the institution is extraordinary, and it is especially extraordinary as the work of a humble-minded foreigner who, thirty-six years ago, came to England a stranger, and who remains now, as he was then, a comparatively poor man.—*Leisure Hour*.

THE DOMESTICATION OF THE OSTRICH.

The late M. Isidore Geoffroy Saint-Hilaire, in his remarkable work, *The acclimatisation and Domestication of Useful Animals*, mentions the ostrich, the nandow, the cassowary, the emeu, as deserving of attention, on account of their excellent flesh, their enormous eggs, and their valuable feathers. Because of their alimentary qualities, he applies to them the new term of butcher-meat birds. The resemblance of the ostrich to the ruminating quadrupeds was observed by the ancients. Aristotle asserted that it was partly bird and partly quadruped, and Pliny thought that it might almost be regarded as belonging to the class of beasts.

Though the ostrich and the cassowary be natives of warm climates, their acclimatisation presents no peculiar difficulties; and that the nandow and the emeu can reproduce in Europe has been demonstrated. The emeu has bred in France, Belgium, England, and elsewhere, and exhibited an extraordinary power of resisting cold. At Paris, one lived for several years in the open air, refusing the shelter provided for it, and sleeping in winter half-covered with snow, protected by its impenetrable fleece of feathers. Its flesh, according to M. Florent Prévost, may be compared to that of the ox, and would be valuable as butcher-meat, seeing that the thigh of an emeu may weigh more than twenty-two pounds; the flesh of a young one, of from fifteen to eighteen months, when it is full grown, is highly esteemed, the taste being something intermediate between that of turkey and pork. Its eggs, one of which is equal to a dozen hen-eggs, are very delicate, and of an exquisite flavour. Its skin, covered with abundance of down, serves for the making of valuable carpets, and its pliant and graceful plumes are used for ornament. A further idea of the value of this bird will be formed, when we add that for its domestication the Imperial Acclimatisation Society has offered a medal of fifteen hundred

francs. There is a special reason why persevering attempts should be made in order that it may be domesticated in Europe: it is one of the five species of wingless birds still existing, but destined to speedy extinction, unless efforts be made to introduce them into countries to which they are not natives.

While the acclimatisation of a bird so hardy as the emeu seemed to present no serious obstacles, that of the ostrich was hardly to be expected without long delay and much pains; and yet this apparently hopeless experiment is already so far advanced as to justify the belief that ere long the ostrich will be domesticated in Europe. It has been much promoted by the zeal of two members of the Imperial Society of Acclimatisation—M. Gosse, a learned physician and physiologist at Geneva; and M. Chagot, a Parisian merchant. The latter gentleman, observing that the ostrich was becoming scarce, and being desirous to prevent the extermination of a bird whose feathers are an important branch of commerce, generously founded a prize of two thousand francs for the multiplication and domestication of the ostrich in France, Algeria, or Senegal.

Unsuccessful attempts at ostrich-rearing have been made both at Marseille and Paris; but better fortune has marked those at Florence and Algiers. In 1857, M. Hardy of Algiers was on the point of succeeding in his experiment: a pair of ostriches began to sit upon their eggs, but soon forsook them, in consequence of the nest being drenched with rain. To prevent the recurrence of such an accident, he raised a hillock of sand where the nest had been, in the hope that a second deposit of eggs would be made in it. About the middle of May, a new nest was scraped in the top of the hillock; in the end of June, the birds began to sit a few hours daily; on the 2d July, they took to sitting with greater regularity; and on 2d September, a young one (a female) was seen walking about. This was the first authentic instance of an ostrich born in captivity. It thrived so well, that when ten months old it was as big as its parents.

In 1858, the same pair of birds hatched nine out of twelve eggs; and, during subsequent years, M. Hardy was equally fortunate in rearing young ostriches from others in his possession. In ten years (1857 to 1867), forty-two couples laid 875 eggs, and hatched 162 young ones, of which, at the end of three months, 103 survived. M. Hardy gives interesting details of the profit on his flock of twenty-one adult male and female ostriches in 1866. The total was 5918 francs, 20 cents; or 281 francs, 80 cents per head. These birds consume daily five hundred grammes of barley and grass, and, failing this, *opuntia* cut into

pieces. This food, including attendance, does not exceed twenty cents each per day, or seventy-three francs a year. The feathers furnish the greater part of the profit: they are sold by public auction, and according to weight. Fifty wing-feathers, selected for the Universal Exhibition, were valued at 199 francs, 50 cents. When ostriches are so abundant as to be sold in the meat-market, there will, of course, be a new item of profit from the sale of the flesh.

The acclimatisation of the ostrich has been prosecuted with like success in the Zoological Garden of San Donato at Florence, at the instance of Prince Demidoff. From the interesting account which the prince has given of two hatchings, we learn that the first incubation was conducted solely by the male; the female only coming near the eggs when he retired to eat, and turning them over carefully, after which she retired. The second hatching was carried on by the male and the female in turn, the greater part of the toil, however, being left to him. On one occasion, during a torrent of rain, when one could not have preserved the nest, they both sat on it. The second hatching also exhibited this pleasing feature, indicative of domestication—the birds were tamer, and permitted the approach of strangers.

On account of its comparatively high northern latitude, 45 degrees, its height above the sea, 645 feet; and its average temperature, 53 degrees Fahrenheit, Grenoble must be regarded as furnishing the most interesting instance of ostrich-rearing. In April 1864, in the Acclimatisation Garden of the Zoological Society of the Alps, a male ostrich had scraped out a hole a foot and a half deep, and more than three feet broad, for the reception of the eggs, whose coming his instinct had taught him to expect. The laying began in May; two eggs being produced at an interval of six days, but both were broken and eaten by the female. A second laying commenced 15th May, and proceeded regularly, at an interval of two days, up to 6th June, when she had produced eleven well-formed eggs. A third laying produced only two small and deformed eggs, which was an evidence that the laying was over. The laying took place with remarkable regularity every second day, at three o'clock afternoon, without a variation of ten minutes before or after. From 25th May, the male wished to hatch, and sometimes sat on the eggs; but after 30th May, he only left the nest in order to allow the female to lay. After the last egg was laid, the female sat on the eggs for a few minutes in the middle of the day; but the male always sat at least twenty hours a day.

This curious incubation proceeded thus. Every morning at seven o'clock the ostriches were turned out of their enclosed

lodge, in order to have a gambol before breakfast, which generally consisted of bread, barley, and grass. The repast being terminated, at the order of the woman in charge of them, they returned to the nest, from which they were not to stir for the next twenty-four hours. They were as easily managed as Cochin fowls, and never once rebelled.

Of the eleven eggs, two were broken before incubation commenced. On the forty-fourth day after regular sitting began, a young one was seen at the edge of the nest. Impatient to see what the nest contained, M. Bouteille obliged the ostriches to leave it. It had two young ones not yet free of the shell. Of the seven remaining eggs, three were ascertained to be barren, and taken away, and four doubtful were left. As soon as permitted, the male resumed his place on the nest, as if it had not been touched. At the end of four days, the eggs were broken, and found to contain embryos dead at different ages.

The day after they were born, the young ones slipped from below the male, and began to peck sand as well as a paste of hard eggs, bread, and lettuce, which was prepared for their parents, so that there was no anxiety as to what to feed them. At first, these young ostriches were about the size of a female wild-duck, which they also resembled in form; but in a fortnight, they had nearly doubled in size, and accompanied their parents everywhere, pecking at the sand, and running under their legs when they heard them eating. The female, which paid such little heed to her eggs, was a most anxious mother, keeping her young ones constantly in sight and instantly running to them in answer to their call, which resembles that of a young turkey when frightened.

These semi-domesticated ostriches therefore do not deserve to be charged with lack of natural affection, an accusation which Old Testament writers prefer against the ostrich of the wilderness; neither are they so stupid as that is said to be. They were shy, but as capable of becoming attached as most of our domesticated animals: thus, at Grenoble, the woman who had charge of them took the young ones into her arms without the parents shewing displeasure, whereas, at the sight of a strange man or animal, they got into a fury.

M. Bouteille thus concludes his account of them: 'I believe this experiment of importance, because of its practical interest. It is, in fact, a hatching and rearing in a courtyard which I have been describing, and in this respect it is new; and I do not believe that such a result has been obtained in any latitude so far north as ours.'

The same gentleman relates the con-

tinuation of the experiment up to 1867, and from his account we gather the following particulars.

In 1865, ostrich-rearing at Grenoble up to the tenth month was successful; but then three young ones, as big as their parents, died, in consequence of a singular accident, the cause and the remedy of which are alike unknown. Frightful fractures and dislocations occurred even when the animals were not in violent motion; in one instance, while a workman was at hand, and heard not the slightest noise. Thinking that this extreme fragility of bone might be due to want of calcareous material in their food, that was supplied, but not in time to prevent the last accident. This fragility has likewise been noticed at Madrid, but apparently not to the same extent.

But though these experiments be not all *couleur de rose*, M. Bouteille thinks there is no reason to be discouraged. 'I have,' he observes, 'now become convinced that the reproduction of the domesticated ostrich is a completely settled fact; this domestication is not only interesting to science, but also to those who occupy themselves in finding out new alimentary and industrial resources. M. Saint-Hilaire thought that the ostrich might become a butcher-meat bird. Our too frequent accidents have enabled us to know this from experience. The flesh of the ostrich is abundant, substantial, well tasted, and something like the flavour of the hare. It may be prepared like that of the ox or the hare, stewed or jugged; as a roast, which is the test of good meats, it leaves nothing to be desired. All of the many who have eaten it at Grenoble found it excellent. The flesh of the ostrich is not the only edible product of the animal; the three layings in 1866, gave us 45 eggs weighing in all 154 pounds. Prepared in different ways, they have always been found very good. An ostrich-egg on a dish looks very appetising, from the whiteness of its albumen, in the middle of which the yolk shines like an eye of the brightest yellow. As an omelet this egg in no respect differs from that of a fowl, but its yellow is incomparable for the preparation of creams.'

'After the alimentary products come the feathers, which are not less important. The plumes of our adult ostriches, after moult, were sold for 300 francs (L.11, 18s. 1d.) I shall end this letter with some figures which, I hope, will prove that the rearing of the ostrich may be profitable, even in France. In our enclosure where the animals are liberally fed, the annual cost of food is from 80 to 90 francs each. Taking 1866, which was the least productive of the three years of our experiment, the plumes produced 300 francs, and the 45 eggs 180 francs, which is a low price, as the shells alone sell for 3 francs each. From this gain of 480 francs, deducting 200 francs for food and keep, we

have a gain of 280 francs (L.11, 2s. 3d.) on two adult ostriches. But taking the average of three years, and reckoning the young ones sold, the profits amount to 560 francs (L.22, 4s. 6d.).'

These details of the profits of ostrich-rearing, even under the disadvantage of a European climate, are sufficient to excite attention. No notice is taken of the industrial value of this huge bird: as it can carry a man with more than the speed of a swift horse, we do not see why, in 'the good time coming,' the people of sundry localities should not have their letters conveyed by ostrich-post; or why a morning ride on the bird should not be the means of acquiring an appetite big enough to make a sensible impression on an omelet à *l'autruche* of the respectable weight of some three or four pounds.

But while such results are possible in Europe, they are likely to be exceeded in Africa, the native country of the ostrich. We shall therefore conclude this notice with a brief allusion to its domestication at the Cape of Good Hope.

If the attempts of the French in Algiers to prosecute ostrich-rearing merit attention, we are more specially concerned to know how similar experiments succeed in the southern extremity of the African continent, in our colony at the Cape. Our information is derived from a communication of Mr. Héritte, French consul at Cape Town.

Although only of recent introduction among a few of the agriculturists at the Cape, the domestication of the ostrich is so zealously prosecuted, that there is a considerable flock of this bird. At the age of from six to eight months, the young ones are left at liberty night and day. They provide for themselves, and only get, now and then, a small quantity of maize, or other food, in order to attach them to the place where they are reared, as without this they would become very wild. They are very fond of the prickly pear, and of the seed of the aloe when the leaves have fallen. The young ones are fed on leaves, cut small, all kinds of vegetables, carrots, lettuce, thistle, and the prickly shrub, *Dubbeljes doorn*. When three days old, they get, besides these plants and vegetables, a little maize or barley. They are kept warm at night on straw, hay, or wool, in a warm room—a kitchen, for instance—are never permitted to go out till the sun is up, and are supplied with food during the whole day.

The ostriches are chiefly valued for their feathers, which are not plucked till they are eighteen months old, and during the months of August and September, corresponding to our February and March. The best ostrich-feathers of commerce come from birds living in the most arid and sandy regions, where there are few prickly shrubs

capable of injuring the plumes. The depreciation of those taken from the domesticated animal is reckoned at thirty per cent.; nevertheless, the feathers of tame ostriches are of such value as to claim attention. Last year, one person received in London L.98, 14s. 2d. for the feathers of eighteen young ostriches, though in bad condition, having, from want of experience, been plucked at an improper season.

An ostrich-egg is deemed equal to twenty-four hen-eggs, and keeps long, owing to the thickness of the shell. At the Cape, ostrich-eggs are much used in the making of very good and economical cakes.

When we add that, at the Cape, ostrich-rearing is believed to be almost as profitable as keeping merino sheep, we have said enough to demonstrate that this is a species of industry which may be advantageously prosecuted in many portions of the globe, including not a few British possessions.—*Chambers' Journal*.

HOW THE NEW METALS WERE DETECTED.

The new metals are distinguished from those already known by the difficulty of extracting them, which, in most cases, prevents their practical use. Their long preservation in the open air being, as a general thing, well nigh impossible, their existence is, to some extent, ephemeral, and they are interesting only in a purely scientific point of view. For this reason it can hardly be deemed desirable to set forth particulars concerning each of them in the few general paragraphs that we propose to give. It is better to make a selection, with the mental intent of specially afterward noticing the methods by which they are extracted.

It is worthy of remark that the increase of our acquisitions in new metals has almost invariably been the result of some principle recently discovered. So soon as the aptitude of the Voltaic pile to destroy the most powerful combinations had been ascertained, the secret of that faculty being the force it exercises in concentrating each of their disunited elements to each of its poles, the next step immediately taken was to submit to its action the alkaline clays, which were suspected to be nothing but the oxides of different metals. It was thus that Davy succeeded in England, amid the applause of the learned, in extracting glittering metallic globules from them. His method consisted simply in making a cavity in a mass of one of these kinds of clay taking care to plunge the wire of the negative pole of a battery into a small quantity of mercury filling the cavity, while the positive wire was put into communication with any

point of the periphery naturally moistened by the deliquescent property of these substances. From this action resulted an amalgam that, after the volatilisation of the mercury in a closed vessel, left a little knob of the new metal.

By this process were first obtained *potassium* and *sodium*, metals so remarkable for their dazzling whiteness, lightness, fusibility, and for combustibility in water.

The specific gravity of potassium is only 0.865, although its atomic weight is 4.89, and, consequently, superior to that of most of the ordinary metals, such as iron, copper, zinc, etc., which have specific gravity eight times greater. This, in the chemical order, is an extraordinary fact, which proves that the atoms of this metal are twice as far apart, and which justifies its great chemical energy, and, at the same time, the wide extent of the sphere of gravity occupied by its atoms. *Sodium*, the specific gravity of which is 0.972, is nearly as light, but its chemical weight is nearly two times less. The specific gravity of *lithium* is 0.593, but its atomic weight is only 0.81.

To the process of reducing these principal alkaline oxides by the Voltaic battery succeeded their reduction, first, by iron, and, then, by carbon. But the battery, iron and carbon alike, failed to reduce the hydrated clays which are insoluble in water and infusible in the anhydric state, such as the oxides of magnesium, glucinium, aluminium, &c. It was for this reason that a new process was devised, which has enabled us, by the employment of sodium and potassium, to procure all the metals and metalloids which, until then, could not be reduced. This method consisted in substituting, for oxides, the chlorures, which, by their fusibility afford a hold for all the reactive effects. Thus sodium and potassium, calcined with any kind of a chlorine, combine with the chlorate, and, always, isolate the metal or the metalloid associated with it. Thus were glucinium, silicium, borium, barium, magnesium, aluminium, etc., obtained. These last two metals are like potassium, still more remarkable for their lightness; moreover, they melt easily at red heat; they possess malleability, likewise, and are ductile enough to be drawn out in fine wires. Magnesium is not attackable at boiling water heat, and wires of it have been usefully employed as a combustible to produce a dazzling light. As to aluminium, its manufacture and application have already acquired sufficient extension to demand a separate article altogether.

After the success thus noted, chemists fancied that they had no new metals to discover. They had reduced all the substances of the mineral kingdom, or, at least, they thought that they had, so far were they from suspecting that a new method was

soon about to arise, which would convince them, by eyesight even, of the existence of other new metals very copiously distributed throughout the realms of nature, but in quantities so small that the ordinary reactives and even the most accurate scales did not yield indications sufficient to cause so much as a suspicion of their presence.

This new method has taken the name of *spectral analysis*, and is based upon a comparison of the refracted luminous rays issuing from their different species of flame, and, in physical science, designated under the general title of *spectra*. These spectra are distinguished from each other by the color and the position of certain brilliant bands furnished by the metal, which is introduced, under the form of a salt, into the flame, in such minute quantity as may be most advisable. Messrs. Bunsen and Kirchoff, the inventors of this excellent method, had carefully struck the balance of our information on the subject of the metals by the description of the spectrum peculiar to each one, when they conceived the idea of examining, in their turn, certain residues of the analysis of rare minerals. To their great astonishment, there was a very clear and striking manifestation of brilliant bands distinguished from all that they had hitherto seen by their color and their position, and corresponding with no other known metal.

In this new species of research, there exists a sort of analogy with the method pursued for the discovery of the new small planets or asteroids which requires that the *ephemerides* of all the planets already known shall be within sight of the observer.

The description of the *spectrum* of each kind of metal, in this case, constitutes its *ephemeride*.

With a *blue* ray and a *red* ray before them, characterized by their peculiar glow and position, Messrs. Bunsen and Kirchoff were led without hesitation to the discovery of two new metals, which they called *caesium* and *rubidium*, to commemorate the color of their principal rays. Their salts, which were well defined, furnished the proof that these metals rank definitely, along with the family of lithium, sodium, and potassium.

Again, a green ray of peculiar character in the spectrum of the flame fed with the residue left by the manufacture of sulphuric acid by the pyrites of iron, caused Mr. Crookes to suspect the existence of another new metallic body, which he succeeded in isolating, and called *thallium*, and which he, at first, announced as a metalloïd analogous to sulphur or selenium. Since then, a French chemist, M. Lamy, has separated the same body into a perfectly metallic ingot, having the weight, appearance and consistency of lead, but yielding a very caustic oxide, extremely soluble in water. This metal, even potassium fails to separate from its combinations.

Thus, there has, at last, been formed a family of six metals, alkaline in the highest degree, which present the following series, ranging them in the order of their atomic weight:—

Lithium.	0.81
Sodium.	2.87
Potassium.	4.86
Rubidium.	5.31
Caesium.	7.68
Thallium.	12.75

Young Folks.

THE LOST CHILD.

BY ERNEST M. TAYLOR.

Many years ago, while travelling through the woods in the mountains, which run parallel with that beautiful lake which still retains its Indian name of Memphremagog, at about mid-day I found myself at the foot of a mountain peak. On the top of this peak, I saw tall trees of fir and spruce; and wishing to get a view of the surrounding scenery, I determined to make my ascent

up this tree-covered and rocky point. I did so; and at length, after hard climbing, gained the summit. Yet my difficulties were not all past, for the trees were round about on every side, and I was still quite shut in from the view of things beyond. Looking about me for a moment, I spied at no great distance a tree, which, by the strong mountain wind, had been partly

uprooted, and whose top had been caught by the topmost branches of a lofty elm near by. This gave me a comparatively easy ascent to the top of the elm. From this natural observatory I had a beautiful view of Lake Memphremagog, the mountains on the eastern side of the lake, and those on the western side, on one of which I stood. Farther on to the West. I saw another range, and, between that and my standpoint, the interesting valley through which flows the Missisquoi River in its winding course to Missisquoi Bay. While looking down upon the lake, between me and it I observed a volume of curling smoke rising above the trees, which I conjectured came from the log cabin of some pioneer. As it was now growing dusky, I determined to find my way to this hut as soon as possible. I commenced descending the tree, and then the mountain, in the direction indicated by the curling smoke.

Just as I came in sight of the welcome opening, I was startled by a wild cry which I at once conjectured to be that of a female in distress. The woods echoed and re-echoed with the words, "Johnny! Oh! Johnny, where are you?" In the next moment, I heard the words repeated by a stentorian voice, which sounded as can only that of a Canadian backwoodsman. I hastened on through the wood in the direction indicated by the sound. Soon I was met by the woman whose voice I had heard. She eagerly inquired if I had seen her "Johnny," and the man whose voice had reached my ears was by the side of the woman in an instant, and more distinctly explained to me the cause of their excitement.

These two persons were dwellers in the cabin referred to, and were the parents of a little boy scarce five years of age. That afternoon, this little boy, whose name was Johnny, had left his mother to go and see his father chopping in the wood near by. The mother, supposing him with his father, had gone on with her household work as usual, little dreaming of harm to her little son. But a few moments before my appearance among them, she had called the father to his evening meal and seeing him coming home alone, inquired for her darling. The father had not seen

him, and they left their supper untasted and hastened to the wood.

Behind every log, beside every tree they looked, thinking he might have wandered off and lain down to sleep in his innocent fearlessness of evil.

Constantly had they been calling. They had gone but a short distance into the wood when I met them. At my suggestion, we left the woods and commenced to examine with eager eyes every stump, every nook and corner in the field where the child might have lain down to sleep, or might be amusing himself regardless of the cries of the mother. Many were her conjectures, and many were her words of praise, for everything lovely in the person of her cherished darling seemed now far more lovely and beautiful. While engaged in our earnest search, we found ourselves enveloped in the darkness of night. About the time of sunset, I had noticed the clouds settling dark and deep in the "mountain notch," which, in that particular part of the country, presages a storm. The great darkness which surrounded us was owing to the fast-approaching storm.

Soon the wind commenced to howl through the trees. The father had brought his rude lantern from the hut, and we, having completed our fruitless search in the "clearing," determined to go again to the woods—being fully persuaded that he must be there. We had gone but a short distance into the wood when the rain commenced falling in torrents, the wind was blowing fiercely, and dry limbs of trees were falling on every hand. The storm was terrific, and there was danger every moment of being struck to the earth by the falling branches of withered trees, or by some huge tree uprooted by the blast. Yet the mother could not be persuaded to return to the house; and above the noise of the storm and the raging wind, the voice of the mother was heard shrieking for her child in tones of indescribable anguish.

About midnight the storm ceased, and the moon now and then made her appearance from behind the clouds that were now breaking and moving on through the air, with a seeming melancholy motion.

We were fearfully drenched with rain, and hastily made our way to the hut in

order to procure dry clothing. On the way to the house, nothing broke the silence but occasional ejaculations from the mother, and the groans of the father.

After changing our apparel we partook of the food that had been prepared for the evening meal. The mother realizing that without food her strength would soon fail, was induced to eat a few mouthfuls of the food before her. After our refreshment, which occupied but a few moments, the father drew the Bible from a shelf in the corner of the room, and, without speaking, placed it in my hands. I opened the blessed book, and my eyes fell upon the passage: "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He shall sustain thee." I read this text and several verses in the context, and then we kneeled down and the father poured forth to his Maker a heart-felt prayer. Their hearts were much encouraged by the passage referred to, and, at about three o'clock in the morning, we again set out. After entering the wood we separated, each going in a direction independent of the other. Just as the sun was casting his first morning beams upon the silvery pond, situated at the foot of Sugar-loaf mountain, which is to the north-west of the famous mountain called the Owl's Head, I, being on the western side of the pond, where there are many rocks, saw a crevice, which was large enough for me to enter. I did so, and there on my right, sheltered by the overhanging rock, lay the object of the night's weary search. He was sleeping; and for a few moments I gazed upon him and then raised him carefully, but he awoke and looked wildly round. I spoke to him kindly, and he asked for his father and mother. I shouted to his parents, and they, understanding that I had found their Johnny, made the woods echo and re-echo with their glad replies. The face and eyes of the little fellow showed evidence of his tears of the night before. As I carried him along he became quite communicative, and told me he had been looking for his father and could not find him, and had crept into the place where I found him. And it was dark and rained dreadfully, and he did not dare to go out; and then he got hungry and afraid, and cried a long time, then he said his prayer and thought the Lord

would take care of him, and then he fell asleep.

Soon I was met by the father and mother, as they had both started when I called them; but the joy of the child, and the happiness and gratitude of the parents, I will not attempt to describe.

LITTLE LOU'S SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(By the Author of "Susie's Six Birthdays.")

(Continued.)

CHAPTER XVI.

As the summer passed away, and cold weather began to come on, there were sometimes whole days when Lou could not go out of doors at all. Then Biddy helped him build houses and castles with blocks, and she liked to do that as well as he did, and would often dispute with him as to which had the most blocks, or which could build the highest houses. Then mamma had to interfere. She would say,—

"Biddy, you forget what a little boy Lou is. You are nearly six years older than he is, and ought to behave better than he does."

"Yes, ma'am, I am eight years old, going on nine."

One day Lou played very hard, gathering the dry leaves that had fallen from the trees, and trundling them away in his wheelbarrow, and got very tired. The next day he felt rather peevish, and as it was very cold, and the wind blew very hard, his mamma kept him in-doors. He would not amuse himself at all that day, and made her tell him stories, and sing to him, till she was quite tired. Whenever she tried to go away, he held on to her dress, so that she could not move.

"Let go my dress, Lou," she said, at last. "I am tired, and am going out to walk now."

"I don't hear, mamma," said he.

"I said you must let go my dress."

"I don't hear, mamma," he repeated.

His mamma stooped down and unclasped his hands from her dress.

"Now you are naughty again, just as you were the day you said 'Get out,' to Biddy. God hears my little Lou when he talks so, and God is not pleased."

Lou burst out crying. He wanted to be naughty, and he wanted to please God too. A few days afterward, Lou took a book, and made believe read. He said—

"Once there was a story named Johnny; a very good little boy. When his mamma told him to let go of her dress, he let go. He didn't say, 'Johnny don't hear mamma.'"

When his mamma heard that, the tears came into her eyes. She said to herself,—
“Lou is only a little more than two years old, it is true; but if he knows enough to say that, he must know when he does not speak the truth.”

Lou saw her tears, and ran to her, and said, in a soft, sweet voice, “*Don't* feel bad, mamma.”

She replied, “Mamma is troubled about her little Lou. She wants so much to have him love God, and be a good boy.”

“Lou *do* love God; mamma won't feel bad any more. Lou loves mamma, and loves God too.”

Then he knelt down and said his little prayer; and added, “Bless kitty too.”

The rest of that day he was pleasant and gentle, and so good and so affectionate that everybody in the house was glad there was such a little boy in it. His papa was very happy, when it came night, to play with the little fellow, and tell him stories about what he used to do when he was himself a little boy, and lived on a farm, and hunted wood-chucks. And the last thing before he went to sleep that night, as he did every night, he prayed to God to bless his precious child, and to help him to grow up into a good man.

CHAPTER XVII.

At last the summer that had Lou's second birthday in it was quite gone, and instead of green grass and flowers, nothing could be seen but a sheet of white snow; that was spread smoothly over all things. People put on their warmest coats and cloaks, and got out their sleighs, and you could hear the merry jingling of the bells, and the laughter of the boys as they coasted down the hills, or went skating over the ponds. Lou stood at the window and looked out. Oh how he longed to be a big boy, and to have a pair of skates, and to be a big man, with a horse and a sleigh of his own! His papa often took him out on sleigh-rides with his mamma, when he was kept quite warm, and he could hold the reins, and fancy himself the driver. At these times his tongue was never still; he asked questions about everything he saw on the road, and kept his papa and mamma laughing by his bright little sayings. His papa made a little sled for him with his own hands, and Lou could load it with wood, and draw it over the snow to the front-door, when he would march in, stamping his feet, and say to his mamma,—“Do you want a nice load of wood to-day, ma'am?”

And she would say,—“How much do you ask, sir?”

“Oh, about two dollars.”

“Very well, I'll take it. You may deliver it at the kitchen door.”

And she would pay him two dollars, which sometimes meant two kisses, sometimes two apples, and very often two little bits of paper, cut round, and shaped like money.

Biddy had gone home. Finding it impossible to give her her Saturday night beating, her mother had made some excuse for taking her away. Lou was happier and behaved better without her, because he had no one to take his toys when he wanted them, or to contradict him. At last his papa's winter vacation came, and he took mamma and Lou to see his mother this time. There were no aunts and uncles there, but this grandmamma loved him just as well as the other grandmamma did. Up in the garret of her house there were ever so many nuts that grew on her trees, and a great many red squirrels scampered about up there, stealing the nuts and having a good time. They thought all these nuts were stored away there on purpose for them, and that made them happy and noisy. Then down in this grandmamma's cellar, how many apples there were that grew on her trees, and what good apples they were! Papa had now plenty of time to play with Lou, and to take him all over the farm. Lou, carried about in his kind papa's arms, saw the pigs and the hens and the horses every day; and then, when they were both tired of that, they would go and sit by the fire, and papa would tell over and over again what he used to do when he was a boy, while grandmamma listened till her bright eyes shone like two stars.

When they went home, they carried a good many of the nuts and apples, and other nice things. Lou had always said that when he was a big man he meant to be a stage-driver; but now he said he should be a farmer, and raise hens and chickens, and keep cows and pigs, and have apples and nuts like grandmamma's.

CHAPTER XVIII.

But the wintry days passed away. The snow in the valley and on the mountains melted and turned into water, and ran off, making a joyful noise as it went, like a boy let out of school. The green grass sprang up, and the trees were covered with tender little buds. Once more Lou could run about in the orchard and in the garden, and watch his papa and mamma, as with hoe and trowel and spade they worked among their flowers, and sowed and planted new ones. His cousin Norman came often to see him now, and they played together like two frolicsome dogs.

“Who has been to see you this afternoon?” his papa asked him one night as they sat at the tea-table.

“Norman.”

"What did you do all the time?"

"We played."

"What did you play?"

Lou sat up very straight in his chair, and answered in a loud voice, growing more and more eager at every word.—"Oh, we played, he in one corner, and I in another corner, and go see each other; and he came to see me, and I shaked hands with him; and I went to see him, and he shaked hands with me, and knocked at the door, and had supper. And then we played run, run, run; Norman and I ran together, and laughed, and then played have garden."

His papa said,—*"I am glad you and Norman had such a good time together. Some little boys are lame, and cannot run about; and some are blind and cannot see. What should you do if you were blind?"*

"I would pray to God to give me eyes."

After tea his mamma sat at work; she was mending something, and had a basket of little bundles near her; Lou took one up.

"This is my baby," said he. "Her name is Fanny. Let me untie it, and see if she has got a naughty heart inside of her."

He untied the bundle, and took out a little bit of flannel.

"This is her naughty heart," he said. "I have taken it out, and now she will be good."

And then "O mamma! Norman don't know who made him!"

"But you know."

"Yes, God made Norman; but I never see Him looking down."

Then he placed all the chairs in the room in a long row, and climbed up, and ran back and forth on them.

"Don't do so, Lou; I am afraid you will fall."

"I can't get down. I won't fall. I am a loco, running on a railroad."

"A what?"

"A loco."

"A locomotive, you mean."

Lou was ashamed that he had made such a mistake, and even angry. He jumped down, put the chairs back in their places, and went and sat down on a stool in a corner.

"Lou," said his mamma. "I made a greater mistake than that when I was a little girl. I carried to church, in my bag, some sugar-plums and a needle-book."

Lou jumped up, and came to his mamma, full of curiosity.

"What made you carry a needle-book to church? Seems to me that was a funny thing to carry."

"I carried it because it had just been given me, and I could not bear to be parted from it. I carried the sugar plums, so that if I were sleepy in church I could eat one, now and then, and get waked up. Well, I

was listening to the sermon very hard, but I felt my eyes beginning to wink—and wink—and w-i-n-k—and I knew I should fall asleep, and not hear the rest of the sermon. So I put my hand into my bag to take out a sugar-plum, but I did not look at the bag. I looked at the minister, and listened as hard as I could; so I put my great big needle-book into my mouth, and thought it was a sugar-plum."

Lou laughed so hard that it made his mamma laugh just to see him; and his papa, hearing how merry they were, laughed too, though he had not heard a word of the story.

PART III.

CHAPTER I.

It was a bright May morning. Lou awoke, feeling well and happy. His mamma kissed him and said,—

"How do you do this morning, my dear little lamb?"

"I am very well, you dear mamma," said Lou, and he threw his arms around her neck, and kissed her many times. Then he stopped, as if he wanted to ask something, but couldn't think of the right words.

"What—what are you, if I am a little lamb?"

"The lamb's mother is called a sheep," mamma answered.

Lou kissed her again, and said—

"I love you very much, you dear sheep."

The "dear sheep" went down to breakfast with her lamb, and for a while he was playful and good. But when he asked for something on the table that he could not have, he became very angry, and threw himself back in his chair and began to pout. All the red cheeks and bright eyes and curly hair in the world will not make a child beautiful when it is out of humour. Lou was not a pleasant sight to look at, as he sat there scowling and frowning.

"I never saw little lambs do so," said his mamma. "They eat the green grass as their mothers tell them to do, and never ask for anything else."

"I will eat grass, too," said Lou, growing pleasant again.

"No, eat your bread and milk; bread and milk to a little boy is just what grass is to a little lamb."

After breakfast Lou played about, frisking hither and thither, making believe he was a lamb. He went around on all-fours, and at last put his mouth down into his mamma's work-basket, saying,—

"I wonder if there is anything in this basket good for lambs to eat? Yes, here is a strawberry. I'll eat that."

It was not a real strawberry. It was only a make-believe strawberry, made of red

flannel, with dots of yellow silk all over it, to look like seeds.

"Don't take that in your mouth, you will spoil it," said mamma.

But Lou scampered away with it, and got it very wet.

"Come back, Lou, and bring me the strawberry directly."

Lou shook his head. He could not speak because his mouth was full.

"I shall not call you a lamb any more," said his mamma.

Then Lou dropped the strawberry, and began to cry.

"I will be good, if you'll call me a lamb," cried he. He looked so ridiculous, down on the floor, on all-fours, like an animal, yet crying and talking like a real child, that his mamma could not help laughing.

"I never heard a lamb talk, nor saw one cry before," said she.

Then Lou stopped crying, and began to laugh. "No," said he, "I am not a common lamb."

(To be Continued.)

THE IMPRISONED SUNBEAMS.

It was seven o'clock, almost Fannie's bed-time. She was sleepy and tired, and had waited quite long enough, she thought, for her father—who was quietly taking his after-dinner nap—to wake up and tell her the usual good-night story.

She fidgeted about a long time, trying to keep still, but really making a great noise. First she made a doll out of her handkerchief. But it hadn't any face, and its arms would stick out in such an absurdly straight manner that it was quite disagreeable to play with; so poor dolly had to turn back into a little square of hemstitched linen.

Then she made a ball of the same bit of cambric. But, being very soft, it wouldn't bound an atom; and we all know there is no un in throwing the ball and having to run to pick it up again.

All at once a thought came into her disconsolate little mind, and, rushing across the room to her father, she seized the handkerchief which covered his face, just where his nose made a slight elevation in its surface.

"Papa," cried she, "wake up, wake up, and tell me what made gas."

Papa had been thoroughly roused by the not very gentle twitch Fannie gave his nose when she pulled off the handkerchief; and, laughingly seating her on his knee, asked, "Why do you want to know, puss?"

"Well, I guess—I 'spect it's 'cause I do."

"Quite a little woman's answer," said her father, and began his story.

"One day, millions of years ago—longer ago than we can even guess at, before

there were any men or women or boys or girls in the world—the sun shone very brightly and warmly for that time, for the sun didn't shine so much then as it does now) a group of little sunbeams got lodged in a tree.

The trees that grew in those days were not our great oaks and stately poplars, but seemed more like ferns grown to a gigantic stature. And all the vegetable growth of that time was such as we call now tropical.

We can imagine how the beautiful, soft, green mosses grew as tall as you, and how they waved backward and forward in the wind and whispered among themselves; and how the splendid tree-like ferns bent and tossed in the breeze; and that over them hung graceful vines, which looped themselves from branch to branch and swung in unison. We can imagine all this, I say; for, as there were no people then, of course, there were no books written to hand down to us to tell us of that time.

And the only way we can guess what kind of things grew then is by fossils, of which I will tell you presently.

Why those little rays of light should have caught in that particular tree I never could understand; but they did, or I should have no story to tell.

There they lived, making the tree warm and bright till it grew old and died; and leaf after leaf fell off, and branch after branch broke down, and at last all that was left of that once stately fern was a poor old stump, which soon decayed also.

Now any one would have supposed that the sunbeams, finding their home a ruin, would have glanced off to seek a pleasanter place. But no, they preferred to be buried in the ground with what had been their dear old home in the tree-top. The longer they staid there the deeper they became imbedded in the earth; and finally they found they couldn't get out at all.

So they slept there year after year till nobody knows how much time had passed. More trees grew up, and died, and were buried like them; and after a while rocks began to form over them, and press them in deeper and deeper and harder and harder; and the little sunbeams said: "We shall never get out any more! How much better it would have been had we only staid on the surface instead of being constantly thrust further into the earth."

Years ago—and not such a very great many, either, when we think of the time that had passed since our tree first died—some wise men found, in certain spots in mountains and other places, the hard, black substance which we call coal. But it was really the decayed wood made by those trees and plants which died, like the one our sunbeams lived in, years ago, and which had been pressed so hard and so long by those rocks and other formations

that had gathered above them that it had become solid and black.

Now, in the coal are found what are called fossils—that is, the figures of leaves and the bark of trees impressed on the coal. They are like beautiful carvings, only finer than any carving could be.

You have seen skeleton leaves and flowers?

Well, they are like them in delicacy. They are the skeleton flowers Nature makes, only they are black.

There are other kinds of fossils, too—such as bones of animals, shells, fish, and others; but they are not found in coal, because no animals existed at the time when the coal formed.

I once saw a fossilized fern; and it seemed as if it must have been cut with a diamond, so fine was it.

Coal-miners often find these beautiful things in the course of their excavations. Only think how pleasant it must be, when they are among that dirty black stuff, and are soiled with the dust themselves, suddenly to find what might be called one of Nature's photographs right before them.

Not the only good thing about these pictures is their beauty. They serve to tell us what kind of a growth there was in the time when the wood was becoming coal. Of course, when we find nothing but graceful ferns, and pretty mosses, and plants that are similar to them, we know that there was no other kind at that time. They are the illustrations in Nature's guide-books.

Well, these wise men found this black substance, and they wondered what it was. And, being wise, as I have told you, they tried experiments with it, and found that it would burn and give out heat; and so they used it for fuel."

"Yes; but, papa," interrupted Fannie, "this story you are telling is about coal—not gas, as I wanted."

"Wait patiently, little girl, and we'll soon come to the gas," replied her father, and went on.

"So these wise men, who are never satisfied with finding one use for a thing, but must make it a means to a great many ends, thought, 'This burns so well why shouldn't it be applied in some form as a light?' And, when they had once thought of it, they couldn't let it alone, till by numerous experiments they found that a part of it could be converted into that invisible thing we call gas, and carried through miles of tubes and pipes, and be brought into people's houses to light them up brilliantly. Well, one day, when men were digging out coal to make gas of they came to a very large, smooth, glossy piece, with two pretty ferns traced upon it. This they took out, and put with a quantity which was coming to this great city of New York

It happened that this particular piece of coal was made of the tree with which our sunbeams were buried so long ago. And after it had been through all the necessary processes the gas was conveyed in pipes from the gas works which I have often pointed out to you, to this street and into this very house and room. And one tiny sunbeam rushed up and shone so brightly at the end of the pipe that it caused my little daughter to ask, 'What made gas?' And I tell her for reply that the light she sees is one of those little rays which lay buried for ages, but which shines forth again to show that it is long past Fannie's bed-time."

"Ah! but papa," cried Fannie, now opening her blue eyes very wide, "do you believe all that?"

But her father only kissed her good-night, and smiling said:

"Don't you?"—*Independent.*

HOW "ROUGH" WON HIS MEDALS.

In the pleasant library of my uncle's country-house, where our holidays were spent, hangs a large picture, that we never tired of looking at, and which I can never forget, though years have passed since I saw it last. The painting represents a tall handsome man, in the prime of life, clad in the dusky uniform of the Rifle Brigade. A goodly show of medals, telling of many a hard-fought battle and glorious victory, glittered in bright relief on the sombre-colored tunic; with his left hand the officer leant on the hilt of his sword, whilst with the right he was caressing the head of a curly black retriever, whose soft brown eyes glanced trustfully and lovingly up to his master's face, full of gratitude for that master's notice. From the dog's collar hung two silver medals, a fact that greatly excited our childish wonder and curiosity. Both man and dog were faithful portraits—the one of our brave uncle, the other of his gallant favorite, our playmate 'Rough,' who had followed his master's battalion to Kaffirland, to the Crimea, and lastly to India. On winter evenings, after he had left the service, our uncle was never tired of narrating, nor we of listening to, his adventures, but I think the story we loved best was 'how Rough won his medals.' Well do I remember the evening we first heard it. Snow had been falling heavily all day, and towards night the wind rose to half a gale, whirling the thickly-falling flakes hither and thither, whilst ever and anon a sudden gust rattled the window-frames, and caused the branches of the trees near the house to sway to and fro with a moaning noise, as they flung their ghost-like arms aloft like creatures in pain. My sister Nina stood

with me in the library bay window watching the storm. We had carefully drawn the heavy curtains behind us to shut out the brightness of the fire and the light from the reading-lamp and were whispering to each other, "a capital way" for building a big snow man on the morrow, when the hangings were suddenly lifted, and a cheery voice startled us. Uncle Tom had finished reading his newspaper, and coming to the window "to look at the weather," as he had a habit of doing, he had discovered our retreat. "Hallo! you little mice, you were so quiet that I forgot all about you! What a wild night," he continued, peering into the gathering darkness; "it reminds me of the night when Rough won his first medal. If you like, children, I will tell you the story, provided you come near the fire instead of staying out here till you turn into icicles."

In an instant the snow man was forgotten, for one of Uncle Tom's stories was always a treat to us; and no sooner had he returned to his easy chair, than Nina fled to her accustomed perch on his knee, whilst I curled myself up on the hearthrug close to Rough, who lay stretched out in front of the blazing logs. As soon as we had comfortably settled ourselves, our good uncle began:—

"Some years ago, as you know, Freddy, a great war was raging in Eastern Europe, and I was sent out with my regiment to the Crimea, to help to fight against the Emperor of Russia who was trying to oppress his weaker neighbor the Sultan or Sovereign of Turkey. In the depth of the first severe winter, during which our men suffered dreadful hardships, I was wounded in the trenches, and had to keep to my tent for some time, being very weak and unable to move. Rough, whom you know, I had taken out with me, was my constant companion, and could never be induced to leave me, except for short periods during the day, and at night he never stirred from the side of my couch. One evening when I was well enough to sit up in my camp chair he disappeared. Where he went to, or what happened during his absence, I could never discover; but he presently crept in softly, carrying something in his mouth, and as you would neither of you ever guess *what* that something was, I had better tell you at once. It was a large white cat! A fierce storm of snow, hail, and wind was raging outside, threatening to carry away the tents, and cast us adrift to the mercy of the pitiless elements, and Mr. Rough was dripping wet, and looked very disreputable when he made his appearance, and laid his burden at my feet as carefully as he would bring me a bird or an egg he had retrieved. At first I thought the miserable, half-starved creature must be dead, but I did nothing to disturb Rough's proceedings, as I felt curious to see what could have induced an animal of his

good education to bring a vagrant cat into his master's tent.

Putting his head on one side, as is his way when he is puzzled, he gave me a look of grave perplexity, which was truly comical; then gently dragging his prize closer to the warm stove, he began to lick her all over quite affectionately, and ere long Mrs. Puss who, we must suppose, had fainted away from cold and want of food, opened her eyes and gradually recovered. You would have expected her to spring up and run away when she saw a large strange dog gazing at her, but something in Rough's honest face gave her courage; or perhaps she was too weak to move, and liked the warmth of the stove; at all events there she lay, and soon consented to lap a little of the "essence of milk" from my "Fortnum and Mason" store, Rough the while sitting by, never attempting to share the delicacy, and looking uncommonly pleased when I patted his curly wig, and made him a complimentary speech on his benevolent conduct. Well, children, to cut the story short, Puss soon got quite strong, and was too well contented with her comfortable quarters to leave them. She became Rough's playfellow and bosom friend, the old dog allowing her to share his food, and even my caresses quite amicably!

"Oh, uncle!" cried Nina, "what a curious story!—and is it really true?"

"Quite true, my pet, and because it was such a curious occurrence, I have thought it worth telling you. I was so much struck, at the time it happened, by my favorite's gentleness and generosity, so very unlike the usual behavior of dogs towards cats in general, that I resolved to record the fact in some unusual way, and therefore attached the silver medal you now see to his collar. On it is engraved the date of the strange act, and the words, 'Though Rough by name, gentle and humane by nature.' Don't you think he richly deserved the compliment?"

"Indeed he does, good old fellow!" we echoed, my sister enforcing her opinion by bestowing on Rough a vigorous hug, which that sleepy animal objected to by a long-drawn-out sigh, very nearly akin to a snore.

"He looks the picture of laziness at present," said uncle laughing, "but he has seen a good deal of service, so don't disturb his slumbers, and go off to your own."

"One minute," I pleaded; "what became of the cat?"

"She returned to England with me, and for some time lived entirely in the house, but of late she has shown a preference for the stables, where you may see her any day, perched upon the back of my Arab. Rough is not at all jealous, and they are still great friends. And now, children," concluded Uncle Tom, "good-night; remember Rough's generosity to a suffering fellow-creature, and never neglect to do a kind action when you have it in your power, or,

like Rough, to rescue and protect those who may be weaker, and more helpless than yourselves. Another evening you shall hear the story of Rough's second medal.

The following evening we were very impatient to hear the sequel of Rough's history, and therefore were at our post in the library in good time. It seemed to us, then, that Uncle Tom took longer than usual to read the paper; but I have since suspected that he laid it down half read through, good-natured man that he was, in order to satisfy our eager curiosity before Nina was carried off to bed. Smiling at our appealing looks, he called us to his side, and told the story of the second medal, as far as I can recollect, in these words:—

"When the mutiny broke out, I took Rough to India with me, but it was a rash experiment, for he suffered sadly during our forced marches from heat and thirst, and his feet were in such a dreadful state that I had him transported on a baggage elephant, much to his discomfiture, as he could not bear being taken away from me; but for this timely precaution, however, he would most probably have found a grave on one of the burning plains we traversed. Under the circumstances, I determined to send the poor animal to England, but could hear of no good opportunity and as it turned out this was fortunate, for the adventure I am about to relate might have ended fatally but for Rough's courage and watchfulness. In fact he saved my life. We had been marching all night and for some hours after dawn, until nearly overpowered with fatigue, and much distressed by exposure to the fierce heat of the sun, man after man fell out of the ranks, and lay down fainting on the parched ground to die. In order to give the stragglers a chance of rejoining their comrades, a halt was called at the first "tope," or grove of trees we reached, and very thankful we all were to rest for some hours in our cool retreat. My first care, after fulfilling my military duties, was to hasten to liberate poor old Rough; my next, to seek the repose I so much needed. A small, half-ruined temple, partly hidden by tangled brushwood and stunted foliage, stood in the outskirts of the "tope," and offered a meagre shelter from old Sol's burning rays. Accompanied by a brother officer, I crept into the temple, and after a careless inspection of the interior, we spread our cloaks on the ground, strewn with crumbling brickwork, and composed ourselves to sleep. Rough stretched himself at my feet, but whined and seemed uneasy, and just as I was falling into a state of dreamy unconsciousness, he disturbed me by a low growl. I am afraid I bade him "be quiet" in no gentle tones, and turning on my side fell fast asleep. The next thing I remember was being startled by the report of firearms close to my head, but ere I could

spring to my feet a heavy mass rolled over me, nearly blinding me with dust. I struggled to free myself, helped by F—, who had also been roused by the shot, and when we looked about us a strange sight met our eyes. A few yards off, a dusky form was lying senseless, a good deal torn about the throat and shoulders by the strong teeth of my brave dog, whilst across the rebel Sepoy's body crouched the faithful sentinel, whose untiring watchfulness had saved our lives. Of course the noise of firearms, and the scuffle, soon attracted those of our comrades who were near to the spot, crowding the temple with faces expressive of curiosity and alarm. My first thoughts were for my poor old dog, who, when I called him off the prostrate rebel, crawled to me, leaving a track of blood as he came, and lay down by me in evident pain. Kneeling down I proceeded at once to examine the wound, a piece of attention he repaid by repeatedly licking my hand, when to my great joy I discovered that the assassin's knife, intended doubtless for me, but in the struggle aimed at my preserver, had glanced against the broad plate of his collar, and had thus only inflicted a flesh wound in the shoulder. Our surgeon good-naturedly bound up the bleeding gash, and Rough, as you perceive, quite recovered. The mutineer, who had been stunned by his fall, confessed doggedly enough, that he had prowled about until we were fast asleep, and had then crept out of his hiding-place, and dragged himself along the ground, serpent-wise, to murder the English officers as they slept. He trusted to his dark skin and stealthy crawl to escape detection, but nothing ever escaped the quick ear of the watchman at my side, who I firmly believe, besides, has a habit of dozing with one eye open; and as the ruffian raised his arm to strike me, his nearest victim, the dog was at his throat, and both rolled over me in their fierce short battle. The man's rifle had gone off by accident in the struggle."

"Oh, uncle!" exclaimed my sister, shuddering; dear old Rough deserved his Indian medal far more than the first one you told us about, and ought to have had the Victoria Cross besides."

"We must love him more than ever for his bravery and devotion," I rejoined. "Thank you a thousand times, uncle, for telling us his exploits."

Years have passed since those happy evenings, but there is a vacant place by our uncle's hearth, and a stone urn in the shrubbery marks, alas! the spot where the faithful friend, and the brave old veteran, "Rough the retriever," lies buried. A laurel wreath made by Nina, and renewed whenever she comes home for the holidays, was placed on his grave. I was told his medals hang under the picture in the library.—*Aunt Judy's Magazine.*

THE BOSTON BABY ON A LARK.

BY MRS. EDWARD A. WALKER.

The baby hadn't the least idea, when he waked up that morning, where he was going to spend the night; neither had Chrissy, his nurse, when she dressed him, or she certainly wouldn't have twitched him down so hard when he climbed on to the bureau by the help of her broad back as she stooped down to pick up his night-gown, which he had got rid of with two kicks and a jump. No, and his mother never thought of the thing, when he was wriggling and twisting, and asking three questions a minute all through breakfast, or she would have given him the biggest lump in the sugar-bowl, and held him tight in her arms all day, instead of wanting to shake him. And I, who saw him two or three weeks after it had all happened, never should have guessed he was a hero; he was such a little fellow, and his chubby cheeks, and soft yellow curls, and neat little petticoats, looked so fresh and innocent, just like any other three-year-old baby who is made much of at home!

When I first saw this remarkable baby, Queenie and I were sitting at the windows of "Grandpa Boston's" house down on Back Bay. (He isn't really Queenie's grandpapa, but he has beautiful white hair all over his great head, and he is her little friend "Bucey's" grandpapa; so Queenie chooses to call him "Grandpa Boston.") When we looked out on that pleasant retired street that morning, I could think of nothing but Hamelin Town, after the Pied Piper had played those three bewitching notes of his, after which

"There was a rustling, that seemed like a bustling
Of merry crowds justling at pitching and hustling;
Small feet were pattering, wooden shoes clattering,
Little hands clapping, and little tongues chattering;
And, like fowls in a barn-yard when barley is scattering,

Out came the children running.
All the little boys and girls,
With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls,
And sparkling eyes and teeth like pearls,
Tripping and skipping, ran merrily after
The wonderful music with shouting and laughter."

But there wasn't a sign of a piper yet—it was too early in the morning; and yet there were twenty, thirty, forty children perhaps, who were walking, jumping, climbing, and shouting along the sidewalks and over the fences. It was a very astonishing sight to Queenie and me, but the other people in the house took it all as a matter of course, and said: "O yes! There are not as many out as usual this morning. Short as the street is, there are sixty children living here!"

As for Queenie, she just hopped from one window to another, like a mad little wren, chirping to herself: "What a many chillun!

I must show 'em all my playsins." So she set Dolladine, to puff out her red and white cheeks, at one pane, and Boston Doll, settling her crimps and her flounces, at another, and little China Doll, spreading her pen-wiper petticoats, at another, and Jimmy-jack flattening his dear old woolly nose at another. And having thus "ranged thins for the chillun," as she said, Queenie herself darted so fast from window to window, that it seemed as if there were at least a dozen of her. It wasn't long before the children caught sight of the doll-show prepared for them in our windows, and came fluttering up for a nearer view.

But they were not content with looking. Such "nods, and becks, and wretched smiles" as came pattering against the windows for Queenie's benefit! Such darting out of tongues, and popping open of lips, and queer twistifications of dimpled mouths, as it took to send their message through the glass: "Can't—you—come—out—and—play?" And finally, when the little figure inside made no reply, only to rush the faster from window to window, blushing and chirruping with delight, the besiegers outside held a council of war, and after much whispering and giggling and pushing forward and holding back, a curly-headed envoy marched boldly up the steps and rung the bell with a jerk, and presently in came Hannah with this dispatch: "Please won't that new little girl's mamma let her come out and play with us?" No she wouldn't, you little darlings—and all the more she wouldn't when she heard about Mrs. St. James' baby Tommy, who stood there in the midst of the eager group, with a little girl on each side holding tight his hands. They had better keep fast hold of him, as you will think when I tell you what happened to him that day of which I spoke at the beginning of my story.

He was boiling over with life that morning, and had so much business on hand that must be done, and the lazy people in the house who hadn't a thing to do but just amuse themselves with sweeping and dusting, and rattling the sewing machine, and other like fun, kept getting in his way and hindering him; so there was trouble all around, and it was a great relief to all the St. Jameses, big and little, when Tommy and his wee sister, a few months older than he, proposed to take to the side-walk, which already swarmed with their playmates, and seek their fortune there. So they were hatted and booted and charged not to go here, and not to sit there, and not to climb this, and not to touch that, until things got very much mixed in their little noddles, and then they were let loose with a hug and a kiss (I guess Tommy's mamma was pretty glad she had kissed *him* before many hours were over!) and a sigh of relief, and the house had peace.

All the hand-organs, and street-harpists, and fiddlers, and bagpipers in Boston knew this street of the "holy innocents," and made it in their way to happen there very often. So when the St. Jameses heard merry music that afternoon under the drawing-room windows, and Tommy thumping away on the glass for pennies to "pay the piper," nobody paid any attention or currency either, for they were so used to it. By and by the music died away, and Mrs. St. James never thought of looking out. If she had looked, she would have seen her baby trudging down Boylston street after a very shiny trombone, and two or three other beautiful yellow things, that coaxed him with their sweet tones on from house to house, away from wee sister and all the other innocents, and alas! far away from his own home!

Five o'clock came, and Mrs. St. James began to think it was about time for the children to burst in upon the delightful quiet. Six o'clock came and so did the wee sister. "Where is Tommy?" "I don't know, but I guess he's gone to Kitty Green's house." Nurse Chrissy went for him, and felt a little cross as she went, and made up her mind to tell Master Tommy he "was to come home his own self another night, or—" etc., etc., etc. But no Tommy had been seen at Mr. Green's or at Mr. White's, nor in any of the pleasant houses on the street of the "holy innocents!" Dear me! What fear and sorrow there were in Tommy's home! Mr. St. James forgot his dinner, and rushed off to the police-station to tell his sad story; and pretty soon it was known, in every district in Boston, that a boy, three years old, with blue eyes, yellow curls, dressed in white Marseilles, and named Tommy St. James, was *lost*! What the baby's mother felt and did, I don't want to think, and would not tell you if I could.

Seven o'clock came, eight o'clock, nine o'clock, and no news of little Tommy! There was his crib, with its smooth white cover and pillow, but no little curly head to tumble them; there was his little nightgown which he had frolicked out of that very morning, now hanging so very still and empty that nurse Chrissy almost hated it, and hid it away so that the poor mother could not see it.

There were all his toys, never, perhaps, to be rattled, and spun, and dragged, and rolled, and bounced by those restless hands of his again. O dear! dear! and it might have been your mamma's darling or my Queenie, who was lost!

But God was very good to that mamma and papa, and about ten o'clock the bell rang violently, and a policeman handed in a dispatch, which had just reached the station:

RHODE-ISLAND.

"Tommy St. James, of Boston, three years old, came out on my train to-night. All right. Will bring him back first train to-morrow.

"Signed. CONDUCTOR —,
" — and — R.R."

Now, what do you suppose his mother did when she knew her baby was safe? Why, she kept very still for some time, and then, all of a sudden, she burst out crying and said: "I know they'll let that child tumble out of bed to-night just as well as I want to!"

Mothers *are* queer.

You will not be surprised to hear that Mr. and Mrs. St. James, and all the children, and nurse Chrissy, were down at the station the next morning long before the Rhode-Island train was due, but it came thundering in at last, with a special bang and whistle for such a great occasion, and Conductor —, with a smile on his face, and Mr. Tommy St. James in his arms, stepped off the car. Hugs, kisses, questions, without number—all laughing and talking at once. Tommy St. James alone was unmoved to all appearance. General Grant himself couldn't have been more non-committal.

There was dignity for you and *mens conscia recti* (which is something the Roman boys used to wear under their jackets to save themselves a whipping, or from feeling it if it came), but there was not a word of explanation from the small hero.

But this is how it happened—a bird told me, and the conductor confirmed it, and Tommy St. James never denied it:—

The shiny music crept out of Tommy's sight at last, while he was watching a dog-frolic, and when he remembered it again he went wandering up and down, looking and listening for the charming piper, till he came to a railroad track, and there stood a car, alone by itself, in a bright new coat of paint. Tommy felt rather tired by this time, now he thought of it, and as he couldn't remember, among all his mamma's don'ts, any "Don't go into a railroad-car," he just climbed up the steps and walked in. And when he saw how gay it was, and how still and empty, he thought it was a pity his wee sister and the other innocents hadn't come too; and when he saw how red and soft and broad the seats were, he just cuddled up his tired little legs on one of them, and laid his warm, curly head down just to see how it would seem, and—and before he had winked at half the gay pictures on the walls, Tommy was fast asleep!

By and by the car began to move backward and forward on the track, pushed by the men who were "making up" the

steamboat-train, but Tommy never woke. Then one after another the passengers came in, and chose their places. All wondered at the pretty curly head lying there on its crimson cushion, but every body thought somebody else knew all about it; so no questions were asked. Then the great engine came growling up and clutched the pretty painted car with the lost baby in it, and with a shriek of savage joy, plunged along the track right behind Tommy's own home (and even flirted a wreath of smoke in nurse Chrissy's very face as she stood at the nursery window), "over the hills and far away," and Tommy never so much as breathed the quicker!

Presently Conductor — came through the car, looking after the tickets. He glanced rather sharply at the sleeping boy, for it was very early in the journey to fall asleep to be sure; but his eyes softened when he saw that the baby was quite below the ticket-age and not "playing possum." Two or three times during the trip the conductor passed by the sleeper, but at last, duty being over, he was free to indulge his kindness. "Now Madam," said he to the lady who sat behind Tommy, with a tender look at his flushed cheeks, "if you will give me your shawl, I think I can make your little boy more comfortable."

"My little boy!" Miss Prim fairly choked with indignation. "I know nothing about the child." And the woman who sat in the seat before Tommy knew nothing of him, and the fat gentleman opposite had never seen him before, but thought "such a little shaver ought not to be travelling alone," and nobody in the car or in all the train had anything to tell about Tommy; so the good conductor saw plainly that he had one passenger too many.

Tommy began to stir just then, to yawn, and finally sat bolt upright, with a mazed look in his blue eyes. But before he could begin to guess what had happened, the conductor made friends with him, and to make a long story short, succeeded so well that the little monkey never even whimpered once for his mother (who was crying so bitterly over his empty crib), but got out of the cars at the Rhode-Island terminus, feeling as big as a railroad director, as he trotted around the station with Mr. Conductor till the money and tickets were locked up, and then went home with the kind man and ate strawberries and cream at the late

supper. He also told pretty little Mrs. Conductor that he took sugar and milk in his tea, and drank it without winking, though the tea part was altogether new and very disagreeable to him; and after sitting up to his heart's content, he was waited upon to bed both by the conductor and his wife, and rolled up in the most beruffled and bestitched night-gown that could be found, and put in the best bed, with the pillows piled up on each side of him, (so he *didn't* tumble out of bed, Mrs. St. James, after all!) and told for the fortieth time that the next morning he should have another splendid ride in the cars, and go home and tell his mother all about it. And so he did. But he was very sorry to say good-by to that kind conductor; and the only words he spoke while the carriage was whirling them all toward the street of the "holy innocents," were these which he whispered in the ear of his wee sister: "I had the bestest time you ever saw; and if you'll be a jolly good little girl, I'll take you to Rhode-Island some time!"—
Hearth and Home.

LITTLE WILLIE.

"Dear mamma," low whispered Willie,
Rising from his trundle-bed,
Softly creeping after mother,
With a timid, noiseless tread,
"Do not leave your little Willie,
'Tis so very dark," he said.

"Dark! and what of that, my darling?
God is near you just the same;
When you feel afraid, dear Willie,
Call upon the Saviour's name;
He will light your little chamber
With a soothing, heavenly flame.

"It will drive away the shadows
In my little Willie's heart;
It will bid all gloomy feelings
From his timid soul depart;
Then the brightness of H & S' Irit
To the room will light impart.

"Jesus will protect you, darling;
So you need not be afraid;
He is ever near my Willie,
Both in sunlight and in shade.
Trust Him, dearest, sweetly slumber
Till the stars at daybreak fade."

Then upon his downy pillow
Willie laid his curly head,
All his fears of darkness vanished.
"I will trust the Lord," he said;
"Surely I can fear no danger
While He watches o'er my bed."

— *Child's Paper.*

THE PASSING BELL.

BY CLARIBEL.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a series of chords and moving lines, while the left hand provides a steady accompaniment with chords and single notes.

The first system shows the vocal line and piano accompaniment for the first line of lyrics. The vocal line begins with a rest, followed by the lyrics "1. As on her couch of". The piano accompaniment continues with chords and moving lines.

The second system shows the vocal line and piano accompaniment for the second line of lyrics. The vocal line begins with the lyrics "pain a child was lying, Her gentle spirit ebbing fast a". The piano accompaniment continues with chords and moving lines.

2. Say, mother dear, why chimes that bell so slowly,
Not as for Sabbaths or for marriage day,
Nor as for babes they bring, that Christ the Holy
May seal them His, upon their Christ'ning day.
3. "Dear child!" the mother said, amid her weeping,
"That bell is sounding now at Heaven's gate,
To bid the holy angels in their keeping
Bear up a soul that yet on earth doth wait."

wav, a pass-ing bell,— meet warn-ing for the dy - ing,—

Broke on her ear to - ward the close of day, Broke on her

ear to - ward the close of day.

4. But, mother, hark! how long the bell is ringing,
While the poor soul waits on in doubt and fear,
Perchance the happy Angels, 'mid their singing,
The feeble shimes of earth can never hear.

5. Oh! may my soul mount up to Heaven straightway,
When free from mortal bonds of earth and sin;
And may no angel guard the Heavenly gateway,
But Christ Himself unbar and let me in.

Domestic Economy.



CHEAP BEAUTY IN LIVING-ROOMS.

BY HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

In a former article, we showed how, by an attention to harmony of color and the disposition of drapery, and some little constructive ingenuity, a room might be attractively furnished for a very small sum.

Now, perhaps, we are met again by some who say: "But I have no money to spare for anything of this sort. I am condemned to an absolute bareness, and beauty in my case is not to be thought of."

Are you sure, my friend? If you live in the country, or can get into the country and have your eyes opened and your wits about you, your house need not be condemned to an absolute bareness.

Not so long as the woods are full of beautiful ferns and mosses, while every swamp shakes and nods with tremulous grasses, need you feel yourself an utterly disinherited child of nature.

For example: Take an old tin pan condemned to the retired list by reason of holes in the bottom, get twenty-five cents' worth of green paint for this and other purposes, and paint it. The holes in the bottom are a recommendation for its new service. If there are no holes, you must drill two or three, as drainage is essential.

Now put a layer one inch deep of broken charcoal and potsherds over the bottom, and then soil, in the following proportions:—

Two fourths wood-soil, such as you find in forests, under trees.

One fourth clean sand.

One fourth meadow-soil, taken from under fresh turf. Mix with this some charcoal dust.

In this soil plant all sorts of ferns, together with some few swamp-grasses, and around the edge put a border of moneywort or periwinkle to hang over. This will need to be watered once or twice a week, and it will grow and thrive all summer long in a corner of your room. Should you prefer, you can suspend it by wires and make a hanging-basket. Ferns and wood-grasses need not have sunshine—they grow well in shady places.

On this same principle you can convert a salt-box or an old fig-drum into a hanging-basket. Tack bark and pine-cones and

moss upon the outside of it, drill holes and pass wires through it, and you have a woodland hanging-basket, which will hang and grow in any corner of your house.

We have been into rooms which, by the simple disposition of articles of this kind, have been made to have an air so poetical and attractive that they seemed more like a nymph's cave than anything in the real world.

Another mode of disposing of ferns is this:—Take a flat piece of board sawed out something like a shield, with a hole at the top for hanging it up.

Upon this board nail a wire pocket made of an ox-muzzle flattened on one side. Line this with a close sheet of moss, which appears green behind the wire network. Then you fill it with loose, spongy moss, such as you find in swamps, and plant therein great plumes of fern and various swamp-grasses; they will continue to grow there, and hang gracefully over. When watering, set a pail under for it to drip into. It needs only to keep this moss always damp, and to sprinkle these ferns occasionally with a whisk-broom to have a most lovely ornament for your room or hall.

The use of ivy in decorating a room is beginning to be generally acknowledged. It needs to be planted in the kind of soil we have described, in a well-drained pot or box, and to have its leaves thoroughly washed once or twice a year in strong suds made with soft-soap, to free it from dust and scale-bug; and an ivy will live and thrive and wind about in a room, year in and year out, will grow round pictures, and do almost anything to oblige you that you can suggest to it.

It may be a very proper thing to direct the ingenuity and activity of children into the making of hanging-baskets and vases of rustic work.

The best foundations are the cheap wooden bowls, which are quite easy to get, and the walks of children in the woods can be made interesting by their bringing home material for this rustic work. Different-colored twigs and sprays of trees, such as the bright scarlet of the dogwood, the yellow of the willow, the black of the birch, and the silvery gray of the poplar may be combined in fanciful network. For this sort of work, no other investment is needed than a hammer and an assortment of dif-

ferent-sized tacks,* and beautiful results will be produced.

But the greatest and cheapest and most delightful fountain of beauty is a Wardian case.

Now, immediately all our economical friends give up in despair. Wardian cases sell all the way from eighteen to fifty dollars, and are like everything else in this lower world, the sole perquisites of the rich.

Let us not be too sure.

Plate-glass, and hot-house plants, and rare patterns are the especial inheritance of the rich; but any family may command all the requisites of a Wardian case for a very small sum.

A Wardian case is a small glass closet over a well-drained box of soil. You make a Wardian case on a small scale when you turn a tumbler over a plant. The glass keeps the temperature moist and equable, and preserves the plants from dust, and the soil being well drained, they live and thrive accordingly. The requisites of these are the glass top and the bed of well-drained soil.

Now, suppose you have a common cheap table, four feet long and two wide. Take off the top boards of your table, and with them board the bottom across tight and firm; line it now with zinc. You will now have a sort of box or sink on legs. Now make a top of common window-glass such as you would get for a cucumber-frame; let it be two and a half feet high, with a ridge-pole like a house, and a slanting roof of glass resting on this ridge-pole; on one end let there be a door two feet square.

We have seen a Wardian case made in this way, in which the capabilities for producing ornamental effect were greatly beyond many of the most elaborate ones of the shops. It was large, and roomy, and cheap. Common window-sash and glass are not dear, and any man with moderate ingenuity could fashion such a glass closet for his wife.

The sink or box part must have in the middle of it a hole of good size for drainage. In preparing this for the reception of plants, first turn a plant-saucer over this hole, which may otherwise become stopped. Then, as directed for the other basket, proceed with a layer of broken charcoal and potsherds for drainage, two inches deep and prepare the soil as directed in the beginning of this article, and add to it some pounded charcoal, or the scrapings of the charcoal-bin. In short, more or less charcoal and charcoal-dust is *always* in order in the treatment of these moist subjects, as it keeps moisture from fermenting and growing sour.

* Ordinary tacks serve very badly, and will split almost any twigs. Use should be made of the French wire tacks.

Now for filling the case.

Our own native forest-ferns have a period in the winter months when they cease to grow. They are very particular in asserting their right to this yearly nap, and will not, on any consideration, grow for you out of their appointed season.

Nevertheless, we shall tell you what we have tried ourselves, because greenhouse ferns are expensive and often great cheats, when you have bought them, and die on your hands in the most reckless and shameless manner. If you make a Wardian case in the spring, your ferns will grow beautifully in it all summer, and in the autumn, though they stop growing, and cease to throw out leaves, yet the old leaves will remain fresh and green till the time for starting the new ones in the spring. But, supposing you wish to start your case in the fall out of such things as you can find in the forest: by searching carefully the rocks and clefts and recesses of the forest, you can find a quantity of beautiful ferns whose leaves the frost has not yet assailed. Gather them carefully, remembering that the time of the plant's sleep has come, and that you must make the most of the leaves it now has, as you will not have a leaf more from it till its waking-up time in February or March. But we have succeeded, and you will succeed in making a very charming and picturesque collection. You can make in your Wardian case lovely little grottoes with any bits of shells, and minerals, and rocks you may have—you can lay down, here and there, fragments of broken looking-glass for the floor of your grottoes, and the effect of them will be magical. A square of looking-glass introduced into the back side of your case will produce charming effects.

The trailing arbutus or May-flower, if cut up carefully in sods, and put into this Wardian case, will come into bloom there a month sooner than it otherwise would, and gladden your eyes and heart.

In the fall, if you can find the tufts of eye-bright or *Houstonia cerulia*, and mingle them in with your mosses, you will find them blooming before winter is well over.

But among the most lovely things for such a case is the partridge-berry (*Mitchella*), with its red plums. The red berries swell and increase in the dampness, and become intense in color, and form an admirable ornament.

Then, the ground pine, the princess pine, and various nameless pretty things of the woods, all flourish. In getting your sod of trailing arbutus, remember that this plant forms its buds in the fall. You must, therefore, examine your sod carefully, and see if buds are there; otherwise you will find no blossoms in the spring.

There are one or two species of *Viola*,

also, that form their buds in the fall, and these will blossom early for you.

We have never tried the wild anemones, the crowfoot, etc., but, as they all do well in moist shady places, we recommend hopefully the experiment of putting some of them in.

A Wardian case has this recommendation over common house-plants, that it takes so little time and care.

If well made in the outset, and thoroughly drenched with water when the plants are first put in, it will, after that, need only to be watered about once a month, and to be ventilated by occasionally leaving open the door for a half hour or hour, when the moisture obscures the glass and seems in excess.

To women embarrassed with the care of little children, yet longing for the refreshment of something growing and beautiful, this glass-garden will be an untold treasure. The glass defends the plant from the inexpedient intermeddling of little fingers, while the little eyes, just on a level with the panes of glass, can look through and learn to enjoy the beautiful, silent miracles of nature.

For an invalid's chamber such a case would be an indescribable comfort. It is, in fact, a fragment of the green woods brought in and silently growing; it will refresh many a weary hour to watch it.

In some future paper, we shall hope to present our readers with drawings of many cheap ornamental furnishings for rooms, and give some account of how they may be made.—*Hearth and Home.*

SELECTED RECIPES.

JUMBLES.—One cup of butter, two cups of sugar, four eggs, one cup of milk, one-half teaspoonful of soda stirred into the milk. To be rolled out thin and cut with a cake cutter; brush the tops over with the white of an egg, and then sift over sugar. Bake fifteen minutes.

GERMAN PUFFS.—One pint of milk, five eggs, two ounces butter, ten table-spoonfuls flour. Bake in cups. Eaten with sauce.

MACCAROONS.—One pound of sugar, whites of three eggs, one quarter-pound blanched and pounded almonds. Sprinkle sugar on paper and drop in little round cakes.

A FINE ICING FOR CAKES.—Beat up the whites of five eggs to a froth, and put to them a pound of double-refined sugar, powdered and sifted, and three spoonfuls of orange-flower water, or lemon-juice. Keep beating it all the time the cake is in the oven, and the moment it comes out, ice over the top with a spoon.

CUSTARD PIE.—Three-quarters cup of sugar, two table-spoons of butter, stirred to cream; add two eggs, one table-spoon of flour, half cup of milk, and one cup of cold water; season with nutmeg.

PICKLING RIPE TOMATOES.—Tomatoes may be kept almost any length of time, and come out as good and fresh as when first picked, by preserving in pure cider vinegar, diluted with water, one gill of vinegar and two of water. Pick when ripe, but not very soft; leave the stems on and do not break the skin. Put into wood or stone, and put the liquid on them cold. After you get through putting them in, place something upon them to keep them under the liquid, and take out as you may wish to use them. You can use them as you would tomatoes fresh from the vine. It will not fail if your vinegar is pure and diluted according to directions.

TOMATO KETCHUP.—Wash and cut in two your tomatoes, spread them in layers in a deep dish, and sprinkle liberally with salt, each layer; let them remain over night; then pour off nearly all the water, and boil the tomatoes half an hour; press them through a sieve, to get out the skins and seeds, and then put them back in the boiler, and add (for half a bushel of tomatoes) one table-spoonful of black pepper, one heaping do. of ground cloves, one of allspice, one of cinnamon, and boil twenty minutes longer. Bottle when cold, and cork very tight.

TOMATO JAM.—Take ripe tomatoes, peel them and take out all the seeds; put them into a preserving kettle, with half a pound of sugar to each pound of tomatoes; boil one or two lemons soft, then pound them fine, take out the pits, add the lemon to the tomato, and boil slowly; mash to a smooth mass; continue to stir until smooth and thick, then put in jars or tumblers.

PRESERVING TOMATOES FOR WINTER USE.—Ripe, sound tomatoes, cut and stewed until they can be put through a cullender to take the skins out; then in a boiling state, put them in dry hot bottles or jars, which may be prepared by setting them in hot water, and gradually increasing the heat till the water boils. Fill the bottles and let them boil a few minutes; cork and seal while hot, cutting the cork even with the top of the bottle; keep them in a dry, cool place.—For sealing-wax, take two parts of rosin, one of bees-wax, and one of shellac, melted together.

TO CAN GREEN CORN.—Cut from cob; put it in a tin can and solder tight; then put the can in water and boil four hours; take it out, pierce the can for air to escape, and solder it immediately.

PRESERVED PEACHES.—Peel, stone, and, if necessary, cut your fruit in slices; to one pound of fruit add three-quarters of a pound of pounded loaf-sugar, to be

put with the peaches in a deep earthenware dish, and allowed to remain all night; then let them boil in their own syrup, gently and carefully skimming it all the time. When nearly done, some of the kernels may be blanched and added, which is a great improvement. Put the jam into jars, and leave it open till perfectly cold, then cover with bladders. This is an excellent receipt, and will answer equally well for apricots, green-gages, and the magnum-bonum and egg-plums; only in the two latter fruits the kernels may be omitted.

PICKLED ONIONS.—Boil small onions (until about half cooked) in salted water; then, while hot, drop them into a jar of spiced vinegar. Pepper is the best spice for this vinegar.

SCORCHED LINEN.—Peel and slice two onions; extract the juice by pounding and squeezing; add to the juice half an ounce of cut fine white soap, two ounces of fuller's earth, and half a pint of vinegar; boil all together. When cool, spread it over the scorched linen and let it dry on; then wash and boil out the linen, and the spots will disappear, unless burned so badly as to break the thread.

TO CLEAN PAINT.—Smear a piece of flannel in common whiting, mixed to the consistency of common paste, in warm water. Rub the surface to be cleansed, quite briskly, and wash off with pure cold water.—Grease-spots will in this way be almost instantly removed as well as other dirt, and the paint will retain its brilliancy and beauty unimpaired.

Editorial.



SALUTATORY.

With this number the **NEW DOMINION MONTHLY** completes the second year of its existence, and the Editors avail themselves of the opportunity, thus afforded, to thank the public for the generous support of an extensive subscription-list, and the contributors to the magazine for their extraordinary kindness in supplying a constant succession of very valuable as well as deeply interesting articles. With such advantages, and with the periodical literature of both hemispheres, from which to select the best articles monthly, a magazine should surely prove a financial success in this Dominion; and such, the publishers trust, will yet be the case with the **NEW DOMINION MONTHLY**; although the low price charged, the extra expense incurred in illustrations, and the prepayment of postage, have all combined to postpone that result so far. The good day is, however, they trust, coming, when they shall be able to pay for original articles.

The publishers hope and trust that all whose subscriptions expire with this month (and that is the great majority of the whole

list) will remit promptly, in order that they may know how many of next number to print, as, of course, they cannot send any without prepayment; nor can they, as last year, print a large number over, in the expectation of subscriptions coming in. Let all who think the magazine worth the money, and believe that a Canadian enterprise of this kind should be supported, send us promptly each a dollar bill, as a matter of this kind, when deferred at all, is apt to be forgotten. We also trust that all who have read the **NEW DOMINION MONTHLY** will regard it with sufficient favor to recommend it to their neighbors, and each endeavor to get one or two new subscribers for it, to remit with his own; or, what would be still better, let every one who can do so make up a club of eight, remitting eight dollars, and get a ninth copy for himself or herself free.

TO ADVERTISERS.

All magazines, and especially low-priced ones, look to advertising for a share of their support; and it has appeared to the publishers of the **NEW DOMINION MONTHLY**,

that, with a circulation of nearly 6,000 a month amongst the most intelligent and well-to-do classes of the community all over the Dominion, it should have had a larger share of advertisements than it has yet obtained; and they cannot help hoping that this will come in yet from enterprising Manufacturers, Land-Agents, Nurserymen, Schools, Colleges, Insurance Companies, &c., &c., all over the Dominion.

Magazines are preserved and often lent about, and advertisements in them are, therefore, more permanently valuable than in a newspaper.

To induce a liberal advertising patronage, the terms have been put very low considering the service rendered, viz. :—

One page, \$10; half-page, \$6; quarter page \$3.50, and eighth of a page, \$2 each insertion, with a discount of 12½ per cent. for three insertions; 25 per cent. for six insertions, and 33½ for 12 insertions or one year. Printed leaves, if furnished, will be stitched in for \$1 per 1,000. In all cases the cuts of pictures to be furnished by the advertiser; and the publishers reserve the right to decline any advertisements they may deem objectionable. The terms for advertising, as for subscription, are cash in advance.

SCENE ON AN INDIAN RAILWAY.

Formerly the Brahminy bulls and cows would drag along cars laden with people from village to village; the elephants would carry the native ladies and gentlemen about in little castles, which were fastened on their backs; the camels and the dromedaries would be laden with the baggage, drivers, and merchants of the caravans which were accustomed to go such long journeys; but now, in the north of India, and in many other parts of the world where new railways have been laid down, the trucks and carriages convey both the animals and their former riders. The shrill whistle of the engine as it now dashes through the forest jungles will sometimes startle the tiger in his lair. In fact, European energy is waking up the world. The railways at least, have a wonderful influence in the countries where caste has prevailed. It was formerly considered a sin for a person of one caste to touch another; but now people of high castes and low castes are hurried into the railway carriages, and are obliged to crowd in side by side. To their surprise they find out that the gods give no proof that they are angry with them for touching their neighbors, so that even railways are helping to break down the superstitious notions of the heathen. They are by this means losing confidence in their idols, and are more disposed to listen to the Christian Missionary who tells them of the True God whose word of promise or threatening never fails.—*Missionary News.*

(See Frontispiece.)

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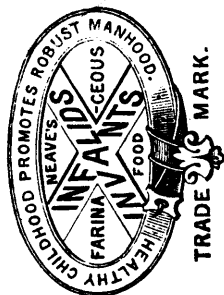
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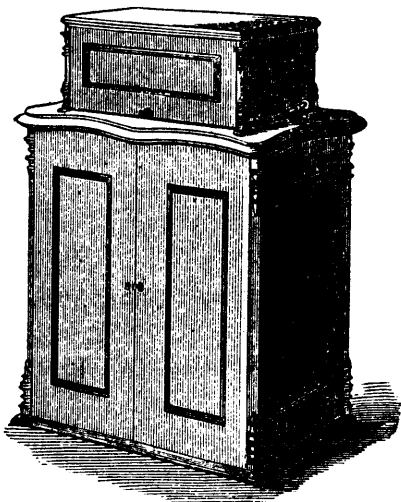
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The tulip should be planted in Fall, about three or four inches deep, in rich mellow soil, and on no account kept out of the ground through the winter. This is the rule also with nearly all bulbous roots,—the gladiolus, which will not stand the frost, being the chief exception. The ground should be of a tolerably dry nature, as water lodging about the roots of bulbous plants is very injurious. In Spring, all that is necessary is to keep free from weeds by lightly stirring the earth around them, taking care neither to injure the roots nor stems. No protection of any kind should be attempted through the winter, as any manure or straw above these bulbs in winter draws up the stems to be too long and slender in spring. After the flowers have fallen, the seed-pods should be carefully broken off, otherwise the plant's strength will go to mature the seed, and the bulb will sink in the process, just like that of a carrot or onion when it runs to seed. This is the way in which people say their tulips run out. Or there is an opposite way which is equally common and equally destructive,—viz., cutting off the stalks close by the ground as soon as the flowering season is over. In this case, the bulbs can no more mature for next year than an animal could thrive which had its stomach and lungs cut out. After the foliage has fairly begun to wither, it may be cut clean away or the bulbs may be taken up, but not till then. When planted six inches apart the bulbs need not be taken up and separated till the second year.

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