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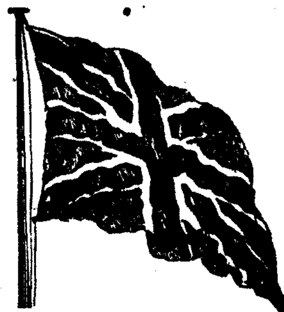
VOL. 2. NO. 5.

THE NEW DOMINION MONTHLY.

August, 1868.



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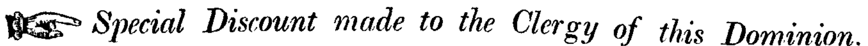

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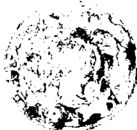

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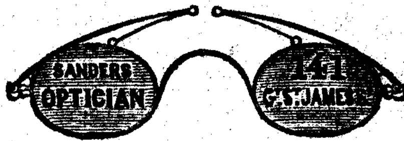

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THE NEW DOMINION MONTHLY,

A Magazine of Original and Selected Literature.

AUGUST, 1868.

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SUBSCRIPTION.—One Dollar per annum in advance; and to Clubs of Eight, one copy gratis.

POSTAGE ON THE "MONTHLY."—Mailed to any part of Canada, one cent each number, payable by receiver. In large quantities sent to one address, the rate is one cent for every 4 ounces (or fraction thereof) in weight.

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MATTHEWS-ROBINSON. SC
BOSTON, MASS.

The New Dominion Monthly.

VOL. II, AUGUST, 1868. No. 5.

Original.

THE CRUCIBLE.

BY ALICIA.

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CHAPTER XI.

"And as I gazed on that sweet girlish face,
I thought how fair 'twould be, when passing years
Had left their impress on it.
For hers were charms that age could not destroy,
For 'twas the reflex of a lovely mind,
And not the exquisitely moulded form,
Or glowing hues of health that lent such grace
To every feature. Her sweet, gentle voice
Awoke an echo in my inmost soul:
And I resolved to win her, if I might,
And shrine her in the temple of my heart—
My own, my loving, and beloved wife."
—*Anon.*

Edna found Mrs. Maitland and Bessie up, and busily despatching the excellent breakfast just sent in.

"I am glad to see you apparently enjoying yourselves so much," she said, smiling. "Well, little woman, how do you feel after your adventures last night?" she asked, affectionately kissing Bessie, who bounded forward to greet her.

"Oh, very well, thank you. Come and have some breakfast; you cannot think how nice it is eating our breakfast in this pretty room. Isn't Captain Ainslie a darling? I never saw such a kind gentleman," said Bessie, impulsively, running back to her seat when she found that Edna had already taken breakfast. "How I wish he would go home with us, don't you, mamma?"

"Captain Ainslie is very kind," replied Mrs. Maitland, "and I am sure we ought to feel very grateful to him;" she glanced up at Edna, who was standing by the window absently tapping the glass; suddenly, she turned round and asked,

"Mrs. Maitland, when are you thinking of returning to Canada? I am feeling anxious to get back to my father."

"I will leave whenever you wish," replied her friend. "You know I have spoken of starting for home several times, but you have always urged our remaining so strongly, that for your sake I have not pressed the point; but I think it would be as well to be moving—living in this hotel will bring us in rather larger bills than boarding at our little cottage. What do you say to starting for Geneva to-morrow? You could in a measure replenish your wardrobe there. James has just brought what was saved from the fire. There are two trunks of mine, but nothing of yours, poor child, but your dressing-case, which you thought it better to leave with me when you went out with Bessie yesterday morning."

"I have great reason to be thankful that was saved," replied Edna, "for it contained all my money and jewelry. Does it not seem wonderful that I should have left it in your room?"

"Providential, I think; but what do you think of my proposal to leave Chamouni?"

"The sooner the better, as far as regards me," said Edna; "but I do not wish to hurry you home, Mrs. Maitland; as for myself, I wish I could be there to-morrow, I feel very anxious about my father."

"Well, my love, you shall be with him as soon as we can possibly reach Canada without fatiguing ourselves. Will you be glad to get home, darling?" she said, turning to her little daughter.

"Yes," replied the child, thoughtfully; "I shall be glad to get back to dear Burnside, but I am sorry to leave here, it is so beautiful; but you know, mamma, I would not want to stay without you. I never want to leave you, my dear, dear mamma," she said, climbing up on her mother's knee, and clasping her little arms round her neck. "Never, mamma, never," she added, with increased fervor.

"My own dear child," said the mother, pressing her darling closer and still closer, "God grant we may never be parted in life; in heaven, you know dearest, we will be together for ever, and with dear, dear papa."

"Yes," replied the child, "for it says in the Bible, that those who get into heaven shall go no more out forever. Do you know, mamma, I believe the old Swiss woman will be there, for she loves Jesus so much? She asked Edna if she did, and Edna said, 'No.' Don't you wish Edna would love Jesus, mamma?"

"I think Edna does, Bessie dear."

She looked up, Edna was sitting on the chair near them; her head resting on her hand, and Mrs. Maitland saw the tears trickling down between her fingers. On seeing she was observed, she brushed them away quickly, and rising, went to the window again.

"Edna, my love, did you not promise your old Swiss friend to go and see her again?" said Mrs. Maitland. "Had you not better pay her a visit to-day?"

"Yes," replied Edna, with sudden animation, "I will go now. I am so glad you reminded me; but what will I put on my head?" and remembering how destitute she was of clothing, she laughed merrily.

"Bessie's hat is here, which you tied round her *neck* last night."

"Oh, that will do, if Bessie will lend it to me."

"Indeed, I will. I wish I could go too, but I suppose mamma would not let me."

"I think not, my love; you had better rest to-day," answered Mrs. Maitland. "Remember, we start to-morrow."

"I wish you could go, dear, but mamma knows best. Good-bye," said Edna, and tying on her borrowed hat, she nodded merrily to Bessie, and went gaily out of the room.

She was running lightly down stairs in search of James, whose escort she was going to claim in her mountain walk, when she was stopped by Captain Ainslie.

"Why, Miss Clifford, I am delighted to see you in such good spirits; might I enquire your destination now?"

"I am going to see the old Swiss woman again. Would you be kind enough, Captain Ainslie, to try and find James for me? I want him to accompany me."

"I would very much rather substitute my own services, if you would give me the great pleasure of doing so, Miss Clifford?"

What could Edna do? she and her friends were already indebted to the Captain, and were even now recipients of his kindness; she could not run the risk of offending him, so, after some hesitation, she consented to allow him to be her escort.

It was a beautiful morning, the sun shone out in unclouded splendor, and all nature seemed to rejoice in his beams; the birds were singing gleefully; the flowers breathing forth their richest perfume, and the blue sky smiling lovingly on all. Edna's heart had not felt so light for many a day; it seemed lifted up through the contemplation of Nature's loveliness to Nature's God, whose very name is Love. How she longed that that God might be her God. Her inward thoughts were—"Surely if God displays His love in such wondrous power to the inanimate world, will He not manifest it to me—an immortal soul for whom Christ died." And her mind involuntarily recurred to those beautiful words in our Saviour's sermon on the Mount: "Behold the fowls of the air, for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not much better than they? Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin: yet I say unto you, that even Solomon in all his

glory was not arrayed like one of these;" and the exhortation: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you."

"If I seek that kingdom of God—if my first desire is to serve my God, then shall not I have that precious faith which takes no thought of the morrow, which fears no evil, knowing that all things work together for good! Oh, what would I not give to feel such perfect trust in God! I will ask the old Swiss woman about it. She must know what it is. She never could be so happy were it not that she rejoices in her Saviour."

Edna walked on in silence, while her companion scanned her face in surprise. It wore an expression he had never seen before, and had an inexpressible charm about it, so different to the usual haughty, disdainful look. Her dignified beauty had won his admiration, but this womanly, gentler look awoke a feeling more akin to love. He at length broke the silence:

"You must have pleasant thoughts this morning, Miss Clifford. I don't think I ever saw you look so happy."

"I beg your pardon," said Edna, starting, "I am afraid you will think me very rude never to have spoken to you."

There was a return of something of the old expression, and the Captain almost regretted having broken the spell.

"No, you could never be rude; but it would be rude in me, I suppose, to inquire as to what subject afforded you such agreeable meditations."

"I could hardly tell you," she replied. "Everything is so charming to-day, I seemed wrapped up—absorbed in the loveliness surrounding us on every side."

"I do not wonder; *everything* does seem to be more beautiful than usual this morning. Will you be long in the cottage?" he asked, for they had reached the chalet occupied by the Gervais family.

"No," said Edna, "only a few minutes. The day is too far advanced to permit of my remaining long."

"Well, I will wait for you on this little mound; it will be a pleasant seat, and I can pick you a bouquet of violets without changing my position." He threw himself on the grassy knoll, and Edna entered the cottage.

The old woman was glad to see her, but expressed great sorrow on learning that they were so soon to leave, and on hearing of the misfortune she had met with in losing her trunks and clothing. Marguerite had seen the fire, but did not know in which cottage their friends were living. The old woman took Edna's hand in both of hers, lovingly, and said, looking up in her face with eyes beaming with tenderness,

"You have known sorrow, ma chère; I see it in your eyes. They remind me of my lady's when she had laid her little pearl, her lovely Marguerite, in the valley yonder. But, ma chère, I believe you do love the Lord Jesus, if you love Him, you will be happy through all trouble—through all sorrow. He bore our sorrows as well as our sins in His body on the tree. The Cross, the Cross!" she exclaimed, raising her withered hands and glistening eyes to heaven, "Oh, the cross of my Saviour is all to me! I look to the cross; I live by the cross; and should we murmur to bear the little cross the Lord gives us to carry to remind us of that raised on Calvary, on which the precious Jesus was nailed, for my sins—for yours, ma chère—for the sins of the whole world."

The tears streamed down her worn and furrowed cheeks as she spoke, and

"Oh, my dear," she continued, "if the Lord gives us His yoke to bear, we should thank Him for it. It is to lead us to learn of Him who was meek and lowly in heart, aud we shall find rest for our souls."

"But how am I to find that rest?" asked Edna, her voice choking with emotion. "I long for it."

"Just raise your eyes to the Cross, ma chère; just fall on your knees, and lifting up your hands to heaven, say, 'I come, thou precious Jesus, and come to Thee for rest! Take me; make me Thine own; give me rest in Thee.'"

"I must say good-bye," said Edna; "thank you, thank you. I will never forget your words, and you will not forget to pray for me. I should like to think when I am far away, that you here on your bed in your mountain home in Switzerland, are praying for me."

"Ay, ay! ma chère, I will pray for thee. Never will old Jacqueline ask the Lord to bless her Marguerite and Jean and Klaus without asking Him to bless the dear demoiselle far away, that she may love Him and rejoice in Him."

She kissed her visitor's hand, and Edna, with tears in her eyes, bade adieu to Marguerite and little Klaus, and quitted the cottage.

She found Captain Ainslie where she had left him. He was buried in thought, and Edna had been standing some moments beside him before he noticed her, then he started to his feet, saying,

"I beg a thousand pardons. Have you been waiting long?"

"Oh, no," replied Edna, "not a minute. Oh, what lovely violets!" she exclaimed, "where did you get them?"

"Just where I was sitting," he answered. "Nature lavishes her beauties here. She does nothing by halves in Switzerland; everything is in profusion, from the glaciers to the daisies and violets!"

They conversed on various subjects until near the hotel, when Edna suddenly said, after a brief silence,

"Captain Ainslie, I don't think I told you that we leave Chamouni to-morrow."

He started, but controlling himself, said in a light tone,

"Whither away now? On what favored country will the light of your countenance next shine?"

"We are bound for home," replied Edna. "We start for Geneva to-morrow; from thence by Paris and London, then to Liverpool, and off."

All carelessness had vanished from his voice, as the Captain exclaimed:

"Oh, Miss Clifford, and are these pleasant hours with you so soon to end?—the happiest hours I have ever spent. Believe me, Miss Clifford, nothing can ever efface the memories of the days spent in your company. I cannot bear to think they are over forever. I will at least have the pleasure of travelling with you as far as Liverpool, for I am obliged to return to England."

Edna had no opportunity of forbidding him to come; he did not even ask permission, and to tell him he must make his journey at some other time, or by some other route, was impossible. They had reached the hotel, and Captain Ainslie begged Edna's acceptance of the bouquet of violets.

"You know what they mean," he said, smiling. 'Pensez-a-moi.'"

There was a good deal of Edna's old haughtiness of manner as she bowed and thanked him. She found Mrs. Maitland and Bessie in the sitting-room. She sat down, weary with her long walk, and commenced reading one of the books which lay on the table. Dinner was soon announced; after which Mrs. Maitland went out for a short walk with Bessie, as she thought a little fresh air would do them good; but she would not allow Edna to accompany them, saying she was sure she needed rest, so she rang for Jane, and the three started off, leaving Edna alone.

Edna watched them out of the window, and was glad to see that Captain Ainslie was with them.

"Now," she said to herself, "I am sure of no interruption. Poor Captain Ainslie! what am I to do? I am afraid he thinks too much about me, and yet I cannot be rude and refuse all his proffered attentions. For weeks, until yesterday, I had hardly spoken to him. Oh, I never could return his affection. My love for Ernest is as strong as ever, even stronger, I think. I will read that dear letter once again. Oh, what would I not give to know if he still loves me!"

She suddenly remembered that she had never read Selina's note—her mind had been so occupied she had completely for-

gotten it. She now drew it from her pocket, and began perusing it. Selina said little beyond giving information as to how she became possessed of Ernest's note. She had been house-cleaning and moving the furniture in Edna's room, and had found the note under the book-case. How it got there, and when, she did not know; and of course she had not read it. She hoped Edna would believe that she had too much of the spirit of the Somers' to do that. She said that, though Mr. Clifford was not very well, yet he did not seem anxious for Edna's return; that there was not much news in town, all she knew was Charlie's ridiculous flirtation with the second Wyndgate girl, and Mr. Austin's with Winnifred Leighton, excepting, indeed, a rumor she had heard that Ernest was paying attention to Margaret Wyndgate, now visiting some friends at B———. She ended by expressing a hope that Edna was well and enjoying herself, which was more than she was doing; though Dr. Ponsonby came very often to the house, and, of course, every one could tell what were his real reasons for so doing, although he declared that he only came to see papa. "However," wisely concluded Selina, "I am not vain, but I cannot but see that the Dr. does admire me."

Edna read the letter with mingled feelings of sadness, contempt, and amusement. She threw it to one side, and re-read Ernest's note. The hot tears flowed fast, and dropped on the letter. Could Ernest have seen it, he would have known that the pride in Edna's heart had been, by the hand of sorrow, humbled and subdued; yet she had much to learn, and much grief to endure before she would submissively, entirely, bow to God's will, and He should reign supreme in her heart. She sat dwelling on the loving words so dear to her now, even though she knew not whether the heart which gave utterance to them was true to her still. Selina's words had raised a doubt in her mind which she could not suppress; but above all rose the words, "Yours till death," and then the bitter thought that perhaps he might be dying—perhaps, dead—and she separated from him, not alone by the wide Atlantic, but by her own act, her own words which had spurned his love, and sent him forever from her. Oh, yes! bitter was the remorse which filled Edna's mind as she brooded over the past.

She was aroused by merry voices in the hall, and Mrs. Maitland, Bessie, and the Captain entered the room. Edna hastily thrust the letters into her pocket, and tried to look careless and unconcerned, but Captain Ainslie's quick eye had detected the tears on her cheeks, and he attributed them to another cause. He remained with them until tea-time, after which he begged Edna to take a walk—a last look at the remains of the cottage; but Edna could not be persuaded, and retired to her chamber, from which no coaxing of Bessie's could induce her to return. She went to rest early, being weary with anxiety and excitement; yet she could not sleep, but lay tossing about, her brain troubled with the one anxious question, asked again and again:

"Does Ernest still love me? Is he ill? Is he dying?"

And every possibility of change, of suffering, and of doubt was dwelt on, till she moaned for very wretchedness. At length, tired and worn, she fell into a troubled slumber, and dreamt she saw Margaret Wyndgate watching at Ernest's bed-side, but he called for Edna, and, with the words, "Oh, Ernest, Ernest, I am coming!" on her lips, she awoke.

It was about five o'clock, so she sprang up and dressed quickly, for they were to leave at six, and she heard Mrs. Maitland and Bessie already astir.

"How am I going to manage in the way of a head-dress?" she exclaimed, laughingly, as she entered her friend's room.

"Oh, you can have my large hat, Edna. I have a smaller one which was in one of the trunks," said Bessie.

"Thank you, darling; I shall look quite grand in borrowed plumes."

"I think you look nicer in mine, than you did in your own," said Bessie.

"Do you, my dear? I am quite glad of it," replied Edna, smiling; and, taking Bessie's hand in hers, they went down to breakfast, which had been ordered early. Everything was in readiness, and after partaking of a hasty meal, in which Captain Ainslie joined them, they went upstairs again to prepare for their journey, while the Captain set off to see about the carriage.

Two of these conveyances had to be secured to carry the party to Geneva; in one Mrs. Maitland, Edna, Bessie, and the Captain bestowed themselves, while the other contained James, Jane, and the luggage. The morning was lovely—the mist slowly rising and floating away, gradually unfolding to view the ridge of snow-capped mountains, and their glorious king.

About eight o'clock they reached Servoz, which is half-way to St. Martins. Here the horses rested for a short time, and then off they started again; yet but slowly, for the mountain road was steep and narrow. However, when beyond St. Martins, the road improved, and they got on without difficulty; and on arriving at Cluses, they stopped, had dinner, and Edna and the Captain took a short walk through the town, admiring its wide streets and handsome stone houses. After leaving Cluses, the road merged into a narrow defile passing between the lofty mountain ranges, where high walls towered threateningly over their heads, looking as if at any moment they might close in upon them. They passed on through Bonneville without any further delay, and reached Geneva about six in the evening, and drove up to the handsome hotel on the banks of the lovely lake. Here they found everything as comfortable as they could desire—"a delightful house, neat and orderly as those of England, and elegant and tasteful as those of France or Italy." The parlor was a charming room on the second story, with an open balcony looking out upon the lake. Here, when they had refreshed themselves with an excellent tea, they assembled, and sat in the lovely twilight watching the people constantly passing and repassing over the beautiful bridge that spans the Rhone, which flows on silently, yet surely, till it mingles its waters with those of the Mediterranean. Night at length closed in upon them, and they dispersed to their several chambers, glad to rest after the fatigues of the day.

CHAPTER XII.

"And as I thought and gazed,
My soul exultant praised
The Power to whom each mighty act and victory are due;
For the saint-like place that smiled
Like a heaven-gifted child,
And for the air of quietude that steeped the distant view."
—*Charles Sangster.*

The next day was spent very pleasantly. The party went on an excursion over the beautiful bridge to visit Rousseau's Island, and wandered about for some time among the lovely groves surrounding the bronze statue of Rousseau, and admiring the fine view of the snowy Alps.

Edna managed to possess herself of such articles of clothing as she really needed, and after visiting the Botanic Gardens they hurried back to tea. About seven, the train started, and they went through to Paris without a change of carriages. Edna would have wished to stop and see the famous Cathedral at Strasburg, but they concluded it was better to proceed without delay. They travelled all night, and when they arrived at Paris they were completely worn out, and obliged to rest until the following day, so, having seen the beautiful metropolis before, they remained in their hotel.

Next morning, by an early train, they went to Calais, and here began poor Mrs. Maitland's troubles. She was a miserable sailor, and the trip across the channel is trying even to the most experienced. She was very ill all the way, and even Bessie was obliged to remain below; but Edna—who seldom, if ever, suffered from sea-sickness—was able to keep on deck. She was thus thrown into Captain Ainslie's society. She had been endeavoring to prevent their being alone together, for she feared a *denou-*

ment, and this she was specially anxious to avoid. She managed always to place herself in such a position that he could not speak without being overheard, and thus for that day contrived to ward off the disclosure she dreaded.

On landing, they proceeded at once to London, and in the wondrous capital they passed the night. Next morning Mrs. Maitland felt too ill to proceed, and they resolved to wait until the midnight train should leave for Liverpool. Edna, Bessie, and the Captain, therefore, spent the day in doing what little they could in the way of sight-seeing. They first went to Sydenham Palace, and spent a delightful hour roaming among its shaded walks, its fountains and sylvan temples, and inspecting the world of wonders within its walls; its museums of art and science; its groves of living palms, enlivened by birds of every hue filling the air with their melody—mingling their note with the splash of sparkling fountains. They then inspected Madame Tussaud's wonderful collection of wax-figures, and the illusion was so complete that they almost started to find themselves in company with kings and queens, lords and nobles, well-dressed English gentlemen, and pig-tailed Chinese; here one young gentleman looked so extremely affable and bowed so pleasantly that they almost took him for an official; while there a fair lady was lying asleep, her breast heaving so naturally that they involuntarily hushed their steps, lest they should disturb her. Bessie was perfectly delighted, and they lingered so long in this enchanted palace that they were obliged to return at once to dinner. They found Mrs. Maitland much refreshed; but, on consideration, concluded it was better to defer their departure until six in the morning, which would give Mrs. Maitland time to have a good night's rest.

In the afternoon, Edna, Bessie, and the Captain again sallied forth, and visited the British Museum and Westminster Abbey, after which they returned to the hotel, quite weary with their travels, and soon after despatching their evening meal retired to rest.

Six o'clock the next morning saw them off to Liverpool, and as the day was fine they enjoyed the trip, travelling as they were through one of the most fertile plains of England. They passed through Rugby, with which many of our readers have no doubt become familiar by reading the interesting account of Tom Brown's wonderful adventures there; then on to Liverpool, where they remained until the following day. In the evening—Bessie had retired to rest, while Mrs. Maitland still occupied her room—Edna and Captain Ainslie were left alone. Edna had been sitting at the window of the parlor of the hotel looking out on the busy scene of traffic before her, for the streets were almost as bustling with life as in mid-day. Captain Ainslie drew a chair opposite hers, and began remarking on the scene before them. At length, after a brief silence, he said,

"Might I enquire as to the nature of your thoughts, Miss Clifford? You look so sad. Do you feel sorry to leave old England?"

"My feelings are mingled," she replied, with an attempt to smile, for she had been dwelling on the sadness of living once more in the home hallowed by so many sweet memories of departed happiness. "I have much to make me sad, even at the thought of returning to my home," she added.

"Oh, Miss Clifford—Edna!" exclaimed Captain Ainslie, "could I but think that your sorrow is occasioned by the thought of leaving me—could I but think that this parting is not forever, but a bidding adieu with the hope of meeting never to be separated! Oh, could you but give me the hope——"

Here they were interrupted by the entrance of Mrs. Maitland, who, well knowing Edna's anxiety to avoid being left alone with the Captain, had hurried down to the rescue. It was a welcome intrusion to Edna, not so to the gallant Captain, who immediately left the room, but not, however, before Edna had time to say in a low voice,

"You must never think of such a thing, Captain Ainslie; it could never be!"

They saw no more of him that night, nor the next day, until just before they were starting for the steamer, when he made his appearance, looking so extremely ill that from her heart Edna pitied him.

"Is it a part of my punishment," she bitterly exclaimed, "that I should be the means of bringing sorrow and misery on those whose friendship and affection I most value?"

Just as they were leaving the small steamer which had borne them to the noble ship anchored in the mouth of the Mersey, Edna had an opportunity of saying, as she extended her hand in farewell,

"Believe me, Captain Ainslie, I am deeply grieved if I have caused you sorrow. I trust you will believe I would not willingly have done so. I cannot thank you enough for your unfailing kindness to me. I trust I may ever consider you as my friend."

She looked up at him with tears in her eyes. The Captain pressed her hand in silence for a moment, and at length he said:

"I believe you, Miss Clifford. I believe that the pain you have caused was wholly unintentional on your part. I have never had reason to think otherwise; and as for being your friend, I shall be thankful, if you will allow me to be such."

"I need not say, Captain Ainslie," replied Edna, "that if ever you visit Canada, my father will be glad to welcome his daughter's friend as his own, and I will be happy to see you at any time.

He had only time to say, "Good-bye," and "farewell," when they were obliged to part, and shortly afterwards the noble ship was in motion.

Soon Liverpool, with its spires and forest of masts, faded in the distance, and evening was stealing on them as they rounded the Isle of Anglesea. A quiet night was spent in the Irish Channel; but the morning arose dark and rainy, and the land was scarcely visible through the mist as they surged into the wide Atlantic. The weather, however, in a few days improved, and they were favored with a fine passage. On the eighth day they neared the rugged, rock-bound coast of Newfoundland. During the first day that land was in sight, the scenery was the same—bluff headlands, deep bays, and high hills, with a covering of low, thick firs. At length the good vessel approached Anticosti, the dreary graveyard of hundreds and thousands of unfortunate creatures wrecked on its coast. The very sight of it filled our travellers with dread, and right glad were they to leave the dismal neighborhood, and enter the waters of the St. Lawrence. For some distance there was little to attract the attention but the shoals of white porpoises; these sported and frolicked round the ship, and Edna and Bessie amused themselves for hours watching their rapid motions. Soon the great river narrowed to twenty miles, and the shore could be seen on either side. Edna fancied she heard the sound of church bells, and her heart bounded at the thought of being once more at home—sad though that home might be. The nights were brilliant with moonlight, and she sat on deck until late, gazing with delight on the beautiful scenery, which during the day was made still more enchanting by one of the most wonderful freaks of Nature—the mirage-like appearance of objects near them; little verdant islands lifted high in the air, and the vessels with their taper masts turned downwards gliding past them; the tops of lofty mountains in the far distance touching the blue waters below them, and the rows of neat-looking houses with their foundations resting in the sky. At length, one glorious night, when they were almost wearied with the long voyage, Edna was sitting as usual keeping her watch, with James—who was ever her constant attendant—near her, when scattered lights became visible, and a few moments afterwards there was a splash and heavy rattling sound of the falling anchor. The ship swung slowly round with the tide, and was still again. One of the sailors called out, "Quebec!" and Edna

knew that not very many hours more and she would be with her father. The longing to see him had been growing stronger and stronger, until she felt as if she could not bear to wait even one day before she proceeded on her homeward way; but Mrs. Maitland was anxious that she should see something of Quebec and Montreal, having never visited them before, and Edna did not like to oppose her wishes. She went to her state-room with a sad, sad heart, full of anxiety and yearning towards those dearest to her.

The morning rose clear and bright, and beautiful was the sight that burst upon Edna when she gained the deck. A lovely picture of varied scenery, mountain and plain, winding river and broad tranquil waters, stately vessel and tiny skiff, green hills and shaded valleys, bold headland and rich, beautiful fields, frowning battlement and cheerful villa, flowery garden and dense forest, all canopied with an azure, cloudless sky, lit up with a radiant sun, with its beams softened and subdued by a hazy light which lent an unspeakable charm to all. The river St. Charles wound through the low, rich grounds, and emptied itself into a wide basin opposite the Island of Orleans; rising in undulating slopes to the foot of the battlements lay the suburbs of St. Roch and St. Valiere; on the highest point of the promontory is Cape Diamond. Her eye rested on the Plains of Abraham, where a monument stands, raised to the immortal Wolfe, on the very spot where the brave general breathed his last as his troops were raising the shout of "Victory, Victory!"

Early in the morning, our three friends started off to see the lions of Quebec. They went first to the rock on which the celebrated Citadel is built, and they fully enjoyed the magnificent view which lay before them. They then agreed to spend the rest of the short time they had to spare in visiting the Falls of Montmorenci. They were delighted with the drive of eight miles, passing through the suburbs and the long, straggling village of Beaufort. At length, after crossing the bridge over the Montmorenci river, they arrived at a small inn, where they left their horses, and walked round to the Falls, which are situated in the centre of a large semi-circular bay, hemmed in by lofty cliffs—the waters tumbling over a perpendicular rock two hundred and fifty feet high, foaming and roaming and dashing in an unbroken stream into a hollow basin below. Mrs. Maitland and Edna stood overlooking the Falls, enraptured with the magnificent view which lay spread like a panorama before their delighted gaze. The Citadel with its frowning battlements, the flag of old England waving from its heights, reminding our travellers how hard was the struggle ere the right to place it there was won, and of the glorious deeds of the heroic Wolfe, and undaunted Montcalm. The time-honored fortification stood sentinel to protect the commerce of the St. Lawrence; while to their right towered the precipitous woody heights of Montmorenci, with the glittering spires and cross of Beaufort church rising through them, and pointing above them to the glorious firmament spread over all. Turning to the left, there was the Island of Orleans, famous in the great struggle of seventeen hundred and fifty-nine; and in the distance lay Point Levi, its harbor studded with vessels gracefully lying at anchor, while its background of verdure-clad hills rose radiant with the beams of the summer sun. Truly, it was a lovely sight, and possessed a charm to Edna which all the magnificent scenery of Italy and Switzerland had lacked to her; for was it not on the plains and hills, the blue waters, and still bluer sky of her native land that her eye rested with such pleasure?

They could not, however, linger longer at Montmorenci, and were obliged to hurry back. The steamer for Montreal started at five, and when the sun had set they were far on their way to the noble city. On the following morning our travellers neared the City of Churches; but Edna's longing for home but increased as the distance between them grew less, and she was glad

when the drive through the city, and round the mountain was over; and when the hour for departure arrived, the steamer bound for home left the wharf at Lachine, and steamed off up the St. Lawrence.

Who has not heard of the scenery of this noble river—of the far-famed Thousand Isles, lying like lovely gems on the tranquil waters—emeralds set in turquoise? The merciless wheels of the steamer dashed to atoms the lovely mirror which displayed their beautiful reflections on its surface. As Edna stood leaning over the steamer's side, entranced with the beauty everywhere displayed, they passed so closely to many of the islands, that she could almost reach the leaves of the graceful trees which bent over to kiss the blue waters. At length they were left far in the distance, and the boat moved rapidly on past the noble fortifications of Point Frederick, when, just where the blue waters of Lake Ontario mingle with the wide Bay beyond, the spires and domes of Edna's birth-place came in view. How mingled were Edna's feelings as she neared her home! How different from the emotions with which she had bade adieu to its shores ten months before! She thought how different she would have felt had she known that Ernest would be the first to welcome her back, and she almost fancied she could descry his well known form among the crowds collected on the wharf. Yet, alas! she knew too well it could not be; and she aroused herself from her reverie to collect what little luggage she possessed, and prepare for landing.

Edna had had no time after receiving Selina's last letter to inform her father of her intended return, and as she wished to surprise him, she had not telegraphed; she knew, therefore, that she would be wholly unexpected.

She drove with Mrs. Maitland, and was quiet and calm; but when her father's house came in view, all her fortitude gave way, and, burying her face in her hands, she burst into tears.

"Why, Edna, why, my dear child!" said Mrs. Maitland, in astonishment. "Giving way when so nearly home! but I am afraid the fatigue lately has been too much for you," she added tenderly.

"Oh, no," said Edna, hastily wiping away her tears; "I think I am growing very foolish and weak-minded of late."

She saw that they had reached her home, so rising, she said, placing her hand in her friend's,

"I will come and see you soon, dear Mrs. Maitland. I shall be better able then to thank you for all your kindness to me. Good-bye, darling Bessie, little fellow-traveller," she said, fondly kissing the child; "I will see you soon again."

"Oh, I hope so," said the child. "I shall miss you so much."

Edna sprang out of the cab, and went quickly up the little path leading to her home, followed by James with her luggage.

All about the house looked quiet, yet in good order; but, to Edna's eyes, the gravel-walk leading to her own rooms seemed strangely neglected and lonely. How she longed to go round by it, and spend her first hours at home in quiet! but this she knew would be impossible, so she waited impatiently for the bell to be answered, wondering why the door should be locked, and speculating as to whether it could be possible that her father and Selina should be from home. After waiting for some time, she was at length relieved by the sound of quick footsteps coming along the passage.

CHAPTER XIII.

"Thou lovely garden! where the summer covers
The tree with green leaves, and the ground with flowers;
Darkly the past around thy beauty hovers—
The past—the grave of our once happy hours.
It is too sad to gaze upon the seeming
Of Nature's changeless loveliness, and feel
That, with the sunshine round, the heart is dreaming
Darkly o'er wounds inflicted not to heal,
A long while ago."

—*Letitia E. Landon.*

How varied are the feelings which fill our minds as we approach our home after a long absence—one moment more and we shall be there, a moment more and we shall

be with those we love! We shall hear their warm words of welcome, and see once again those beloved faces from which we have been parted so long. The heart seems almost to stand still in that moment of suspense.

Thus it was that Edna Clifford felt, as she stood in the pleasant July evening, looking around on scenes so dear, and yet so changed to her.

When the servant opened the door, she gazed at Edna in mingled surprise and uncertainty,

"Why, Miss Edna!" she exclaimed, "that's not you, surely! and the master has been grieving that he had no letter this long while back. Well, I am sure you're welcome home, Miss. We will all be right glad to have you back again."

"Thank you," said Edna, "I am glad to get home; but why is it that all is so quiet? Where is my father? He and Miss Clifford are not out of town—are they?"

"Only gone to dinner to Miss Ponsonby's; but, Miss Edna, you will be wanting some tea."

"Yes, if you please," replied Edna. "In the meantime bring this valise into my room, and you can tell me when tea is ready; but remember, if my father comes in, I do not wish you to tell him that I have arrived, I wish to surprise him."

Edna entered her little sitting-room, and throwing open the closed shutters, she stood for some moments gazing out of the window. The lake was stretched like a mirror before her, while between lay her little garden, lovely in its profusion of summer flowers. She looked at the beautiful scene before her till her eyes were dim with tears.

"How is it that all is in such beautiful order?" she mused. "Surely, Winnie's loving fingers must have been busy here."

She turned to inspect her sitting-room; everything was as she had left it. A vase of flowers stood on the table. "This is Winnie's work too, I know," she said, glancing round the room. She walked up to the book-case, but started with surprise, for on one side, neatly arranged by themselves, were all the books Ernest had given her. They must have been replaced by Winnifred by Ernest's orders.

"Oh, Ernest, Ernest!" she sobbed, "what would I not give to hear your step on the gravel once more—to hear your well-known voice calling me once again! yet I drove you from me. You did not leave me willingly, my true Ernest! Oh, would that I could recall you now!"

She was eagerly searching through the returned books, vainly hoping to find a word from Ernest, when she was interrupted by the summons to tea, and she went into the dining-room.

All looked natural in the old, familiar room. Her father's chair was standing in its accustomed place, his slippers underneath; Selina's work-basket on the side-table, and the clock (which had occupied its place over the mantle-piece ever since Edna could remember) ticking its welcome. She enjoyed her quiet evening meal, and really felt glad that she was allowed to to spend the first few hours at home alone. When tea was over, Edna went into the kitchen, and was warmly greeted by all the servants.

"Sure, and the house hasn't been itself at all since you and Master Charles left," said Larry. "Indade, and it's glad I am to see the light of your eyes once more, Miss Edna."

"Thank you, Larry," said Edna, "I am very glad to be with you all again."

"And it's the grand sights you've been seeing?" continued the loquacious Larry, by way of inquiry.

"Yes, I have travelled through a good many countries since I saw you last, Larry."

"Sure, and you didn't come home without seeing ould Ireland, did you?"

"Yes, I did," replied Edna, laughing. "I could not manage to go. I should like to have visited your country, Larry, but Miss Clifford wrote me that my father was not well, and I was anxious to get home again.."

"Well, I'm thinkin' you did not see a

prettier counthry in all you've passed through," said Larry. "Indade, and it's just a shame that you didn't go there, Miss Edna."

"It is," said Edna, smiling as she left the kitchen. "Be sure you do not tell my father that I have arrived," she added, by way of warning.

Again she sought her little room, and remained there for about an hour, seated near the window, thinking over all that had occurred since last she occupied that place. It was the night previous to her parting with Ernest, and she had been waiting for him there.

"How different I am from what I was then," she thought. "Ernest would scarcely know the proud, passionate, wilful girl of that evening, in the poor crushed, spiritless thing I am now; but I should not speak thus. I should rather be thankful that God has changed my heart and broken my stubborn will. If I could but be sure that I am a Christian, that I am really saved; could I not do something to prove my love to God, in some good works which would make me acceptable in His sight. I wonder who would show me. I know of no one but Margaret Wyndgate, for Mrs. Maitland is too far out of town, and I would not like to ask Mrs. Leighton's advice. I have heard that Miss Wyndgate visits the sick, and teaches poor, ragged children; but how I dislike going to *her*—to her who, perhaps, already has taken my place in Ernest's heart, and yet the very self-sacrifice might do me good."

Alas! poor child, she had yet to learn that before true peace can be found with God, self-trust must be subdued, completely annihilated, and Jesus must reign alone; that no good work of our own can ever save us; that it is through the righteousness of Christ alone that we can be accepted; and that works of love can only be valued as effects of that faith which Edna hoped to gain by her acts of benevolence.

To be Continued.

Original.

THE FOREST IN SUMMER.

BY W. ARTHUR CALNEK, ANNAPOLIS, N.S.

I.

Oh, let me wander in thee, by the waters
Of gliding river's stream, when summer spreads
Her smiling skies above thy sons and daughters,
And o'er thee all her wealth of beauty sheds;
When leaflets into leaves have all expanded,
And ev'ry bough its pendant burden bears,
And—satisfied the law that growth demanded—
Thy form its proper annual increase wears.

II.

And when meridian day-beams downwards tremble,
Thy shadows plaiding with a roof of gold,
And in thy glades, and glens, and grots assemble
All charms that poet ever dreamed or told;
When the rash winds, from wide, unfettered ocean
Or cultivated landscape, in thy deep
Lapse lovingly from their unresting motion,
And in thy silences seek rest and sleep;

III.

Yet breathing softly out the balm of flowers,
Fresh gathered in their passage to thy throne,
To mingle with the fragrance of the bowers
Which, out of thee, no peer, no equal own;
When the weird music of diminished fountains,
And streamlet harmonies incessant rise,
From valleys, girt by thy eternal mountains,
To ever-bending, ever-list'ning skies.

IV.

Yea, when at sunrise birds lift up their voices,
And chant with love their morning hymn of praise,
And insect life throughout thy realm rejoices,
And adds its varied and instructive lays;
Or, when at sunset coming silence hushes
All sounds to sleep within thy loved domains,
And daylight seeks its western couch with blushes,
As ebon night creeps after o'er your plains.

V.

Oh, let me seek thee then and feel thy glory,
Though words may never teach the thoughts that thrill
My soul, as I unfold thy wondrous story,
And with its lessons all my being fill;

That story—traced in symbols, steeped in wonder,—
Mysterious in its origin and end—
Whose secrets only poet souls can sunder
From all the vast unknown our steps attend.

Original.

THE DEAF AND DUMB—OF THE PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE.

BY THOMAS WIDD (A DEAF-MUTE).

THE PAST.

At a time when the footsteps of our Saviour echoed throughout the length and breadth of Palestine, we first read of the case of a deaf man "who had an impediment in his speech," being brought before the Saviour, who, on seeing him, raised His eyes heavenwards and sighed, as if to convey an idea to the spectators of the crushing calamity He was about to remove by the performance of a miracle. The miracle was wrought upon this individual, and the deaf man heard and spoke.

There are very few other instances of this distressing affliction mentioned in history over a period of several centuries. The mighty cities of Athens, Rome, and Carthage, though the most learned and densely peopled in bygone ages, have rarely any reference to the deaf and dumb in their histories ; nor do we find any means adopted for their education or safe keeping.

It need not be supposed that the deaf and dumb were less numerous in bygone times than they are now. In proportion to population, they must have been almost the same at every age of the world since sin first visited it. The population of Canada and that of London, England, are not very far from the same figures, and the number of deaf-mutes in each are nearly the same—about 2,000. Still it has often been a cause of perplexity to many great and good men at finding so very few instances of the deaf and dumb mentioned in history for many centuries, and they being so numerous in the present day. This problem has long since been solved in the discovery that, in the dark ages and for time immemorable, the people destroyed all their imperfect offspring, thinking at that time that they were evidences against them of evil doing ; and their superstition led them to get rid of such evidence. This accounts for their being so seldom mentioned in history. The fact is, they were rarely permitted to grow up, or were consigned to a dungeon to end their wretched existence.

But we have on record, several centuries after Christ's miracle, the case of a learned man who succeeded in teaching a deaf and dumb man to write down his thoughts. This achievement was considered miraculous at that time, and the news of the wonderful feat spread far and wide, and the world marvelled. Hundreds came to ascertain the truth of the report, and the scribbling of the dumb man was carried away by the astonished people, and treasured up as relics.

From time to time, at wide intervals, other instances have found their way into historical record. The deaf man was looked upon with a faint gleam of hope, and he was permitted to exist as best he could. A roving, vagabond life was generally his lot, long before the celebrated Deaf and Dumb Institution at Paris, France, was founded. The ignorant populace looked on such outcasts of society with superstition and awe, and rarely refused them alms, by which they subsisted. Their wretched condition began to attract the attention of philosophers and learned men, who set to work to ascertain if any means existed for penetrating their dark minds, and restoring them to society.

It was a long time before the finger-alphabet was invented for their benefit; but prior to that "signs" and gestures were used by those who came in contact with deaf-mutes—just as one savage would sign to another of a different nationality when they had the difficulty of not knowing the language of each other. Several times the attempt to cultivate the mind of the deaf-mute was given up as utterly hopeless, even in spite of the success of the learned man I

have referred to, which, perhaps, was unknown to the philanthropists two or three hundred years after. Those who know anything of the mental condition of the deaf and dumb before education will not marvel at the failures and despair of the early teachers of this class of people. They require years of practice and mental toil to acquire a knowledge of the alphabet and a few simple sentences of grammar, even now in these enlightened times. The mind of the unfortunate deaf-mute is so dormant, and shut off from all communication except through the medium of the eye, that it is only by repeated observation and constant repetition that he can comprehend the simplest things, which a child of two years of age, with all its faculties, would immediately comprehend by a verbal hint.

It was not till the seventeenth century that anything like an institution for the instruction of the deaf-mutes was founded. The famous institution in Paris was the first to spring up, and soon afterwards the one in Old Kent Road, London, commenced its labors. They began with a few pupils each, under persevering teachers, who seem to have been men that were not to be daunted by difficulties and disappointments. Their success was their reward, and the gratitude of all educated deaf-mutes is due to the founders of these institutions. A few years' laborious tuition enabled these outcasts of society to write down their thoughts, understand their duty to God and man, and acquire a useful trade whereby to earn their livelihood honestly, instead of subsisting by alms.

Institutions for the deaf and dumb sprang up rapidly all over Europe after the success of the London and Paris institutions was made known. America, on discovering that she, too, had her deaf-mutes, followed the example of Europe with great spirit. The happy result may be seen in almost every town or city in Europe and America, in the intelligent and appreciating recipients of the kindness and instruction mingling with those with all their faculties and pursuing their lawful callings.

THE PRESENT.

The world has not seen a more enlightened period than the present. The mighty engine of civilization has penetrated far and wide. The missionary has fought his way to the haunts of the fiercest savage, and placed in his hand a copy of the Bible in his own language. The engineer has tunnelled mountains, and laid underneath the iron veins of civilization. The woodman's axe has cleared forest wildernesses, and made way for the growth of villages, towns, and cities. The triumph of science is here seen day by day in the swift transmission of "Cable Telegrams," that appear in the columns of newspapers in every town and city of the old and new worlds. Art is everywhere seen—even in the entertaining pages of the NEW DOMINION MONTHLY, and in the countless volumes with which public and private libraries are filled, the labor of the author, artist, printer, and bookbinder, all combined in the grand and stupendous work of emancipating mankind from the servile bonds of superstition and ignorance! With the advance of the times to greater perfection, have the means of amelioration of suffering humanity multiplied and increased. The sick man has had hospitals erected for his benefit, and the skill of the best physicians of the day is at his service—however poor he may be. The dumb brutes have not appealed in vain, for over them watches the excellent Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals! Need we, then, wonder that a vast work is going on everywhere for the elevation of the deaf-mute in the social scale?

To return to the subject of the present condition of the deaf-mute, we will first pay a visit to the Adult Deaf and Dumb Association, 309 Regent Street, London, England.

It is Sunday morning. The streams of well-dressed people flow along the broad pavement of the streets in every direction, and enter buildings with tall spires and wide-open doors. Far away in Mile-End New Town, the extreme east of this immense metropolis, from a back street

emerges a plainly-dressed young lady, rather tall, but extremely intelligent, with a book in her gloved hand. A stranger would perceive nothing extraordinary in the picture she presented, unless he knew that she was deaf and dumb, and about to undertake a journey of several miles on foot, through a labyrinth of streets and lanes, to *hear* the Word of God expounded in the peculiar manner comprehended by deaf-mutes. She walks briskly through the crowd of boisterous Sabbath-breakers and street Arabs, and mingles in the continuous stream of life in Whitechapel Street. She timidly avoids all the rough loiterers and reeling drunkards, and continues her course in a westerly direction. She heeds not the mirth and laughter which assail her on every side. She knows her way and requires no directing. When spoken to verbally she gives no response. An hour and a half brings her into Regent Street, and she straightway enters that well-known building, the Royal Polytechnic Institution, and takes her accustomed place among a "silent congregation" already assembled.

As the hands of the clock reach the hour for divine service, a little minister is seen making his way to the same place. He is a kind and earnest-looking gentleman, ever ready to help the deaf-mute, and ever on the look-out for the interests—spiritually and temporally—of his mute flock. As he enters his office, he slips on his robe, and goes to his silent congregation, and commences the service, with great gravity and solemnity as if conscious of the great responsibility of his mission. The congregation are all attention, and watch the swift evolutions of their beloved minister's fingers, as he goes through the ceremony. His gestures and signs and the silent responses of his little flock go on in perfect order. The sermon is about to begin. The text is given out. The turning of the leaves of the Bible only might be heard, if any one were to listen. The deaf-mutes have found the text, and it is eagerly read. Pencil and paper, or slates, are taken out, and the chapter and verse are written down by some for preservation; others trust to their memory. The pantomime of the sermon is attentively listened to by the dumb recipients. The minister earnestly appeals to them to give themselves up to Christ—Christ only. His eloquence, so to speak, is almost irresistible in winning the love and respect of his flock, and leading them to Jesus. He uses the plainest language and signs so that his flock cannot fail to understand him from beginning to end. His perfection in the finger and sign language is marvellous, even the deaf-mutes themselves are filled with astonishment and admiration. If the sermons delivered to this silent congregation were listened to and criticized by church-going people, they would be called most eloquent and impressive.

The interesting service is now concluded, and the mute flock rise and retire. As soon as their minister is out of the sacred portion of the building, they surround him, cordially and affectionately greet him, and anxiously enquire after his health and that of his lady, as if one common family existed among them. His labors are not in vain. Christianity of a pure and moral standard may be found among his congregation which has withstood the perils and temptations of that modern Babylon.

This is not the only service that is conducted in London. There are several in different districts of the metropolis, all superintended by this minister, and conducted by missionaries. The Rev. Samuel Smith leads the one already described and another on week-days in the heart of the city. He is the only ordained minister of this kind in the world. He has several assistants who are looking for holy orders to follow in his steps. Their duties are arduous, and require incessant labor in visits to the homes of the deaf-mutes, advising and assisting them in temporal things—such as obtaining them situations, attending sick-beds, and visiting the poor deaf-mutes in hospitals, workhouses, and in dark, dreary alleys. Mr. Downing, like his superior in office, has had great experience in this kind of work. A recent letter informs

me that this missionary is leaving London to pursue similar work in Manchester, in the north of England.

Every Wednesday evening, a large room in that scientific edifice is thrown open to the deaf-mutes, who regularly attend the lectures which are given there in their peculiar language by competent lecturers. The subjects of these lectures are various, but always very interesting and entertaining. A programme of the lectures is issued annually to the deaf-mutes, which contains the subjects and lecturers' names. Nature, art, science, history, astronomy, discoveries, chemistry, geology, travels, and moral discourses are the subjects. The audience attentively listen—with the eye—to everything the lecturer has to say, and their applause and death-like silence, alternatively, during the course of the lectures show that they plainly understand what the lecturers are detailing for their instruction. The lecturer is often some well-educated deaf-mute, but some of the cleverest men in London, who have a deep interest in this cause, voluntarily come forward and give very interesting lectures, which are interpreted by the minister to the audience. I have often lectured in this building, when I resided in London, and know well enough the high state of perfection the arrangement for the advancement of the welfare of the deaf and dumb has attained.

England is everywhere acknowledged to be the great fountain of civilization, and I think it is now justly entitled to that denomination, when the condition of the deaf-mute, the blind, and the insane of half a century ago is brought into contrast with the present state of things. Instances abound where the labors of kind and good men have triumphed over the difficulties in educating deaf, dumb, and blind persons, and there are schools for the education of idiots, and that with success too! Who, then, need despair? Surely, God in His inscrutable wisdom has not totally cut off His afflicted creatures from the soothing beams of His heavenly light!

It is extremely difficult to thoroughly understand the mental capabilities of the deaf and dumb for receiving instruction, and their state prior to being educated; but this is comparatively trifling to the fearfully sad state of the *deaf, dumb, and blind.* The words are easily pronounced—deaf and dumb, or deaf, dumb and blind—but who can comprehend the extent of their calamity? I think it was Ben Johnson who wrote thus—"Of all human calamities, that of the deaf and dumb is the most crushing." The deaf-mutes have not the ability to describe their misfortune adequately to enable their anxious benefactors to sufficiently understand their loss in reality; and how much less able are their more unfortunate brothers and sisters—the deaf, dumb, and blind—to proclaim the extent of their woe! My pen utterly fails to adequately describe my own condition before education, and when I think of the mental tortures I underwent, during the years I spent pursuing knowledge under these difficulties, I feel as if I should sink under them were I to go through the ordeal again; but I have reason for thankfulness to my tutors and to the enlightened age in which I came into existence.

I remember, when in Sheffield, Yorkshire, some years ago, I had a Bible-class of deaf-mutes under my charge, and among them was a deaf, dumb, and blind boy. I had often pleasant conversations with him, by moving my fingers over his hand in alphabet-fashion. I was enabled to communicate whatever I wished to say almost as easily as if he was only deaf and dumb, He manifested considerable intelligence, and was enabled to know any of his friends by the mere touch of the hand, when he would immediately spell their names on his fingers. I saw this boy again, after an absence from him of some years. No one had told him who I was, or that I was expected; but after he had examined me with his hand, with a ludicrous mixture of suspicion, distrust, and uncertainty on his countenance, for a minute or so, his face changed from fear to surprise, and then to joy; and, finally, he started, and spelled

my name on his fingers, and seized my hand and gave it a hearty shake!

There are excellent Adult Deaf and Dumb Associations in nearly all the large towns and cities in England and Scotland, where lectures on week-days and religious services on the Sabbath are given out regularly. These associations are extremely necessary and useful—though much opposed by prejudiced minds—in receiving the charge of deaf-mutes turned adrift from institutions after completing their term of education. I will only illustrate this by the following fact: Some years ago, the deaf-mutes of Sheffield, numbering over sixty, were considered to be the most degraded and drunken of their class in England. All the education they had received at the institution (which was at Doncaster, only nineteen miles distant) had been thrown away. None of them could repeat the Lord's prayer. A low beer-house in a low and wretched lane, presided over by a fat, red-nosed landlord, was the principal resort of most of them. Sometimes twenty or thirty—males and females—assembled for carousal as long as their money lasted. The landlord became expert in their signs and alphabet, and acquired a lucrative trade. Sunday was their grand day for drink, riot, and all evil. Attempts were made to form a branch association there by the Leeds Adult Deaf and Dumb Association, but without success. At last I was sent to try and reclaim them. Several of them were my old school-fellows. It was not till after nine months' labor that I succeeded in alluring the leaders from the beer-house to a warm room to listen to a temperance lecture. The rest soon deserted the public-house, and, in spite of great opposition from Mr. Baker of the Doncaster school, who no doubt mistook my motives, I finally established the Sheffield Adult Deaf and Dumb Association in 1863, the members of which rank among the most sober, respectable, and sensible in England at the present day.

There are many who advocate the system of sending the deaf and dumb to public places of worship for religious instruction; but these advisers only manifest their ignorance of the condition of the deaf man. Would any one take a blind man to a picture-gallery for amusement or instruction? No! It is the same with the deaf-mute to go to church for instruction. He cannot hear the voice from the pulpit, and he is generally too poorly educated to understand religious books—only 1 in about 100 of educated deaf-mutes can understand the simple language of the Bible! Hence the necessity of adult deaf and dumb associations wherever institutions for the instruction of young deaf-mutes exist.

Volumes might be written on the subject of the deaf and dumb; but suffice to say that everything for their spiritual and temporal welfare is rapidly becoming perfect in England, and a bright future is before them.

Among the trades pursued by this class, almost all are included. The majority are shoemakers, tailors, carpenters, lithographers, French-polishers, printers, compositors, engravers, painters, &c. There are in London deaf-mute artists, sculptors, herald-painters, clerks in Government departments (one is a head-clerk in Somerset House), and one is a barrister in the Temple, who is a skilful conveyancer. I am told that there is something of the latter class in Canada, but I do not know where or in what department. With the female deaf-mutes, the trades are almost as varied as with the males. The highest are telegraph operators, artificial florists, dress-makers—down to "servantgalism."

With regard to the deaf and dumb in the United States and Canada, things seem to be following in the footsteps of old England. The envious title of "College for Deaf-mutes," comes from Washington, while in New York, Boston, Hartford, Indianapolis, and many other cities, these valuable institutions exist. From Boston emanates the *Deaf-Mute Gazette*, a very pretty and well got up paper of sixteen pages, and it is the only one of the kind in the world. It is exclusively devoted to the news which interests the deaf man, and advocates every good scheme for his education and welfare.

Its staff—editor, compositors, and all—I believe, are deaf-mutes. This speaks well for young America. In next article I shall review the philanthropic efforts of Canada on behalf of deaf-mutes.

To be Continued.

Original.

AMONG THE ROCKS AT TADOUSAC.

BY MRS. LEPROHON.

I sit on the strand, and the waves' soft flow
Comes creeping fast up with its murmurs low.
Before me in broad expanse, calm—bright,
The sea reposes in silvery light;
Nought breaking that solemn hush sublime,
But the sea-bird's shrill cry from time to time.

Around me the rocks like huge Titans rise
Their barren summits defying the skies,
All arid and bleak—perchance here and there,
A patch of verdure—a wild flower fair,
Enhancing by contrast the savage mood,
With which Nature reigns in this solitude.

Yet the place hath a charm, a weird-like spell,
Unknown where abundance and comfort dwell;
And my eager gaze wanders restless o'er,
Th' out-spreading sea and the stern-browed shore;
The waves creeping up with their crests of snow,
Whilst my thoughts go back to the "long ago."

Here once proudly ruled, free from care or toil,
The red-browed lords of the barren soil,
Their wigwams rising on every side,
Their birchen canoes on the waters wide,
The chase still pursuing from day to day,
Living and wedding and passing away.

Jacques Cartier, too, set foot on the shore,*
Here 'mid its rocks and its mountains hoar,
On that first voyage which stamped his name
With the glorious seal of undying fame;
And, wondering, gazed on the bleak expanse,
And sighed as he thought of sunny France.

'Tis now more than two hundred years ago,
A fleet lay anchored near below,
And British cheers rose loud on the air,
And Britain's flag flashed from each mast-head there;
But the ships soon sailed from the rock-bound shore,
And silence settled around it once more.†

And here, too, toiled with Christian love,
Working alone for the Master above,
The undaunted soldiers of the Cross,
To whom all earthly gains were dross;
Accepting—one Indian soul to save—
A life of peril and an early grave.

But my dream is broken by voices loud,
And gay, laughing children around me crowd;
Whilst fair-browed women with graceful mien,
Along the strand in groups are seen,
Unlike in their beauty and garments gay,
To their Indian sisters who've passed away.

But as Nature was in those days gone by,
Such is she still—earth, ocean, and sky:
Huge beetling rocks, and the dark Saguenay,
Here ending, at length, its gloomy way;
With the same steep cliffs and bleak, frowning shore,
And the bright waves that murmur evermore.

* Jacques Cartier stopped at Tadousac during his first voyage, on the 5th of September, 1535.

† An English fleet under Sir David Kerk anchored at Tadousac, and took possession of it just before the successful siege of Quebec by the same commander, in 1629.

EXTRACTS FROM THE NEW EDITION OF "ACADIAN GEOLOGY,"

BY PRINCIPAL DAWSON.

This work is an octavo volume of about 700 pages, profusely illustrated, and with a geological map of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward Island. The author being one of the most honored sons of the Dominion of Canada, and one of the best known in the world of science and letters; and the subjects treated in the volume being important, we give copious extracts from this work:—

"THE MARSHES OF THE BAY OF FUNDY.

"Those parts of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick bordering on the Bay of Fundy present some interesting examples of *marine alluvial soils*, which, while of great practical value to the inhabitants, are equally fertile in material of thought to the geologist. The tide-wave that sweeps to the north-east, along the Atlantic coast of the United States, entering the funnel-like mouth of the Bay

of Fundy, becomes compressed and elevated, as the sides of the bay gradually approach each other, until in the narrower parts the water runs at the rate of six or seven miles an hour, and the vertical rise of the tide amounts to sixty feet or more. In Cobequid and Chiegnecto Bays, these tides, to an unaccustomed spectator, have rather the aspect of some rare convulsion of nature than of an ordinary daily phenomenon. At low tide, wide flats of brown mud are seen to extend for miles, as if the sea had altogether retired from its bed; and the distant channel appears as a mere strip of muddy water. At the commencement of flood, a slight ripple is seen to break over the edge of the flats. It rushes swiftly forward, and, covering the lower flats almost instantaneously, gains rapidly on the higher swells of mud, which appear as if they were being dissolved in the turbid waters. At the same time the torrent of red water enters all the channels, creeks, and estuaries; surging, whirling, and foaming, and often having in its front a white, breaking wave, or 'bore,' which runs steadily forward, meeting and swallowing up the remains of the ebb still trickling down the channels. The mud flats are soon covered; and then, as the stranger sees the water gaining with noiseless and steady rapidity on the steep sides of banks and cliffs, a sense of insecurity creeps over him, as if no limit could be set to the advancing deluge. In a little time, however, he sees that the fiat, 'Hitherto shalt thou come, and no further,' has been issued to the great bay tide; its retreat commences, and the waters rush back as rapidly as they entered.

"The rising tide sweeps away the fine material from every exposed bank and cliff, and becomes loaded with mud and extremely fine sand, which, as it stagnates at high water, it deposits in a thin layer on the surface of the flats. This layer, which may vary in thickness from a quarter of an inch to a quarter of a line, is coarser and thicker at the outer edge of the flats than nearer the shore; and hence these flats, as well as the marshes, are usually higher near the channels than at their inner edge. From the same cause—the more rapid deposition of the coarser sediment—the lower side of the layer is arenaceous, and sometimes dotted over with films of mica, while the upper side is fine and slimy, and when dry has a shining and polished surface. The falling tide has little effect on these deposits, and hence the gradual growth of the flats, until they reach such a height that they can only be overflowed by the high spring tides. They then become natural or salt marsh, covered with the coarse grasses and *Carices* which grow in such places. So far the process is carried on by the hand of Nature; and before the colonization of Nova Scotia, there were large tracts of this grassy alluvium to excite the wonder and delight of the first settlers on the shores of the Bay of Fundy. Man, however, carries the land-making process further; and by diking and draining, excludes the sea water, and produces a soil capable of yielding for an indefinite period, without manure, the most valuable cultivated grains and grasses. Already there are in Nova Scotia more than forty thousand acres of diked marsh or 'dike,' as it is more shortly called, the average value of which cannot be estimated at less than twenty pounds currency per acre. The undiked flats, bare at low tide, are of immensely greater extent."

"A SUBMARINE FOREST.

"A still more striking geological fact connected with the marshes, is the presence beneath them of stumps of trees still rooted in the soil, and other indications which prove that much if not the whole of this marine alluvium rests on what once was upland soil supporting forest trees; and that by some change of level, these ancient forests have been submerged and buried under tidal deposits. To illustrate this, I may notice one of the best instances of these *submarine forests* with which I am acquainted, and which I described in the *Journal of the Geological Society* in 1854. It occurs on the edge of the marsh near the mouth of the La Planche river, in Cumberland county, at the extremity of Fort Lawrence ridge, which separates the La Planche from the Missaquash, and may be well seen in the neighborhood of a pier which has recently been erected there.

"The upland of Fort Lawrence slopes gently down toward the diked marsh, on crossing which we find, outside the dike, a narrow space of salt marsh, thinly covered with coarse grass and samphire (*Salicornia*), and at the outer edge cut away by the neap tides so as to present a perpendicular step about five feet in height. Below this is seen, at low tide, a sloping expanse of red mud, in places cut into furrows by the tides, and in other places covered with patches of soft, recently deposited mud. On this slope I saw impressions of rain-drops, sun-cracks, tracks of sandpipers and crows, and abundance of the shells of the little *Tellina Gronlandica*, a shell very common in the muddy parts of the Bay of Fundy. There were also a few long straight furrows, still quite dis-

tinct in August, but which, I was informed, had been ploughed by the ice in the past spring. At the distance of 326 paces from the abrupt edge of the marsh, and about 25 feet below the level of the highest tides, which here rise in all about 40 feet, I saw the first of the rooted stumps, which appear in a belt of sand, gravel, and stones mixed with mud, which intervenes between the slope of mud already mentioned and the level of the low tide. Beyond the stump first seen, and extending to a depth of at least 30 to 35 feet below the level of high tide, other stumps were irregularly scattered as in an open wood. The lowest stump seen was 135 paces beyond the first; and between it and the water level there was a space of 170 paces without stumps, but with scattered fragments of roots and trunks, which may have belonged to rooted trees broken up and swept away by the ice.

"On digging under and around some of the stumps, they were found to be rooted in a soil having all the characters of forest soil. In one place it was a reddish, sandy loam, like the ordinary upland of Fort Lawrence; in another place it was a black vegetable soil resting on a white, sandy subsoil. Immediately over the soil were the remains of a layer of tough bluish clay, with a few vegetable fibres, apparently rootlets of grasses, which seemed to have been the first layer of marsh mud deposited over the upland soil. All the rootlets of the stumps were entire, and covered with their bark, and the appearances were perfectly conclusive as to their being in the place of their growth.

"Of thirty or forty stumps which I examined, the greater number were pine (*Pinus strobus*), but a few were beech (*Fagus ferruginea*); and it is worthy of note that these trees are characteristic rather of dry upland than of low or swampy ground. The pine stumps were quite sound, though somewhat softened and discolored at the surface. The beech, on the other hand, though retaining much of the appearance of sound wood in the interior, was quite charred at the surface, and was throughout so soft and brittle that large trunks and roots could be cut through with a spade, or broken with a slight blow. Owing to their softness, the beech stumps were worn down almost to the level of the mud, while some of the pines projected more than a foot; even these last were, however, much crushed by the pressure of the ice, which, with the tides, must eventually remove them. The largest stump observed was a pine, two feet six inches in diameter, and showing more than two hundred annual rings of growth. I was informed by respectable and intelligent persons that similar appearances have been observed on the opposite side of the La Planche, and in various other places in the Cumberland Basin. It is only, however, in places where the marsh is being cut away by the current that they can be seen, and the stumps, when laid bare, are soon removed by the ice. Similar beds of stumps and vegetable soil are also occasionally disclosed in digging ditches in the shallower parts of the marshes, and there appears little reason to doubt that the whole of the Cumberland marshes rest on old upland surfaces. A submarine forest is also said to appear at the mouth of the Folly River in Cobequid Bay; and peaty soils and trunks and stumps of trees are of frequent occurrence in digging in the marshes of King's and Annapolis counties. It would seem, therefore, that these appearances are somewhat general throughout the marsh country."

"PLANTS AND CLIMATE OF THE COAL PERIOD.

"The modern flora of the earth admits of a grand twofold division into the *Phænogamous*, or flowering and seed-bearing plants, and the *Cryptogamous*, or flowerless and spore-bearing plants. In the former series we have, first, those higher plants which start in life with two seed-leaves, and have stems with distinct bark, wood, and pith—the *Exogens;* secondly, those simpler plants which begin life with one seed-leaf only, and have no distinction of bark, wood, and pith in the stem—the *Endogens;* and, thirdly, a peculiar group starting with two or several seed-leaves, and having a stem with bark, wood, and pith, but with very imperfect flowers, and wood of much simpler structure than either of the others—the *Gymnosperms*. To the first of these groups or classes belong most of the ordinary trees of temperate climates. To the second belong the palms and other trees found in the tropical climates. To the third belong the Pines and Cycads. In the second, or Cryptogamous series we have also three classes —(1.) The *Acrogens*, or ferns and club-mosses, with stems having true vessels marked on the sides with cross bars—the scalariform vessels. (2.) The *Anophytes*, or mosses and their allies, with stems and leaves, but no vessels. (3.) The *Thallophytes*, or lichens, fungi, sea-weed, etc., without true stems or leaves.

"In the existing climates of the earth, we find these classes of plants variously distributed as to relative numbers. In some, pines predominate; in others, palms and tree-ferns form a considerable part of the

forest vegetation. In others, the ordinary exogenous trees predominate, almost to the exclusion of others. In some Arctic and Alpine regions mosses and lichens prevail. In the coal period, we have found none of the higher Exogens, and only a few obscure indications of the presence of Endogens; but Gymnosperms abound, and are highly characteristic. On the other hand, we have no mosses or lichens, and very few algæ, but a great number of ferns and Lycopodiaceæ or club-mosses. Thus the coal formation period is, botanically, a meeting-place of the lower Phænogams and the higher Cryptogams, and presents many forms which, when imperfectly known, have puzzled botanists in regard to their position in one or other series. In the present world, the flora next akin to that of the coal period, is that of moist and warm islands in the southern hemisphere. It is not properly a tropical flora, nor is it the flora of a cold region, but rather indicative of a moist and equable climate. Still we must bear in mind that we may often be mistaken in reasoning as to the temperature required by extinct species of plants differing from those now in existence. Farther, we must not assume that the climatal conditions of the northern hemisphere were in the coal period at all similar to those which now prevail. As Sir Charles Lyell has shown, a less amount of land in the higher latitudes would greatly modify climates, and there is every reason to believe that in the coal period there was less land than now. Farther, it has been shown by Tyndall and Hunt that a very small additional amount of carbonic acid in the atmosphere would, by obstructing the radiation of heat from the earth, produce almost the effect of a glass-roof or conservatory, extending over the whole world. Again, there is much in the structure of the leaves of the coal plants, as well as in the vast amount of carbon which they accumulated in the form of coal, and the characteristics of the animal life of the period, to indicate, on independent grounds, that the carboniferous atmosphere differed from that of the present world in this way, or in the presence of more carbonic acid,—a substance now existing in the very minute proportion of less than one-thousandth of the whole, a quantity adapted to the present requirements of vegetable and animal life, but probably not to those of the coal period."

"HOW COAL GREW.

"With regard to this important subject, I would rather invite attention to the details to be presented in subsequent pages, than make any preliminary general statements. It is, however, necessary to notice here the several views which have prevailed as to the probable accumulation of coal, by driftage or growth *in situ*, in water or on land. I have already, in previous publications,* stated very fully the conclusions at which I have arrived on some portions of this subject, and I would now sum up the more important general truths as follows :—(1.) The occurrence of *Stigmaria* under nearly every bed of coal, proves beyond question that the material was accumulated by growth *in situ*; while the character of the sediments intervening between the beds of coal proves with equal certainty the abundant transport of mud and sand by water. In other words, conditions similar to those of the swampy deltas of great rivers are implied. (2.) The true coal consists principally of the flattened bark of Sigillarioid and other trees, intermixed with leaves of ferns and *Cordaites*, and other herbaceous *debris*, and with fragments of decayed wood, constituting 'mineral charcoal'; all these materials having manifestly alike grown and accumulated where we find them. (3.) The microscopical structure and chemical composition of the beds of cannel-coal and earthy bitumen, and of the more highly bituminous and carbonaceous shales, show them to have been of the nature of the fine vegetable mud which accumulates in the ponds and shallow lakes of modern swamps. When such fine vegetable sediment is mixed, as is often the case, with lime it becomes similar to the bituminous limestone and calcareo-bituminous shales of the coal measures. (4.) A few of the under-clays which support beds of coal are of the nature of the vegetable mud above referred to; but the greater part are argillo-arenaceous in composition, with little vegetable matter, and bleached by the drainage from them of water containing the products of vegetable decay. They are, in short, loamy or clay soils, and must have been sufficiently above water to admit of drainage. The absence of sulphurets, and the occurrence of carbonate of iron in connexion with them, prove that, when they existed as soils, rain-water, and not sea-water, percolated them. (5.) The coal and the fossil forests present many evidences of subaerial conditions. Most of the erect and prostrate trees had become hollow shells of bark before they were finally imbedded, and their wood had broken into cubical

* "On the Structures of Coal," Quart. Jour. Geol. Soc., vol. XV.; also vol. XXII. p. 95. "Air-breathers of the Coal Period," Montreal, 1863, p. 18.

pieces of mineral charcoal. Land-snails and galley-worms (*Xylobius*) crept into them, and they became dens or traps for reptiles. Large quantities of mineral charcoal occur on the surfaces of all the larger beds of coal. None of these appearances could have been produced by subaqueous action. (6.) Though the roots of *Sigillariæ* bear some resemblance to the rhizomes of certain aquatic plants, yet structurally they are absolutely identical with the roots of Cycads, which the stems also resemble. Further, the *Sigillariæ* grew on the same soils which supported Conifers, *Lepidodendra*, *Cordaites*, and ferns—plants which could not have grown in water. Again, with the exception, perhaps, of some *Pinnulariæ* and *Asterophyllites*, there is a remarkable absence from the coal measures of any form of properly aquatic vegetation. (7.) The occurrence of marine or brackish-water animals in the roofs of coal-beds, or even in the coal itself, affords no evidence of subaqueous accumulation, since the same thing occurs in the case of submarine forests. For these and other reasons, some of which are more fully stated in the papers already referred to, while I admit that the areas of coal accumulation were frequently submerged, I must maintain that the true coal is a subaerial accumulation by vegetable growth, on soils wet and swampy, it is true, but not submerged. I would add the further consideration, already urged elsewhere, that in the case of the fossil forests associated with the coal, the conditions of submergence and silting-up which have preserved the trees as fossils, must have been precisely those which were fatal to their existence as living plants—a fact sufficiently evident to us in the case of the submarine forests, but often overlooked by the framers of theories of the accumulation of coal.

"It seems strange that the occasional inequalities of the floors of the coal-beds, the sand or gravel ridges which traverse them, the channels cut through the coal, the occurrence of patches of sand, and the insertion of wedges of such material splitting the beds, have been regarded by some able geologists as evidences of the aquatic origin of coal. In truth, these appearances are of constant occurrence in modern swamps and marshes, more especially near their margins, or where they are exposed to the effects of ocean storms or river inundations. The lamination of the coal has also been adduced as a proof of aqueous deposition; but the microscope shows, as I have elsewhere pointed out, that this is entirely different from ordinary aqueous lamination, and depends on the superposition of successive generations of more or less decayed trunks of trees or beds of leaves. The lamination in the truly aqueous cannels and carbonaceous shales is of a very different character."

"GRAVEL RIDGES AND BONES OF MASTODON.

"The stratified gravels do not, like the older drift, form a continuous sheet spreading over the surface. They occur in mounds and long ridges, sometimes extending for miles over the country. One of the most remarkable of these ridges is the "Boar's Back," which runs along the west side of the Hebert River in Cumberland. It is a narrow ridge, perhaps from ten to twenty feet in height, and cut across in several places by the channels of small brooks. The ground on either side appears low and flat. For eight miles it forms a natural road, rough indeed, but practicable, with care, to a carriage, the general direction being nearly north and south. What its extent or course may be beyond the points where the road enters on and leaves it, I do not know; but it appears to extend from the base of the Cobequid Mountains to a ridge of sandstone that crosses the lower part of the Hebert River. It consists of gravel and sand, whether stratified or not I could not ascertain, with a few large boulder-stones. Another very singular ridge of this kind is that running along the west side of Clyde River in Shelburne county. This ridge is higher than that on Hebert River, but, like it, extends parallel to the river, and forms a natural road, improved by art in such a manner as to be a very tolerable highway. Along a great part of its course it is separated from the river by a low alluvial flat, and on the land side a swamp intervenes between it and the higher ground. These may serve as illustrations of the "boars' backs" or "horse backs" and gravel ridges which occur in many other places, and are sometimes accompanied, particularly where they are crossed by gullies, by circular and oval mounds, as regular as if thrown up artificially.

"Just as we attribute the formation of the older or boulder drift to the action of water and ice, while the land was subsiding beneath a frozen sea, so we may assign as the cause of the superficial gravels the action of these same waters while the country was being elevated above their level. Many of the mounds of gravel have evidently been formed by currents of water rushing through and scooping out the present valleys. Some of the more regular ridges are apparently of the nature of the gravel beaches which

are thrown by the sea across the mouths of bays and coves, and may mark the continuance of the sea-level unchanged for some time in the progress of elevation. Others may have been pressed up by the edges of sheets of ice, in the manner of the ridges along the borders of our present lakes. That the action of ice in some form had not ceased, we have evidence in the large boulders sometimes found on the summits of the gravel ridges.

"In the island of Cape Breton the bones of a large elephantine quadruped, evidently a species of Mastodon, have been found in connexion with the superficial gravel. This gigantic creature probably inhabited our country at the close of the Glacial or Drift period, and may have been contemporary with some of the present animals, though probably extinct before the introduction of the human race. The existence of this huge quadruped does not imply a tropical or even very warm climate, since in a skeleton found in Warren county, New Jersey, fragments of twigs, lying in such a position as to show that they had formed a part of the food of the creature, were found by microscopic examination to have belonged to a species of cypress, probably the common white cedar of America; so that the animal probably browsed as the moose does at present, and could live in any wooded region.* One specimen found in the state of New York measured twenty-five feet in length and twelve feet in height. In Nova Scotia the animal must have attained to similar dimensions, for a thigh-bone, now in the museum of the Mechanics' Institute in Halifax, though apparently somewhat worn, measures three feet eleven inches in length. This huge bone and some fragments of a tusk were the only remains of this animal I had seen before the publication of the first edition of this work. A molar tooth has since been found in Cape Breton by Dr. Honeyman. The species appears to be the *Mastodon giganteus*."

"DESCRIPTION OF CAPE BLOMIDON.

"The crystalline trap at the summit of Cape Blomidon, which rises abruptly in huge irregular columns, is an ancient current of molten rock or lava, which has flowed over and cooled upon the surface on which it now rests. It slopes gently toward the north-west, as if it had flowed in the direction of the bay, but there is no volcanic dike or other evidence of the ejection of lava from beneath on that side, and it is more than likely that the orifice from which it was poured was to the westward along the range of which Blomidon is the eastern extremity, or northward toward Cape Split. From the appearance of the mountain-top that rises above the vertical cliff, there may have been more than one overflow of the volcanic matter. Before this great bed of basaltic trap flowed forth, the surface on which it rests had been thickly covered with volcanic ashes and scoriæ, which, consolidated by pressure and by infiltration of mineral matters, now form the thick bed of amygdaloid and tufa intervening between the columnar trap and the red sandstone. This is precisely what we find to be the case in modern volcanic eruptions. The first violent explosions in such cases usually eject immense quantities of dust and fragments of old lavas, which are blown or ejected to great distances, or if they fall into the sea, as was most probably the case at Blomidon, are scattered in layers over its bottom. Over these ejected scoriæ and ashes the lava currents which issue are subsequently poured. We need not be surprised that we do not now perceive any regular volcanic mountain or vent at Blomidon, for, independently of the action the waters may have exerted on it when being formed, we know that great denudation has taken place in the Drift period, and under the wasting action of the present frosts and tides. The minerals mentioned as occurring in the trapa re all either silica or silicates,—that is, compounds of silica with the alkalies potash and soda,—or the earths, as alumina, lime, etc. They are produced by the solvent action of water, which, percolating through the trap, dissolves these materials, and redeposits them in fissures and cavities. Below the amygdaloid we have a thick series of beds of sandstone—mechanical detritus deposited by water, and probably in great part derived from the waste of the sandstones of the Carboniferous system. The gypsum veins which traverse it were probably deposited by waters which had dissolved that mineral in passing through the great gypsum-beds which occur in the older system last mentioned.

"The history of this fine precipice is then shortly as follows:—In the Triassic era, thick beds of sandstone were deposited off the coasts of Horton, just as the red mud and sand of the flats are now deposited. Volcanic phenomena on a great scale, however, broke forth from beneath the waters, scoriæ and dust were thrown out and spread around in thick beds, and currents of lava were poured forth. Subsequently the whole mass was elevated, to be again submerged

* Lyell, "Manual of Geology."

under the boulder-bearing sea, by which, and the present atmospheric and aqueous agencies, it was worn and wasted into its present form. Still the work of decay goes on; for yearly the frosts loosen immense masses from its brow and dash them to the beach, to be removed by the ice and the tides, and scattered over the bottom of the bay. The rains and melting snows also cut huge furrows down its front. These agencies of destruction as yet, however, only add to the magnificence of this noblest of all our sea-cliffs. The dark basaltic wall, crowned with thick woods,—the terrace of amygdaloid, with a luxuriant growth of light-green shrubs and young trees that rapidly spring up on its rich and moist surface,—the precipice of bright-red sandstone, always clean and fresh, and contrasting strongly with the trap above and with the trees and bushes that straggle down its sides, and nod over its deep ravines,—constitute a combination of forms and colors equally striking if seen in the distance from the hills of Horton or the shore of Parrsboro', or more nearly from the sea or the stony beach at its base. Blomidon is a scene never to be forgotten by a traveller who has wandered around its shores or clambered on its giddy precipices."

"HOW GOLD OCCURS.

"No geologist who examines these veins can, I think, doubt their aqueous origin; but different opinions may be entertained as to the precise mode of introduction of the metallic minerals. The facts already stated, in reference to the structure and mode of occurrence of the veins, and the manner in which the gold is associated with the other minerals present, appear to me to prove conclusively that the veins were formed at the time of the disturbance and alteration of the containing beds, and in consequence of the mechanical and chemical changes then in progress. In this case the gold and other metallic minerals were probably contained in solution in the silica-bearing, heated waters which penetrated the whole of the beds, and from which, as from a sponge, these silicious and metallic matters have been pressed out in the folding and contortion of the beds. In Nova Scotia it appears that these changes, by which the older sediments have been brought into their present state, occurred in the latter part of the Devonian period, as I have pointed out in my paper on these rocks in the *Canadian Naturalist and Geologist* already referred to, and in a previous chapter of this work. Accordingly, in one of the gold districts of Nova Scotia, as already explained, nuggets and grains of gold are found in the Lower Carboniferous conglomerate associated with debris of the quartzose and slaty matrix. This interesting example, first noticed by Mr. Hartt, proves that the gold veins were in their present state at the time when this old gravel of the Lower Carboniferous period was being formed.

"To sum up our conclusions on this subject: The rocks containing the auriferous veins of Nova Scotia are of Lower Silurian age. The veins themselves were opened out and filled with the minerals which they now hold at the time when those Lower Silurian rocks were contorted and altered, and this probably occurred in the Devonian period, contemporaneously with the production of intrusive granites, and in connexion with the changes of metamorphism then proceeding. It was certainly completed before the beginning of the Carboniferous period, since which time little change seems to have occurred in the veins.

"In all parts of this district, the conditions under which the precious metal occurs in the rocks are similar to those above described; but at the "Ovens," in Londonderry county, we have the remarkable and, in so far as I am aware, unique spectacle of a modern gold alluvium now actually in process of formation under the denuding action of the waves. The slaty rocks of this coast holding auriferous quartz veins are daily being cut away by the waves of the Atlantic, and the gold is accumulating in the bottom of the shingle produced, and in the crevices of the subjacent rock. The portion of this deposit available at present is only that on the beach; but there can be no doubt that if the bed of the sea were elevated into land, the alluvia exposed would be precisely similar to those of California or Australia. We have thus in Nova Scotia marine gold alluvia of Lower Carboniferous and of modern date, and there are, no doubt, others of intermediate ages; but their amount, in so far as yet ascertained, does not seem to be great, and the chief supply of gold is likely to be derived, as at present, from the original repositories in the quartz veins.

"The annual yield of gold from the Nova Scotia mines is stated in the report for 1865 to be 24,867 ounces; that for 1866, 24,162; and for 1867, 27,583. These amounts cannot, however, be considered as approaching to the possible productiveness of these mines in the future. The total area of the gold region may be estimated at about 7,000 square miles, and the proclaimed districts do not

yet reach a twentieth part of this area. Discoveries are being continually made; but, in a country covered with wood and with boulder-clay, these must be slow and gradual in their progress. The quartz veins which run in the strike of the beds seem everywhere to contain gold, and the rocks throughout the whole area are interlaced with such veins, few of which have been exposed, and, of these, few have yet been tested. It may therefore be anticipated that the productive gold districts will, for some time, continue to enlarge and increase in value, and that occasionally a strong stimulus will be given to enterprise by great and unexpected discoveries.

"It is also to be observed that the veins at present opened are not yet worked up to their highest point of profit. Even in the larger mines, like those at Waverley, no vertical shafts have been sunk on the vein, nor have the excavations been extended beyond a very moderate depth. The desire to make the work remunerative as it proceeds has induced all the companies to sink on the slopes of the veins, and to conduct the works on the cheapest possible plan. I am convinced, however, from a consideration of the regularity and extent of the veins, that were vertical shafts sunk to a great depth, and regular mining on the Cornish plan pursued, the preliminary outlay would be more than repaid by the increased production. At the depths to which excavations have been carried some of the veins have improved, whilst others appear to have diminished in productiveness; but there is no reason—except the analogy of certain other gold regions, and this is often a very fallacious guide—to doubt that the principal veins opened continue to great depths, and that, by opening them extensively, richer portions might be found to compensate for the poor ground sometimes reached in the present workings. It would, I think, repay the provincial government to give special privileges to companies which would expend sufficient capital to open mines on a large scale.

"In 1855, I supposed that probabilities of the occurrence of gold in the inland hills of Upper Silurian age were even greater than those in the older rocks of the coast. This view was based on the then received age of the Canadian auriferous deposits, and on the apparently more metalliferous character of the inland rocks. Experience, however, has hitherto been in favor of the coast series. Gold has, it is true, been found in the inland district, and possibly in the Upper Silurian series. The Middle River district in Cape Breton may be of this age. Gold has been found in the vicinity of Cape Porcupine, and in a recent paper by Mr. P. S. Hamilton I find the statement that it has been found near the head waters of the Musquodoboit and Stewiacke Rivers, and also near Five Islands. The same authority also states that gold has been found in quartz occurring in the Triassic Trap of Partridge Island and Cape d'Or. In this last case the metal has possibly been brought up by means of the trap from its original repositories in the Silurian rocks below. These facts indicate that though the coast series is at present much more productive, important discoveries may yet be made in these rocks of Upper Silurian age which constitute the inland metamorphic hills extending from Annapolis county to the north of Cape Breton, and also constituting the Cobequid range. On the view of the origin of the veins given above, there is no reason why the Upper Silurian series should not be auriferous as well as the Lower; and it is known that gold occurs in both series in the gold district of the Province of Quebec, and perhaps more abundantly in the Upper Silurian.

"The large areas of altered Lower and Upper Silurian rocks, indicated in the map as occurring in New Brunswick, are also likely to afford gold, more especially as a portion of this area in northern New Brunswick may be regarded as a continuation of the gold district of Lower Canada. Nor are the metamorphic rocks of the southern part of New Brunswick unlikely to afford the precious metal, more especially those of Lower Silurian age; and recent discoveries in Canada show that this probability may extend even to the still older Laurentian series.

"It has been remarked that it is wonderful that in a district so thickly settled and so much subjected to the operations of the surveyor, road-maker, and agriculturist as the south coast of Nova Scotia, so numerous deposits of gold should so long have escaped observation. Geologists, also, and mineral explorers have repeatedly visited and passed through the district. Still, when it is considered that the country is netted with quartz veins, and that perhaps not more than one in a million of these is appreciably auriferous, the wonder ceases. Ordinary observers do not notice such things. A geologist, not specially looking for useful minerals, soon becomes wearied of breaking up and examining barren veins of white quartz, and certainly cannot spare time to spend two years in "prospecting," like the

persevering discoverer of the Wine Harbor deposit. My own field-notes contain the record of many days of hard work among these unpromising rocks, and countless quartz veins have suffered from my hammer without yielding a speck of gold. I believe I have visited all the localities of the discoveries except Tangier, and in some of them—as at the St. Mary's River, Indian Harbor, and Wine Harbor—I have spent days in examining the rocks, not certainly with a special view to the discovery of gold, but often with the assistance of intelligent friends who were good observers. The truth is, that in cases of this kind it is difficult to make the initial discovery; but this once made, it is comparatively easy to trace the productive rocks over considerable districts, if the requisite knowledge of the geological character of these has been obtained.

"The conditions under which gold occurs in Nova Scotia are quite similar to those of other auriferous regions. The principal point of difference is the amount of gold found in rock veins, as compared with alluvial washings derived from their waste—a mere accident of the deposits or of the mode of exploration. It is probable that the Nova Scotia deposits are strictly a continuation of those which run along the Appalachian slope as far as Alabama, and which may throughout, as in Canada and the Ural Mountains, occur in altered members of the Silurian series. It is to be anticipated that the connection with the auriferous deposits of the United States may soon be effected by the discovery of gold in the metamorphic districts of New Brunswick. The quartz veins of Nova Scotia are remarkably rich in gold; and, as already stated, there is no reason to believe that they will be found to diminish in productiveness in following them downward.

"There is little room to doubt that gold will be found throughout the coast metamorphic district of Nova Scotia, more especially the slaty rocks of southern Greysborough, Halifax, Lunenburgh; and the northern parts of Queens, Shelburne, and Yarmouth may be expected to be auriferous. Careful examination may show that the gold occurs chiefly or entirely in the veins traversing certain bands of the thick beds of slate and quartz rock in these districts; and these may be recognised by their mineral character, especially if defined in their relation to the other beds by a detailed survey of the productive localities. Still the indications in one locality may not be unfailing when applied to another; and in the meantime it would be the best course for explorers to look at all quartz veins, and especially at those occurring in soft, dark, slaty beds, particularly near the junction of these beds with other rocks. Further, it would seem that the narrower veins—those following the strike of the rocks, and those stained with iron rust—are most likely to be productive."

Original.

A SCENE IN GASPÉ.

The mountains of Gaspé were fair to behold,
With their fleckings of shadow and gleamings of gold;
Not grand, nor sublime, yet beautiful still,
With the rich autumn glories of forest and hill.
The maples were scarlet and crimson, and seem'd
Like the gardens of which the first poets have dreamed;
And a haze of rich sunlight was cast o'er the scene,
Like an amber-hued veil o'er the brow of a queen.

Far down on the sea was a fairy-like craft;
To my fancy it seemed that she buoyantly laughed
When kissed by the breeze as she stole up the bay,
And coquettishly fled from her lover away.
Now glad are the hearts of the fishermen too,
For, see! their dear cottage has come into view;
How peaceful it looks 'neath the gleaming birch tree,—
Oh, what is more lovely than Gaspé to me!

They have come from the coasting of far Labrador,
With trophies of triumph and weapons of war;
They have fought with the kings of the ocean, and won,
And great is the joy of both father and son.
Their vessel is freighted with treasures of oil,
And they joy with the joy of the hunter o'er spoil.
But, see; from the cottage that stands on the hill
Run brothers, and sisters, and toddlers at will;
Down, down the steep hills how they fearlessly run
To welcome the dear ones with frolic and fun;

The mother stands patiently up on the shore,
And the grandfather leans on his staff at the door.

But hark! the young voices are shouting aloud:
"O yes, mother dear, 'tis our good ship the 'Cloud.'"
"Look, Willy—look, Ellen; oh, tell me at last,
Is all right, do you think? is the flag at the mast?"
Now long do they pause—their answer, "Ah, no,"—
And the cheek of the mother grows white as the snow,
For she thinks of the neighbor who came home to die
Some summers agone, in a cottage hard by;
All wounded and bleeding he came from the fray,
And mourners were many in Gaspé that day.

But a clear, joyous shout goes upward at last—
"Cheer up, mother dear, the flag 's at the mast!"
And happy and smiling they hasten to meet
The father and brother, their longing to greet.
O when we are leaving this life's troubled shore,
And earth and its trials and duties are o'er,
Shall we see the sweet home of the blessed at last,
And sail in secure with our flag at the mast.

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EARLY SCENES IN CANADIAN LIFE.

BY REV. T. WEBSTER, NEWBURG, ONT.

CHAPTER I.

THE FIRST SETTLERS NEAR CHATHAM—HARDSHIPS OF THE SETTLERS—CAPTIVES AMONG THE INDIANS.

The early history of the Canadian people abounds with thrilling incidents, and acts of personal bravery which deserve to be transmitted to posterity. Records of the trials and triumphs of the olden times can scarcely fail to inspire in our hearts the most profound respect for the indefatigable perseverance and indomitable daring of our ancestors. Courageous indeed were the men, and noble the women, who first sought homes in the wilds of this Province. Few in these days of gravel-roads, railroads, and telegraphs, can have any conception of the hardships and destitution of the early pioneers. This old, heroic race has well-nigh passed away. Here and there, possibly, an old patriarch of Western Canada may still be found, lingering among the rich fields he has rescued from the forest; but he belongs to the past. His contemporaries are gone, but their works and his for civilization and humanity remain, causing their memory to be as "ointment poured forth." Any relation of events that will give us but a glimpse of those early days, and of the energy, courage, and endurance of the fathers and mothers of the Canadian people, cannot, we think, fail to interest the Canadian reader.

Old Mr. Dolson, as he was familiarly called, came from Pennsylvania into Upper Canada in 1788, stopping for a time at Queenston, but finally settled near the river Thames, about four miles below where Chatham is now situated. Mr. Dolson having adhered to the cause of Great Britain throughout the war of the Revolution, came to this country a United Empire Loyalist. The family came on pack-horses, and Daniel,—one of the sons, of whom we shall have occasion to speak hereafter,—with two younger children, rode on one horse, also carrying with him on the same beast several small packages. The majority of the new settlers in the Dolson neighborhood were from Pennsylvania, and of German descent. No person unacquainted with travelling through an unbroken wilderness can form any adequate idea of the difficulties to be surmounted, and the toils and privations to be endured in journeying, accompanied by women and children, through such a country as that traversed by Mr. Dolson and his companions.

The wearisome journey accomplished, and such homes provided for their families as the means at their disposal enabled them to manufacture from the forest, then came the tedious process of preparing a place for, and planting their first crops; and

during all this time, and while waiting for the virgin soil and genial skies to mature the crops, the settlers were obliged to subsist on scanty fare. At length, when the ripe corn was gathered, the only means of reducing it to meal was by pounding it in wooden mortars. A few, however, soon contrived small hand-mills, made of two stones, the top one turned by hand. By working this primitive mill during the evening, a sufficient amount of meal would be obtained to last the family through the day. After a time, windmills were built at Sandwich, and the people used to go to these mills to get their grain ground. The distance was about fifty miles, and the roads, such as they were—mere tracks—were bad beyond description, except when the ground was frozen. In summer, they went in canoes. In winter, the mud being frozen up, and the marshes and streams frozen over, the people could travel with more ease and safety, either by land or on the ice. At the time here referred to, there were about twenty-five miles of this route to Sandwich without an inhabitant.

On one occasion, a Mrs. Rebecca Brown, whose husband was dead, went to Sandwich with what grain one horse could draw on a small sleigh. She reached the mill, got her grain ground, and left for home. While driving on the ice on Lake St. Clair, a severe snow-storm set in, and she lost her track. Her anxious search to recover it was soon rendered hopeless by night setting in. She halted—alone in the darkness—upon a bleak and dangerous sheet of ice, in the midst of a terrific snow-storm, far from human aid or sympathy, and without food, fire, or shelter. Who can imagine the unutterable anguish of that desolate mother's almost despairing heart?

"What shall I do?" cried the wretched widow, in the extremity of her terror. "My husband has been taken from me; my children are almost destitute of food, and must I die here alone in this fearful storm, and my children be left to starve?"

Out of the depth of her distress, she cried unto the Lord, and lifted up her heart in prayer to God for deliverance. He who heareth the young ravens when they cry, had pity upon her, and darted a ray of hope athwart the gloom of her despair. An idea occurred to her that she might, by active exertion, keep her blood in circulation, and thus escape being frozen to death.

"I will try," she said, "by every means in my power to preserve my life for the sake of my children."

Rousing herself from the stupor which was beginning to creep over her, she hastened to unhitch her horse, and turning him round with his head towards the sleigh, fastened him to it. She then formed a path in the snow around the horse and sleigh, and continued to walk her weary round amid the biting frost and driving snow through all the dreary hours of that long and dismal night. To add to the terrors of the lonely woman's dreadful situation, the wolves howled in fearful chorus in the thickets along the shore of the lake. But as the longest night must have an ending, so this night of weary toil and anxious watching, with all its accumulated horrors, passed away, and the light of another dawning day brought joy and gratitude into the heart of the suffering widow. Her courage and her persevering energy had, under the Divine blessing, saved her life.

By the light of day she was able to discern the proper course, and in due time, though almost exhausted with cold, hunger, and weariness, but with a grateful heart, she reached her home and children. Well might she exclaim, in the fulness of her joyful thanksgiving: "I had fainted, unless I had believed to see the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living. The Lord is my strength and shield; my heart trusted in Him, and I am helped: therefore my heart greatly rejoiceth; with my song will I praise Him."

Previous to the above adventure, Mrs. Brown and her three young children—all daughters—had been taken prisoners by the Indians. After enduring all the rigors of a savage captivity for three years, she and her two younger children were restored to

liberty; but it was seven years before the release of the eldest child could be obtained.

Such were the dangers and difficulties which called forth the innate energy, endurance, and courage of the pioneer-women, and enabled them to do their part—by no means small—in transforming a howling wilderness into this fair and fertile portion of the New Dominion.

CHAPTER II.

THE MAIDEN CAPTIVE AND HER COMPANIONS —THE BEREAVED HUSBAND.

Abigail Coburn was born on the banks of the Susquehanna, in the month of May, 1773, and lost her mother when in the fifteenth year of her age. Some time after the death of her mother she went, with her father's approbation, to reside with a newly-married couple whom we shall call Jones. Abigail had been but a few months in her new home when Mr. Jones, being seized with that restlessness so characteristic of border-men, determined to pull up stakes and remove into the interior of Virginia. This decision naturally caused Mrs. Jones and her friend no little uneasiness. The Indians had recently been very troublesome in several places, and had already taken some captives. Mr. Jones, being fond of the chase and of the wild adventures incident to forest life, found the settlement rather *crowded* for his taste, and longed for the deeper wilderness. Therefore, he was not to be persuaded from his purpose, but continued to make preparations to move. Alas, in what bitterness of spirit did he afterwards remember having turned a deaf ear to those remonstrances!

Mrs. Jones, in mortal fear of the Indians, and appalled at the prospect of any wilder surroundings than those to which she had been accustomed, entreated her young friend to accompany her to the new home in the farther wilderness. Mr. Coburn objected strongly to his daughter leaving the settlement. He appeared to have a presentiment that if she went with Mrs. Jones some evil would befall her, and he would never see her again—a presentiment afterwards but too painfully realized. Mrs. Jones persisted in urging her to go with them. Her father implored her to remain at home. Abigail hesitated, but at length yielded to the solicitations of her friend; and bidding an adieu (which proved to be final) to her father and relatives, she set off with the party for the interior of Virginia. Buoyant with hope, she turned away from the friends and scenes of her childhood, expecting, after a time, to return and find all —father, brothers, and sisters—as she left them. They saw each other no more on earth.

The emigrating party was soon under way, and, after passing through the usual fatigues and dangers of bush travelling, reached the destined spot in safety. Jones immediately set to work and erected a comfortable log cabin, the family camping out till it was prepared to receive them. The family consisted of Jones, his wife and infant child, a young lad of some thirteen or fourteen years old, and Abigail Coburn, not quite sixteen years of age.

Jones had built his house as strongly as possible in his circumstances, hoping thereby to secure his household against any successful attack from the Indians, should they pay him a hostile visit. A few weeks passed away rather pleasantly after getting into their new house, although not altogether without fear. The Indians had not been seen recently in that vicinity, and it was hoped that no danger need be apprehended.

After some time, Jones was obliged by the wants of his family to obtain a fresh supply of provisions, and left home for that purpose. Before leaving, however, he gave his little band directions as to how they should conduct themselves in case they discovered any signs of Indians.

He had been only a day or two absent when one morning the young lad, being about to build a fire, brought in some wood for that purpose, and neglected to fasten the door after him—a precaution he had been directed never to omit. An Indian who had evidently been on the watch for

an opportunity to effect an entrance, quietly stepped in, the women still being in bed. Mrs. Jones' shriek on seeing the savage made the young lad aware of the presence of an enemy. Eager to defend those whose lives he had endangered by his indiscretion, the lad leaped forward and seized his rifle. The Indian, uttering the blood-curdling war-whoop, sprang upon him before he had time to level his piece, and with one blow of his war-club brought him to the floor, at the same instant wrenching the rifle from his grasp. A scene of the utmost terror and confusion ensued. Several fierce savages rushed into the house, and the terrified women were ordered to leave immediately. Allowed only to catch up the clothing they had laid off on retiring, they fled from the house, but were immediately made captives by the warriors who were stationed outside. The Indians, having stripped the house of everything they considered valuable, set fire to it, and hurried its late inmates away into the deep forest. The poor lad, suffering from his still bleeding wounds, and lamenting his own negligence as the cause of the disaster, was obliged to take up the line of march with his companions in misfortune, who, bemoaning their captivity as worse than death, were filled with sad forebodings of the still greater evils which might yet await them from the hands of their savage captors. In this hour of agonizing sorrow their thoughts went back to the cherished friends and happy homes they had left on the banks of the Susquehanna.

Abigail recalled, in bitterness of soul, her father's warning words and her own wilful disobedience to his wishes, and regarded the calamity that had befallen her as a deserved punishment. But she had been taught where forgiveness is to be found, and, in humiliation and contrition of spirit, she looked up to her father's God for pardon and deliverance.

Poor Mrs. Jones was in a still more pitiable condition. Her home and all her earthly possessions in flames behind her—a helpless infant in her arms, without nourishment for it or herself—uncheered by the assurance that the husband and father lived to rouse the settlers to search for them, fearing that in the solitude of the forest he had himself fallen a victim to the same relentless foes that now urged on her own flagging footsteps.

On the march, a few of the warriors led the way, the captives following in single file, and the Indians again bringing up the rear.

The way led through a dense forest, and the prisoners were pushed on for three days and three nights without any food, and almost without rest. The poor babe suffered intensely from the unaccustomed fatigue and exposure to the elements, and from lack of sufficient sustenance, while the wretched mother's agony was indescribable. The kind-hearted Abigail, though sympathizing deeply with her suffering friend, could afford her little aid beyond assisting her to carry the child.

On the third day the Indians called a halt, and rested where they had killed a fine deer. Here the captives received some refreshment, and were allowed to repose on the ground, but were not suffered to be out of sight of their savage guards for a moment. Worn down with fatigue and grief, the prisoners soon fell into a deep sleep, dreaming of home and friends, but soon awaking again to realize the painful fact that they were the slaves of savages.

After resting a little, the lad who had been wounded with the war-club began to recover slowly, and the march was resumed.

The first few days of their captivity had not passed away till Abigail, with the elasticity of youth and a hopeful spirit, began to devise schemes whereby she hoped to effect their escape; but the heart of poor Mrs. Jones sank within her, and she could find relief only in sighs and tears.

Having penetrated a considerable distance into the forest, the Indians, seeming to consider the danger of pursuit over, and the escape of the prisoners impossible, decided to sleep at night. When arranging for repose, the captives were made to lie

down together on the ground; then the Indians disposed themselves in a circle around them, each man close to his neighbor, with their feet to the prisoners, supposing that if they moved during the night they could not get out of the circle without disturbing some of the guards.

No insult, however, was offered to either of the women; and after a time they learned, doubtless aided by their fatigue, to sleep in this novel position comparatively well.

While these scenes are transpiring, how eagerly is Mr. Jones pressing homeward!—how idle he now thinks the fears for the safety of his family that, in spite of himself, have sometimes haunted him during his absence! He has seen no signs of Indians, though he has scanned the forest with a practised eye. All are doubtless safe and well. In a few short hours he will clasp his loved ones in his arms. Already he sees the sweet face of his wife, wreathed in smiles, and hears her fond words of welcome, while with a father's pride and joy he presses his lovely infant to heart and lip.

It is mid-day. He has turned aside to slake his thirst at a clear spring that bubbles up in the beautiful valley. What is it that rivets his eyes to the ground—has driven the smile from his lip, and spread over cheek and brow a deadly pallor, visible even through the bronzed skin? The print of a moccasined foot in the moist earth on the margin of the spring. Not long did he gaze.

"Perhaps only a stray hunter," he muttered, trying to reassure himself, as he instituted a scrutiny of the neighboring underwood.

He soon saw enough to convince him that a number of Indians had been there quite recently.

"God grant that I may not be too late!" he exclaimed, as with all possible haste he resumed his journey.

The intervening space is quickly passed, though to him the time seems interminable. With a sinking heart he descries the little opening in the forest where he had left his home. He enters it now to find that home in ashes. The hope that had hitherto sustained him died out, and the strong man bowed himself in agony and wept. Then, in the frenzy of his anguish, he called again and again the names of his lost ones, until reason was well-nigh dethroned. But only the echoes of the hill-side answered him. No tidings of wife or child, it is believed, ever reached the heart-stricken man.

(*To be continued*)

THE LEAK IN THE DYKE.

A STORY OF HOLLAND.

BY PHŒBE CARY, IN N. Y. "INDEPENDENT."

The good dame looked from her cottage
  At the close of the pleasant day,
And cheerily called to her little son
  Outside the door at play:
"Come, Peter, come! I want you to go,
  While there is light to see,
To the hut of the blind old man who lives
  Across the dyke, for me;
And take these cakes I made for him—
  They are hot and smoking yet;
You have time enough to go and come
  Before the sun is set."

Then the good wife turned to her labor,
  Humming a simple song,
And thought of her husband working hard
  At the sluices all day long;
And set the turf a-blazing,
  And brought the coarse black bread;
That he might find a fire at night,
  And find the table spread.

And Peter left the brother
  With whom all day he had played,
And the sister who had watched their sports,
  In the willow's tender shade;
And told them they'd see him back before
  They saw a star in sight,
Though he wouldn't be afraid to go
  In the very darkest night!
For he was a brave, bright fellow,
  With eye and conscience clear;
He could do whatever a boy might do,
  And he had not learned to fear.
Why, he wouldn't have robbed a bird's nest,
  Nor brought a stork to harm,
Though never a law in Holland
  Had stood to stay his arm!

And now, with his face all glowing,
  And eyes as bright as the day,
With thoughts of his pleasant errand,
  He trudged along the way;
And soon his joyous prattle
  Made glad a lonesome place—
Alas! if only the blind old man
  Could have seen that happy face!
Yet he somehow caught the brightness
  Which his voice and presence lent;
And he felt the sunshine come and go
  As Peter came and went.

And now, as the day was sinking,
  And the winds began to rise,
The mother looked from her door again,
  Shading her anxious eyes;

And saw the shadows deepen,
  And birds to their homes come back,
But never a sign of Peter
  Along the level track.
But she said, "He will come at morning,
  So I need not fret or grieve;
Though it isn't like my boy at all
  To stay without my leave."

But where was the child delaying?
  On the homeward way was he,
And across the dyke, while the sun was up
  An hour above the sea.
He was stopping now to gather flowers,
  Now listening to the sound,
As the angry waters dashed themselves
  Against their narrow bound.
"Ah! well for us," said Peter,
  "That the gates are good and strong,
And my father tends them carefully,
  Or they would not hold you long!
"You're a wicked sea," said Peter;
  "I know why you fret and chafe;
You would like to spoil our lands and homes,
  But our sluices keep you safe!"

But hark! Through the noise of waters
  Comes a low, clear, trickling sound;
And the child's face pales with terror,
  And his blossoms drop to the ground.
He is up the bank in a moment,
  And, stealing through the sand,
He sees a stream not yet so large
  As his slender, childish hand.
'Tis a leak in the dyke! He is but a boy,
  Unused to fearful scenes;
But, young as he is, he has learned to know
  The dreadful thing that means.
A leak in the dyke! The stoutest heart
  Grows faint that cry to hear,
And the bravest man in all the land
  Turns white with mortal fear.
For he knows the smallest leak may grow
  To a flood in a single night;
And he knows the strength of the cruel sea
  When loosed in its angry might.

And the boy! He has seen the danger,
  And, shouting a wild alarm,
He forces back the weight of the sea
  With the strength of his single arm!
He listens for the joyful sound
  Of a footstep passing nigh;
And lays his ear to the ground to catch
  The answer to his cry.
And he hears the rough winds blowing,
  And the waters rise and fall,
But never an answer comes to him,
  Save the echo of his call.
He sees no hope, no succor,
  His feeble voice is lost;
Yet what shall he do but watch and wait,
  Though he perish at his post!

So, faintly calling and crying
  Till the sun is under the sea;
Crying and moaning till the stars
  Come out for company;
He thinks of his brother and sister,
  Asleep in their safe warm bed.
He thinks of his father and mother,
  Of himself as dying—and dead;
And of how, when the night is over,
  They must come and find him at last;
But he never thinks he can leave the place
  Where duty holds him fast.

The good dame in the cottage
  Is up and astir with the light,
For the thought of her little Peter
  Has been with her all night.
And now she watches the pathway,
  As yestereve she had done;
But what does she see so strange and black
  Against the rising sun?
Her neighbors are bearing between them
  Something straight to her door;
Her child is coming home, but not
  As he ever came before!

"He is dead!" she cries; "my darling!"
  And the startled father hears,
And comes and looks the way she looks,
  And fears the thing she fears.
Till a glad shout from the bearers
  Thrills the stricken man and wife—
"Give thanks, for your son has saved our land,
  And God has saved his life!"
So, there in the morning sunshine
  They knelt about the boy;
And every head was bared and bent
  In tearful, reverent joy.

'Tis many a year since then; but still,
  When the sea roars like a flood,
Their boys are taught what a boy can do
  Who is brave, and true, and good.
For every man in that country
  Takes his son by the hand,
And tells him of little Peter,
  Whose courage saved the land.
They have many a valiant hero,
  Remembered through the years;
But never one whose name so oft
  Is named with loving tears.
And his deed shall be sung by the cradle,
  And told to the child on the knee,
So long as the dykes of Holland
  Divide the land from the sea!

Original.

THE RISE AND FALL OF BEAU BRUMMELL.

BY H. K. C.

I.—RISE.

Some time ago, the NEW DOMINION MONTHLY contained sketches of two remarkable men,—Father Mathew and Garibaldi,—who will be remembered by posterity for their disinterested efforts in the cause of human progress; the one in the moral, and the other in the political world. In this article is presented a sketch of another remarkable personage, whose claim, however, to the notice of the future is not to be compared with that of either of the former; for his life was a selfish one, and the objects of his ambition were paltry and useless. The ancient saying, that "the times change, and we with them," is as true to-day as it ever was. A great change is passing over the world, as Christianity and education widen their influence; and in these days, a man must be the performer of great or useful actions, or devote himself to the attainment of a noble object, in order to secure a "name that shall live." The foundations of immortality cannot now be laid on smart witticisms and faultless neckties; so Beau Brummell, celebrated as he once was, will no doubt

soon be almost forgotten, and his career regarded only with curiosity and pity.

George Bryan Brummell, the Beau, was the son of a worthy man, who by his intelligence and integrity rose from a humble station to hold lucrative appointments under Government, which enabled him to amass a handsome fortune. With this fortune he retired to the country, and there he bore a high character for benevolence and hospitality. In 1778, George was born, the younger of two sons, and when twelve years of age was placed at Eton. Here he soon became a universal favorite with the boys, and was remarkable for the neatness of his dress, his quick wit, and engaging manners,—qualities for which he afterwards became famous, and which, even at this early age, he had begun to display.

After remaining three years at Eton, he entered at Oriel College, Oxford. During the few months he spent at College, he made rapid progress in his studies, for his abilities were good. He also progressed in the career which he seems even then to have marked out for himself, by cultivating the friendship of his titled fellow-students, continually adding to his stock of comic songs and good stories, and by increased attention to elegance of dress and manners.

His fame, however, had reached the Prince of Wales (afterwards George the Fourth), and a presentation was soon followed by the gift of a commission as Cornet in the Prince's own regiment, the Tenth Hussars, one of the most dashing regiments in the service. In this position he found himself introduced into the highest society in the country; for many of his brother-officers were noblemen, and the partiality of his royal patron gained him admittance into the most fashionable circles. He had thus made immense advances towards attaining the object of his ambition, —the leadership of the world of fashion,—and really the position he now held was an extraordinary one. Though only a youth of seventeen, he was the intimate friend of the Prince (who was then two and thirty), and was celebrated for his wit, conversational powers, and refined manners, a great favorite with the fair sex, and possessed of an assurance and quiet impudence which never deserted him. Some laughable anecdotes are told of him at this time by his biographer,* illustrative of the last-named qualities. One of the most characteristic of these refers to his retirement from the army. The novelty had worn off, and Brummell had begun to chafe under the restraints of military life, when, one evening, orders came for the regiment to march to Manchester. Early next morning he made his way to the Prince, who expressed some surprise at being favored with such an unseasonable visit, when the Beau, after due apology, said, "Why the fact is, your Royal Highness, I have heard that we are ordered to Manchester. Now you must be aware how disagreeable this would be for *me*; I really could not go; *think*, your Royal Highness, *Manchester!* Besides" (and here was an instance of his tact), "*you* would not be there." And so Brummell, with the greatest indifference, resigned his commission in the Tenth, on the plea that it was to be stationed in a manufacturing town.

Mr. Brummell was now free; and, shortly afterwards (in 1799), coming into possession of his fortune, which during his minority had accumulated to thirty thousand pounds, he established himself in Chesterfield street, and began the career of a man of pleasure. His elegant little dinners were often honored by the presence of the Heir Apparent, and he kept two horses to enable him to drive in the Park. And now commenced that intense devotion to the pursuit of elegance in dress, which made him ridiculous as well as famous. The stories about his neck-cloths are too well known to be quoted here, but perhaps a few particulars respecting the other arrangements of his toilet may not be uninteresting. Three hair-dressers were engaged to dress his hair, —one for the temples, one for the front, and the third for his occiput; his boots were *cirées au vin de Champagne*, and the ties of his cravats designed by the first portrait-painter in London. It was at this time, also, that the famous pair of gloves were made, on which two glovers were employed,—one being entrusted with the thumbs, and the other making the fingers and the rest of the hand. The duties of the toilet engaged him for several hours daily,—a ceremony at which

* Captain Jesse. The particulars of this sketch have been gathered from his "Life of Beau Brummell."

his friend the Prince often assisted. His great anxiety, however, was to have his garments well made and fitted to his really handsome person, and so harmonized in color that he might present the appearance of a perfect gentleman; and he succeeded so well, that in walking down St. James Street he attracted the notice of passers-by as much as did the "first gentleman in Europe," the Prince of Wales himself.

Thus armed at all points, the Beau rapidly advanced to conquest. In a short time he began to be sought after and courted in society, and his intimacy with the Prince, and with so many families of distinction, soon made him the vogue: no party was complete without him, and the morning papers, in giving the details of a rout, always placed his name first on the list of untitled guests. But his ambition was not only to shine in the fashionable world; he aspired to be its dictator, and to carry out this design he devoted all his energies. Added to his other gifts, he possessed great satirical powers; and his ready wit and perfect knowledge of refined manners enabled him to use them with great effect. How well he eventually succeeded in making his opinion valued or dreaded, may be seen by the following anecdote: "Do you see that gentleman near the door," said an experienced *chaperon* to her daughter, whom she had brought for the first time into the arena of Almacks, "he is now talking to Lord ——." "Yes I see him," replied the young lady, "who is he?" "A person, my dear, who will probably come and speak to us; and be careful to give him a favorable impression of you, for," and she sunk her voice to a whisper, "he is the celebrated Mr. Brummell."

After infinite pains and perseverance, he at last reached the summit of his hopes. His word became law with the *élite* of Almacks, and he could arrogate to himself the power of assigning the limits of gentility, and of deciding who were *bon ou mauvais ton.* To walk the street arm-in-arm with him, or to be recognized by him from a club-window, was considered a great honor, even by the most fashionable noblemen.

"I can," he said, "stand in the middle of the pit at the opera, and beckon to Lorn (Duke of Argyle) on one side, and Villiers (Lord Jersey) on the other, and see them come to me."

And in the club at Watiers', the most exclusive in London—Brummell was the central luminary, round which his admiring satellites revolved.

It was not only in refined society, however, that the Beau stood pre-eminent. His intelligence, extensive reading, and conversational powers, added to his wonderfully pleasing manners, gained him many warm friends among those in high station, who mingled little in the fashionable amusements of the day. Among these might be mentioned the Duke and Duchess of York, the Duchess of Devonshire, and Rutland, Wellington, George Canning, and many of the most distinguished men of the time. These friendships are a redeeming trait in the character of Brummell, and prove that, had he not misdirected his abilities, and frittered away his prime in frivolous gaiety and idleness, he might have become a useful and respected man.

So rose Beau Brummell. By the force of his social qualities and persevering efforts in their cultivation, aided by his irresistible assurance, he at last stood the acknowledged centre of London fashionable life. Courted by all, and yet feared by many, he held his place for several years, and was regarded as having attained to the very acme of perfection in dress, manners, and refinement.

II.—FALL.

During the first few years of the Beau's life as a man of pleasure, he confined his expenditure within reasonable limits; but, as his fame increased and he became intimate with the "fast men" of the day, he began to take his seat at the club gaming-tables, and gradually acquired a taste for gambling. After his quarrel with the Prince of Wales—the cause of which is not certainly known—he became a frequenter of the clubs at White's, Brookes', and Watiers', and often played recklessly. His winnings at one time amounted to twenty-six thousand pounds; but he lost it all again a few nights afterwards. And so, with varying success, he continued, till the season of 1814 saw him lose his last shilling. At length, after raising large amounts from the money-lenders on the security of himself and friends, his affairs came to a crisis; and in May, 1816,

he bade farewell to London, the scene of his triumphs, and fled to the continent. The neat and tasteful establishment he so gloried in was sold by the Sheriff of Middlesex, and the Sèvres porcelain, buhl furniture, and other expensive articles included in it, were scattered to all points of the compass.

Such was the ignominious termination of the brilliant career of Beau Brummell in the English capital.

Safely arrived in Calais, he resided for a few months in lodgings, and then removed to the house of a Mr. Leleux, where he remained for nearly fourteen years. Twenty-five thousand francs, which he had brought from England or received shortly after he came to Calais, were quickly spent in making himself comfortable in his new abode. His extravagance was not at all checked by the reverses of fortune. The three rooms he occupied were filled with buhl and ormolu furniture, bronzes and pictures; and he bought a beautiful service of Sèvres china, which was kept carefully locked up in a large cabinet. In fact, so expensive were his tastes that the courier employed to purchase articles for him in Paris made a profit of thirty thousand francs out of these commissions during ten or twelve years. To pay for these extravagances, and even for his food and clothing, he was altogether dependent on the charitable feelings of relatives and friends in England. Many of those who had associated with him in brighter days now generously came forward, and many an amount, from a thousand pounds downward, was paid into his banker's hands at Calais for his use.

A description of the routine of Brummell's daily life during his long exile in Calais would be almost tedious. His time was filled up by the duties of the toilet—attending to his dogs and parrot—working at a large picture-screen intended as a present for the Duchess of York —walking, and receiving and paying visits. He also applied himself to the study of the language, and became an excellent French scholar,—a proof that he was possessed of ability and energy when he chose to exercise them. The monotony of his daily pursuits was also varied by the visits of his English friends, who never passed through Calais without waiting upon him, and perhaps leaving a substantial token of their kindly feelings behind them. Sometimes, however, his visitors were less distinguished and agreeable. On one occasion, an itinerant communicator of the legal house of Howard & Gibbs tapped softly at his door, with the intention of presenting some law-paper for his signature or consideration.

"Come in!" said the Beau, deceived by so gentle an application for admittance.

His visitor's head, on a level with the latch, was instantly in the room, his body being cautiously kept in the passage.

"Why, you little rascal!" screamed the astonished George Bryan Brummell aforesaid, directly he saw him; "are you not hung yet? Begone!"

The head obeyed, the door closed, and the little body departed.

Apart, however, from such unpleasant reminders of the past, Brummell had one great cause of anxiety—he was always in debt. The contributions of his noble friends, large as they were, did not reach the limit of the Beau's expenses, and his banker's account was always overdrawn.

After making numerous applications to government for employment, he was, through the kind offices of the Duke of Wellington, appointed British Consul at Caen, with a salary of £400 a year. He could not leave Calais, however, without arranging his affairs; and to secure a necessary advance of twelve thousand francs, he was compelled to make an assignment of three hundred and twenty pounds annually to his banker, being all but eighty of his income.

The society at Caen, both French and English, received the Beau with great cordiality, and he speedily became a favorite with his new friends. Though now upwards of fifty, he retained all his prepossessing social accomplishments, and his manner and appearance were as gentlemanly as ever. Six months, however, had not passed before poor Brummell was up to his wig in pecuniary difficulties. The remnant of his salary was not enough to pay his rent and washing bills; for how could a Beau who draped himself in three shirts and three neckcloths per diem, besides ordering hundred-guinea snuff-boxes from Paris, live on eighty pounds a year? Mr. Armstrong, the *factotum* of the English at Caen, assisted him by paying some of his

most importunate creditors. But as time passed, his difficulties increased, and at length he was ready to beg or borrow from those he would once have held at a distance.

In May, 1832, the consulate was abolished, and the unfortunate Beau left without the means of subsistence. His creditors beset him on all sides as soon as the royal emblems were removed from his doorway. So, as a last resource, Mr. Armstrong went to England to represent the case to his friends. In the meanwhile, to add to his misery, Brummell was seized with paralysis, and narrowly escaped death. The return of Mr. Armstrong, however, threw a gleam of sunshine over the clouded path of the Beau, for he brought sufficient funds, contributed by Brummell's generous friends, to pay his debts in full.

The story of Brummell's life from this period is a mournful one. His temporary relief from the persecutions of his creditors enabled him, it is true, to regain health and tranquillity of mind; and an allowance of one hundred and twenty pounds a year from his friends in England might have sufficed for his support had he given up his extravagant and senseless expenses. But these he would not relinquish. He still ordered boot-polish, at five francs per bottle, from Paris, and his neckcloths were as spotless as ever. Soon he had drifted into debt as deeply as before. Another embassy to England was undertaken by Mr. Armstrong, who returned with the means of again satisfying Brummell's creditors; but the anxiety and annoyance he had undergone brought on a second attack of paralysis, from which he with difficulty recovered. And now the crowning misfortune befell him. The banker in Calais, seeing no prospect of the repayment of Brummell's debt now that the consulate was closed, arrested him and put him in prison. The horrors of captivity in such a place, surrounded by scoundrels and felons, and compelled to associate with them, must have been unbearable to a man of the refined tastes and feelings of Brummell. Indeed, when he was released some months afterwards by the efforts of generous friends, he left the jail with broken health and spirits and a decaying intellect. After this time he gradually sank, till at last his mind was almost gone. The doors of his friends became closed against him, owing to his imbecility and uncleanly habits. One house only remained open to him till the last; and as he feebly crept along the street, supporting himself by the wall, on his way to the house of this true friend, the very children mocked and jeered him, so odd and deplorably forlorn was his appearance. In this home poor Brummell always found a welcome and a warm seat before the fire, where he could doze till the fragrant tea was poured out.

For some months before his death, Brummell was not only afflicted with the total loss of intellect, but with a complication of diseases, which rendered attendance on him both troublesome and disagreeable. At last an asylum was found for him in an institution for the insane, kept by the nuns of the Bon Sauveur at Caen. To this comfortable retreat he was removed, and there he remained until his life came to a close. The nun who attended him gave the following description of the last scene:

"On the evening of his death, about an hour before he expired, his debility having become extreme, I observed him assume an appearance of intense anxiety and fear, and he fixed his eyes upon me with an expression of entreaty, raising his hands towards me as he lay in the bed, as though asking for assistance, but saying nothing. Upon this I requested him to repeat after me the *acte de contrition* of the Roman ritual, as in our prayer-books. He immediately consented, and repeated after me, in an earnest manner, that form of prayer. He then became more composed, and laid his head down on one side; but this tranquillity was interrupted about an hour after by his turning himself over and uttering a cry, at the same time appearing to be in pain. He soon, however, turned himself back, with his face towards the wall, after which he never moved,—dying imperceptibly."

He died on the 30th of March, 1840, and lies buried in the Protestant cemetery at Caen.

So perished this unfortunate—so reads the history of his wasted life. Blessed with excellent abilities, liberal education, and large fortune, he devoted them all to the attainment of an empty notoriety, and spent the time which might have been employed in some useful and worthy pursuit, in the whirl of

folly and dissipation. And so, far away from his former associates, he died, after leading the life of a fashionable mendicant for more than twenty years; and only gave to religion his last hour, which a gleam of reason mercifully vouchsafed to his shattered mind and intellect.

But we will leave our readers to reflect on the instructive lesson to be drawn from the gay and selfish career and melancholy end of the once courted and admired BEAU BRUMMELL.

MY MONKEYS.

BY FRANK BUCKLAND.

I do not think that we take sufficient notice of what may be properly called the mind of animals. There is something which regulates their actions and thoughts, which is certainly a degree higher than instinct; and it is this peculiar faculty which I am so fond of studying. The monkeys at the Zoological Gardens are very interesting animals; but they are not, so to speak, civilized; they have only their own relatives as associates, and they have not learned the elegances and refinements of polite society.

I have two little monkeys that are really half-educated, and are almost fit to go up for a competitive examination. Their original home was the west coast of Africa; their scientific name is *Cercopithecus Petaurista*, or the Vaulting Monkey; but their familiar names are Susey and Jenny. They differ much in disposition. Jenny is the older of the two, and is much more sedate and grave in manner. She will sit in front of the fire, warming herself, like an old woman on a cold day, while Susey scampers about the room like a mad thing. From Jenny's peculiar, quiet and sometimes very disagreeable and cross manner, when in any way "put out," she is generally known as "the Hag." She was presented to me by a friend in the War-Office. Susey was sent by Mr. Jamrack, the well-known animal dealer in Radcliffe Highway, to be sold at the Zoological Gardens. I saw her here in the cage, lying on her side, breathing very hard, and very, very ill; in fact, in another hour or two she would have been dead. Knowing Jamrack, with Mr. Bartlett's permission, I volunteered to take Susey home, and see if she could be cured. Two or three days afterwards, Jamrack came to my house for his monkey, and, seeing she was so ill, said it "was no use taking her, she would die." Accordingly, he said I could keep her "at the price of a dead monkey, for she was as good as dead."

Mrs. Buckland took invalid Susey in hand, and, by means of port-wine, beef-tea, and hot-flannels, Susey after a while recovered; but she is not over-strong even now. Her features were much pinched by her illness, and slight traces of this still remain, though she is very lively, and fearfully mischievous. Susey and "the Hag" are always dressed like two sisters going to a ball, and it is almost impossible for a person who does not know them well to tell them apart. They are very small—about the size of a big guinea-pig; they have green heads, very handsome white beards, with a snow-white spot on the nose, and brilliant, lustrous brown eyes; the cheeks are beautifully marked with silk-like black hairs; the ears are well-turned, and very small. On the hair on the top of the head there are markings reminding us of the "plate bonnets" worn by ladies; below, the monkeys "wear their own hair," and not chignons. They are always, summer and winter, dressed in seasonable garments, and their wardrobe consists of three sets of dresses. Their common winter dress is thick white flannel, trimmed with red braid, and peg-top sleeves, with large capes; in these they look like the old-fashioned "Charlies," or night-watchmen. Their "second-best" dresses are made of green baize, without capes, made to fit quite tight, like a friar's frock, tied on round the waist by means of a girdle of ornamental ribbon or patent-leather strap.

They never—like the casuals at the work-house—attempt to tear their dresses off; but it is a great treat for them to be undressed and put before the fire, and have a good scratch, after which their fur is brushed with a soft brush. They very soon come of their own accord to have their clothes put on again, for they are most sensitive to cold. Their best dress, for summer evenings, at tea or dessert, when "company is coming," is a green velvet dress, trimmed with gold lace, like the huntsman of the Queen's staghounds. "When at meals," as children say, they wear, if they are "dressed for a party," white cambric pinafores, with lace round the sleeves.

Under their dresses their chests are carefully wrapped round with warm flannel, sewed on. In very cold weather they have an extra thickness of flannel. I feel convinced that all valuable monkeys should be dressed in this way, and that this plan should *always* be adopted at the Zoological,

especially with the ourangs, chimpanzees, spider monkeys, and other rare and costly specimens.

There is not the slighest suspicion of any parasites, or of any unpleasant smell, about Susey or "the Hag." They have two cages,—a day-cage and a night-cage. The day-cage is a large wire cage, with a rope on which they can swing; the night-cage is like a dormouse-cage, only, of course, of a larger size. They go into the box at the end, and tumble themselves up in the hay with which the box is nearly filled. A cover is also put over the cage, to keep them warm all night.

The moment the fire is lighted in the morning in my museum, the servant puts the monkeys in their night-cage before it, and directly I come down to breakfast I let them out. They are only allowed to be loose in my museum, as they do so much mischief, and in my museum I alone am responsible for the mischief they do. The moment the door of the cage is opened, they both rush out like rockets, and "the Hag" goes immediately to the fender and warms herself, like a good monkey, as she, being older, seems to know that if she misbehaves herself she will have to be put back into her cage. Susey, on the contrary, rushes round the room with the velocity of a swallow, and takes observations as to what mischief she can do. The first part of her day's work is to steal the sugar, and, if possible, upset the sugar-basin on to the floor, in order that in the general scramble she may get more lumps than by the regulation progress of stealing a lump at a time. I have had so many sugar-basins broken, that I now use the commonest one I can buy, of thick glass, and at the present moment the foot is broken away even from this. If Susey cannot upset the basin with her paws, she will kick at it with her hind legs as she tries to escape me when I offer to catch her.

Having poured out the tea, I open the *Times* newspaper quite wide, to take a general survey of its contents. If I do not watch her carefully, Susey goes behind the chair on to the book-shelf, and comes crash, with Léotard-like jump, into the middle of the *Times*—like a fox-hunter charging at a five-barred gate. Of course, she cannot go through the *Times*, but she takes her chance of a fall somewhere, and her great aim seems to be to perform the double feat of knocking the *Times* out of my hand and upsetting the teacup and its contents, or, better still, the teapot, on to the floor. Lately, I am glad to say, she did not calculate her fall right, but she put her foot into the hot tea and stung herself smartly, and this seems to have had the effect of making her more careful for the future. All the day of this misfortune she walked upon her heels, and not upon her toes as usual.

"The Hag" will also steal, but this in a more quiet manner. She is especially fond of sardines in oil, and I generally let her steal them, because the oil does her good, though the servants complain of the marks of her oily feet upon the cloth. Sometimes the two make up a "stealing party." A few mornings since I was in a particular hurry, having to go away on duty by train. I left the breakfast things for a moment, and in an instant Susey snatched up a broiled leg of pheasant and bolted with it, —carried it under her arm round and round the room, after the fashion of the clown in the pantomime. While I was hunting Susey for my pheasant, the Hag bolted with the toast; either of the thieves I could not find time to catch, and had to ring for more breakfast.

It is extraordinary to see the love between these two pretty beasts. Little Susey runs directly to the Hag if she is in trouble, and the Hag seems to know Susey is the weakest, and must be protected.

In a great measure, Susey owes her life to the Hag, for when she was very ill, the Hag nursed her like a mother does a baby; but, at the same time, the Hag gives her a thrashing every now and then to keep her in order; and this castigation consists in hunting her round the cage, and making a scolding noise. If the Hag is in earnest, Susey hides her head in the hay, and waits till the Hag's temper is over.

The mischief this bright pair do, *or are said to do*, is appalling. Anyhow, I have tremendous long "monkey's bills" brought up to me for immediate payment, once or twice a week. The damages claimed are for destruction and injury to flowers, bugles and beads, torn off bonnets,—sometimes whole bonnets, alas!—pins broken from brooches; ornaments, etc. taken from tables and cannot be found, teacups, saucers, plates and dishes without end; tumblers innumerable, etc., etc. After they have by any chance escaped into the bedroom, and had ten minutes there all to themselves, the bill will rival that for the Abyssinian expedition.

It is, moreover, very difficult to catch them in the drawing-room, or bedroom, because, if hunted, they run over the mantelpiece and side-tables, and knock over the ornaments like skittle-balls, and no amount

of persuasion will induce them to come and be caught. One day a scene of havoc was discovered in the bedroom; it was known the culprit was the Hag, and that she *must* be in the bedroom: the servants were called up and the room searched thoroughly, sofa and other pieces of furniture moved, and the whole place thoroughly examined; still no Hag could be found. The hunt was given up, but a strict watch kept. At last, after she knew the hunt was over, and we were waiting for her to come out from somewhere, just the top of her head and her bright eyes were seen in the looking-glass on the table,—the original of the reflection being on the top of the great old-fashioned four-post bedstead, crouched down behind the board like a rifleman in a pit, "looking to see how we were looking," and as quiet and noiseless as a marble bust.

When I go to Herne Bay, to attend to oyster cultivation, I take the monkeys with me for the benefit of the sea air. I always put up at Mr. Walker's, the confectioner, in the Esplanade. Mrs. Walker is very fond of the "colored ladies," as she calls them, and allows them to take great liberties.

She is rather proud of the way she dresses her shop-window with cakes, buns, sweet-stuff, etc. One day, "the Hag" had crept very quietly into the shop, and was having a "field day" all to herself. Mrs. Walker, sitting in the back parlor, was aroused by hearing a crowd of boys laughing outside the window. On coming into the front shop, she found "the Hag" all among the cakes, etc., in the window: both her cheek-pouches were as full as ever they could hold of lemon-peel, and she was still munching at a great lump of it. My lady was sitting on the top of a large cake like a figure on a twelfth-cake. Susey was not in this bit of mischief, for a wonder.

Mrs. Walker declared she would send "the Hag" before my friend, Captain Stark, the chief magistrate of the town, for stealing, and have her locked up for a fortnight; but the thief had first to be caught, and this was a difficult task, for she bolted out into the bakehouse, and up stairs into the loft where the flour is kept. There is a large wooden funnel through which the flour is passed into the bakehouse below. Trying to hide herself from Mrs. Walker, "the Hag" jumped into the funnel, and the lid not being on she fell down right through the whole length of it, and, much to his astonishment, lighted on Mr. Walker's head as he was making the bread below; she knew she was all right with Mr Walker, but she was one mass of flour. Her green baize coat was quite white, and she looked like a miller on a small scale, and the flour could not be brushed out of her for two or three days.

Mr., Walker tied her up, and there she stayed, by the warm oven, the rest of the day, chattering and telling him in monkey-language of all her troubles.

The monkeys' dumb companions in the house, are a very valuable talking parrot and a handsome French Angora cat. Susey, when loose, renders the lives of these creatures miserable.

The parrot had originally about fourteen handsome red feathers in her tail, *now* she can only muster three feathers. Susey has pulled all the rest out.

Susey runs and jumps round and round the cage and pretends to steal the Indian corn; the poor bird turns round and round, with her feathers all the wrong way, and pecks at Susey, fighting her, like an old woman up in a corner defends herself from a lot of mischievous, teasing street boys. While protecting her corn, Polly forgets her tail, and Susey watches her opportunity, and tears out a handful of feathers at a time, and off she goes like a shooting-star. When the cat is asleep in front of the fire, Susey's great delight is to creep noiselessly up behind and pull the fur out, and, if that does not wake her, she will get the end of her tail in her mouth and give it a bite, and this operation soon starts the cat. The cat is, in spite of the persecution she receives, not bad friends with the monkeys; they will sometimes both go and sit on her back and "look the fleas" in her fur. The worst of the monkeys is that they have pockets in which to pack away the goods they steal. These pockets consist of a pouch each side of the face; when empty these pouches are not observable, but yet the owners can stow away an immense amount in each. It is great fun to see how much they will hold, and this is done by giving them an unlimited supply of acid drops; they immediately fill their pouches as full as ever they can cram them, and I find they can pack away about twenty acid drops in each pouch. One day, several things were missing: at once I thought of the monkeys. I caught them and searched their pouches, a pretty safe find for stolen goods; in "the Hag's" pouches were a steel thimble, my own gold finger-ring, a pair of pearl sleeve-links, a farthing, a button, a shilling, and a bit of sweet-stuff.

I fear that if the poor monkeys could read the characters I have given them, they would not be much pleased with me. I

must, therefore, say something of their good qualities. They are both very amiable and affectionate, and there is not the least humbug about them. If they steal, it is only because it is their instinct to do so, and for the pure innate love of mischief, and nobody can blame them. They understand every word I say, but at the same time are occasionally most disobedient; nay, more, they understand my thoughts; one glance at me with their little diamond-bright eyes tells them how far they may go with their teasing me, and when they see I am getting out of temper they will jump into my arms, and chatter and look "Don't be angry with us, it's only our fun!" They even know when I am *thinking* of catching them, and this before I have made the least sign of being about to do so; they then get out of the way in the most cunning manner, sneaking round the furniture like a fox leaving the covert into which the hounds have just been cheered by the huntsman. At other times, they always scamper about the rooms at a "racing pace." I use the words advisedly, as in their gallop they have the exact action of a racehorse just finishing a race, only that they can pull up short in a moment, and take the most wonderful flying leaps without changing their pace. Frequently, when they have been hunted into the passage to be caught, and must pass me to get by, they have galloped to within a few inches of my hands, and then, taking a tremendous spring, jumped exactly on to my head, thence slid down my back, and escaped capture.

When I come home in the evening from a long day's work tired to death, I always let out the monkeys, and give them some sweet-stuff I bring home for them. By their affectionate greeting and amusing tricks they make me forget for a while the anxieties and bothers of a very active, busy life. They know perfectly well when I am busy, and they remain quiet and do not tease me. "The Hag" sits on the top of my head, while Susey tears up with her teeth a thick ball of crumpled paper, the nucleus of which she knows is a sugar-plum, one of a parcel sent as a Christmas-box by Mrs. Mostyn Owen, the kind-hearted wife of a friend of mine, and received through the post in due form, directed, "Miss Susey and Miss Jenny Buckland."

I must now finish the "Memoir," though, if I had time, I could go on writing for a month longer, describing my little pets.

The reader may wonder that I like to keep them at all in the house; but I *do* like to keep them, and nothing whatever would induce me to part with them. The monkeys love me, and I love the monkeys.

A CALL ON AGASSIZ.

Prof. Agassiz' summer home is a quaint little brown house on the wild northern shore of Nahant, standing in the middle of an entirely uncultivated acre, without even the semblance of a path to the door. A rough fence of stone wall encloses the lot on three sides, with a tangle of wild roses, brambles, and golden-rod, growing on the lee of it. On the fourth side, the uneven grass ends abruptly at the edge of a sudden declivity, at whose base are the great rocks against which the sea dashes. The house faces the water, and is two stories high just in the middle of the front, whence the roof slopes off to cover the wings, and the low piazza at the back. There is a little gallery, also, on the side next the ocean, where the good Professor sits sometimes in the cool of the day, to enjoy book, newspaper, or cigar, and on this same northern front stand two low, square buildings, only a few yards from the wings of the house, but entirely separated from and in front of them, and one of these is the laboratory in which he studies into those secrets of nature which he afterwards tells to us all.

One day last summer, I met Charley, the fisher-boy, who was brought up on Egg Rock, and knows much of sea-fowl and fishes, and how to take them, but little else. He was going down the lane towards the Professor's, with a hideous fish, called a skate, upon his wheelbarrow. It lay upon its back, exposing the ugliness of its white under-surface and its wide mouth. Its flat sides hung down almost to the ground, and its ugly tail dragged in the dust. Charley set down the wheelbarrow that we might see and admire. "I am taking it down to Mr. Agassiz," he said. "I take him one every day. He cuts them up to see what's inside of them."

My seaside rambles often led me through the Professor's grounds, for the public are not shut out from that wild, beautiful shore; and when I thought of him, studying, with a child's delight and a sage's wisdom into the wonders of nature, or caught a glimpse of his pleasant face bent over his books, or considered how many unanswered questions of my own he could solve with a word, I was seized with a desire to penetrate into that square, low sanctum (even disguised as a skate, if necessary). I will take with

me, I thought, one of my natural-history puzzles, as an excuse for going, and I will be accompanied by the loveliest maiden I know, the sight of whose fair face and beautiful smile will be enough to compensate for the interruption. So, one summer evening, at sunset, we sauntered along the north shore, on the edge of the cliff, and so came into Prof. Agassiz' grounds. There below, among the rocks, high and dry, lay the dory, in which the Professor's wife and son have taken those delightful rows by day and night, by moonlight, or when the sea was lit by its own wonderful phosphorescence, described in their "Seaside Studies." With what pailfuls of marine treasures have they climbed this bank! What delight to study as they studied, if one only knew enough to begin!

Looking wistfully up at the laboratory, we were delighted to see that the Professor was there, and made bold to go and knock at the door. "Come in," said a pleasant voice, and we entered a small anteroom, encumbered with boxes and casks, and smelling of alcohol. The door stood open into the laboratory, and we went in. On each side of the entrance was a little wooden stand, on which lay the white corpse of a skate, with its interior arrangements dissected, and piled upon its clammy body. Gathering up our garments from the slimy drops which trickled down, we passed between the grewsome anatomist, among the accumulated scientific appliances of that much-encumbered room, to the table where the kindly-faced *savant* had been sitting, smoking over his broad folios.

I introduced myself and the beautiful maiden, and then produced my puzzle and asked my question. It was one of those "sand-saucers," so common on our beaches; a curious thing, found of different sizes, but always the same shape, its texture as firm as damp pasteboard, apparently made wholly of sand, of much such a form as would be given by molding it upon one of those flat, round inkstands, which spread out into a wide circumference to prevent upsetting, and opening it down one side in order to remove it.

"What is this?" I asked. "I sometimes find Lynn beach covered with them, and I have seen them also on the New Jersey coast."

"Yes, doubtless," he said, "and you might have found them beyond the gulf of St. Lawrence, or on the coast of Florida, or in South America. I have picked up such near Rio Janeiro. For the animal which makes them has a wide *habitat*. You have seen the large snails which burrow in the sand below high-water mark?"

I knew them well.

"Those large snails," said he, "lay their eggs in a gelatinous ribbon, which would be straight and flat, were it not bent into this form by passing between the firm body or 'foot' of the animal and its shell. The central column of the shell molds this neck; its newer margin forms this wider rim."

"But," I remarked, "this seems to be all sand."

"See," he said, holding it up to the window; and, by the waning light, I saw the cellular structure he pointed out to me. "The eggs are laid under sand always, and the sand penetrates the gelatinous mass, and becomes a part of it, serving to protect these cellular specks, in which are the eggs. If you should obtain one of these so-called 'saucers,' before the sun or wind had dried it, and put it into sea-water, in three or four days there would come out of each of these specks—no larger than pin-points—several snails, shells and all, barely visible at first, but swimming freely and growing rapidly."

"If this gelatinous strip is always produced under the sand," I asked, "how was it possible to discover its origin?"

He smiled. "It is our profession. We are trained to it. We must watch for hours in vain, but at last we find."

He answered one or two other questions for me, mostly geological, and then as I rose to go, I thanked him for the information he had given me, saying, "I have asked many persons about this sand-saucer, but could never find any one who could tell me what it was, and, of course, until I knew under what name to look for it, books were of no use in the matter."

"And if you had known the name," he replied, "you would not have found what you wished to know. I have not published what I have told you this evening."

His pleasant voice, his foreign accent, his simple style, his eager interest in the subject, all made it delightful to hear him talk. His manner was kind and cordial, and he invited us to come again when we had questions to ask.

Then I, and the beautiful maiden, who had sat silent, wishing that clay were in her hands to model a likeness of his fine head, went away, passing again between the chilly dead monsters at the door, and so out into the twilight. The red light was kindled on Egg Rock, and, far beyond, the light-houses on Marblehead shone out like golden stars.—*Advance.*

SUMMER MORNING.

Words by EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER. Music by J. R. THOMAS.

Allegro Moderato.

p

Pia e staccato.

Who can tell how the morn-ing breaks, Who has seen how the day-light
Who can tell how the day comes down O'er the moun - tains bare and
Who can tell how the day is born, Who has watched for the gleaming

p

wakes, Up on the si - lent hills? Up on the si - lent hills?
brown, In - to the val - leys green? In - to the val - leys green?
morn Out on the lone - ly seas? Out on the lone - ly seas?

O-ver their heads the mists are rolled, Stained with pur - ple and cleft with
Out of the sha - dows cool and sweet, Birds go sing - ing the morn to
Pearl and ru - by and sapphire blue, Flooding the waves with a glo - ry

gold; Down from the cliffs of gra - nite cold, Slow-ly the sunshine thrills.
greet; Wood and mea-dow and spring-ing wheat, Glisten with dew - y sheen.
new, Like a blos - som - ing garden of trop - ic hue, Swayed by a summer breeze.

cres.

p

Original.

HAPPY MEETING.

BY GEO. S. WILSON.

Lively.

f
1. Hark! the Sab-bath bells are ring - ing: Let us haste with-out de - lay;
2. Do not keep our teach - ers wait - ing While we tar - ry by the way,

pp
Prayers of thou-sands now are wing - ing Up to heav'n their si-lent way.
Nor dis-turb the school re - cit - ing: 'Tis the ho - ly Sab-bath day.

'Tis an hour of hap - py meet-ing, When we meet for praise and prayer;
Children, haste: the bells are ring-ing, And the morning 's bright and fair;

But the hour is short and fleet-ing, Let us, then, be ear - ly there.
Thousands now are joined in sing - ing— Thousands, too, in sol - emn prayer.

CHORUS. *Lively.*

Hap-py meet-ing! hap-py meet-ing! When we meet for praise and prayer;

Hap-py meet-ing! hap-py meet-ing! When we meet for praise and prayer.

Young Folks.

Original.

EARLY RECOLLECTIONS.

BY NELL GWYNNE.

(*Continued.*)

I had known Flora Teasdle for some time before I knew where she lived, although I had often asked her; but as we became more intimate, she took me to her home, and I became cognizant of the fact that her dwelling-place was on a back street, and was a small white fràme-house, with green shutters, and a green door; all of which I subsequently became aware she was very much ashamed of, which was the reason for keeping me so long in ignorance of it. She told me of other days not long ago, when they lived in a beautiful house, and had a garden and an orchard, and horses and a carriage; and how she had once a pretty, grown-up sister, who went out horse-back riding on a wet day, and took cold, followed by consumption, and she died. She also said she had a brother who studied for the ministry, and who also died of consumption. Her papa, Captain Teasdle, was a British officer, and had been "theven yerth a prithoner in France when he wath young." This was lucky for him, I should think, as he now earned his living by teaching French, acquired during his "theven yerth" imprisonment.

Captain Teasdle was an excessively polite little man, and always going on with a great deal of performance with his hat and his gloves, and his cane and pocket-handkerchief. Mrs. Teasdle was also small, and had a fair complexion, and a quantity of light yellow hair, which gave her a very youthful appearance. She was a sweet, kind lady, and must have been a model housewife, for their house was a temple of spotless purity and order. There were a

great many books and pictures and curiosities in the parlor, though it was so small that it seemed almost filled with Flora's piano that stood in a corner. Next to the parlor was the library, which was almost lined with books. It contained a green carpet and a green sofa, and a table covered with green baize, and also two large pictures both veiled with green gauze. These pictures, which of course aroused my curiosity at once, being concealed, were two portraits in oil—one of a handsome young soldier that looked enough like Captain Teasdle to remind me of him; and the other, that of a lovely young lady, with her hair drawn up over a cushion on the crown of her head, and falling in bright little golden ringlets all about her forehead, and with the most heavenly-blue eyes, and the roundest and fairest of arms and shoulders. These, Flora informed me, were her papa and mamma, painted by a great artist in Paris, when they were first married. Flora brought me home with her one evening to stay over night, and Captain Teasdle took us to hear a lecture delivered by Lola Montez, of unenviable notoriety, who was then making a tour through Canada, stopping to lecture in all the towns and cities as she went along. The lecture, which was something about the beauty of women or beautiful women, was marvellously short, a good deal of a sell on the whole, I should think, though I did not hear any person say so. Speaking of the Empress Eugenie, she said,

"When I first saw Eugenie, she was the liveliest and wittiest and most vivacious woman in Paris."

And again, speaking of the German ladies, she said.

"The German ladies are so pure, and so clear, and so clean, that they always put me in mind of snow-flakes."

This is literally all I remember of the lecture, though I remember her voice as well as if I only heard it yesterday.

Mrs. Melverton was scandalized beyond measure to hear where we had been, and said she was astonished that Captain Teasdle would go to hear such a woman himself, much less take little girls there; though she was very much interested in hearing how she looked, and what she said, having seen her a great many years ago in England.

Mrs. Melverton's pupils were falling off with the summer flowers, which, strange to say, seemed to surprise as much as it annoyed her. A rival school had been opened in town, that grew apace as Mrs. Melverton's diminished, though it could not be classed among the ill weeds, it being an excellent school—a sort of institution that was sadly needed in the town.

Among the boarders at Mrs. Melverton's was Miss Maria Antoinette St. John, who, for some reason that I never learnt, always went by the name of John Anderson. John Anderson had a greenish-yellow complexion, large black eyes, and lanky black hair that was always coming down and hanging about her neck in little snaky twists, which attributes—not taking a wide mouth, high cheek-bones, and a hooked nose into consideration—were living proofs that her ancestors, at least on one side of the house or the wigwam, had wielded the tomahawk and the scalping-knife, and "paddled their own canoe," or canoes, seeing they very likely had one apiece.

Miss St. John had been four years at Mrs. Melverton's, and was now talking of going home. Her friends very naturally thought it time her education was finished. Mrs. Melverton had been so cross of late on account of losing so many of her pupils, that poor John Anderson dreaded to let her know she was going to leave, and only told it to us as a great secret. It really was astonishing that any one endowed with reasoning faculties could spend four years even at such a school as Mrs. Melverton's, and acquire so very little as Miss Maria Antoinette St. John had managed to do. True, she played the piano, or made a noise on it, and danced quadrilles, and had filled a drawing-book with gates, all in a more or less ruinous condition, and choice bits of tumble-down cow-sheds, or some kind of

sheds—they might have been wood-sheds for that matter—and she had made a giant bouquet of wonderfully proper-looking wax flowers ; but she did not know a verb from a noun, and though she wrote a lady-like hand, could not spell a word of two syllables, and I do not think she knew whether she lived on a continent or on an island.

The day for Miss St. John's departure had arrived, and we were all prepared for a grand *denouement*, for we knew that Mrs. Melverton would be doubly angry for not being apprised of it before. There were not more than a dozen of us in the school-room, it being a very wet morning. I was sitting with my spelling-book in my hand, looking out of the window at some clothes that were flapping disconsolately back and forth on the lines in the clothes-yard, when Miss Melverton opened the door, and said,

"Mamma, dear, the omnibus is——"

The concluding part of Miss Melverton's remark is forever lost to the world, for as she spoke a horn

"Did sing both loud and clear,"

like the braying ass in "John Gilpin"; and even at the same instant, Miss St. John rushed wildly past her, dressed in her bonnet and duster, both of which were soaking wet, as well as everything else she had on ; and ran through the school-room, and out into the clothes-yard, and grasping frantically at the aforesaid clothes on the lines, she tore them off and rolled them into a lump, and retraced her steps through the school-room, back into the hall. Here she was met by a man in a shining mackintosh, to whom she said, as she ran upstairs,

"It is up here! Come up here."

Mrs. Melverton's look of blank amazement was changed to one of fearful anger as she arose and walked out of the room, shutting the door very gently after her, which we considered a bad omen, and which did not hinder us from hearing Miss St. John's voice calling to the man to wait "one moment—only one moment." Her voice, though particularly soft when she spoke in a natural tone, always put me in mind of the screeching of some kind of wild bird when she raised it. There was a great deal of running up and down stairs, and banging of doors, and loud chattering in treble voices now going on ; and in the midst of it all another lusty blast from the horn floated on the breeze—or it would have, if there had been any breeze for it to float on. The next moment we heard the man tramping down stairs and out of the front door ; and, as Miss Melverton afterwards told us, followed by Miss St. John, screeching and gesticulating like a wild thing, with her bonnet hanging down between her shoulders, and her dress flapping about her feet. All this happened so suddenly and in such an incredibly short space of time, that we had not had time to give way to any feeling but astonishment ; but when we found that Miss St. John had really gone—started on a long journey in such a plight, and gone without so much as saying good-bye to one in the house—not even Mrs. Melverton's stormy countenance could keep us from roaring and laughing. She had stolen off down town after breakfast, and made preparations for her departure, thus avoiding the disagreeable task of telling Mrs. Melverton she was going.

The maples on the lawn flamed out gloriously as the season advanced, and we sometimes got into disgrace for climbing up on the lawn fence to gather the leaves before they had commenced to fall.

It was this fall that I first remember being struck by the gorgeous beauty of the autumn woods. Flora and I had long planned a nice little beech-nutting excursion, to take place when the nuts were ripe ; and set out accordingly with our little baskets one Saturday afternoon about the middle of October. We did not get many nuts, as they had not yet fallen, and we could not reach to the branches ; but we pulled them down with sticks, which was a great bother. We were in such ecstasies with the brilliant world about us that we scarcely thought of the nuts at all. The whole wood was aglow with scarlet and purple and gold. It was a world of leaves, leaves, leaves—bright, beautiful, and many-colored. Every way

we turned, we crushed them under our feet, and felt them fluttering down on our heads. They floated down the creek in millions, and flecked the old mossy stumps with many a gaudy tint. We revelled in all this glory of ripeness, entwining each other with the blood-red vines of the Virginia creeper till they hung in garlands all over us, and trailed after us as we walked along. We gathered the leaves, every fresh one seeming prettier than the last, until we could carry no more; and then threw them away, to be replaced by others that we thought too pretty to leave. It was a glorious day this, a day to dream of. I have seen such days since, though not often. A soft balminess and haziness in the air, not a breath stirring anywhere, nor a sound but the soft flutter of the leaves as they fell to the ground, sometimes slowly one by one, and sometimes in little showers. A great stillness and silence seemed to have fallen over everything, and, moreover, there was an impressiveness in the silent grandeur of the woods that we felt but could not understand—a feeling that recurred to me years afterwards on visiting a grand old cathedral.

We came back again in a couple of weeks, but, alas! the glory of the woods had departed. We waded with a loud crackling noise through the brown, crisp leaves, that had almost set us wild with their beauty such a little while ago. The skeleton branches spread overhead in strange contrast to their leafy splendour the last time we saw them. We got plenty of nuts this time, the ground underneath the trees being literally brown with them.

At Christmas, the Bunns gave a party, to which we were all invited, notwithstanding that they had been among the first to be taken away from Mrs. Melverton's to be sent to the new school. Flora Teasdle tried to persuade me not to go, but the girls were all in high glee about the party, and I was not going to let her keep me from enjoying myself with the rest; so when she saw she could not keep me from going, she made up her mind to go herself, stipulating at the same time that we should keep together as much as possible, and hold aloof from the Bunn boys, of whom she said there were about a "dothen," and whom she represented as being the roughest kind of a "thet"; one of them being actually named "Jerry." "Jutht fanthy any one having a brother named Jerry," Flora said, lowering her voice.

I was perfectly willing to stay with Flora and keep the Bunn boys—particularly the one named Jerry—at a distance. So we settled the matter, and went to the party. I do not know if the Bunns sent for all their guests, but I know they sent a handsome sleigh for Flora and me, and as it was a fine evening, and we had three miles to go, we thought the drive there while it lasted was the best part of the entertainment. I had never been at the Bunns' before, though I had often been invited, as who had not that could claim acquaintance with the kind-hearted, generous, social, fun-loving Bunn family.

We were among the latest arrivals, and were shown upstairs by a kind, motherly lady, that turned out to be the mother, who took off our over-socks and mufflers; and, after smoothing our hair with her hands, sent us down-stairs. We were pounced upon and kissed heartily from all quarters as soon as we entered the parlor. Everybody seemed to be in high good humor with themselves and everybody else. I had a sense of light and warmth and glow. The excessive warmth of our reception kept me from seeing what kind of a place we had got into for some time, and just as my eyes were taking in the remarkably large dimensions of the room—the flowing crimson curtains, flashing mirrors, and large, massively-framed pictures—I was seized from behind, and unceremoniously dragged out into the hall, and up-stairs, where I had got half-way before I became aware that my captor was no less a personage than Miss Mary Anne Bunn, whom I had not seen before, and who had her coat and cap on, and a scarlet sash tied around her waist. I was surprised to see Flora up-stairs before me, and surrounded by three girls—Nellie

Bayley and two others that I did not know —who were all dressed for out-doors, and who all seemed in a great hurry to get Flora dressed. Nellie Bayley pulled on her coat while the other two tugged at her over-socks; but Mary Anne no sooner dragged me triumphantly in, than they left Flora to complete her own toilet, for which I dare say she was heartily thankful, and turned their attention to me, jerking on my coat and cap and socks in less than no time. We were then ruthlessly dragged down-stairs, and out into the frosty night.

A loud shouting came up from what appeared to be a hollow at some distance from us, which Mary Anne Bunn answered by putting her finger into her mouth and whistling a long, loud shrill note that might be heard half a mile off. Two great boys now appeared running towards us with hand-sleighs, calling out to us to "pile on, pile on." We did—three on each sleigh, Flora and the two strange girls on one, and Mary Anne Bunn, Nellie Bayley, and I on the other. Mary Anne Bunn settled herself comfortably in front, holding out one of her feet before her in what I thought anything but a graceful or lady-like fashion —a phenomenon that had yet to be explained, however.

We were evidently drawing near to the aforesaid hollow about which there was not now the shadow of a doubt, and where there appeared to be a great deal of shouting, laughing, and singing going on. Nearer and nearer we came. Suddenly, the boy that drew the sleigh threw the rope attached to the front of it to Mary Anne Bunn, which she caught adroitly, and away we went, flying and whizzing over a long, steep bank, and the mystery was explained. Here were the greater part of the guests amusing themselves sleigh riding down hill; the majority were young gentlemen, however, the scarcity of whom struck me on first entering the parlor.

Neither Flora nor I were in a particularly amiable mood at being forced out, we knew not whither, in this unmannerly style, but we soon got into the spirit of what was going on, and went down hill with any one who would take us, and helped to draw up the sleighs, and shouted and laughed, and had glorious fun. I do not know how long we might have kept this up, if it had not commenced to snow heavily, the air having moderated considerably since we came out. As it was, we did not start for the house until we were all white with snow.

Nellie Bayley and I were drawn back to the house by no less a person than Mr. Jerry Bunn himself, and as I did not want to go without Flora, though the snow was falling so thickly that we could scarcely see each other, he went and saw her taken care of on another sleigh to satisfy me, like a good-natured fellow that he was. Nellie Bayley pointed him out to me afterwards when we were all in the parlor, and I was surprised to see that he was the very handsomest boy I had ever seen in my life. He had a rich, tawny complexion, and hair and eyes of a soft, mellow brown, that put me in mind of ripe nuts falling among brown, crispy leaves on balmy, hazy days, when the leaves are dropping softly and silently, and the far-off woods and hills look like a dreamy vision. But Mr. Jerry Bunn was anything but a sentimental customer, I do assure any-one whom it may concern. When he found out that Nellie and I were the little girls he had brought over in his sleigh, he insisted on dancing a polka with us both at the same time, and whirled us round and round without as much as letting the tips of our toes touch the floor. When supper-time came, he brought us in to supper, and made us drink his health a great many times in port wine, which he called "poort," trilling his tongue over the "r" as if there were two or three r's. We ate our supper and sipped our "poort" in the simplicity of our hearts, and got very merry indeed. And such a din as there was going on after supper—the piano played, and curtains glowed, and the mirrors flashed, and the lights danced, and everybody laughed very loud and looked very red in the face, and whirled round and round, and knocked against everybody else. All seemed to be having

a most uproarious, jolly time of it. I lost Flora, but some way I did not seem to think about her, not even when going-home time came; and indeed the provoking way my cloak acted when I went to put it on, was enough to make me forget my greatest friends. No matter how much I turned it right, it would stay on the wrong side, and after I had turned it, and it would not stay turned, why I had to wear it as it was.

Jerry Bunn made a speech at the dressing-room door, in which he declared we were all, what he elegantly termed, "as tight as bricks," and that he was going to drive half a hundred of us home in the "bubs," by which I subsequently became aware he meant a bob-sleigh. The sleigh-bells played the "Jenny Lind" polka, and there was a great deal of singing and laughing going on in the "bubs" all the way home. The confusion of my memory of the events of the latter part of this evening, not to mention my being so stupid as to wear my boots to bed, was a subject of wonderment to me for a long time, and it did not occur to me till years afterwards that the "poort" had had anything to do with it.

And as here endeth my early recollections, I will say, with Mr. Artemus Ward, "Adoo, adoo!"

Original.

A STORY BY THE FIRESIDE.

BY AURAL MEAD, CAMDEN EAST, ONT.

It was a Canadian January evening, and the wind was blowing the sleet against the window-frames, and swaying the leafless branches to and fro. But dreary although it was without, it was forgotten in the warmth and comfort of Mrs. MacDonald's sitting-room, in a farmhouse, where she was seated near a fire-place, by a table, with her two elder children, Harry and Nellie. Mr. MacDonald was gone from home, and the younger children had retired to bed. Harry, a manly-looking fellow of eighteen, was deeply engaged in "Livingstone's Travels," while Nellie, an intelligent girl of sixteen, with her knitting in her hand, which was lying idly in her lap, was absorbed in a history of Greece.

"Nellie, Nellie," said her mother, suddenly, busy with her own knitting, "what should we do for stockings if we depended on you for knitting them?"

"Really, mother," said Nellie, starting as though just awakened from sleep, "I was so interested in this description of the battle of Marathon that I had forgotten all around me, and was fancying myself in the sunny clime of Greece, instead of the stormy one of Canada."

"And I," said Harry, looking up, mischievously, "was imagining myself in Africa's sooty clime, and believed you and mother here were blacks, and was just beginning to lose my identity, when mother broke the spell by calling you to your knitting."

"You have a most fertile imagination, Harry," said his sister, laughing, in spite of herself, at his remark, although she was a little provoked at him for laughing at her poetical ideas.

"Well," said Harry, yawning and closing his book, "I am getting tired of reading. Let's coax mother, Sis, to tell us a story."

Mrs. MacDonald seemed nothing loth to be "coaxed," and so she said, smiling,

"What shall it be?"

"I should like a ghost story," said Nellie.

"Oh, that is the way with you girls," said Harry, with that provokingly patronizing air which boys are generally fond of showing towards their sisters. "You build everything on fancy, likely to tumble down at the first gust that blows. Now, boys always want everything they read to be true, to have a solid foundation, to be capable of being reasoned out."

"Indeed, you are quite mistaken there, my lord logician," replied Nellie. "Sir Walter Scott was a boy once in his lifetime, I believe, and his boyhood was spent in reading works of the most romantic and fanciful kind; and, besides," she continued,

"when did you read 'Robinson Crusoe' last yourself?"

Harry rubbed his fingers, trying to think what to say, for in all their little arguments Nellie was generally victorious, for although he prided himself on being logical, yet Nellie was better read than he, and was better provided with arguments.

"Well," said Harry, thoughtfully, "it is true that 'Robinson Crusoe' is fictitious, but still it is something that could have been."

"Yes, certainly," Nellie answered; "but it has just come to my recollection that I saw you reading a ghost story the other day."

"Oh, Sis, I give up," said he, laughing; "the best way when a fellow has a girl for an antagonist, is to give up at once, as one has sooner or later to do; for she will follow a fellow up, and stick to him till he is utterly vanquished."

"Well," said Nellie, gaily, "now, that the victory is won, and the vanquished captured, let us hear the story mother has to tell us."

"If you will promise to let me get safely through without any more discussions taking place, I will try to tell you one," said she, looking at them playfully.

"We'll promise," said they both.

"Nellie wanted a ghost-story," she began, "but I have thought of one that will interest you both more, because it is true, and concerned one of our relations—my own grandmother.

"When she was a young girl, about sixteen, which was many years ago, she lived with her parents in the State of New Hampshire. It was not then as it is now, dotted over with towns, pretty villages, and farms. The eye then met nothing for miles but dense forest, broken here and there with small clearings, upon which were cabins which the pioneers of the forest constructed for dwellings; and these sometimes were miles apart from each other. There roved the wolf and panther, often making the night frightful with their cries, and bears were also plentiful, and often they would visit the corn-fields of the settlers, and help themselves very freely. The parents of my grandmother had a neighbor living two or three miles away, who wished to leave home with his wife for a few days; and he requested Lucy, my grandmother, to come and stay at his house while they were gone, and take care of their two little children, which request she, with her mother's consent, complied with. It was then some time in the summer, or it might have been in early autumn. We can imagine, Nellie, how lonely we should have been alone with two small children, in the depth of the forest, the stillness only disturbed by the voices of the children at play, or the whispering of the breeze through the forest trees, or the singing of the birds among the branches. But then nothing was thought of such a life. When her work was done, she would sit in the door with her knitting or perhaps tell stories to the little ones, or watch them at play before the door, or she would go and join them in their play when she felt lonely. When the country was new, the settlers had no easy means of kindling a fire; and so they kept a little burning, even if it was not otherwise needed, all through the day, even in summer, and covered it up with ashes at night, to keep the embers alive for the morning's fire. Lucy, like most young girls, was a little thoughtless, and she discovered, one evening about sundown, that the fire had gone out, not the smallest spark remaining. But she did not much mind that, for she was young and active, and could easily run to the nearest neighbor's by a footpath through the woods, and get a fire-brand, and she was too brave to be afraid of being out after sunset. She put the children to bed to keep them in while she was gone, and set out. She could not lock the door, for in those times the settlers had no locks on their doors, and their latches were wooden. The woods looked shadowy, the sun having just gone down, but the moon was high in the southern sky giving promise of light to go back by. The distance was about a mile, and she moved

lightly and gaily along, at times humming the fragment of some pleasant air, and again mimicking the chirping of the birds, now seeking their nests. When about half way, happening to look into the woods on the left, she saw two dark objects moving among the shadows, and she knew that it was a bear and cub that she saw. She now commenced to run, and, to her relief, they did not follow. When she reached the house, she did not tell what had happened, but got her blazing pine-knot, and asked her neighbor's daughter, a young girl of her own age, to accompany her home, and stay with her over night. We, who have never been accustomed to danger, wonder at such a step as this, but Lucy was not to be daunted. The children could not be left, and the men were at work at some distance off, and were to encamp where they were that night; and then, after all, bears are afraid of fire, and Lucy had a large brand. Women were brave in those days, and so, without telling her companion anything that had occurred, she set out to return. The moon shone full upon the path, and they had gone more than half way before anything more than usual took place; but we can fancy that Lucy looked a little anxiously about her, and was not so talkative as usual. When they got a little past the place where she had seen the bear, Lucy told her companion what had occurred; and when she had just finished, a sullen growl, at a little distance on one side in the woods, arrested their attention, and immediately after the bear with her cub was pursuing them, and they were running as swiftly as fear could carry them. In a short time, considering the distance, the cabin was in sight. The bear was close upon them, but at last the house was reached, and they burst in, shutting the door after them, and immediately after they heard the bear growling for admittance. Lucy threw her brand of fire upon the fire-place, and soon she had a large fire, the light shining through the windows. The bear was at the door growling, and fearful they both were that it would spring upon the door, and break the feeble wooden latch that fastened it; but Lucy remembered that the fire had already saved them, and she still hoped that it might be the means of saving them.

"Time was wearing on, it was getting late in the evening, and the bear still kept its post; a growl from it now and then, admonishing the trembling inmates that it was not so easily robbed of its prey. The wood was gone, and the fire was getting low, and Lucy had to bethink herself what plan next to resort to. She went to the beds, and took from them the straw, and threw it upon the fire, and for a short time longer the blaze was bright and high. But soon that was gone, and the growls of the angry bear grew louder and more frequent, and again they were in despair. Just as their courage was giving out, the growling ceased, and a noise of squeaking in the direction of the log pig-pen was heard, and on going to the window, they saw in the moonlight the foiled bear driving the pig, which had been fattening, before it, thinking, perhaps, that this would be some compensation for its previous disappointment. The bear troubled them no more, and thankful they must have been to their heavenly Father for preserving them from an untimely death."

Original.

THE WASP AND THE CATERPILLAR.

A FABLE.

BY M. S. R.

One bright morn in beauteous May,
When the sun his first bright ray
Had lately sent to bring the day,
And dress with glittering beams the dew
Which the night had, ere he fled,
From his sable wings outshed;
From his little house outflew
A youthful Wasp with color dight
Of shining gold. He ne'er did light,
Till, near a greenhouse door, he found
A tempting morsel on the ground;
A ripened peach, which luscious store
He loth had left the night before.
But once a dainty bite he'd ta'en,
And dropped his head to taste again,

When, happening to lift his eye
Above the rind, he saw near by
A Caterpillar's humble form.
Against the peach's side the worm
Soon reared his head. The Wasp his ire
No more could bide at this, gleamed fire
His eyes; his bristling back the seat
Of rage became. He thus did greet
Th' offending worm: "How dare intrude
Thy ugly features here? Such food
Nature ne'er meant for thee;
Her choicest gifts she culls for me.
Seest thou this shining dress of gold;
The other beauties that enfold
My graceful form; my slender waist
She with swift wings hath kindly graced;
With which through ether bright upborne
I taste the pleasures of the morn,
In flitting 'mong the flowers where
Sweet odors lade the morning air;
And often nectar sweet I drink
From some kind plant. I cannot think
Of half the kindness she hath done
For me—her highly-favored son."

Thus ventured to reply
The frightened worm: "I'll not deny
That Nature hath thee richly blest;
With beauties rare thy body drest;
But from this think not that she
Is partial in her gifts to thee.
All are equally her care,
Whether insects of the air,
Or of the dust. Each creature's state
She seeks with happiness to mate
Of liberal measure. Even I
My every want can satisfy
From her rich bounty, which she lends
To all. But, lo! my being ends
Not in this humbly crawling here,
But in a high and glorious sphere.
Though now despised, I soon a place
Shall have among the tribes that grace
The mild and odor-laden air.
Four enamelled wings I'll wear,
Of most wondrous texture fine,
And of far more grace than thine."

"Begone, insulting creature!" cried
The Wasp, now more enraged, and plied,
With whizzing sound, his wings, and drew
His dreadful sting. The worm well knew
His dire intent, nor more did stay
For further threat, but crawled away.

But twenty suns had risen, when, lo!
The Caterpillar's haughty foe,
For food, a bird, with hunger prest,
Did seize; but he ere long did wrest
Himself away, but helpless dropped;
For, alas! his boasted wings were cropped.
So he with fearful speed did fall.
His head was bruised; his beauty all
With dust was soil'd. He slow betook
Himself within a quiet nook,
Beneath a rose-bush standing near.
While mourning his misfortune there,
And deep disgrace, the rustling sound
Of wings the sunlit air around
Disturbed. He slow his languid eye
Upraised, and saw a butterfly
Perched on a rose. Her beauteous hue
Did rival well the flowers that grew
On that fair shrub. She seemed designed
To sport where Nature had assigned,
Of beauties rare, her richest store;
So plenteous was she spangled o'er
With colors fair. The Wasp, amazed,
Long at this beauteous creature gazed.
At length his tongue this speech did try:
"Wast thou begotten of the sky,
Fair creature, or did Nature's art
Those beauties to thy form impart?"
"I rose," the insect brief replies,
"From that poor worm thou didst despise."

MORAL.

An ancient sage, in Nature's lore deep-skilled,
Found trees, and brooks, and stones profusely filled
With tongues of wisdom. God doth also make
His little insects speak to man. Then take,
O child of Pleasure gay! this lesson, wise
And scriptural, from the Fable: *Ne'er despise*
An humble child of God, however low:
For He, who for a worm such care doth show,
Arrays it with such grace, will not delay
His well beloved saints, on the great day
Of general doom, and resurrection morn,
In heavenly robe of glory to adorn.

DOTTY DIMPLE MAKING A CALL.

One day Aunt Louise proposed that Dotty Dimple and Jennie Vance should call upon a little girl who was visiting at Dr. Gray's.

"Oh, yes," said Dotty; "we truly must go to see Dovey Sparrow. She has such frizzy curls, and she can play five tunes on

the piano. But, Auntie, how do they make calls?"

"Oh, all sorts of ways," replied Miss Louise, with a twinkle in her eye. "Sometimes we take our cards, but I should hardly think it necessary for very young people to do so. Then we just touch the lady's hand, and talk about the weather, and in three minutes we go away."

"I have seen calls a great many times," said Dotty, thoughtfully, "and I know we could make one,—Jennie and I; Prudy need not go a step."

She did not feel quite sure that her Auntie was not making sport of her, for Miss Louise had sometimes a very sober way of saying funny things. But Dotty took Jennie Vance into the green chamber that afternoon, and repeated what she had heard regarding the making of calls.

"Dovey came from Boston, and we never saw her only in church, so I s'pose we must carry cards, Jennie. I know my Auntie would be glad to lend me her silver card-case—she wishes me to be so polite; but I don't dare to ask her,—so I guess I'll borrow it 'thout saying anything."

"Hasn't anybody else got a gold one that I could borrow?" said Jennie, looking rather unhappy as the beautiful toy dropped into Dotty's pocket.

"Oh, it's no matter about you," replied Miss Dimple, with a peep at the mirror. "You'll be with ME, and I'll take care of you. Do tell me, Jennie, does my hat look polite?—I mean is it style enough?"

"It's as style as mine," replied Jennie, looking into the glass with Dotty. "Why, we look just like each other,—only you are so pretty, and your sack is silk, and mine is cotton-wool!"

"Well, you don't care," said Dotty, graciously; "you are just as good as I am, if you only behave well. You mustn't run out your tongue, Jennie,—it looks as if you were catching flies. And you shouldn't sneeze before people,—it's rude."

"I heard YOU once, Dotty Dimple, and it was at a party, too!"

"Oh, then, 'twas an accident: you must 'scuse me if I did. And now," added Dotty, giving a final touch to the red tassels in her gaiters,—"now I want you to notice how I act, and do just the same, for my mother has seen the governor, and yours hasn't."

"Well, my mother went to New York once," exclaimed Jennie, determined not to be crushed; "and she has two silk dresses and a smelling-bottle!"

"Pooh! Susy 's *always* had some nightly-blue-sirreup, and Prudy has been out West. Just as if I'd tell about that! There now, do you know how to behave when anybody induces you to strangers?"

"What do you s'pose?" replied Jennie, tartly. "I speak up and say, 'Yes, sir.'"

Dotty laughed. She seemed to look down, down upon her young friend, from a great height.

"And shake hands, too," added Jennie, quickly.

"No, you give three fingers, that's all,—just as if you were touching a toad; and you raise your eyebrows up this way, and quirk your mouth, and nod your head. 'How do you do, Miss Dovey Sparrow? I am delighted to meet you, miss. It's a charming day. Are they all well at Boston?' You'll see how I do it. Then I shall take out my handkerjiff, and shake it so the sniff of the nightly-blue-sirreup will spread all over the room. Then I wipe my nose this way, and sit down. I've seen great ladies do it a great many times."

"So have I, too," nodded Jennie, overawed.

"And," continued Dotty, "if the people have plants in the window, the ladies say, '*How* fragrant!' and if the people have children, they say, 'What *lovely* little dears!' and pat their hair. 'Do you go to school, darling?' says they."

"They've asked *me* that over and over," remarked Jennie.

"And they keep calling everything char-rming, and bee-you-tiful! With such tight gloves on, I know their fingers feel choked."

"Come," said Jennie, "we must go; and I guess I shall behave just as well as you, for you never made any calls before, your *own* self."

The little girls tripped along the green roadside with an air of importance. Dotty felt like a princess-royal till they reached Dr. Gray's, and then her brave heart fluttered so fast that she had a secret longing to run home and get Prudy to help her. But the next minute she tossed her head as loftily as if there were a crown on it, and pulled the wire-bell so hard that Betsey Duffy thought the Doctor was wanted, and ran to the door with her sleeves rolled up to the elbows.

"La me! if it isn't Mrs. Vance's little dite of a Jenny! And who's this one? Edward Parlin's child, I should know by the eyes. Folks all well?"

"Is Miss Dovey Sparrow at home?" asked Dotty, with dignity, at the same time opening her card-case with a click.

"La me! yes, she is, fur's I know; walk

in, children," replied Betsey, who had never had time in her hard life to learn grammar.

"Then, if she is, you may give her these," pursued Dotty, placing in Betsey's hands two cards, one bearing the name, "Louise Preston"; the other, the words of a memorandum, "Kerosene oil, vanilla, bar-soap."

Betsey looked at the cards, then at the exquisite Miss Dimple, and suddenly put her checked apron up to her face.

"Will you wait?" said she, in a stifled voice,—"will you wait, young ladies, till I give her the tickets? Or will you please be so good as to walk in now, if you like?"

Dotty condescended to walk in; and Jennie, her shadow, quietly followed.

About a minute after they had seated themselves in two great chairs, in tripped Miss Dovey Sparrow, blushing, and looking as frightened as a wood-pigeon. The roguish Betsey had just told her that these little visitors were the "top of the town," and she must "talk to them as if she was reading it out of a book."

Meantime Betsey was hiding in the back parlor, with her checked apron over her mouth, forgetting her potato-yeast in her curiosity to watch the proceedings of these little fine ladies.

Dotty rose, stumbled over a stool, shook hands, but forgot to speak. Jennie did the same, with the addition of putting her little finger in her mouth.

"Ahem!" said Dotty, snapping her card-case.

"Yes'm!" responded Dovey, trembling.

Jennie was on the point of running out her tongue, but stopped herself, and coughed till she choked. It was becoming rather awkward. Dotty wiped her nose nervously, so did Jennie. Then Dotty folded her arms; Jennie clasped her hands, and both looked out of the window.

Poor Miss Dovey tried with all her might to think of a speech grand enough to make to these wise little guests; but, alas! she could not remember anything but her geography lessons.

Dotty was also laboring in vain; the only thing that came into her head was a wild desire to sneeze. At last, her eye happening to rest on the crimson trimming of Dovey's dress, she was suddenly reminded of turkeys, and their dislike to the color of red. So she cried out in despair,

"Do you keep a turkey at your home?"

"Does your papa keep a sheep?" chimed in Jennie, one octave lower.

"We don't keep anything," replied Dovey, in great surprise at these strange queries from such intellectual damsels,—"we don't keep anything at all,—nor a dog either."

Then Jennie came out brilliantly with a question of her own devising: "Have you got any trundle-beds in Boston?"

This was too much. The ice began to crack.

"Why, Jennie Vance!" said Dotty, and then she laughed. "Look at that monneument on the mantel! Why, what you laughing at, girls?"

"Oh, I shall give up!" said Jennie, holding her sides. "This is the funniest house and folks I ever did see!"

"Do stop making me laugh so," cried Miss Dovey, dropping to the floor, and rocking back and forth.

"Oh, ho, now," screamed Dotty, dancing across the rug, "you don't look the least bit like a bird, Dovey Sparrow!"

They were all set in a very high gale by this time.

"Be still," said Miss Dimple, holding up both hands. "There now, I had a sneeze, but, oh dear, I can't sneeze it."

"You're just like anybody else after all," tittered the Sparrow. "Wouldn't you like to go out and jump on the hay? Oh, do."

"Well, there," replied Miss Dimple, with a fresh burst of merriment, "you never asked us to take off our things,—you never."

"I didn't want to," said Dovey; "you frightened me almost to death."

"Did we, though?" cried Dotty, in delight. "Well, I never was so 'fraid my own self. I don't want to feel so again. You ought to have heard my heart beat."

"And mine, too," said Jennie. "My hair stood right out straight."

"We didn't s'pose you were such a darling," exclaimed Dotty, kissing her new friend fervently. "Oh, I love you, and I'm so glad you don't know how to behave."

"I'm glad you don't know how either," said Dovey, tilting herself on a rocker like a bird on a bough. "I thought you were going to be polite,—oh, just so polite!—for you set poor Betsey all of a tremble. Come, let's go out and play."

Of course, Dotty lost her "borrowed" card-case in the new-mown hay. She confessed the truth with bitter tears, and Aunt Louise was so kind as to forgive her. Weeks afterwards, the case was found in the horse's crib in Dr. Gray's stable, bearing the prints of Don Carlos' teeth.

Dotty has never made a fashionable call since then.—*Sophie May, in "Our Young Folks."*

TO GIVE IS TO LIVE.

BY MARY E. COMSTOCK.

"I've lost my situation, Edna," and Hal Ellerton came into the room where his sister was coloring photographs, and, doffing his cap, stood erect, as though the fact announced had a bracing rather than depressing effect.

"Why, Hal!" and a sweet face looked up in surprise, and regarded the frank, handsome countenance inquiringly.

"Yes; Hatherton has a nephew who wants something to do here in town, and the place is to be given to him. I declare, Eddy, I'm stung a little. After all I've done there, too; but never mind that! What's to be done now? that's the question."

"Doesn't Hatherton offer to procure you another situation?"

"That's not his way, you know. I shall have one before many days, however; there is enough to do in the world!" and he raised his good right arm and twirled his cap in the air. A sudden mist came to his eyes, however, big fellow though he was, and he took the nearest seat, as though strength had gone from him.

"I am all right till I think of Allie wearing her life out in the old academy, and that is too much for me," and the clear-toned voice became suddenly unsteady. "I thought I should do so well this year I should be able to persuade her to take a nice long rest, and now——"

"Never mind, Hal; Alice is living."

A startled look came into the boy's face. "Do you think her so bad, Edna!"

"To give is to live, you know," she rejoined, quickly, with a reassuring smile; "and Alice is giving largely. While we are blessed with activity of faculty we have cause for rejoicing. I hear from every quarter how much good Alice is doing the large class of girls now under her care; how her influence is felt through them in their homes—Alice is happy in her work."

"But she is doing too much. She looks so tired nights, when she comes home. She will have to stop as you did."

"One wiser than we, who has the control of circumstances, is the best judge of that!" The words were spoken as light foam crests proud billows; they were borne tenderly, yet exultantly on the low, yet joyful, tones of loving faith. "Allie and I are happy; you must not be othewise. Think how much you have done this year."

"Not much, Sis. Only enough to keep these rooms, and no treat but the two picturs which I could not resist buying."

"Ah, but, Hal, what you have *done!* That is the thing to look at. Don't you remember what father used to say, that 'one of the dear Lord's choicest blessings to a man is to use him,' and you have been able to do a great deal for the Hathertons beyond strict requirement, besides the help you have given Cousin Fred at night, with his book-keeping. It was needed help, too. Fred can ill brook such close confinement. He says your help has been a god-send. He could not have kept up without it."

"But, Edna, do you think—do you call such doing, getting along in the world?" The words came hesitatingly, and were much less in themselves than the tone and piquant doubt of facial expression, original variety of which the boy was largely endowed with. "Making one's way, you know," he supplemented, which is a fellow's duty!" and, dropping his head and pursing his lips into a comma, interrogation points radiated from very honest, wide-awake eyes.

Edna dropped the photograph she was coloring, and leaning back restfully in the high-backed chair made a very pretty picture, her pure face resting against the crimson cover, while she laughed a happy, amused laugh that seemed to come rippling up from loving depths within.

"Hal, the sight of you does me good; that is a fact. Your comicality keeps a sense of the ludicrous alive in me! But, seriously, yes. I do think that doing with one's might whatever offers to be done, independent of stipulated reward, is really getting along in the world; if not exactly in the world's way, yet in the true way. There will always be the two classes, rich and poor, you know, Hal. Only the current coin will be of different quality from that now in circulation. I think you've laid up treasure this year."

"I understand your drift; but '*just how*,' Eddy? as little Ben says when I try to show him fractions. Just amplify a bit on that text of yours about current coin. My vision is confused between the real article and the metaphorical. Which is one and which is the other? As in the poem that Duryea recites, there's contradiction. One view says—'This is the false and that is the true;' the other—'That is the false and *this* is the true.' How is it, Eddy?"

"Hal, dear, you could tell me better than I you that it is what we are, not what we have in outward possession that makes us rich here, or enables us to lay up treasure in

the Beyond. Cultivation of the heart and of faculty through active use is, we know, the way to acquire the true wealth that cannot be taken from us."

There was a little silence, during which Edna used her brush.

"You have increased your capital of ability, Hal," resumed his sister. "You can execute quicker. You have confirmed yourself in habits of punctuality, and of turning readily from one duty to another. Through exercise you have by a sure law strengthened every faculty you have exerted."

"I never should have reckoned it in just that way perhaps; but I certainly have learned the business pretty thoroughly," spoke Hal, at the lengthened period.

"And you have been cultivating a habit of generosity in labor; of doing, freely and largely, whatever the moment demanded, whether it were required of you individually or not. This has really been of more value to you than the Hathertons. They have gained in temporal labor done for them; you have gained in spiritual wealth of generous habit, enlarging your whole nature. The action and reaction of this law of active use is perfectly beautiful. I wish I could put it before you just as I see it!" said Edna, looking into his listening eyes; and the spirit that shone through the speaker's delicate features gave so radiant an expression that Hal, said mentally, that which for sound reason he could not say, verbally,—"I think *you* are perfectly beautiful!" And he made petition for a direction for "active use" on the spot, in any capacity that might be designated, from feeding sugar to little Paul Julian, who at that moment set up a low, sweet carol, to finishing her work or executing a commission down town.

"If you will kindle the fire on the hearth I'll put up my work, and we will have it bright for Alice," said his sister; and she went to the window and gazed for a moment down the broad, tree-lined street that, despite the many vehicles and pedestrains looked gloomy enough in the chill gray of November.

Hal opened a door that led where the choice supply of fuel was kept. Big black Beppo thrust his nose in with a low whine of joy, and, as his master gathered up an armful of sticks, proceeded to extend every invitation to a frolic which canine nature is capable of.

The little wood fire was one of the few luxuries the trio allowed themselves. It was indulged in only at the hour of reunion, when the day's severest toil was over. It brightened the room which, gloomy in itself, was yet the only available one for social purposes, and the cheery flame gave ruddy light as well as warmth, sometimes almost producing an illusion of gas-light, and pleasanter far. Beppo's first ebullition had sufficiently subsided to allow him to sit in dignified posture and apparent criticism while stick after stick was added at discretion, as the ruddy tongues of flame ventured to rise from the light kindlings below. With bright, steady eye and intelligent ear, expressing intense satisfaction, he watched till the most artistic arrangement possible had been completed, and the flames crackled their approval of the neatly swept hearth, and then, leaping simultaneously as Hal arose, the game he had waited for began.

The early twilight came on, making the bright cheerfulness more apparent, and the game continued until interrupted by Alice's entrance. Edna appeared at the same moment with a pot of steaming cocoa, as one of the crowning temptations to the delicately-laid table, inviting with its pure linen and shining silver—mementos of the dear old home that lived ever in the sunny country of heart remembrance.

"Not every lady has a knight in these days!" spoke Alice, as Hal sprang to take her wrappings. "I'm glad you're early home to-night." And little Paul struck into the same key the sweet tones suggested, and gave very heart melody of song; and the flame sent out a shower of bright little sparks, and started up into new brilliancy, while Beppo wagged his tail, and gave sundry very moderate leaps, which were only "make believes" to attract attention.

Alice, who was the taller of the two, dropped a kiss on Edna's forehead as she passed her to put some books on the shelf.

"It is dreary out to-night, and, oh, so good to come into such a sweet, bright home!" she said. "I believe I have the very best brother and sister in the world; don't you, little Paul?" and she raised her face to the cage with a low chirrup on her lips, which the bird answered in prolonged, repeated notes of corresponding tone and inviting tenderness.

Hal had unfolded the evening paper, and was in the midst of the "foreign news" column, when the tea things had been restored to order, and Alice had just interrupted him by a comment, when a tap at the door announced Neighbor Litchfield, who limped and had a cough, and kept the little variety shop around the corner. No

man more ready to do a kind act than he; no man more anxious to yield to all their dues in whatever department. He had come for some medicine, such as Miss Ellerton once let him have before. "He could not get it by that name at the druggist's, and it had helped Mrs. Litchfield so much he could not forbear troubling Miss Ellerton once more."

"It is of home manufacture," said Edna, "and I shall be only too glad to furnish you with a new supply whenever and as often as you require it."

"My wife said yesterday, after you called, she should not have any hesitation in asking you for it if I couldn't get it at Stearn's. She said you did not seem like a stranger, though she had never seen you before." And Neighbor Litchfield, who looked weary when he first came in, seemed to gather animation each moment from the cheerful home surroundings. "I have made up my mind to give up the shop till she is better," continued he, in reply to some inquiries from Alice, while Edna was preparing the medicine. "It troubles her to have me leave the business, but no one who has not been with her in these attacks can do for her all that needs to be done, however willing. I have left her too much, I fear; but I shut up yesterday, and shall not open doors again till she is better."

"I'll stay in your shop a few days for you," said Hal. "I'm out of a situation, and would like to do it."

Perhaps Litchfield caught the quiet surprise of Alice's look, she not yet having been apprized of the breaking up of the connection with the Hathertons.

"You're too good, sir, I'm sure," spoke Neighbor Litchfield, "to be willing to take a place in my little shop at all. I'm very thankful for your willingness. I should have tried to get some one before, but I'm not able to pay anybody even for a few days;" and a fit of coughing interrupted him. "My business is merely an experiment. My goods are mostly on commission, and I cannot incur even any small expense if it can be avoided. All the same is my obligation to you, however. You're very good, I'm sure."

"My coming to you for a bit wont be any expense to you, Mr. Litchfield. I can stay there while I am waiting for employment as well as to be doing nothing. I can be making inquiries, you know. You had better let me come."

And Mr. Litchfield, between coughing and expressing his gratefulness, neither accepted or declined, but went home feeling wonderfully warmed and strengthened in the inner man; and his brightened look was almost as good for the sick wife as the medicine, which came accompanied with a kind yet playful message from Edna regarding the mode of administering.

"Don't you approve Allie?" asked Hal, after telling the personal news he would not intrude on the pleasant tea and reading hour, and closing with, "I know I shall have work soon, and perhaps this is just to give an opportunity to help Litchfield. He is one of the worthiest men alive. Benton, who helps him to his goods, told me all about him. That's an awful cough he's got." And with one of his quick changes of expression, Hal shook his head ominously, and looked sympathizing.

So the next morning Mr. Litchfield had a clerk. Information and directions were asked in the most respectful manner, and had all Hal's future depended upon winning the approbation of the proprietor, the business of the day could not have been more scrupulously transacted. He made one business call that day on his own account, but the firm to which he applied were not in need of further help, and gave him no encouragement. The second day Hal was quite by himself, except an occasional customor. He knocked twice at the door of the living-room behind the shop, and each time the message was that the sufferer was no better. Litchfield looked haggard. He had scarcely slept for two nights. When Hal came down from his own dinner, he brought him delicious soup of Edna's preparing, and a kindly message from a neighbor that she would watch that night if desired.

It was four o'clock in the afternoon of the third day that Jonas Wing came in, remembering, when he was almost home, that he had promised his little girl a toy that night.

"Why, my son, what are you doing here?" he exclaimed, as Hal came forward to wait upon him.

"Keeping shop for the proprietor sir."

"You have not left the Hathertons?"

"Yes, sir, I left them three days since."

"Why, I'd made up my mind you'd be a fixture there. Would you think it strange if a friend of your father's should ask why you left there?"

Not at all. Fred Hagar, a nephew of Mr. Hatherton's wanted the place, and they gave it to him."

"And you are here!"

The conversation had been carried on in the intervals of the purchase, and Hal an-

swered—"Yes, sir," suspending further words to bite off a string.

"Does it pay a young man of your capabilities?"

"Yes, sir, it pays for the time. I cannot afford to stay here longer than till I can find a situation. Mr. Litchfield has been unfortunate, and his wife is very ill; he is a neighbor of ours, and I am glad to have the privilege of helping him a bit. I am looking out for a chance for myself all the time."

"Come into my store," said Mr. Wing, of the large wholesale house of Wing, Rich & Co., and he named promptly a salary in advance of that the Hathertons had paid. "Come to-morrow, if you like; and if Mr. Low, whom you will probably see, tells you we do not want any more help, tell him you have an engagement with me."

That night when Hal went home it was with the announcement—"Another friend of father's has turned up, Edna!"

"Is he coming here, Hal?"

It cannot be denied that there was a slight shade of anxiety on the sister's face. Within the past six months two gentlemen, strangers to them, but designating themselves friends of her father, had, being in town, come and taken up an abode with them. The second had brought his little boy with him, was himself an invalid, and Edna's kind heart could not see him suffer without taking active measures for his relief. He prolonged his stay some time after making the discovery that Hal was giving up his own bed to him and sleeping in a closet, also that Edna, whose failing health would not allow her to continue teaching, did all the work for their little household, having help only one day in the week from old Margaret. It is hoped that, under the circumstances, the reader will not form an erroneous idea of Edna's hospitality, if a slightly anxious tone was betrayed in the interrogation.

"A new kind of a friend, Eddy," rejoined Hal. "Offers me a situation, and a hundred dollars more than the Hathertons gave me. Says I can come to-morrow, but was willing I should stay and help Mr. Litchfield the week out. Mrs. Litchfield is better to-day. She sent word for me to come to the door, she wanted to thank me for bringing the geraniums you sent. She is a pleasant-speaking little woman. I declare, it makes me feel bad, Eddy, to have them so grateful for the little I've done. It seems as though they were not used to kindness. They have done so much for others, too. Benton told me about it."

"Hal!" spoke Edna, as he was vanishing through a door.

"Did you speak to me?"

"You did not tell me where you are going—the new friend's name."

"Did I not? It's a good name, Eddy. Jonas Wing."

Of the firm of Wing, Rich & Co?"

"Exactly"

"Why, that is a much larger, older house than the Hathertons, even."

"It is indeed. I never should have thought of asking employment there, unless I wanted the experience as initiatory to office-seeking in Washington. There is about as much red-tape ceremony in one instance as in the other. Always a host of applicants."

And Alice came; and though the loss of the old situation, like all unpleasant subjects, had been banished her first recreating hours, not so the gain of the new, which was discussed with happy hopefulness, while Hal busied himself in his usual little attentions to his sisters' comfort, and Edna flitted here and there cheerfully busy with the tea arrangements.

The next morning a conversation occurred between Jonas Wing and Mr. Low.

"I have engaged a new man; a young fellow, Ellerton. Has been at Hatherton's till within a few days. He comes Monday. Make note of it, that he does not get turned off."

"Allow me to suggest sir, that first vacancies have been promised to——"

"That's not the point," interrupted Mr. Wing. "There is no vacancy, but I've had my eye on Ellerton some time, and I want him. Perhaps you remember that little matter I had with the Hathertons. I couldn't get it put in shape. At length I went myself. Don't think they knew me. I explained what I wanted. Pierson was out; couldn't get anything done. I noticed Ellerton overheard and paid attention to the conversation. Next time I went with the same result. They're getting very slack over there. Pierson was out again. Ellerton stepped forward; not obtrusively, however. 'I know what this gentleman wants. I can do it myself if you will trust me.' His tone spoke capability. 'Let him try,' said I. And I never saw better business capacity evinced by so young a man. He ferreted out the tangle like a lawyer, and it was not in his department, either. Used to know his father. I like his mettle. Let him come." And, turning to his letters, the interview was signified to be concluded.

Saturday night came, and Edna asked Alice: "What think you Mr. Hatherton wanted with Hal to-day?"

"No trouble on foot, I hope. Hal is late to-night."

Hal was late. With the insight he had obtained into business done on a larger scale, suggestions of improvements in Mr. Litchfield's small department were constantly occuring to him; and in giving account of the week to the proprietor, that night, he was able in a modest way to impart as much information as a year of experience would have given that gentleman, to whom the business was still comparatively new. And time passed while they talked. Hal sped away at last from too many thanks, while the proprietor of the variety shop entered the little living-room with praises of "that most noble young man."

"Mr. Horace Hatherton has been here to inquire for you this afternoon," said Edna, as her brother entered.

"So he told me."

"Nothing wrong, is there, Hal?" asked Edna, looking up from a pile of compositions she was correcting.

"No and yes. They want me back there. I was surprised, I assure you. I like Mr. Horace, and am sorry I cannot do as he wishes. He says it was all a mistake, my leaving them. He was absent at the time. Says Fred can have a place if he wants, but is not ready by a year or two to take mine."

"Well!"

"He said something about seeing Mr. Wing; but they are not on very good terms just now, and I know he would not ask a favor there. My engagement was unconditional, and stands, of course, and I go to Mr. Wing on Monday morning just the same." And he snapped his finger at Beppo, who accepted the challenge delightedly.

When Hal had said good-night, and little Paul Julian had made a small yellow ball of himself, with his head tucked under his wing, and only flickering light played out from the embers, the sisters sat and took counsel together, as they had many a time before.

"All things work together for good, do they not Eddy dear?" and Alice laid her cheek on the brown of Edna's hair. "The circles are too large for us to see around, or even to guess their curve, many times; but this one week of Hal's is an illustration in miniature."

"Yes," said Edna, "it is just as father used to say—'wherever we can be of most immediate use, wherever we are most needed, lies the true life path.' And it is in activity that blesses others, that a blessing for self is found. It was in Simon Litchfield's shop that the best situation in the city came and found Hal. It was in seeking another's that he found his own. It is a temporal illustration of a spiritual truth."

"And no more true in this instance of Hal's," rejoined Alice, "than where the circles are so large that, as in many lives, the rewards stretch on into eternity. If only," she added, after a little pause, "everybody should have faith, and do their duty, and just believe all will be right whatever happens." And with a peculiar childlikeness of expression, which was characteristic, she resumed, "For the good Lord does so surely take note of everything, does so surely love every one of his children. I wish they would all believe it in their hearts, Eddy, even if the circle does sometimes reach a great way round."

It was very still there in the home room; white ashes, pure as snowflakes, gathered over the living coals. Beppo moved without the door, where he lay stretched on guard. The measured tick of the clock in the distant corner asserted itself with new distinctness. It were difficult, when the last words had been spoken, to have told which were the loveliest—the divine creations of Raphael, which shone out from where Hal had placed them, star-like among the shadows, or the two living faces of the sisters, so different in feature, yet alike in the soft glow of rapt faith and love.

Domestic Economy.

HINTS ABOUT PRESERVING.

All fruits should be gathered in a perfectly dry state, free from dew or rain, and, if possible, from dust; and when intended to be preserved without sugar, there should not be an hour's delay in putting them into the jars or bottles. The wooden spoons, hair-sieves, and strainers used in making preserves should be kept entirely for that purpose; and in this, as well as every other operation of cookery, scrupulous cleanliness is necessary for success.

Preserves of all kinds should be kept entirely secluded from the air and in a dry place. In ranging them on the shelves of a store-closet, they should not be suffered to come in contact with the wall. Moisture in winter and spring exudes from some of the driest walls, and preserves invariably imbibe it, both in dampness and taste. It is necessary occasionally to look at them, and if they have been attacked by mould, boil them up gently again. To prevent all risks, it is always as well to lay a brandy paper over the fruit before tying down. This may be renewed in the spring.

Fruit jellies are made in the ratio of a quart of fruit to two pounds of sugar. They must not be boiled quick, nor very long. Practice and a general discretion will be found the best guides to regulate the exact time, which necessarily must be affected, more or less, by local causes.

PRESERVING FRESH FLOWERS.

A correspondent of the *London Chemical News* says: Flowers may be kept in pretty fair condition, say for a week or ten days, according to the species selected for bouquets and the time of the year, by renewing the water every alternate day, and while doing so, rejecting the decayed flowers and leaves, and taking care to cut from the stems immersed in water, with a sharp pair of scissors, about from a quarter to half an inch of the length; then should be added to the water about a pinch of salt and a few grains of saltpetre for every pint of fluid; when flowers are very much faded they may be revived by immersion of the stems for two or three minutes in hot water, or better yet, in strong spirits of wine or Eau de Cologne; in some cases liquid ammonia may be advantageously applied to the stems for a few minutes to revive the flowers. These recommendations are applied by several of the largest horticulturists in Ghent, and other parts of Belgium, and found to answer in practice very well if properly applied. To keep well, flowers should not, after being cut, be placed in localities where there is tobacco smoke, or bad ventilation; neither should the rooms be too much heated.

SELECTED RECIPES.

"Peculiars," or Graham Puffs.—To one pint of Graham flour, add one pint of milk and one egg. Stir in the flour slowly, till it becomes a smooth (not thick) batter. Use no soda, nor yeast. Bake immediately. The best bake-pans are of cast-iron, with twelve sockets, which must be first heated, then greased, filled, and instantly returned to the oven. If new, the pans should be first scoured with soap and sand, then greased, and heated, and re-washed. Puffs may also be made without the egg, with milk and water, or all water. They may also be made of rye-flour or cornmeal. The cornmeal requires an egg. This recipe is sufficient for twenty-four puffs.

An Oriental Dish.—The Vegetable Marrow, or any other summer squash, cooked in the following manner, is very delicious, and will make a dish for an epicure. Split the squash lengthwise, and remove the seeds. Then stuff with finely-minced roast veal, or mutton, and tie together firmly. Boil until the squash is nearly done, then take out of the pot, and, opening it, put in a piece of butter, and whatever seasoning you may prefer, close it up again, and place it in the oven for a few minutes, until it finishes cooking. When entirely done, serve it up, and you will be satisfied with your effort. The smaller kinds of squash are the best.

Sweet Pickle.—This most popular condiment is made of almost any fruit. Peaches

are soaked in lye, and rubbed free of fur; pears are peeled; plums pricked with a fork; cherries with their stems, grapes ditto, are laid in jars, the cherries with their leaves strewed between. Over the fruit is poured a syrup prepared by melting three pounds of sugar to one quart of vinegar. Amongst the fruit, delicate spices, such as cinnamon, mace, and nutmeg, are strewed. This syrup of vinegar is drawn off, re-heated, and poured over the fruit daily for a week. If the pickles do not taste sweet enough, add some sugar the last boiling.

PICKLES.—Pickles ought to be stored in a dry place, and the vessels most approved of for keeping them in are wide-mouthed glass bottles, or strong stoneware jars, having corks or bungs, which must be fitted in with linen, and covered with bladder or leather; and for taking the pickles out, and returning them to the jar, a small wooden spoon is kept. The strongest vinegar is used for pickling; that of cider more particularly recommended, but sugar vinegar will generally be found sufficiently strong. It is essential to the excellence and beauty of pickles, that they be always covered with vinegar.

BLACKBERRIES.—Preserve these as strawberries or currants, either liquid, or jam, or jelly. Blackberry jam or jelly is an excellent medicine in summer complaints or dysentery. To make it, crush a quart of fully ripe blackberries with a pound of the best loaf-sugar; put it over a gentle fire, and cook it till it is thick.

BAKED EGG-PLANT.—One of our favorite vegetables is the egg-plant, and our manner of preparing it is certainly an improvement over the ordinary way of cooking this most wholesome esculent. Divide a large egg-plant into two portions, and remove the pulp from the shell. Boil the pulp until soft, and, when well drained, mash it; add crumbled bread, grated onion, sweet marjoram, pepper, salt, and two ounces of butter. When well mixed, fill the shells, and bake them for an hour in a moderately hot oven. The egg-plant must be highly seasoned, otherwise it will not be so palatable.

TO PRESERVE PURPLE PLUMS.—Make a syrup of clean brown sugar; clarify it; when perfectly clear and boiling hot, pour it over the plums, having picked out all unsound ones and stems; let them remain in the syrup two days, then drain it off, make it boiling hot, skim it, and pour it over again; let them remain another day or two, then put them in a preserving-kettle over the fire, and simmer gently until the syrup is reduced, and thick or rich. One pound of sugar for each pound of plums.

GREENGAGES.—Weigh a pound of sugar to a pound of fruit; the largest, when they begin to get soft, are the best; split them, and take out the kernels, and stew them in part of the sugar, take out the kernels from the shells, and blanch them; the next day strain off the syrup, and boil it with the remaining sugar about ten minutes; skim it, and add the fruit and kernels, skim it until clear, then put it into small pots with syrup and kernels.

TOMATO SOUP.—One quart of tomatoes after they are sliced, and three pints of water; boil one hour and a half. One table-spoonful of flour; boil a few minutes; butter the size of an egg, and a coffee-cup of milk. Just before you take it up, salt and pepper. The addition of a little barley is an improvement.

PINEAPPLE ICE-CREAM.—Mix three gills of pineapple syrup with one pint of cream and the juice of a large lemon, and four ounces of sugar; pour into a mould, cover it with white paper, lay a piece of brown paper over to prevent any water getting in, and set it in the ice.

TO BOTTLE FRUIT.—Cherries, strawberries, apricots, plums, gooseberries, &c., may be preserved in the following manner—to be used the same as fresh fruit:—Gather the fruit before it is very ripe; put it in wide-mouthed bottles, made for the purpose; fill them as full as they will hold, and cork them tight; seal the corks; put some hay between them to prevent their touching; then fill the saucepan with water to the neck of the bottles, and set it over the fire until the water is nearly boiling, then take it off; let it stand until the bottles are cold, then keep them in a cold place until wanted, when the fruit will be equal to fresh.

STRAWBERRY OR APPLE SHORTCAKE.—One cup of cream, half a cup of buttermilk, one teaspoonful of soda, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, a little salt; knead harder than for biscuit. Roll out to the size of the tins, half an inch in thickness. Bake. When a little cool, split it through the middle, butter the under side, put on a layer of berries, sprinkle on sugar and a little salt; serve with sweet cream or syrup.

CHERRIES PRESERVED.—Take fine large cherries, not very ripe; take out the stones; save whatever juice runs from them; then take an equal weight of white sugar; make the syrup of a teacup of water for each pound, set it over the fire until it is dissolved and boiling hot, then put in the juice and cherries, boil them gently until clear throughout; take them from the syrup with a skimmer, and spread them on flat dishes to cool; let the syrup boil until it is rich and quite thick; set it to cool and settle; put the fruit into jars and pots, and pour the syrup carefully over; let them remain open till the next day; then cover. Sweet cherries are improved by the addition of a pint of red currant juice, and half a pound of sugar to it, for four or five pounds of cherries.

TO KEEP SWEET CREAM.—By adding a little sugar to cream, and then heating it slowly, it may be kept sweet a long time.

Editorial and Correspondence.

MAJOR-GENERAL RUSSELL, C. B.

It is a source of much gratification to be able, in the frontispiece of the present number, to pay a slight tribute to the worth of one whose noble Christian bearing, during the short time that his name has been mixed up with Canadian affairs, was a tower of strength to many, both in military and civil life, who, with less firm steps, were seeking to tread the same path of duty in which he so fearlessly walked.

Major-General David Russell entered the British army as Cornet, in the 7th Hussars, in the year 1828. In October, 1829, he obtained his lieutenancy, and in April, 1833, his troop in that corps. In 1835, he exchanged, as Captain, to the 84th Regiment, and at once joined it in the West Indies. With the 84th, he served in the East and West Indies from 1835 to 1858, except four years home service. His service in the tropics was, therefore, 19 years.

In July, 1845, he obtained his Majority, and in December, 1847, his Lieutenant-Colonelcy in the 84th Regiment.

In 1854, he obtained the command of a brigade in Burmah, but, on the outbreak of the Indian Mutiny, he was appointed commander of a brigade in the field. In command of the 5th Brigade, he was present at the second Relief of Lucknow, on which occasion he was severely wounded. His countenance can be distinguished among those represented in the well-known historical picture which represents the meeting of Lord Clyde and Gen. Havelock after that great action. He was specially mentioned in despatches as having particularly distinguished himself, and for this service he obtained the distinction of Commander of the Bath. He was afterwards given the command of the 1st Brigade under Sir James Outram, in the forces which held the Alumbagh, and, with his brigade, assisted in repelling the numerous sorties from Lucknow.

When the army under Lord Clyde closed round Lucknow, he was given the command of the 2nd Brigade, which stormed the Imaum-barra, and captured the Kaiserbagh.

He received the medal for India with clasps for the second Relief and Capture of Lucknow. After the capture of Lucknow, he was invalided, aud returned to England. He was then appointed to superintend the Recruiting Department.

In 1860, as Brigadier-General, he was given the command of a brigade at Aldershot.

In December, 1861, the untoward "Trent" affair caused his removal to a district in Canada. He came out to this country in

command of the troops on board the "Persia," the only ship which got into the St. Lawrence. He was then appointed to the 1st Military District, London, Canada West.

Recalled to England in July, 1862, he resumed the command of his old brigade at Aldershot, which he held until April, 1866, having been promoted Major-General in September, 1862

In December, 1865, he was ordered to take the command of the 2nd Military District of Canada, and now, having completed forty years' service, he has been transferred to the command of the South Eastern (or Dover) District, a post generally looked upon in England as a distinctive acknowledgement of the past services of the officer appointed to it, as it is the honorable function of the commander of that district to receive foreign potentates.

So much is religious principle the rule of General Russell's life, that it would be impossible to speak of him without noticing it. He had not been here two days, before his steady allegiance to a Heavenly Master was clearly pronounced, and during the period of his stay it continued undimmed, like a beacon-fire on an eminence, to be seen by all; and yet, withal, so modestly that there was not an invitation to a Mission Sunday School gathering of any denomination that he would not make the most strenuous efforts to accept. When an opportunity offered to lend countenance to a good work, the only question that arose was, whether it were possible. If so, it was regarded as a *duty*, and was as carefully performed as his military service. It is well known how, at the Christian Convention of Montreal last year, he took his part as a member of the Montreal Young Men's Christian Association; but it is not known how, on the night before his departure for England, he visited, for the last time, the rooms of that Association; and, after an exhortation, which will long be remembered by those that heard it, requested that his name might remain on the roll, with the note opposite it—"*absent on duty.*"

Among the many public works in which he took part, we may instance the establishment of the Female Home, in which he was very active, and the Soldiers' Home, which, with the help of his aide-de-camp, Captain Malan, was made to fill a place of very great usefulness among the men of this garrison, both of which institutions will, doubtless, long remain as monuments of his devotion. The decision of his religious character could scarcely be more distinctly illustrated than in his expressions when, at a recent distribution of medals in the presence of the whole garrison, he took the occasion of presenting a Humane Society's medal to a soldier who had saved a comrade's life, at the risk of his own, to direct the attention of those present to the greater act of self-devotion of the Saviour of the world, whose claims on all he most earnestly urged.

Even among those to whose view "a tendency to religion" is an objectionable feature in a man's character, Gen. Russell's ability as a commander, and his affectionate care for those over whom he was placed, ensured not only respect but admiration.

As a fitting companion to the above notice, we cannot do better than refer to the similarly devoted character of his constant companion, Capt. Charles H. Malan—a grandson of the illustrious divine, the Rev. Cesar Malan, of Geneva—his father having been a clergyman of the Established Church in England. He entered the service 6th Nov., 1854, as Ensign in the 7th Royal Fusiliers. The following May, he was engaged in active service with his regiment in the Crimea, and was severely wounded at the famous assault on the Redan, on the 18th June 1855. He was invalided, but returned to the Crimea the following November, and at the termination of the war he proceeded with his regiment to India, where he afterwards joined the 75th Regiment, to which he is still attached. While here, he was active in every good work, and has left Canada deeply regretted by his many friends, to whom he had endeared himself by his singularly amiable character.

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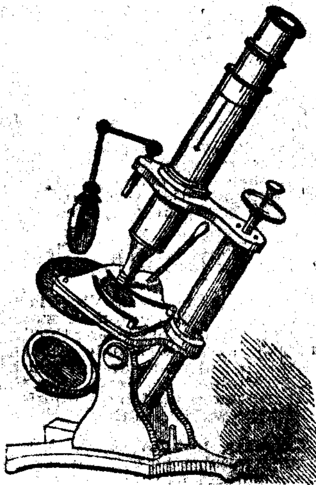

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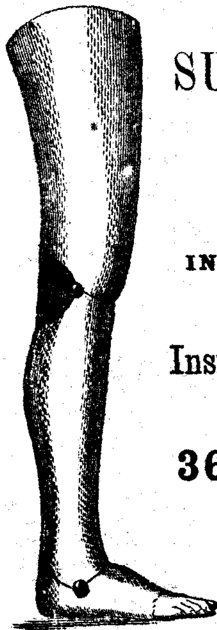

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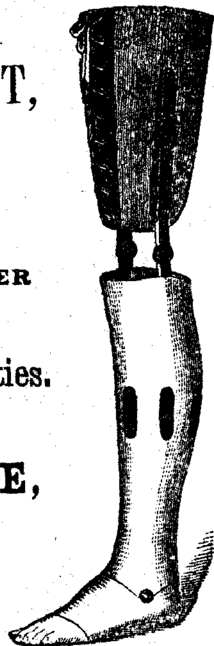

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Manufactured at the Canada Truss Factory, 36 Victoria Square, Montreal. This is an entirely new and superior article for Ladies and Gentlemen who have acquired a habit of stooping. This Brace is certain to answer the purpose of keeping the Chest expanded and the body upright; the two Steels on the back running over the shoulder-blades, giving a gentle and even pressure, they will prove conducive to health and gracefulness; and being strong and well made, will last a long time and always feel comfortable. For Gentlemen, this Chest-Expander will enable them to do away with the common Suspenders (which are injurious to health) by simply cutting holes in the leather of the Belt around the waist, and thereby keeping up the pants.

CAUTION TO PARENTS.—Parents, look to your children! Gross's newly-invented Steel Shoulder-Braces are almost indispensable for children, as they are liable to contract the habit of stooping and shrugging their shoulders at school, causing them to grow narrow-chested, and laying the foundation for consumption and lung-diseases. Parents should bear this in mind, as wearing our Braces will counteract this bad habit.

I beg to call particular attention to the London Belt Truss. This Truss—for the cure and relief of every species of Hernia admitting of a reduction within its natural limits—will be found to afford to those laboring under this common bodily infirmity instantaneous relief, and is so simple a contrivance that it may be worn with ease in any posture of the body, during sleep, or when taking violent exercise, and, when properly fixed on, is not perceptible. The pressure obtained is gentle and continuous, and may be increased or diminished at pleasure.

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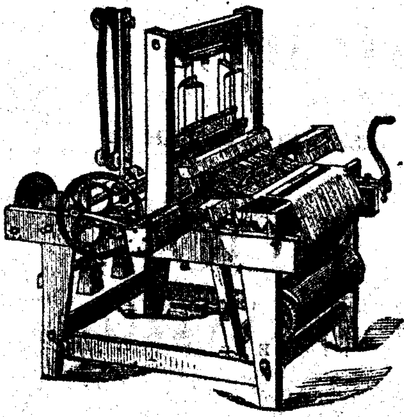

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Parcels of 12 assorted Fine Tulips, Fifty Cents each.
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All the above will be blooming bulbs in fine order.

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The tulip should be planted about three or four inches deep in fall 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 shrink 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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The DOMINION already finds its way into EIGHT THOUSAND CANADIAN HOMES, and advertisements thus introduced into so large a number of intelligent families cannot fail to be remunerative to its patrons.

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