

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

Canadiana.org has attempted to obtain the best copy available for scanning. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of scanning are checked below.

- Coloured covers / Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged / Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated / Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing / Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps / Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black) / Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations / Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material / Relié avec d'autres documents
- Only edition available / Seule édition disponible
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin / La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure.
- Additional comments / Commentaires supplémentaires:

Canadiana.org a numérisé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de numérisation sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured pages / Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged / Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated / Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed / Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached / Pages détachées
- Showthrough / Transparence
- Quality of print varies / Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Includes supplementary materials / Comprend du matériel supplémentaire
- Blank leaves added during restorations may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from scanning / Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été numérisées.



THE
NEW DOMINION
MONTHLY.

VOL. III.

(From ^{Oct} November, 1868, to March, 1869, inclusive.)

MONTREAL:

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

Price One Dollar per Annum.

INDEX TO VOL. III.

MISCELLANEOUS.	PAGE.	POETRY.	PAGE.
Annals of the Camp (<i>Illustrated</i>). <i>Original</i> .	1,	Bessie	<i>Original</i> . 82
Animal Intelligence.....	11	Child and Reaper.....	<i>Original</i> . 263
A Tropical Fruit.....	40	Courtesy.....	122
An Incidental Meeting with London Sharp- ers.....	<i>Original</i> . 317	Cradle Song.....	<i>Original</i> . 141
Before the Doctor Comes.....	172	Daisy's Lesson.....	12
Can I Write?.....	343	Dorcas.....	<i>Original</i> . 192
Card Money (<i>with Cut</i>).....	172	Enigma.....	120
Cicly, or the Hasty Marriage.....	<i>Original</i> . 201	Eoline.....	<i>Original</i> . 160
Covey Hill.....	<i>Original</i> . 25	Fishermen of Chebucto Bay.....	<i>Original</i> . 70
Crucible.....	<i>Original</i> . 18, 83, 147, 215, 273	Forest in Winter.....	<i>Original</i> . 257
Cruise of the Galatea.....	283	Good Night.....	<i>Original</i> . 323
Early Education of Deaf and Dumb Chil- dren.....	<i>Original</i> . 29	Happy New Year Visit.....	<i>Original</i> . 246
Early Scenes in Canadian Life. <i>Orig.</i> 77, 154,	268	House Plants.....	105
French Fisheries.....	<i>Original</i> . 253	Imprisoned.....	<i>Original</i> . 316
Foreign Signboards.....	170	Jack Frost.....	181
Going Home.....	<i>Original</i> . 212	Lament for Summer.....	<i>Original</i> . 127
Great Fire of Montreal.....	<i>Original</i> . 165	Little Gleaner.....	116
Great North West.....	<i>Original</i> . 222	Maple Leaves.....	<i>Original</i> . 90
Gustave de Montbell, or New Year's Eve, 1792.....	<i>Original</i> . 193	November—A Dirge.....	<i>Original</i> . 76
Gentlemen Adventurers in Acadia. <i>Original</i> .	305	October Leaves.....	<i>Original</i> . 24
John Clare, the Peasant Poet.....	344	Out in the Night.....	<i>Original</i> . 214
Jerusalem on a June Day.....	335	Peace on Earth.....	<i>Original</i> . 135
Leipzig Fair.....	37	Puzzle for the Children.....	55
Mental Rest.....	341	Robert Burns.....	<i>Original</i> . 200
Mind Pictures.....	<i>Original</i> . 97	Summer Night.....	<i>Original</i> . 13
Mrs. Delaney's Plum-Pudding.....	<i>Original</i> . 129	Summer Storm.....	<i>Original</i> . 18
On a Pair of Spectacles.....	171	There's a Land of Flood and Fountains. <i>Orig.</i>	146
Our Original Home in Canada.....	<i>Original</i> . 324	The Song of Hope.....	<i>Original</i> . 323
Plea for the English Language.....	31	The Two Rabbits.....	100
Sketches of Ceylon.....	<i>Original</i> . 161	The Hired Girl.....	<i>Re-written</i> . 330
Sketches on Service.....	<i>Original</i> . 142	The Lover's Leap.....	<i>Original</i> . 334
Some Stories of a Lost Tribe.....	<i>Original</i> . 13, 91	To a Humming-Bird.....	<i>Original</i> . 238
Sun's Distance.....	239	Three Symbols of Life.....	<i>Original</i> . 273
Teacher's Lesson.....	<i>Original</i> . 264	Vox Del.....	<i>Original</i> . 283
Teaching of English.....	230	Word on the Wedding Day.....	<i>Original</i> . 208
The Antiquity of Man.....	340		
The Lobby.....	101	MUSIC.	
The Past and Present of the Ottawa Val- ley.....	<i>Original</i> . 331	Come when the Nightingale Sings to the Rose.....	108
The Tulip.....	<i>Original</i> . 227	Cradle Song.....	111
The Two Gardeners.....	<i>Original</i> . 249	Christmas Carol of the Olden Time.....	174
To the Bottom of a Copper Mine.....	<i>Original</i> . 94	Nearer Home.....	47
True Tale of Retribution.....	<i>Original</i> . 136	Santa Claus.....	178
Turkish Custom House.....	230	Skater's Song.....	230
Under the Boughs.....	<i>Original</i> . 322	Song of the Sea.....	197
Visit to a Buddhist Temple in China. <i>Original</i> .	325	Supplication.....	232
Volcanic Influences.....	<i>Original</i> . 208	The Fountain.....	44
What a Young Woman Did.....	374		
Wasting Capital.....	169	YOUNG FOLKS.	
What Christmas Is as we Grow Older.....	167	Andrew's Repentance.....	134
What shall It Profit a Man?.....	105	Better than Gold.....	<i>Original</i> . 48
Where is It?.....	33	Fred and Fanny in Italy.....	55
Yeddie's First and Last Sacrament.....	41	George Hunt's Lesson.....	181
		Holidays.....	183
		Honest Little Musician.....	196
		Ink Fly in Oak Galls.....	<i>Original</i> . 112

INDEX.

	PAGE.		PAGE.
Daddy's Man.....	348	Learning from a Servant	244
Drawing-room Illusions	351	Parlor Ornaments.....	124
Jack the Giant-Killer	294	Punctuality in Meals.....	190
Johnnie's Treasure.....	52	Sayings and Doings.....	189
Katrina and Katrinka.....	121	Selling and Sold	<i>Original.</i> 356
Little Burt's Cross.....	298	Selected Recipes.....	61, 125, 190, 215, 302, 359
Not Lost but Gone Before.....	116	EDITORIAL AND CORRESPONDENCE.	
Persevering Boy.....	59	An Offer	360
Riddles	118	Butler's Rangers.....	247
Robber Story.....	<i>Original.</i> 238	C. J. Brydges, Esq.	303
Sick Silkworms	353	Editor's Trials.....	246
Singing School for Birds	58	Our Prospects.....	192
Sharing our Christmas.....	180	Rev. W. Morley Punshon.....	127
Stop Thief.....	123	The Late Bishop Fulford	62
Story of the Amber Beads.....	355	The New Dominion Monthly.....	303
Strange but True	60	“ “ “ “	360
Susy's Birthday.....	<i>Original.</i> 50	Our New Story.....	360
The Two Winogenes.....	114	To Contributors.....	63
The White Palace.....	<i>Original.</i> 212	To Correspondents	393
DOMESTIC ECONOMY.		Sir John Young.....	350
Chemistry of Furniture.....	121	ILLUSTRATIONS.	
Clove in History.....	125	Bishop Fulford.....	October.
Colors and Complexions	300	Rev. W. M. Punshon.....	November.
Ferns for the House.....	61	Dorcas.....	December.
Hints for Marketing.....	188	Happy New Year.....	January.
Hints	358	C. J. Brydges, Esq.....	February.
Imitation of Papier-maché.....	124	Sir John Young	March.
Keeping House	244		



516/K/10173
NEDM

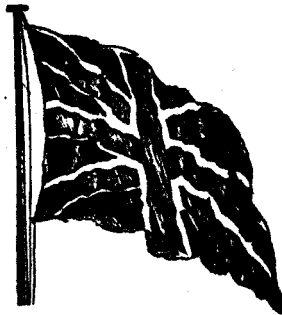
VOL. 8.

NO. 1.

THE
NEW DOMINION
MONTHLY.

NATIONAL LIBRARY
CANADA
BIBLIOTHEQUE NATIONALE

October, 1868.



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

PRICE, TEN CENTS.

C. W. WILLIAMS & CO.,
Sewing Machine Manufacturers

Would respectfully invite the public to examine the numerous kinds of Sewing-Machines built by them, among which are

WILLIAMS' FAMILY DOUBLE-THREAD,
In a variety of styles;

SINGER FAMILY LOCK-STITCH,
In several styles;

SINGER'S No. 2,
For Tailoring and Shoe-work;

HOWE, LETTER B,
For Family and Light Manufacturing;


HOWE, LETTER C,
For Tailoring and Leather-work;

HOWE CYLINDER,
For Leather-work;

A NEW WAX-THREAD MACHINE
which possesses many advantages over all others.

They warrant all Machines built by them to be equal in every respect, and in many superior to those of any other maker. They have testimonials from every large firm in Montreal, testifying to their superiority. Their facilities for manufacturing are so complete that they are able to offer their Machines at from

\$5 to \$15 LESS THAN ANY OTHER DEALER,
AND BETTER TERMS TO AGENTS THAN CAN BE OFFERED BY ANY OTHER
MANUFACTURERS.

 *Special Discount made to the Clergy of this Dominion.*

Send for Circulars and Photographs, or call at their New Store,

No. 347 Notre Dame Street, Montreal.

THE BEST INVESTMENT IN
In this Country,
AND THE SAFEST.

THE ANGLO-AMERICAN PEAT COMPANY,

Capital, \$200,000;

IN 8,000 SHARES, \$25 EACH.

1,600 Shares now offered to the Public.

The Company's property contains more than

6,000,000 Tons of Fuel,

which is NOW BEING MANUFACTURED at a cost of \$1.15 per ton; and sells readily ON THE SPOT, for \$3.50 per ton.

Investors may reasonably expect to double their money in 3 years.

GREAT ADVANTAGE

In securing Stock just now;

**Stock paid up during this month will participate
—pro rata—in the dividend of 12½ per cent.
payable on 31st Dec., THIS YEAR.**

*Prospectus and forms of application for Stock may be obtained
from*

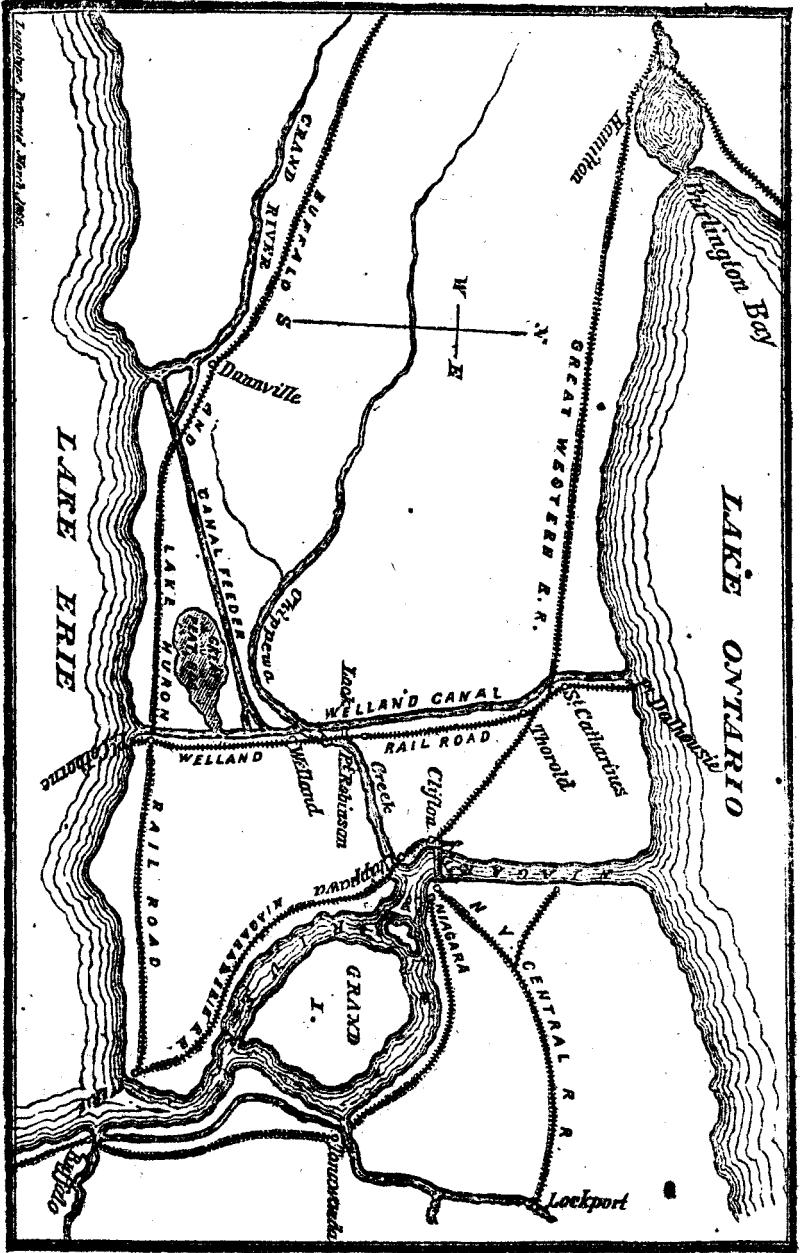
WM. EDGAR,
York Street,

HAMILTON.

A. McK. COCHRANE,
388 St. Paul Street,

MONTREAL.

See Letter and Map on succeeding pages.



Anglo-American Peat Company.

DEAR SIR.—In reply to many inquiries as to the working of the peat machines, I would say that our expectations have been fully realized. The machinery works smoothly, does not get out of order, and turns out the blocks in very good shape. In the process of pulping, the fibre being destroyed, and the oil cells of the moss being broken, the oil is mixed through the peat, making it tough and hard when dry.

The blocks are fifteen inches long, and about three inches broad (just the size of cord-wood when cut and split for an ordinary stove), and being dried on wooden crates, are ready for use within ten days after being dug out of the bog. The actual cost of the fuel, as we are now working, is one dollar and fifteen cents a ton, dried and ready for use; but with improved machinery we can make it next year for a dollar a ton. We have orders for any quantity of the fuel at \$3.50 a ton.

The result of this season's working fully justifies the estimates published with the prospectus, which showed a profit of twenty-five per cent. per annum. If any practical man, can find an error, or anything overstated in these estimates, I will be glad to go over the figures again with him.

We are preparing for more machines to be made during the winter, so as to commence the season with a capacity of three to four hundred tons of dry peat a day.

Say 12 machines making 25 tons each, daily.....	300 tons.
For Season of 150 working-days.....	45,000 "
Which will cost to make \$1.15 per ton, but say, to cover everything, \$1.25....	\$ 56,250
And will sell for \$3.50, but say that it nets only \$3.00.....	135,000
Apparent Profit.....	\$ 78,750

on a capital of \$200,000.

These are not fancy figures, but plain facts. We are now making the fuel at the inside figures stated above as cost, and are selling it at the outside figures set down as selling price, and have orders for over 10,000 tons, at that price (\$3.50 a ton.)

As an investment there can be nothing more safe than this stock; because,—

1st. We do not spend thousands of dollars digging into the ground on the chance of finding a vein of gold; nor do we drill a hole hundreds of feet deep on the probability of striking oil somewhere; but our material is on the surface of the ground, in quality superior to most, and equal to any Irish peat, and in quantity sufficient for a hundred years' consumption.

2nd. We have secured all the land on which the peat is deep enough for working, so that we can have no competition in the business in Ontario.

3rd. Our market is practically unlimited. At a freight of about 50 cents a ton by water, we can reach the markets of Toronto and Hamilton, and other cities where wood is sold at \$5 to \$6 a cord. Five railways run within a short distance of the works, and about thirty vessels every day pass our wharf, on the Welland Canal, (many of them seeking cargoes, and part of them propellers which want fuel themselves,) where we have facilities for loading with despatch. Railroads and steamboats are now beginning to use peat instead of wood or coal, with the most satisfactory results.

4th. This thing cannot, like an oil-well, "cease flowing," nor like a mine, become unproductive; for we have tested it all through, and there is no possibility of its giving out until we have exhausted the six million tons of fuel which the peat bed contains.

5th. The demand for this fuel will be immense, as soon as its good qualities and cheapness are known.

Parties who are using peat in Montreal (not so good a material as ours) costing \$4.50 a ton, have written to the newspapers that

It effects a saving equal to Three Dollars for every Cord of Wood formerly used.

Every one should take some share in this stock while the opportunity is offered, either One \$25 share, or Ten shares, or Fifty, or a Hundred shares, they as please. Whatever amount is invested will be sure to yield a good return, and will probably double itself in three years.

This peat enterprise will ere long become one of the greatest interests of the country, and it is to the advantage of every man in Canada, that all our resources should be developed to the utmost.

Communications addressed as under will have prompt attention.

A. MCK. COCHRANE,

388 St. Paul Street,

MONTREAL.

"THE CANADIAN FRUIT-CULTURIST,"

BY JAMES DOUGALL, WINDSOR.

PUBLISHED BY JOHN DOUGALL & SON, MONTREAL.

Price 25 cents, with a discount to Booksellers and Agents.

(Four Copies sent free by mail for ONE DOLLAR.)

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

UPPER CANADA.

This very clear and very useful little work is the production of Mr. James Dougall, of the Windsor Nurseries, and is the result of a long life devoted to the culture of fruit in Canada. We could not say enough in its praise were we to write for a month, and the best thing we can do is to advise all our country friends to get the book and study it as fast as they can. Upper Canada is peculiarly well adapted for growing fruit of all kinds, and all that is required to do so successfully is to know how. Here is the knowledge—let it not be neglected.—*British Whip, Kingston.*

The author has adopted the form of letters to a friend, and in this way communicates what he has to say in an easy and pleasant manner. And he has a good deal to say that is very valuable and interesting to the fruit-growers, a class that should comprise almost every one who has a home of his own. The letters treat of proper location, soil, preparation, and after-cultivation of orchards, vineyards, and gardens, and what will prove very useful are the lists given of the best varieties of the several fruits. Those of our readers who have a spare patch of ground even would do well to procure a copy, from the perusal of which they may profit in many ways.—*London Free Press.*

The "Canadian Fruit-Culturist" will supply a want that has long been felt of a work on fruit-culture, expressly written for the climate of Canada, and at a price that every person can afford to purchase. The well-known, long, and varied experience of the author in the cultivation of fruits, is sufficient guarantee that the information therein contained is exactly what is at present required by all intending to raise fruit, either for themselves or the market. All persons intending to plant orchards, vineyards, or gardens, and in fact every farmer, owner, or occupier of land, however small, should at once procure a copy.—*Essex Record, Windsor.*

It contains a vast amount of valuable information to fruit-growers, in twelve letters, on "sites, soils, &c., most suitable for culture"; on planting and future care of orchards; on the apple, pear, plum, cherry, peach, nectarine, apricot, quince, grape, gooseberry, currant, raspberry, and strawberry; and on the profits of fruit culture, marketing, &c.; and general remarks on Canada as a fruit-growing country.—*Woodstock Sentinel.*

Its author is Mr. James Dougall, of the celebrated nurseries of Windsor. The interest which the author has taken in this subject, and his experience and reputation as a successful grower, is a guarantee of the excellence of the work.—*Ontario Vindicator.*

The work is from the pen of Mr. James Dougall, Windsor, and dwells in understandable language, on the proper location, soil, preparation, planting, and after-cultivation of orchards, vineyards, and gardens, with directions for the best mode of culture of each variety of fruit.—*Ontario Planter.*

It is an admirable work of its kind, and contains much useful information that would be found of incalculable value to intending fruit-growers.—*Port Hope Canadian.*

This little work will be found of great use to Canadian agriculturists, and ought to be in the hands of every farmer and gardener from Sandwich to Gaspe.—*London Evening Advertiser.*

This is a little book which will prove invaluable to inexperienced fruit-growers, and profitable to all.—*Berlin, C. W., Telegraph.*

It contains a large amount of information the most indispensable to persons interested in gardens, orchards, or vineyards.—*Peterborough Review.*

The production of Mr. James Dougall, of the celebrated Windsor Nurseries. Send for a copy at once.—*Fergus News Record.*

LOWER CANADA.

A pamphlet written by Mr. James Dougall, so well known as a practical fruit-grower in connection with the Windsor Nurseries. We have frequently, in these columns, inculcated the importance economically to Canada of the fruit crops which might be raised, and we are glad to see the public placed in possession of information which every farmer or owner of land may make exceedingly valuable to himself.—*Trade Review.*

On y trouve des preceptes utiles et precieux sur la culture du jardin et des vergers et les soins qu'il y faut prodiguer suivant les circonstances. M. James Dougall écrit en homme consommé dans l'expérience et en observateur exact et nul doute que l'horticulture ne profite beaucoup de ces conseils sages et raisonnées.—*Minerve, Montreal.*

A perusal of these will give all the directions absolutely necessary to plant trees successfully, and also show the best varieties of fruit suitable for the different sections of this country.—*Quebec Gazette.*

We recommend all persons in this section of the country, who are in any way interested in the cultivation of fruit, to subscribe for the Fruit-Culturist at once.—*Huntingdon, C. E., Journal.*

These letters are compiled by Mr. James Dougall, of the Windsor (C.W.) Nurseries, and will be found highly interesting and useful to those in quest of fruit-culture knowledge. The writer says:

"From an extensive correspondence with all sections of the country on this subject, it has greatly surprised me to find how very few, even of intelligent and educated persons, are acquainted with the first principles of the planting and culture of fruit trees; and all the works on the subject are so voluminous, that to those whose time is fully occupied in other pursuits, it is almost a task to read them, while their cost generally is so high as to debar the great mass of the people from procuring them."

This is true, and we are glad to see that Mr. Dougall has brought out the little work before us, which is concise, plain, and within the reach of all to purchase.—*Grandby C. E., Gazette.*

THE TWIN RECORDS OF CREATION;

Or GEOLOGY AND GENESIS: Their Perfect Harmony and Wonderful Concord,
By **GEORGE VICTOR Le VAUX, F.C.T.**

With numerous Illustrations.

EXTRACTS FROM ENGLISH REVIEWS.

"We can recommend Mr. Le Vaux as an able and interesting guide to a popular appreciation of Geological Science."—*Spectator*.

"Mr. Le Vaux's knowledge of Science prevents him from misleading in any of the great matters of fact. His reverence for Scripture is clear; and his style of conveying himself to his readers' minds cannot make his book other than a pleasant companion."—*Eclectic and Congregational Review*.

"Mr. Le Vaux very feebly reconciles the Two Records."—*Builder*.
"Mr. Le Vaux is an enthusiast in Geology, and has produced a most instructive and readable book. * We welcome his volume as aiding in a most important discussion, and commend it to those interested in the subject."—*Evangelical Review*.

"The remarkable peculiarity of this author is that he combines an unbounded admiration of Science with an unbounded admiration of the Written Record. The two impulses are balanced to a nicety; and the consequence is, that difficulties which, to minds less evenly poised, would be serious, and immediate solutions of the happiest kinds."—*London Review*.

"A nicely printed little volume, with admirable Illustrations and much interesting matter, written in anything but a dry manner."—*Naturalists' Note-Book*.

"A valuable contribution to the evidences of Revelation, and disposes very conclusively of the arguments of those who would set God's Works against His Word. No real difficulty is shirked—no sophistry is left unexposed."—*Rock*.

The Illustrations of this work were drawn by a special Artist, from the fossil remains at the British Museum and elsewhere.

LONDON:

LOCKWOOD & CO., 7 STATIONERS' HALL COURT, E. C.

In preparation, by same author:

"The Principles and Practice of Education; or The Preceptor's Manual."

DESIGNED FOR THE USE OF PARENTS AND TEACHERS.

WORTHY OF NOTICE.

The circulation of a few of the leading daily journals of New York City is given below:

"POST".....	7,000
"COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER".....	5,000
"EXPRESS".....	5,000
"EVENING MAIL".....	5,000

The present average circulation of the DAILY WITNESS is

7,400 per Day,

being larger than any of the above named Dailies of the Empire City of the United States.

The *Daily Witness* has a larger aggregate circulation than any other Daily in the Province of Quebec. For *city circulation*, it heads the list of the Dominion Press, exceeding, by some thousands, the *Globe*, the *Leader*, and the *Telegraph*, of Toronto. The latter paper claims to have a larger *city* circulation than either of its older contemporaries in Toronto, the greater portion of the circulation of the *Globe* and the *Leader* being sent to country districts; but the entire issue of the *Telegraph* is only about 3,000.

The advertising tariff of the New York papers per line for each insertion is as follows:—*Post*, 12c.; *Advertiser*, 10c.; *Express*, 12c.; *Mail*, 10c. That of the DAILY WITNESS is only

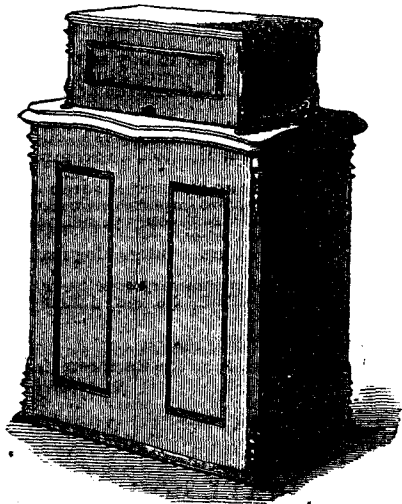
7 Cents per Line

for first or new insertion, and 3½c. per line for each subsequent insertion, giving the benefit of a larger circulation at a much lower rate.

FIRST PRIZE SEWING MACHINES.

J. D. LAWLOR, MANUFACTURER.

PRINCIPAL OFFICE,
365, Notre Dame Street, Montreal.



FAMILY SEWING MACHINES

Would most respectfully invite the public to examine the great variety of First-Class Sewing Machine, before purchasing elsewhere, among which are:

A New Elliptic Family Machine, with Stand, Price \$23.00.

A New Lock Stitch Family Machine, Price \$30.00.

Singer's Family, various Styles.

Singer's No. 2, for Tailoring and Shoe Work.

The Florence Reversible Feed Family Machine.

Howe's for Family and Manufacturing purposes.

The Aetna Noiseless Machine, for Tailors and Family use.

A Button Hole and Lock Stitch Machine. combined.

Wax Thread Machines, which possesses many advantages over all others.



I warrant all Machines made by me superior in every respect to those of any other Manufacturer in Canada. I have the best Testimonial from all the principal Manufacturing Establishments, and many of the best Family in Montreal, Quebec, and St. John, N.B., testifying to their superiority. My long experience in the business, and superior facilities for manufacturing, enables me to sell First-Class Sewing Machines from 20 to 30 per cent, less than inferior Machines of the same patron can be purchased elsewhere. I therefore offer better Machines and better Terms to Agents.

Local and Travellers Agents will do well to give *this matter* their attention.

A Special Discount made to the Clergy and Religious Institutions.

PARTICULAR NOTICE.

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

All kinds of Sewing Machines Repaired and Improved at the Factory 48 Nazareth Street, and at the adjusting Rooms, over the Office, 365 Notre Dame Street, Montreal, and 22 St. John Street, Quebec; 78 King Street, St. John, N. B. Every description of Sewing Machines Trimmings, Wholesale and Retail.

Pegging Machines Repaired at the Factory, 48 Nazareth Street, Montreal. Send for Price Lists and Photographs of Machines. Address in all cases,

J. D. LAWLOR.

POSTAGE STAMPS.

D. CAMERON & CO.,
QUEBEC,

Are constantly receiving large supplies of Stamps, which they sell cheaper than any other Dealer in America.

PRICE LIST, giving date of issue, color, and shape of over 2,500 varieties, sent GRATIS AND POST-FREE to any address in the Dominion.

TO CANADIAN TRAPPERS.

Being thoroughly acquainted with the system of catching the FUR-BEARING ANIMALS, I have published RECEIPTS setting forth the best modes known for catching the Fox, Wolf, Beaver, Otter, Fisher, Martin, and Mink. Also, Receipts for making the best SCENTS known to draw these above animals to the Trap.

Any person sending me \$1, by mail, paid and registered, will receive in return a full set of my Receipts, which I have been selling for the past Four years; and, so far as I am aware they have given general satisfaction. Testimonials as to their value will be produced, if necessary.

Address:—

P. PENNOCK,

ELGIN P. O., Co. Leeds, Ont.

Elgin, September, 1868.

The New Dominion Monthly.

ITS ORIGINAL PAPERS.

Quite chatty and amusing.—*Brockville Monitor.*

Embrace a variety of subjects instructive, interesting, and useful.—*Carleton (N.B.) Sentinel.*

Its many original articles of interest to Canadians show that the literary character of the country is progressing.—*Paisley Advocate.*

All lively-interesting, and worthy of perusal.—*Bradford News.*

The publishers are drawing out whatever of literary talent may have hitherto been concealed among our fellow-colonists.—*Quebec Gazette.*

The original articles predominate over the selected, and the Magazine has thus a fresher tone, and comes nearer reflecting the cultivated mind of the Dominion.—*Kingston News.*

ITS CHEAPNESS.

There is no cheaper publication in America.—*St. John (N.B.) Globe.*

Far cheaper than any of the imported publications.—*Quebec Mercury.*

One of the cheapest, as well as one of the best, publications we know of.—*Brockville Monitor.*

A marvel of cheapness.—*Brampton Times.*

Compared with many of the monthlies in the United States it would be cheap at \$3.

Dundas Banner.

In this cheap age, a marvel of cheapness.—*Elora Observer.*

ITS FAMILY CHARACTER.

Just such a monthly visitant as parents can with pleasure place in the hands of their children.—*Victoria Warder.*

Embraces something to interest both old and young.—*Norfolk Reformer.*

A favorite at every fireside.—*Smiths Falls Review.*

Essentially suits a family.—*Red River Nor'-Wester.*

Interesting for the young.—*St. John (N.B.) Christian Visitor.*

May be welcomed to the family circle with confidence.—*Frescott Telegraph.*

Suitable for the parlor table.—*Cornwall Freeholder.*

ITS DOMESTIC-ECONOMY DEPARTMENT.

The interests of the ladies are consulted in the insertion of a page of household receipts.—*Halifax Chronicle.*

To the housekeeper it is of great value, as it contains many valuable receipts.—*Orangeville Advertiser.*

A page or two is devoted to useful receipts and similar information.—*Halifax Colonist.*

Its original papers include some valuable household receipts.—*St. John Presbyterian.*

Interspersed with hints on domestic economy.—*St. John Religious Intelligencer.*

THE NEW DOMINION MONTHLY,

A Magazine of Original and Selected Literature.

OCTOBER, 1868.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE.		PAGE.
Annals of the Camp, Illustrated... <i>Original.</i>	1	MUSIC.	
The Fisherman of Chebucto Bay (Poetry)..... <i>Original.</i>	10	The Fountain.....	44
Animal Intelligence.....	11	Nearer Home.....	47
Daisy's Lesson (Poetry).....	12	YOUNG FOLKS.	
A Summer Night (Poetry)..... <i>Original.</i>	13	Better than Gold..... <i>Original.</i>	48
Some Stories of a Lost Tribe..... <i>Original.</i>	13	Susy's Birthday..... <i>Original.</i>	50
A Summer Storm (Poetry)..... <i>Original.</i>	18	Johnnie's Treasure.....	52
The Crucible..... <i>Original.</i>	18	Puzzle for the Children (Poetry).....	55
October Leaves (Poetry)..... <i>Original.</i>	24	Fred and Fanny in Italy.....	55
Covey Hill..... <i>Original.</i>	25	Singing School for Birds.....	58
The Expulsion of the Acadians... <i>Original.</i>	26	The Persevering Boy.....	59
The Early Education of Deaf and Dumb Children..... <i>Original.</i>	29	Strange But True..... <i>Original.</i>	60
A Plea for the English Language.. <i>Original.</i>	31	DOMESTIC ECONOMY.	
Where is it.....	33	Something for Children to do.....	60
The Leipzig Fair.....	37	Ferns for the House.....	61
A Tropical Fruit.....	40	Selected Recipes.....	61
Yeddie's First and Last Sacrament.....	41	EDITORIAL AND CORRESPONDENCE.	
		The Late Bishop Fulford.....	62
		To our Contributors, &c.....	63

TERMS.

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.

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

When postage has to be *pre-paid*, it is to be added to the subscription.

SPECIMEN NUMBERS sent upon application.

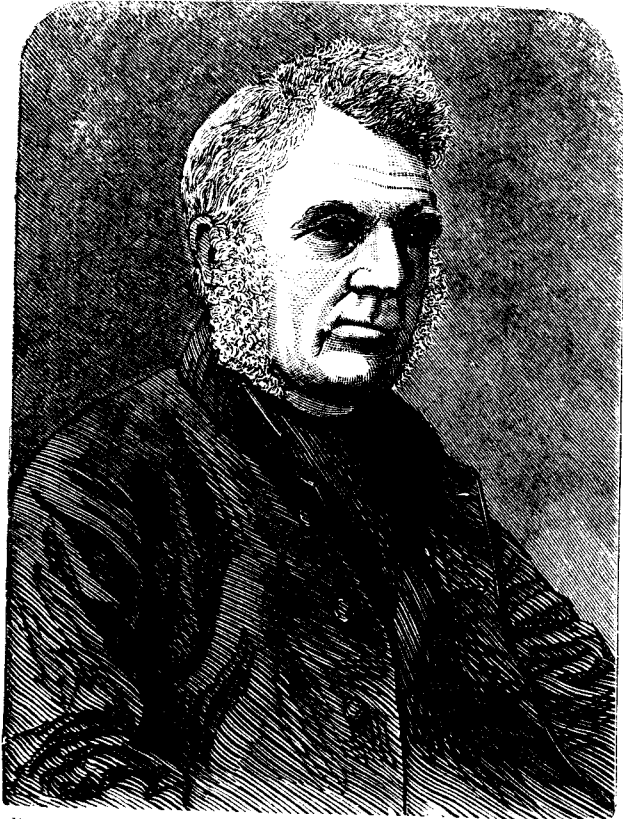
All communications and orders to be addressed to the Publishers,

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,

No. 128 GREAT ST. JAMES STREET,
MONTREAL.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

Parties writing us to change the address of their magazines must, in all cases, give the name of the Post-office from which they wish them transferred, as well as that of the new one. Failure to do so renders it impossible for us to comply with their request.



Notman, Photo.

Mathews, Sc.

P. Montreal,

The New Dominion Monthly.

VOL. III.

OCTOBER, 1868.

No. 1.

Original.

ANNALS OF THE CAMP.



HERE never was a morning better calculated to display the colors of Nature, or to tantalize our Kreighoff and Jacobi, in their devout attempts to copy, than the 4th day of October, 186—, when the dawn of Autumn's glory smiled upon Sam Jones and me, as we left Montreal, bent on a week out,—at a season when such as we seldom have a week out.

Some days before, I had stepped into Jones' office (he is a rising young advocate, and consequently is pleased to receive a call), and found him reading a letter from Murphy, the trapper. I had seen some characteristic epistles from the same hand before, and their pithy style had interested me, as had also the repeated invitations they contained to spend some days at his hunting-grounds in the woods. I had repeatedly had to decline such invitations—both in the spring and fall—and when the letter in question was read over, I said I would go. Jones said he would also go, although, as I afterwards learned, he had not intended to do so. So business is laid aside, and we are afloat.

Jones is a glorious fellow, with vitality enough to give life to the dullest company, which I had no reason to expect ours to be. In addition to ourselves (I may here say for explanation's sake, that I am John Smith,

of John Smith & Co, St. Paul Street), we expected to meet at Dover the Rev. Duncan Robertson and Tom Brown to complete our party—the former, the Auld Kirk minister of the place, and the other a cousin of Jones', from California.

At the landing, we were met by Tom Brown, an athletic youth on the threshold of manhood (Jones and I have got as far as the front passage), who had a buggy to bear our traps to Dover. He told us of his preparations, which, besides the laying out of a double-barrelled piece and no end of ammunition, consisted chiefly in the making of two pairs of moccasins, for the minister and himself, both of which had been sent back that morning to the cunning artist in primitive shoes to have two inches taken from each of the heels.

Dover is a place made up of the elder Mr. Jones' store, his spreading mansion and farm buildings, and the church and manse. The store at which we were landed is such a store as is familiar in every village, and at every four corners in Canada; but may be distinguished from the rest by the legend on the sign, which reads:

**S. JONES'
STORE.'**

It is the favorite resort of the whole country side, as well as of the lumbermen who make up their rafts in the cove below. The

stove is in the centre, and near it sit in rapt cogitation, or thinking upon nothing, and either cutting tobacco, smoking, or rejoicing in the soothing effects of a recent smoke, one or two agrestian sages, while another, more conversable, stands with his hands in his pockets, talking about everything but the purchase he is desirous of making, as soon as he shall have convinced the clerks that he came with no business intentions.

This store contains the post-office, rejoicing in the name of Jonesville, and the arrival of the mail, soon after us, brings in one or two to ask for letters. There are none. After a while, a wayfarer, passing by, steps in to know if there is anything for John Peters. No; but there is the paper for Old-man Norton, if the wayfarer will take it. He takes it, and departs. The store is noted for many leagues around for the maintenance of a good stock. Beginning with a stand of whips on the left side of the door, the eye first travels to coils of ropes, chains, heavy hardware, implements, harness, &c., occupying the smallest imaginable space about a small window, whose only object is to give light. The show-window is not yet introduced. Then come the shelves, which display the miraculous productions of the pseudo-medical art, and, connected with them, it is in place to notice dispersed here and there, where space can be found, neatly printed show-cards, expensively framed, reading:

CELEBRATED FRENCH REMEDIES.

Dr. Le GROS D'YABLE'S

EXTRACT HIUINE.

BADWAY'S

READY

BELIEF.

BURNITT'S SUCCUINE

etc. This department, like those of seeds, dime-novels, etc., is kept up by the constant returns of the medicine-cart to supply the place of what is sold, and to collect payment only for what is disposed of. But we must pass more rapidly over the lamps, pots, looking-glasses, cutlery, crockery, light glass-ware, china images, groceries, Bibles and Testaments (this shelf is the Bible Repository of the place), shoes and India-rubbers, lesson-books—such as are used in the school—a shelf or two containing the old woman's specialties—rhubarb, cml. flowers, magnesia, antimony,—mixed up with paints, dye-stuffs, etc., all in neatly-lettered jars, underneath all which are the drawers, painted in gold, with w. sugar, raisins, ch. shoes, hyson, gunpowder, w. overshoes, rice, etc.; and, underneath—what nails of various sizes—what glass and putty—what bath-brick—what whetstones—what salt may those recesses beneath and behind the counter not contain! Then comes the door into the chamber of mystery, whence come replenished the cans of molasses, and coal oil, and the bottles of what is less profitable—to the consumer. That is also the way to the cellar, where the butter and produce taken in trade at full prices are stored for shipment to Montreal. Against one side of this door lean some brooms and hoes, and on the other hang some resplendent braces. Thereafter one glass door covers men's caps of ten years' fashions, and hats of perennial shapes, which never were in fashion, and shelves after shelves are weighed down with rolls of goods whose various names so comprehensible to woman-kind, do not come within the grasp of minds run in the mould of John Smith & Co. On the counter, a glass case displays ribbons, tooth-brushes, breast-pins, and brooches for sale at 12½c. and under; scent-bottles, one

or two pairs of large thread-gloves, etc., etc.

It would weary my readers to mention even generally all the departments of this museum, with which every one of them is so familiar, and so I have let my descriptive muse flit at random, from flower to flower, if I may be excused for giving way for the moment to poetic feeling.

Off this store is the office, where we found, on entering, my friend's brother, Jones junr., gravely engaged on some document connected with conveyancing or contract, such as he knows well how to draw out for the yeomanry of the neighborhood. Jones junr. is Captain of the Dover Company of the De Pijumberri Rifles, and somewhere in the recesses of the wide establishment he is known to have a place for storing of the arms and amunition, the property of the Government, confided to his care. Jones, junr., is also Secretary and Librarian of the Dover Mechanic's Institute, and finds a place for the storing of the large collection of popular reading, which has enlightened generations of the above-mentioned yeomanry in the lives and times of The Pathfinder—Dominie Sampson, Wackford Squeers, and other notables.

The donging of a great bell tells that dinner is ready at the house—a meal which is eaten by us very much as a child chews his last raisin, under the sobering influence of the thought that another such dinner must not be hoped for, for many days.

After dinner, we adjourn to the upper storey of the store, where sleeps Jones, junr., the genius of the place. Here Sam Jones and Tom Brown apply themselves in wonderful earnest to the overhauling of all the provision for the journey. How keenly each blade, each cartridge, and each belt was discussed—how diligently were the contents of one package scattered among many, and goods of divers characters and owners crowded together—how sage the counsels of the *genius loci* as now and again he visited the scene of operations!

As my novice hands were valueless, I merely watched to ascertain where my own

things were to be, which being ascertained, I sauntered forth at sunset. It was a calm scene compared with St. Paul Street. An intense crimson light lay on the ground, among the shadows of the trees. Over this rich mosaic some cows were wandering at their own pace down a lane leading towards the broad river, and I followed them. When the sun was gone, how quiet—how lovely everything was! As I stood on the wall of an old ruined fort, the noise of the rapids a mile off was soothing, and the motions of animated things all looked like rest. There was a barge with a drooping sail lazily mooring on the other side. A man in a boat was paddling slowly towards a raft on which his companion sat by the fire. Down on the shore was a youngster keeping pace with the slow motion of a little steamer which he guided by an invisible string, and which had in tow an admirably contrived raft. The ruined fort I have casually referred to was believed by the elder natives to have been a brewery; but I have in my day paid a shilling to be shown round ruins no more remarkable looking.

At tea, the family were joined by the Rev. Mr. Robertson, and ladies, and Mr. Earle, a connection of the Jones's, who was spending the night under their hospitable roof. The evening was very merry to all but Brown, whose preparations continued to be of a most serious nature. Near midnight Jones was taking a bit of long-adjourned sleep, and I, John Smith, was making a note or two by the way, and reading some of the books to be found in the spacious chamber assigned to us two, when at the door was heard, not the tapping of a raven, but the more vigorous tapping of a tamborine and a brilliant exhibition on the violin, with the accompaniment of sounds in harmony with the occasion. The hospitable attention, which lasted about an hour, would have been extremely profitable to the performers if the same energy had been spent in exasperating the merchants of St. Paul street. When it was over, we learned that the performers were

the grave *genius loci* and the dignified and retiring Mr. Earle.

Next morning we were soon astir, and agoing, packed aboard two French carts—such as we see in the market—which held besides us the boxes and bundles which Jones and Brown had packed, and were drawn by docile, hardy ponies, such as our country is noted for. We were dressed for the most part in Scotch caps, and pea-jackets, covering worsted vests, and shod with moccasins. If one has much walking to do, however, by the road, it is not wise to wear moccasins, as it will wear them more than weeks in the bush. It is very important to have them well oiled, especially, if they are the hard, shapely kind which gentlemen generally buy—the common beefskin article, being made very large for lumbermen, who always wrap a piece of blanket round their feet. The process is as follows: Fill the moccasins with hot water, and pour it out; after they have stood a few minutes till the pores are open, oil freely with cod oil, which is generally obtainable where moccasins are used, and always at a tannery. After the moccasins have been used on a damp day, it is well to give them a new coat. For this purpose, let them dry till the damp does not appear, and oil freely. To dry the oil, hold them to the fire, but not near enough to boil the oil, for that will ruin the leather. Salt fat of any kind is never used on moccasins. If you buy the hard, black horse-skin moccasins, get them large enough to hold all the socks you mean to put into them. I, John Smith, found the story of their stretching when oiled much worse than mythical, and though I did not say so, I envied the web-footed freedom of the minister and Tom Brown. Mr. Robertson is a well-made man, of about 30 years old, dignified and reserved. Some people are called “reserved” who have nothing in reserve, but not so with our parson. To those who may explore it, there is a fund of mirth and good-fellowship that improves on acquaintance. The younger wayfarers were accosted in Gaelic, and, when puzzled, the language was

changed, by way of explanation, to French, German, or English—and all without a smile. One urchin was gravely applied to for information as to the exact distance to the spot where Sir John Franklin died. Mr. R. is a good walker, and said to be a fine shot. Brown is also good company, with an unfailling stream of information and anecdotes about the vineyards, the herding of Spanish cattle, of the mining business, and other things carried on in his own country, and the character and customs of the Indians, the Chinese, the Spaniards, and the Americans there. One could listen to his stories all day.

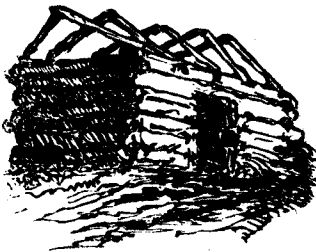
Our midday meal was eaten at Mr. McFarlane's. McFarlane's house is on a clearing of his own, on land very good for the hill country. The building is a long log-cabin, one third of which is used as a smithie, and one third of the smithie is used for potatoes and turnips. McFarlane shoes horses, and, since times have been hard, a good deal of his work has been virtually pure charity. Next to the smithie is the *but*, with a stove in it, and a ladder to the loft, and then the *ben*, a large room, with another stove, a table two feet square, and a rack for a bed. There is also a wool-reel, a bag of flour, and a barrow of potatoes. The floor is partially laid, and partially loose. The window is glazed with three panes and a hat. Besides the shelf on which the clock stands, there is another made of a three-cornered piece of looking-glass, with the ubiquitous *Witness*, and a few other scraps upon it. There may be some points in which my memory or observation has failed me, but this is the most of what was visible around us as we took our dinner round the little square table.

This is the home of a respectable intelligent lowland Scotchman in the bush. He has worked hard upon his land, and hard upon the roads, and was doing the latter still; but improvement of his own property was at a standstill, since Mr. Glossin, from Montreal, had visited him as representative of the heirs in England of some Mr. Wetherbee, who had had a grant of land in

these parts. Mr. Glossin said this land was on the Wetherbee property, and the occupants should be driven off at the point of the bayonet, if they would not sign certain papers acknowledging that they rented the land from him. Glossin's claim had, however, always been in abeyance when the Municipal Council demanded the road taxes of him. This matter was taken up warmly by Jones, who doubtless could not see why Glossin should have all the plunder. There was also a political bond, as both Jones and McFarlane had been each in his sphere devoted and useful supporters of Simeon Brown, Tom's uncle, at the late election for the county of de Pijumberri.

We resumed our slow march over the uneven Government road—listening to Jones' accounts of what the road was when he, a young lad, first attempted such a journey as this. The toils of those days made the present luxurious. It is to be made better yet next year, for large grants have been secured to de Pijumberri county, by one of its faithful members.

It is a long road that has no turning, and



at the "Hemlock tavern" we turned off into a road that was not a Government road; and if any one wants to learn a feat of horsemanship, let him try teaming on that road. I, John Smith, tried it, and got on bravely till, by dint of shaking, my seat gave way. I felt it crunch down on a nest of cans—our dinner service. I put back my hand to save it from going altogether. The diversion of thought was but for a second, but a second too much. One wheel had mounted a rotten log, nigh three feet

high, and I had descended an equal distance on the other side with my cargo.



The four or five miles of this road seemed equal to the previous five-and-twenty, and no wonder for it had led us through Scotland and Ireland—the names by which the settlements are distinguished. We may introduce a few of the settlers as we pass them. Jones went into one house in Scotland, where, in the course of conversation, a grievance through which the family had had to pass was mentioned. A young woman connected with them had been accused of bewitching cows in the neighborhood, and the following document was brought out as a defence:—

Margaret McMillan, having been duly sworn on the holy Evangelists, deposes and says, that she did not bewitch John Campbell's cow to prevent her giving her milk, nor is she able to bewitch his or any other man's cows.

Sworn before me, one of
Her Majesty's Justices
of the Peace in and for
the Province of _____,
at Crowsbury, this _____
day of _____ 186-.

Signed, _____

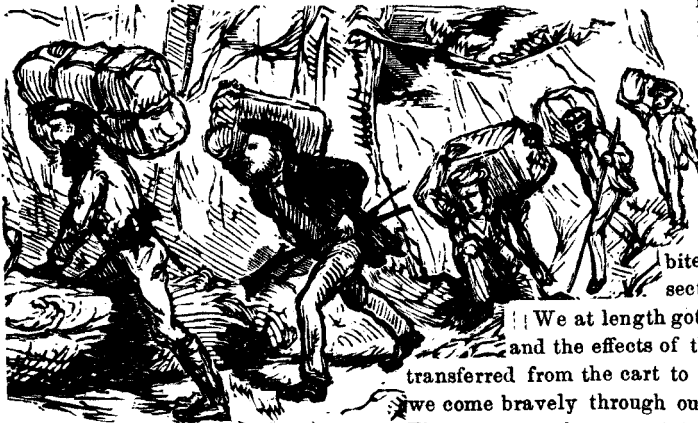
This Jones would have willingly brought away, but it was treasured by the girl as her "character," and must not be lost.

Ireland has had trouble—not wonderful, considering the ungodly character of the people, nor is their ungodliness wonderful when they cannot read, and have few chances of hearing the Gospel. Families and friends have been divided and estranged by a runaway match, and a pleasant gathering for religion or amusement is almost impossible. Their amusements are amusing. See them get together for a ball in a cabin

fifteen feet square—the men in one dark corner, and the women in another, the flare of the fire revealing the snowy locks of the piper—a piper, by the way, who was a doctor once in a British capital, but who has travelled a hard road since then. The wild strains strike up, and, soon after, some one of the gallants darts into the opposite corner, and brings therefrom, to all appearance, what fortune has given him, and, in a few moments, the most of the company are lost in the mazy whirl. Jones tells of a time when he himself diverted such a company in Doran's house, with a highland fling and some reels, and states that he met recently, at a village not far off, a man who said that the settlement had been informed some time after by the piper, that his was not such great dancing after all. The piper had seen better dancing nor that in Edinburgh *toon*, when he was young; and Jones judged from the man's manner that the piper's opinion had gained some credit in Ireland. There is one thing they prefer to amusement, however, and that is whiskey; and one thing they prefer to whiskey, and that is highwines. The first time Jones was among them, with a party of friends, they had, of course, looked for the hunters' usual accompaniment, and were somewhat disappointed when Sam, quite innocent of these expectations, began explaining eloquently a picture of the Black Valley Railroad, which he had brought out for their amuse-

ment. They had recently, before our visit, had a wake, observed with all the honors. When the party went away to bury the deceased, two old men of the settlement had found themselves incapable of accompanying the funeral, and, during the absence of their descendants, the patriarchs got hold of an unfinished keg of highwines, which they used so freely that, when found, one of them was dead, and the other, Doran, had lost an eye. These are very kind, honest, decent people when they are sober.

We must not let the difficulties of the road hide its wonders. At one part of it, for instance, where the ground is smoother, and the road like an unused cart-track in a pasture field, it passes over one of the most remarkable of natural bridges. Close on the right the lake which contains the waters of what is called "the lost river," is plainly seen to pour its waters into the ground. There is actually a fall in the water, as it runs into the rubbish it has collected at the shore. There is no other outlet for this water than another lake, scarce an acre off, on the other side of the road; but whose placid surface shows no signs of receiving such a large current. Some miles off, on another lake, there is a curiosity of less interest, but of equal fame, and that is a stone serpent, of perfect form, about 30 feet long! It had long since lost its head—if it ever had one; and this year



it has lost its tail.

It is, I suppose—for I did not go to see it—the outcrop of some of the convoluted beds of the old plutonic rocks of this region, exhibited on a horizontal section.

|| We at length got the order to halt, and the effects of the party are soon transferred from the cart to the shoulder, and we come bravely through our first portage.— There was one box containing a ham, a piece

of pork, some bullets and shot, two lamp-chimneys and a lamp, and other things—things in similar variety, and partially filled in with loose beans, which Jones and Brown had wisely packed so as to be twice as heavy as any other parcel. This Brown valiantly bore the whole distance, and we soon found ourselves on the shore of the lake where we were to meet Murphy; but Murphy was not there. Jones had an order from Mr. Little, of Little Falls, for a *bunn* which he kept on these lakes. This he took to France (a French settlement by the lake) to find where the boat was; but as Watty McCallum, on whom the order was, did not live there, he naturally did not get it. The rest of us staid puddling about on a raft, and hallooing to the echo, which we soon found it worth while to fire at. It was our first introduction to the wonderful echoes of these lakes. The discharge of a piece was followed by a peal of prolonged thunder, quite as grand as that which often excites our admiration in a storm, with this difference, that, as the sound travelled round the silent shores, we could almost see it rolling up the hills, and losing itself in the valleys. Its course was regularly round from a near eminence on our right, roaring louder as it reached the highest points, and making leaps between hill and hill, till it got miles away, and its rumbling did not die till it had gone completely round the lake.

After some time our cries received more concrete replies from the children in a clearing more than a mile off, which could be seen from the lake, who, as is the custom when any one is lost in the bush, brought out a horn to rescue us. No such trumpet voice was necessary, however, as we found, to our great surprise, that conversation was distinctly audible the whole length of the lake. The calls which answered ours were always from one point until, in a moment, as it was turning towards dusk, all the crooked shores of the lake seemed vocal with human voices. As we could easily distinguish the voices, it soon became evident that the phenomenon

had been caused by the simultaneous appearance of Murphy on one side, and Jones and Brown, who was with him, on the other. After a while, we saw a canoe making towards us, with a man standing in each end. After mutual introductions, it became the business of Murphy and a very young-looking lad he called Sonny, to pack the goods and the men into the canoe, in such a manner that she might ride safely with her load, and quietly and slowly she made her way over the depths of the lake, which seemed almost filled up with the mirrored glories of the hills. I should here notice, for here the matter becomes one of importance, where weights have to be so nicely adjusted, that we still had with us Garçon or Gosoon, the lad who was in charge of our horses, and who accompanied us to the camp to bear back the first fruits of our toils. Garçon was always useful, and never in the way, and said nothing, because he knew no English. At the farther end of the lake was an equally cautious unloading—oh, how canny these old hands are in a bark canoe!—and another portage of an acre and a quarter. I, John Smith, seized the ham-box, and when every man of the party had gone off with his load, and nothing of boat or baggage remained to show we had passed, I trudged off after the party, but I had to be helped a great deal by the minister before we got through. Here lay another canoe, a small one of 9 or 10 feet in length. This was filled with goods, and sent off in charge of Sonny, or eXavier, as his kind stepfather called him when speaking to strangers; and the trapper and Jones took charge of the other canoe—a canoe which belonged to Jones when people asked Murphy for it, and was in charge of Murphy when people asked Jones for it. Such an arrangement is very convenient in connection with lendable property. Jones and Brown, however, proved to be more for the little canoe than eXavier and his load had done on the other lake—men who have their persons half above the gunwale are much more top-heavy than a greater load that lies entirely below. We

landed at an island, and Tom Brown and Garçon, neither of whom could speak to the other, began to play Robinson Crusoe and his man Friday. They lighted a fire, and amused themselves for a long hour nicely, while we travelled some miles further through the Lake of Islands, past Lightning Island, Victoria and Albert Islands, and Marion Island to the Twin Islands, on the smaller of which was Murphy's castle, at whose hospitable door eXavier had just unloaded his canoe. Ours was also carefully emptied, and while Murphy and Jones were away in search of Robinson Crusoe, the minister and I, John Smith, set to work under the guidance of eXavier to prepare a repast. This consisted of trout, sea-biscuit, and tea, which proved admirable under the circumstances, notwithstanding the hardness of the biscuit. Jones, in the face of some modest hints from novices, had taken Jones, junr.'s, grave advice, and No. 2 biscuits. These the minister and I soaked in warm water, and toasted on a log before the fire. By the time our friends came to tea, we had reduced them to the same condition as that in which we found them. The welcome meal was soon served to the company, who were seated promiscuously on boxes, the bed, the edge of the camboose, and the high threshold of the door, and, grace being said, the duty of eating became paramount.

The evening passed gaily between reminiscences exchanged between Jones and Murphy, and tales, in which department the trapper chiefly shone. A chapter or two from "Nicholas Nickleby," interspersed with a few admiring snores on the part of Jones, and, afterwards, prayers, in which none appeared more devout than the hunters, closed this as every other evening while we were in camp, excepting Sunday evening, when "Nicholas Nickleby" gave way to a somewhat vigorous discussion maintained between Murphy and his guests on some disputed points of theology. I can recall at this writing none of the tales which formed the interludes of that evening, save one which was brought vividly to

mind next morning. The subject of conversation being Butter as a substitute for Cream on Porridge;" and it should be premised that the mode of using butter for that purpose, is to put it in a hole in the middle of the plateful, where the heat of the porridge quickly melts it, and into which every spoonful is dipped, coming forth exceedingly savory. It was related of a lad in a certain Scottish borough, who said to his parent one morning,

"Mither, ye hae pit nae butter in my parritch this mornin'."

"Dook faur doon, Jock, hinny," was the reply.

Jock renewed his manly exertions to reach the golden deposit; but mouthful after mouthful was consumed without any appreciable relish of the butter. When the bowl was nearly empty, the sharp youngster perceived the point of the joke, and, with a roguish wink, he said,

"Ah, mither! but ye're a sly witch."

To commit ourselves to slumber might seem an easy task after so much open-air exercise; but the dimensions of the couch had to be considered. I saw my friends all fairly in bed first.



It was a nice sight, but, as may be seen from the plate, there were but five places, and all full, leaving, by careful packing, a scant four-inches for me, John Smith.

Having some decision of character, I got in, and the order was soon given to "spoon up," which signifies that the sleepers are to arrange themselves, like spoons in a drawer. Murphy, hospitably, had his bed on the floor.



Spoon-fashion is admirable so long as it lasts; but, alas! for good intentions, I could not have counted a hundred before I felt like an Issachar, between the weight of eXavier and that of the minister, and so the night was spent. Would that I could describe the snores! How well I learned in that brief week to individualize each tantalizing form of stertorous vexation.

Morning came, and the morning meal was prepared. To the dishes of the evening before, was added the butter, now unpacked. The biscuits were soaked this time in boiling water, with the pleasing result of changing their consistency from *hard to tough*. All things being spread, the tin-plates were filled out of the tin-pan with meat, and the tin-cans were filled with tea, drawn in the tin-kettle, which with the before-mentioned tin-dishes, was brought to the camp in the tin-pail, whose lid had come to grief on the way out, and the tin-can containing the butter was handed round. I, John Smith, took some, and so did Sam Jones; but the minister said he did not care for butter for breakfast. I had not, in my mind, accused him of the sentimental preference for pork, with which the others had been charged, but I thought, if he was not wise, he was fortunate in his refusal, for the butter besides being unattractive in appearance, had a most singular taste, and, in spite of respect for the Jones' mansion, whence I knew the butter had emanated, I could not resist a modest remark upon the subject. Jones, resentfully, said the butter was very good. I, with similar decision, said that John Smith & Co. sometimes dealt in butter, and that they would not consider the present sample

good. Here the minister, observing the critical state of affairs, remarked,

"I think, Mr. Smith, if you will 'dook faur doon,' you will get something better."

The tears came to his eyes—his mirth, which could find no other egress, broke forth there in streams, and then he and Tom Brown (who had been observing at the corner of the door-way) minutely described how the *genius loci* had, at midnight, stolen the can, and going to the crypt beneath his store, had varnished the surface with an ancient article which had been utterly unsaleable, when it was new butter. Sam did not manifest any willingness to accept the cream of the butter as his portion.

Breakfast over, Murphy chose Tom to go down to the settlements with him to get some potatoes, and to put Garçon on his way home with some trout and our first despatches to the civilized world. Exavier also took the opportunity to pay a visit to his mother, and more than half that fine day we were left to our own resources. Each spent his time as pleased him best, and it pleased me to inscribe upon a tree,



in very legible characters, "Smith," to show to future travellers who had been there.

Brown afterwards struck it in the "i" with a pistol shot, and the minister, at a moment when Satan had found him some mischief to do, half chopped down the tree. The carving and inlaying being satisfactorily completed, I took a little fathom-and-half canoe of mongrel breed, which we shall call the "cat," and went on a voyage of discovery round the island—or rather islands, for they bore the name of the "Twin Islands," two little islets being joined by an isthmus, over which it was easy to pass dry-shod. I got safely to the last point which it was necessary to round

to see the landing again (our harbor being on the windward side of the island). I tried to weather this several times, striving to head the bows to the point by paddling the stern out, but I found the head kept pace with my best endeavors; and, being a very cautious man, and thinking I would soon be needed back at the house of John Smith & Co., I discreetly returned the way I came. I met with a similar reverse at a similar point at the other end, but as the direction of the wind here was directly towards the land, I made a rudder of my paddle, and made it blow me round. One thing I observed, and that was that a landing for a canoe is a thing not often to be looked for. Indeed, when the tangled forest comes right down into the water, it is scarcely possible to find a place where the operation of getting in or out of a canoe can safely be performed.

When I got back, they sent me to cut fishing-rods, and after about an hour I brought back the three best rods on the island, which, although rude, and laughed at when first seen did in their day good service.



I then set to work—under the quiet contempt of Jones who was sentimental on hard beds, as well as on pork to cut cedar to make the bed soft with. This occupied me hours and hours on succeeding days—the twigs having all to be cut from

the leeward boughs of trees, and separated from the stalks. The opposition made me the more anxious to have it good. Reverses, however, were destined to meet the plan. I had to leave my piles of fragrant twigs to get well soaked with rain, and it was never dry long enough to dry them again, until I got most of them laid in the last night we were in camp. That night our slumbers were delicious: we all overslept ourselves several hours.

(To be continued.)

Original.

THE FISHERMAN OF CHEBUCTO BAY.

BY J. A. BELL, OF HALIFAX, N. S.

AIR—*Vale of Avoka.*

On the brow of a headland, closed round by the sea,

Roof and gable o'erhung by the old willow tree;
With a patch for a garden, and another for hay,
Stands the Fisherman's Cottage, looking out on the Bay.

There are dwellings of neighbors hard by in the Cove,

Little cots like his own, with a church just above;

Very quaint seem the tenements seen from below,

Perched here and there one, like the nest of a crow.

Low down on the beach, are the Fisherman's sheds,

You may see him there now with his lines and his leads;

He is landing his nets—but his work is not done,
Till the catch has been salted, or spread in the sun.

Riding light near the flakes, are the Fisherman's boats,

Each a picture to look at—so buoyant it floats;
So roomy amidship, so shapely in bow,

Not a cleaner built craft rides the billows, I trow.

By the dawn of to-morrow, the fleet—all away,
Like a flock of great sea-birds, will whiten the Bay;

Good luck to the Fisherman, breasting the wave!

Who follows such calling, had need to be brave.

Success to the Fisherman, hardy and bold!

Toiling off to no purpose, in heat and in cold;

To be caught now and then in the darkness and storm,

While landsmen are sleeping all cosy and warm.

A prayer for the Fisherman tossed in the foam!

A prayer for the watcher by the cradle at home!

Ah! times there will be when the night lamp grows dim,

While his true wife sits rocking and waiting for him.

But a shout she well knows, comes at length
from the shore,

And the wife overjoyed will bound up to the
door;

Now thanks be to Heaven, that rules the fierce
blast,

With her husband beside her, she forgets all the
past.

Let us honor the Fisherman, worthy of song—
Like his own native rocks, he is rugged and
strong;

And his sons will be like him—what else could
they be,

To be born in that cottage, looking out on the
sea.

ANIMAL INTELLIGENCE.

A new champion for the Intelligence of Animals has revived the discussion in a book* full of facts and inferences which, if not all new, are all to the point. Without admitting that humans are the issue of quadrumans, he believes with Lactantius that animals possess in a certain measure the faculties of men, and that our inferior brethren, as St. Francis d'Assisi call them, preceded us on earth, and were our first instructors. We take an example or two of what the smallest and the dullest of them, as well as the biggest and cleverest—fleas and fish—as well as elephants—can do.

There were Industrious Fleas before our time. Baron Walckenaer (who died in 1452) saw with his own eyes, for sixpence, in the Place de la Bourse, Paris, four learned fleas perform the manual exercise, standing upright on their hind legs, with a splinter of wood to serve for a pike. Two other fleas dragged a golden carriage: with a third flea, holding a whip, on the box for coachman. Another pair dragged a cannon. The flea-horses were harnessed by a golden chain fastened to their hind legs, which was never taken off. They had lived in this way two years and a half without any mortality among them, when Walckenaer saw them. They took their meals on their keeper's arm. Their feats were performed on a plate of polished glass. When they were sulky, and refused to work, the man, instead of whipping them, held a bit of lighted charcoal over their backs, which very soon brought them to their senses.

But of what use is cleverness without a heart? The flea has strong maternal affec-

tions. She lays her eggs in the crannies of floors, in the bedding of animals, and on babies' night-clothes. When the helpless, transparent larvæ appear, the mother-flea feeds them, as the dove does its young, by discharging into their mouths the contents of her stomach. Grudge her not, therefore, one small drop of blood. For you, it is nothing but a flea-bite; for her, it is the life of her beloved offspring!

While pleading, however, for the flea, we cannot do as much for the bug, though he is gifted with fuller developed intelligence. An inquisitive gentleman, wishing to know how the bug became aware of a human presence, tried the following experiment. He got into a bed suspended from the ceiling, without any tester, in the middle of an unfurnished room. He then placed on the floor, a bug, who, guided probably by smell, pondered the means of reaching the bed. After deep reflection, he climbed up the wall, travelled straight across the ceiling to the spot immediately over the bed, and then dropped plump on the observer's nose.

The Fish belongs to the great Flathead family. The same sort of platitude which you see in his person, doubtless extends to the whole of his character. You have met him somewhere in human shape—one of those pale-faced, wishy-washy gentlemen, whose passions have extinguished all heart and feeling. You often find them in diplomatic regions, and can't tell whether they are fish or flesh. But if their mental powers are less developed, their term of existence is more extended. They gain in longevity what they lose in warmth of temperament.

Nevertheless, the skill with which the stickleback constructs his nest is now a matter of natural history. Other fishes display an address which we acquire only by long and constant practice. One fellow, with a muzzle prolonged into a long narrow tube (which he uses as a popgun), prowls about the banks of tidal rivers. On spying a fly on the water-weeds, he slyly swims up till he gets within five or six feet of it. He then shoots it with water from his proboscis, never failing to bring down his game. A governor of the hospital at Batavia, doubting the fact, though attested by credible witnesses, procured some of these fish, to watch their pranks. He stuck a fly on a pin at the end of a stick, and placed it so as to attract their notice. To his great delight, they shot it with their water-guns, for which he rewarded them with a treat of insects.

The pike has proved himself not only intelligent, but even capable—disbelieve it who will—of gratitude.

* L'Intelligence des Animaux, par Ernest Menault. Paris: Hachette and Co.

"While living at Durham," says Dr. Warwick, "I took a walk one evening in Lord Stamford's park. On reaching a pond in which fish were kept ready for use, I observed a fine pike of six pounds' weight. At my approach he darted away like an arrow. In his hurry, he knocked his head against an iron hook fixed in a post in the water, fracturing his skull and injuring the optic nerve on one side of his head. He appeared to suffer terrible pain; he plunged into the mud, floundered hither and thither, and at last, leaping out of the water, fell on the bank. On examination, a portion of the brain was seen protruding through the fractured skull.

"This I carefully restored to its place, making use of a small silver toothpick to raise the splinters of broken bone. The fish remained quiet during the operation; when it was over he plunged into the pond. At first, his sufferings appeared to be relieved; but in the course of a few minutes he began rushing right and left until he again leaped out of the water.

"I called the keeper, and with his assistance applied a bandage to the fracture. That done, we put him in the pond and left him to his fate. Next morning, as soon as I reached the water's edge, the pike swam to meet me quite close to the bank, and laid his head upon my feet. I thought this an extraordinary proceeding. Without further delay, I examined the wound and found it was healing nicely. I then strolled for some time by the side of the pond. The fish swam after me, following my steps, and turning as I turned.

"The following day, I brought a few young friends with me to see the fish. He swam toward me as before. Little by little he became so tame as to come to my whistle and eat out of my hand. With other persons, on the contrary, he continued as shy and as wild as ever."

This anecdote is averred to have been read in 1852, before the Liverpool Literary and Philosophical Society.

The elephant, with a sort of humorous justice, is given to return injuries or insults in kind. In Madagascar, an elephant's carnac, happening to have a cocoa-nut in his hand, thought fit, out of bravado, to break it on the animal's head. The elephant made no protest at the time; but next day, passing a fruit-stall, he took a cocoa-nut in his trunk and returned the carnac's compliment so vigorously on *his* head, that he killed him on the spot.

If vindictive, the elephant is also grateful. At Pondicherry, a soldier who treated

an elephant to a dram of arrack every time he received his pay, found himself the worse for liquor. When the guard were about to carry him off to prison, he took refuge under the elephant and fell asleep. His protector would allow no one to approach, and watched him carefully all night. In the morning, after caressing him with his trunk, he dismissed him to settle with the authorities as he best could.

Both revenge and gratitude imply intelligence; still more does the application of an unforeseen expedient. A train of artillery going to Seringapatan, had to cross the shingly bed of a river. A man who was sitting on a gun-carrage, fell; in another second the wheel would have passed over his body. An elephant walking by the side of the carriage saw the danger, and instantly, without any order from his keeper, lifted the wheel from the ground, leaving the fallen man uninjured.—*All the Year Round.*

DAISY'S LESSON.

BY J. A. BELLWS.

Once in cloudless summer weather,
 Many years ago,
 Wandering among the heather,
 Where the flowerets blow,
 Roamed a little, dark-eyed maiden,
 Pretty Daisy Graeme.
 "I am weary," made she murmur,
 "Life is all the same—
 Drudge, drudge, work and work!
 Can there be no rest?
 Is there not some happy isle,
 Where, forever blest,
 Children play and sport lighthearted,
 All the summer long,
 While the tranquil air above them,
 Bright birds fill with song?"

But the flowers, and rocks, and brooklet
 Flowing very near,
 All alike gave back the answer
 To her listening ear—
 "Work, my child, is blessed and holy,
 He who does the most—
 Worketh for his suffering fellows,
 Counts no moment lost—
 Is the happiest of the happy;
 Try, my child, and see;
 For the earth is broad, and, darling,
 Know it waits for thee!"

Little Daisy stored the lesson
 In her childish heart,
 Promising in life's great warfare
 Well to do her part.
 Think you not she is as happy
 As long years ago,
 Roaming *idle* 'mong the heather,
 Where the flowerets blow.

—*Little Corporal.*

Original.

A SUMMER NIGHT.

BY J. C. P., OTTAWA.

The heat and oppression of day are past,
And the grateful, cool night breeze
Comes up from the gates of the West, at last,
With a scent of the locust trees.

I lean on the rails of the balcony
Of this olden French chateau,
And list to the song which the river-sea
Is murmuring down below.

The great St. Lawrence's tide keeps tune
To a music strangely sweet,
And the rays from the eyes of the full-orbed
moon
Seem dancing beneath my feet.

Gracefully, softly, the moonlight blends
With the swell of the rippling tide,
And in one long, silvery path extends
From the river's further side.

A down the river, upon Varennes,
The slanting moonbeams fall,
And, away in the distance, gleam again
From the spires of Montreal.

The earth's fair, slumbering, upturned face
Is lit with the rich, pale light,
Which gleams with a soft and delicate grace
Down the dusky plumes of night.

Ah! how soothing these mellow moonbeams
come!

After the noontide glare,
And this quiet succeeding the city's hum,
And its heated and dusty air.

No sound breaks the hush of this peaceful haunt,
Save the night-hawk's casual cry;
Or the snatches of song which the *habitans*
chant,
At their cottage doors hard by.

The moon is nearing her zenith now,
And, though ever serenely grave,
She wafts the light clouds from her polished
brow,
And smiles at her face in the wave.

And I gaze, and up within my breast
A tender yearning springs;
A weariness of the world's unrest,
And a longing for calmer things.

A thirst for that halcyon time to be,
Which one dreams of, but cannot speak,
And an instinct of immortality,
For which words are all too weak.

I can only gaze on the pale, pure light,
While my soul, in this solemn hour,
Is filled with the quiet beauty of night,
And its mystical, holy power.

Original.

SOME STORIES OF A LOST TRIBE.

BY J. G. BOURINOT, NOVA SCOTIA.

"This is the forest primeval; but where are the
hearts that beneath it
Leaped like the roe, when he hears in the wood-
land the voice of the huntsman?"

Scattered like dust and leaves, when the mighty
blasts of October
Seize them, and whirl them aloft, and sprinkle
them far over the ocean."
—*Longfellow.*

It may not be known to the majority of the readers of this magazine that not a single representative of the Indian tribes that formerly inhabited Newfoundland has been seen for very many years by the people of that large and valuable island, whilst Indians are to be found in all the other colonies of North America—the total number being probably 120,000 souls. That race which peopled Newfoundland in the days when Cabot first visited its shores appears to be now entirely extinct. Less is perhaps known about the *Buona Vista*, "the happy sight" of Cabot, than about any other British colony on this side of the Atlantic; and it is not therefore strange if there are many of my readers who are under the impression that camps of the Indians are to be seen in that *terra incognita*, as well as in Nova Scotia or Labrador. Newfoundland, it is well known, has the honor of being the oldest colony of the Crown, and considerable materials relative to its past history can be gathered among the Archives of the British Government in London and St. John's; but, strange to say, the information respecting the Indians up to a century ago is exceedingly scanty and unsatisfactory

During the first quarter of the present century, however, much interest was taken by the Government in the aborigines of the island, and accordingly, some useful documents connected with their condition have come down to us. Some of the older inhabitants also recollect many facts and traditions on the same subject, which they are always ready to impart to those who feel an interest in the history of this hapless people.

It does not appear that the Indians were ever as numerous in Newfoundland as in other parts of North America. As far as we can gather from the imperfect materials within our reach, they were of the same tribe as the Montagnais, who still inhabit Labrador, and were a branch of that great Algonquin family, which spread over so large a portion of this continent. The Newfoundland tribe, who are called Beothics, no doubt, at some period in the shadowy past, came across the Strait of Belle Isle, and spread over the island, which has always abounded in wild animals, useful for food and furs.

References to the aborigines can be found in the journals of the early voyagers to the Gulf of the St. Lawrence. An old book, "imprinted in London, 1622," gives a description, in quaint English, of a voyage made by one Captain Whitbourne, about the same time that Sir Humphrey Gilbert, that brave knight of Devonshire, landed at St. Johns, and took possession of the island in the name of "the most renowned Queen Elizabeth." Captain Whitbourne refers to the Indians in one part of his work: "In their habits, costumes, and manners," he says, "they resembled the Indians of the continent, from whence (I suppose) they come. They live altogether in the north and west part of the country, which is seldom frequented by the English. But the French and Bescaines (Basques) who resort thither yearly for the whale-fishery, and also for the codfish, report them to be an ingenious and tractable people, being well used."

The Indians are known to have been

treated most cruelly by the first Europeans who visited the island. Both the English and French, in the old times, found it much easier to get furs by force, than to give goods in exchange. Indeed, the first official intimation we have of the existence of the Indians is a proclamation issued by the Governor, some time in 1767, expressing abhorrence of the cruelties practised towards that people, requiring all His Majesty's subjects to live in amity with them, and threatening all those who should act otherwise with severe penalties. It also appears from the early chronicles of the colony, that during the first part of last century, the Micmaes of Cape Breton and Nova Scotia, —another off-shoot of the Algonquin family, —came over in numbers to Newfoundland, and treated the natives with astonishing ferocity. No doubt these Micmaes had been induced to go over by the French, of whom they were always the warm allies, with the object of harassing the English in the colony.

The Government of the Island, at various times, made an energetic effort to open up friendly intercourse with these strange people, who appear to have always avoided the whites in the most systematic manner.

In 1810, William Cull, of Fogo, a large island off the Bay of Notre Dame, was commissioned by Governor Holloway to make a journey into the interior, for the purpose of communicating with the Red Indians.* This person, who was an enthusiast on the subject of the aborigines, has left behind him a journal of his expedition up the River Exploits, a large stream emptying itself into the Bay of Notre Dame. The latter is remarkable for its numerous islands—as may be seen from a map of Newfoundland —which have received the general appellation of the "Archipelago of Exploits," and most of which afford good fishing stations. The country in the vicinity of this river appears to have always been the favorite resort of the Indians, as it was more

* The Beothics were called Red Indians by the white settlers on account of their habit of painting their bodies with red-ochre, bed of which are to be found on certain parts of the island.

frequented by the caribou, and other game, at certain seasons, than any other part of the island.

The expedition in question started in the early part of January, under the direction of two Micmac Indians. Such good headway was made over the frozen surface of the Exploits, that by the end of the fourth day they had left sixty miles behind them, and were rewarded by a discovery of considerable interest. They came upon a long wooden building, carefully covered with rinds of trees and skins of caribou, which was used as a storehouse for provisions by the Indians in the vicinity. Birch and spruce boxes, containing fat venison and choice parts of the deer, were arranged in rows, whilst the lean portions of the animal were simply stowed away in bulk. A considerable quantity of furs was also among the contents of the building, which were left untouched by the party. On the opposite side of the river, they saw a similar storehouse, but they were unable to reach it in consequence of the unsafe condition of the ice.

The party also met with a striking illustration of the manner in which the Indians furnished themselves with their winter provisions in such quantities. The deer, it is known by those who have ever hunted on the island, migrate from the northward to the vicinity of the river Exploits, and the large lakes in the interior, at the approach of winter. Aware of this fact, the Indians had erected fences for the purpose of entrapping the deer in large numbers. A double line—the distance being considerable at first between each—commenced at Notre Dame Bay. One fence was continued as far as the river, and the other as far as its head-waters, Red Indian Pond. There were openings or passes at particular parts of the fences on the river, in order to enable the deer to reach the water. The hunters would drive the deer between the fences, into the river, and then slaughter them in large quantities. The fact that such storehouses and fences existed proves that the Indians of Newfoundland possessed

much foresight—not an Indian quality, as a rule.

Subsequent to the expedition just mentioned, one Captain Buchan, a distinguished naval officer, was sent by the Governor to make another effort to win the friendship of these timid people of the forest. Accompanied by twenty-six persons, several of whom were pretty well acquainted with the country, Captain Buchan started in the middle of January—the winter being the best time for quick travelling in those parts. The cold was exceedingly severe throughout the journey, and the many rapids and waterfalls with which the Exploits abounds impeded their passage considerably at times. As they advanced into the country, they came across several Indian paths and old wigwams, as well as the fences of which I have previously spoken. They also found a circular storehouse, filled with venison, which, taken in connection with the general appearance of the vicinity, showed that the Indians must have visited that part of the country a very short time previous to the coming of the expedition. It seems, however, that the two storehouses seen by Cull on the former occasion had been subsequently removed, for the places where they had stood were easily distinguished by Captain Buchan.

On the eleventh day after their departure, they saw indications of the recent presence of the Indians, but still they did not meet with a single member of the tribe. It would appear as if the Indians were forewarned of the approach of the party, and took every pains to conceal themselves from sight.

On the twelfth day, at last they were rewarded by a sight of the missing tribe; for, about day-break, they saw before them three large wigwams. Captain Buchan, determined not to be outwitted this time, surrounded the camps, and surprised the inmates, who, until they saw the faces of the whites peering through the entrances, had no idea that their dreaded enemies were so close at hand. Captain Buchan, however, set to work to allay their apprehensions, and succeeded so admirably in a

short time, that the Indians began to examine the clothing of the whites with much curiosity, and regaled them with choice venison done up in Indian style. Captain Buchan distributed several presents among the people, and led them to understand that he had more for them at a short distance from the camps. Neither party was acquainted with the language of the other, but they managed to get along by signs and expressive gestures.

Four Indians at last consented to accompany the party some twelve miles back, for the purpose of bringing up the goods intended as presents. Two of the whites, a corporal and a private, were allowed to remain with the Indians at their own request. The Indians parted with the whites in the most friendly manner, and Captain Buchan left the encampment perfectly satisfied with the results of his expedition so far, having no idea of the sad *finale*.

They had not proceeded any great distance, however, before two of the Indians left them on some pretence, and another subsequently ran away, although nothing could exceed the kindness with which all of them were treated. The remaining Indian, however, would not leave, but continued with them as far as the *câche* where the goods had been previously placed by Captain Buchan. On the following day, they returned to the Indian camps, which, to their great astonishment, they found entirely deserted by their former tenants. It was quite obvious that the Indians had been alarmed at the return of the three Indians before mentioned, and had fled into the forest for security. The party did not, however, yet entertain any serious fears for the safety of the two white men who had been left behind, but supposed they had been taken off into the woods, for there were no signs of blood about the camps. The remaining Indian appeared to be as much perplexed as anybody else at the appearance of matters, and did all that he could to conciliate the party, by offering them his own store of provisions, and by other courteous acts.

The weather detained the party for some days at the camp, and then they set out to search for their missing comrades. They wished the Indian to go ahead, and find his companions, thinking his story of the way he had been treated would allay their apprehensions; but he refused to leave the party. He kept by them for a considerable distance, when he was suddenly seen to look at something on the ice, and then to run as if his life depended on his speed. The cause of his hot haste was too apparent when the party saw the forms of the missing men lying on the ice. Their backs were found full of arrows, and their heads missing. It was quite clear that the Indians had carried them as prisoners from the camp, and then murdered them in cold blood. Captain Buchan and his men scoured the woods for some days, but were at last obliged to give up the search, in consequence of a thaw which rendered the country almost impassable. On their return, they came to the circular storehouse of which I have previously spoken, and found that it had been visited by the Indians in the meantime, for it was almost entirely denuded of its contents. The presence of a great number of arrows in the sides of the building, showed that the Indians had an idea that the whites might be concealed therein, and took what they considered an effectual means of driving them out. Such was the unfortunate result of an expedition which had been sent out through motives of a most creditable character.

Very many years later, one W. E. Cormack travelled across the country, from Trinity Bay on the east to St. George's on the west, with only one Indian as a companion. His account of his expedition is interesting, inasmuch as it gives some idea of the interior, of which but little or nothing is known; but it is noteworthy that he did not meet with a single member of the original inhabitants.

About the same time a party of white men visited Red Indian Pond—always a favorite resort of the aborigines—and found the traces of a large settlement. Among

other things, were some old huts, used as receptacles for the dead, in one of which they found two corpses, which had not, according to appearances, been laid out for more than five or six years. We can easily imagine the amazement of the party when they saw a deal coffin containing the remains of a squaw, neatly dressed in linen. Alongside of her were some dolls, intended, evidently, for herself, her husband, and her child. When the party returned to the settlements, and made the facts known, it was at once concluded that the corpse was that of Mary March, who had been taken prisoner some years previously, in the month of *March*, and carried to St. John's, where she was most kindly received, and became an object of much interest. None of the allurements of civilized life, however, appear to have weaned her from her forest home. At last her desire to return to her husband and child became so intense, that it was decided to send her back to her friends, under the care of Capt. Buchan, to whom I have just alluded. But poor Mary March was not to see her forest home again, for she was suddenly taken ill, and died in St. John's. Her body was dressed in linen, placed in a coffin, and carried into the forest, with the hope of meeting with some of the Indians; but, as none of them appeared, it was left on the margin of a lake in the interior. No doubt, the coffin was subsequently seen by the Indians, and placéd by them in the hut in question.*

The last time Red Indians were seen by the people of St. John's was in 1823, when three females were captured by some per-

* Some persons have told me that Mary March was carried back alive to her friends, but the best authorities agree that she died at St. John's. The fact that she was found in a coffin corroborates the latter statement. The Red Indians never buried their bodies in that fashion; nor is it likely that Mary March was long enough in St. John's to become so impressed with the Christian style of sepulture as to express her desire to her kindred (supposing she lived with them again,) to be so buried when she died.

sons belonging to Twillingate. An eye-witness describes one of the females as quite good-looking. Her complexion was swarthy, and not unlike a *Micmac's*; her features were handsome; she had a tall, fine figure, standing nearly six feet high; she had a most beautiful set of teeth. In her manner she was bland, affable, and affectionate. "I showed her my watch," he writes, "and she put it to her ear, and was amused with its tick. A gentleman put a looking-glass before her, and her grimaces were most extraordinary; but when a lead-pencil was put into her hand, and a piece of white paper laid on the table, she was in raptures. She made a few marks on the paper, apparently to try the pencil; then, in one flourish, she drew a deer perfectly; and, what is most surprising, she began at the tip of the tail."

They took every opportunity of decorating themselves with tinsel, colored paper, and trinkets of a showy character; but their great fancy was for articles of ironmongery, such as pots, kettles, hatchets, nails, &c. An attempt was made to send these women back to their friends, but they positively refused to go. One of them who lived some years afterwards, and became exceedingly useful as a domestic, said that the reason of their refusal to go back, was that they were afraid of being harshly treated by the Indians.

So great, it appears, was the antipathy of the Red Indians to the whites, that none of the tribe were allowed to have any intercourse with the settlements under pain of death. This fact shows that the story of the cruelties perpetrated on the Indians in former times had been handed down from generation to generation, and had created a feeling of hatred that nothing that the English could ever do was likely to assuage.

To be continued.

Original.

A SUMMER STORM.

BY W. H. WITHROW, TORONTO, ONT.

"Lapped in thought I used to lie,
And gaze into the summer sky,
Where the sailing clouds went by
Like ships upon the sea."

—H. W. Longfellow.

Did you see the gay flotilla
That went sailing down the West,
Bannered all with gold and purple,
And with streaming pennons dressed ?

Did you see the hostile squadron,
Like a fleet of pirate ships,
Bearing down in storm and darkness,
Shrouded in a dire eclipse.

As though Death, a mighty Corsair,
Swept the regions of the air ?
Did you hear the haughty challenge
Hail that shining fleet so fair ?

Did you see those vast armadas,
The great navies of the sky,
Sailing in the airy ocean
Up above our heads so high ?

Did you hear the shock of battle
As those squadrons met in air ?
Did you list the fierce defiance
Of the Wind's loud trumpet blare ?

Did you hear the heavy cannon,
Of those fleets in thunders crash ?
Did you see, as hurtling fire-bolts,
Through the air the lightnings flash ?

Did you see the vanquished squadron
Heave its lading in the air ?
Precious freightage—heaven's own diamonds,
Those of earth are far less fair.

Did you see that fleet victorious
Glide into the glowing West ?
May our souls, their storms all over,
Enter thus their final rest !

Original.—(Copyright reserved.)

THE CRUCIBLE.

BY ALICIA.

CHAPTER XVI.—(Continued.)

"My heart rins round and round about,
My heart flows like a sea,
As ane by ane the thochts rush back
O' scule-time, and o' thee.

O mornin' life ! O mornin' luvie !
O lightsome days and lang ;
When hinnie hopes around our hearts,
Like summer blossoms sprang.

"I've wandered east, I've wandered west,
I've dreed a weary lot ;
But in my wanderings, far or near,
Ye never were forgot.
The fount that first burst frae this heart
Still travels on its way,
And channels deeper as it rins,
The luvie of life's young day."

—Motherwell.

It was a great trial for Edna to meet Mrs. Leighton. She had not seen her since a few weeks before her departure for the continent, when she had been spending the day with Winnifred. At that time Mrs. Leighton had told her how glad the assurance had made her that she would one day call Edna by the fond name of daughter; now all hope that Mrs. Leighton would be anything more than a friend to her seemed forever fled. She hardly knew what kind of reception she might meet with. It was with a sad heart, and almost a hope that Mrs. Leighton might not be at home, that Edna walked slowly up the little garden leading to her friend's cottage, the morning after the thunder-storm.

The bell was, however, answered by Mrs. Leighton herself. She stood for a moment gazing at Edna with an expression of mingled pity and surprise, then she held out her arms, and soon Edna was clasped in her close embrace. Mrs. Leighton led Edna into the dining-room without speaking, then she said, looking down on her, with her kind, motherly eyes full of tears,
"You are welcome back, my dear Edna, thrice welcome; but it grieves me to see you looking so ill, I should hardly have known you."

"It is too bad to come home, and find everybody thinking I look so pale and thin," said Edna, with an attempt to smile, but it was a decided failure; and Mrs. Leighton's quick eye saw the tremble of the lip, and the droop of the eye-lash, as Edna turned her head away. Edna, however, believed it was unnoticed, for Mrs. Leighton said quickly,

"Will you go up to Winnie's room, dear? The child is very busy just now," she added, smiling.

"I hope she will let me help her all I can," replied Edna, rising. "I must congratulate you, Mrs. Leighton, on Winnifred's engagement. From all I can learn of Mr. Austin, he seems everything you could wish, and it will be so pleasant for you to have Winnie with you."

"Yes, I have every reason to be thankful for the choice God has made for my poor fatherless child, He has truly fulfilled His promises to my dear children, and, my love, His gracious words of comfort are for the motherless as well as those deprived of a father's care. The Lord can more than supply the place of our lost ones, whether it is father, mother, husband, or friend. He, and He alone, can fill the aching void in our hearts when those dearest to us have been removed, perhaps at a time when we seem most in need of their loving care. I trust, my dear child, that you feel this."

She took both Edna's hands in hers, and bent such an earnest, loving gaze upon her that Edna's eyes filled with tears as she answered,

"It is my earnest desire to do so, Mrs. Leighton. I wish you would speak to me often of these things. I love to feel that God is my reconciled Father in Christ."

"I am truly thankful to hear you tell me this, my dear Edna; I am sure such longings will be satisfied. 'Blessed are they that do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled.' I shall only be too glad to speak to you, my dear, of our loving Father in heaven; but now run up to Winnie. If she knew you were here, she would not be sitting so quietly upstairs."

Mrs. Leighton was a true Christian, and her heart rejoiced to see one so dear to her as Edna was, anxious as to the one great concern of life—the interests of her immortal soul.

"Perhaps this trouble with Ernest has been blessed to her," thought she; "and I, in my blindness and unbelief, have been mourning so bitterly over that which, per-

chance, may be the means of saving the soul of my beloved boy, and of this dear child. Certainly, there is a great change in Ernest; indeed, I feel convinced that he is seeking to be, if he is not already, a disciple of the blessed Saviour, and then his being so much with Lionel Wyndgate is a great privilege. He might never have been thrown into his company so much, had it not been for his separation from Edna. Oh, let me never doubt my God again! Would that my Ernest and this dear girl might be reconciled! yet I can do nothing in the matter. It is in higher hands, and must be ordered rightly and wisely for my children's good."

Thus mused Mrs. Leighton, while Winnie was chatting away to Edna upstairs, who listened with grave attention. At length Winnifred jumped up from her seat, and, going up to Edna, put her arms round her neck, then throwing her head back, so to have a full view of Edna's face, she exclaimed,

"Now, Eddy dear, it is no use, you must tell me what is the matter with you. You never laugh, you scarcely ever smile, and when you do, it turns into such a sad look, it nearly makes me cry. What *is* the matter with you? Are you not well?"

"I have a very bad headache this morning, Winnie, and I hardly feel rested after my voyage yet, dear."

"Oh, I forgot! forgive me, darling; but I do hope you will look cheerful again soon. You are not a bit like you used to be, my darling."

Edna tried to rouse herself, and enter with interest into Winnifred's plans for the future, but her thoughts would wander back to days long ago, when she and Winnie used to learn their lessons together in that room, and Ernest would come tapping at the door for admittance, and the three would sit talking for hours.

Ernest was always more with the two girls than Charlie, and much gentler with them, entering more into their plays, and little plans for amusement. He never seemed happy, even when a boy, excepting

in Edna's company. So wrapped up was Edna in the memories of long ago, that she heard little of what Winnifred was saying to her, and almost started when she brought a piece of work for her inspection. Edna pronounced it "very pretty," but whether Winnie had said it was intended for a sofa cushion or ottoman, she could not tell. Hearing the clock strike twelve, she arose, and said she must go.

"Oh, you will stay with me to-day?" pleaded Winnifred.

"I cannot to-day, my darling," replied Edna, besides I should be but a dull companion for you, when I have such a headache."

"No, indeed; it is just delightful to be with you, and tell you about everything. I will come some day, and stay with you the whole day—may I?"

"May you!—oh, Winnie, you know you can come whenever you like; just as you used to, Winnie."

She kissed her friend warmly, almost reproaching herself for not taking more interest in her plans and hopes.

Mrs. Leighton met her in the hall, and said,

"You are not going yet, Edna, my love; you will stay with us to-day?"

"I cannot, thank you," replied Edna. "I have an engagement at home this afternoon."

"I am very sorry, but I need not tell you that you are welcome here at any time. I wish you to feel thoroughly at home, and I am sure Winnie will feel the same, when she will be mistress here."

"Oh, mamma!" said Winnie, "you will always be mistress, and Edna knows that she may come when she likes, and the oftener she comes the better I will be pleased."

"Thank you both," said Edna, "you are very kind. Good-bye." Mrs. Leighton kissed her tenderly, saying,

"God bless you, my dear child."

Long after Edna had gone, Mrs. Leighton pondered over her young friend's estrangement from Ernest, and wished she might

be the means of soon reconciling the two.

"Yet," she thought, "Ernest may have become attached to Miss Wyndgate, and I might only make mischief by interfering. I wish I could ask him about it; but, no, I would not do that. He would tell me if he thought best; I suppose even a mother must not expect the confidence of her son in such matters, though, in many cases, young men would save themselves a great deal of trouble by consulting their mothers in such things. Ah! well, I must wait the Lord's time."

That afternoon, Margaret Wyndgate was sitting writing to her brother. When half the letter was written, a sudden idea seemed to have entered her mind, for she sat buried in thought for some time. At length, she recommenced her writing, and, hurriedly finishing the letter, she threw it aside, and drawing a fresh sheet of paper towards her, she began to write quickly. We will peep over her shoulder, and perhaps be rather astonished to see that the letter began with "My dear Mr. Leighton," and proceeded thus:—

"From the conversations we had together during my stay in B—, concerning my brother Lionel, I concluded that you were aware that he was still considerably in debt in L—. I hoped to gain some information from him as to what amount, and to whom he still owed money, but he seemed unwilling to tell me.

"I have particular reasons for wishing to know, and would especially desire to become possessed of the bills themselves, if that could be possible.

"Would you think me imposing too much on friendship, if I ask your aid in this matter? You are constantly with my brother, and I have no doubt that, to a certain extent, he makes you his confidant. If you could give me any information regarding these debts of his, or, better still, procure the accounts for them, I should be truly thankful.

"It is impossible to thank you, Mr. Leighton, or to express to you how deeply grateful I feel for your kind and unwearied interest in my beloved brother.

"Trusting you will not think me very troublesome, and with kind regards. Believe me,

"Your very sincere friend,

"MARGARET WYNDGATE."

When Margaret had finished the letter, she scanned it, placed it in the envelope with the note to her brother, and addressed

it. She then equipped herself for walking, and sallied forth. Leaving her letters at the Post Office, she proceeded to Mr. Clifford's, to make her promised call on Edna.

CHAPTER XVII.

"The quality of mercy is not strain'd;
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath; it is twice bless'd:
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes;
We do pray for mercy,

And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy."
—*Shakespeare.*

Margaret found Edna at home, and was pleased to see her. After some preliminary conversation, the subject was again taken up on which Margaret had spoken to Edna the previous day.

Miss Wyndgate begged Edna to come and lead the Sunday School children in their singing, and also endeavored to persuade her to take a class in the school.

"You will become so fond of the little ones," she urged, "and it makes our own lives so much the happier, if we are endeavoring to benefit our fellow-creatures, and to fulfil the purpose for which God placed us in this world. Don't you think so, Miss Clifford?"

"Indeed, I don't know," replied Edna. "I am afraid I have lived very much for myself—have hardly ever done a single thing to please others which involved any sacrifice of my own pleasure. I have hardly known what it was to have a wish ungratified, or my will thwarted, at least not till lately." Here she checked herself, for she would not for any consideration betray to Margaret Wyndgate the sorrow which was blighting her life, so she added quickly:

"I think as we grow older, we are more likely to meet with disappointments; our desires and wishes are not so easily gratified."

The attempt to hide her real meaning was unnecessary. Margaret was a quick observer, she had already guessed at the truth. She longed to be able to comfort and sympathize with her new-found friend,

and she looked at her earnestly as she replied,

"I think that, in becoming acquainted with others' sufferings, and striving to alleviate them, we forget many of the disappointments—the sorrows of life; and there is no doubt that in endeavoring to lighten others' woes, we bring a blessing on our own souls from Him who hath said that even a cup of water given for Christ's sake shall not lose its reward."

"Yes, I suppose it is so," said Edna; "but I have never felt it, for I don't think I ever lightened anyone's burden of sorrow."

"You may do so yet, dear Miss Clifford; but I am afraid you will think I have no right to speak to you in this way."

"Indeed I am very glad for you to talk to me, Miss Wyndgate. All you say I believe to be true, and I wish indeed you would show me what I can do, or in what way I can help the poor and the suffering."

"Perhaps you will join me in my district-visiting some day, then you could see if you would like to try anything of that kind yourself. I am sure that in teaching children singing, you will be conferring happiness on others."

"I hope it may be so," replied Edna. "I will meet you in the school-room tomorrow afternoon," she added, as Margaret rose to depart.

"Very well, thank you. I am sure it is very kind in you to undertake the office of singing-teacher. I do hope, Miss Clifford, that we shall see you often at the Rectory. I should be so glad to be your friend, if you will let me."

"Let you!" replied Edna, "indeed I have wished for some time that I could see more of you, and be able to class you among my intimate friends."

"I am willing that you should do so," said Margaret, smiling.

She hurried home, her heart full of love and pity for the motherless girl she had just left; and she, too, wished that she might be the means of reconciling two who, she firmly believed, were tenderly

attached, and were both mourning over their sad estrangement.

She had seen enough of Ernest during her stay in B—, to assure her that he was far from happy. When her first suspicions had been confirmed, she had applied to Lionel for information; but, though her brother had refused to say anything, even of what he thought on the matter, her womanly tact and quick powers of observation had not deceived her; and increasing acquaintance with Ernest, and now with Edna, had but served to confirm her opinions.

True to her promise, Edna appeared at the school-room when the appointed hour arrived, and succeeded very well with her first singing-lesson. Margaret had taken care that all the children should be present, and they seemed much pleased with Edna.

What is there that gives such gentleness of manner, such consideration of others' feelings, as sanctified sorrow? There was a charm about Edna's every word and action now, which her days of proud happiness had never known, and the children thought they had never seen any one half so lovely or so kind as Miss Clifford.

On the evening of that day, Edna was standing on the balcony, enjoying the fresh breeze from the lake. She seemed almost to shun her own little room of late. It brought up, all too vividly, the memories of happy summer evenings spent there but one short year ago; perhaps she was thinking of this, for her face bore a sad, thoughtful look, as she stood leaning over the balcony-railing. Her thoughts, however, soon seemed to be diverted, for she started up, and her expression changed to one of interest and amusement. She was busily watching a gentleman, slowly riding up the street, and who evidently mistook her for Selina, for he bowed and smiled most graciously. Edna at once concluded that it must be her sister's friend and admirer, Major Bird.

He stopped at the gate, and, leaving his horse in charge of a servant, he walked briskly up to the house. Edna heard him

enter the drawing-room, and, soon after, Selina's quick step along the hall. Edna stood wondering whether her sister really cared for this man, and if she would marry, and leave her and her father alone, when a servant came up, saying that Miss Clifford wished Miss Edna to join her in the drawing-room.

As Edna entered the room, she took in the *tout ensemble* of the Major at a glance. He was a little fat man, even below medium height, quite bald, a fringe of light hair hanging round his smooth head. He had little twinkling grey eyes, and his lips were wreathed in a never-changing smile; his complexion was what might be called florid, and his fair, round face was destitute of either whiskers or moustache.

Selina and her admirer were sitting on the sofa, looking highly pleased with themselves. Selina introduced her sister, and the little gentleman rose, and, with his hand on his heart, made the most profound salam, saying, as he did so,

"I am extremely happy to see you, Miss Edna. I have often heard of you from your charming sister" (here he made an inclination of the hand towards Selina), "but I hardly anticipated the pleasure of seeing you so soon. We—ah—your excellent father and Miss Clifford, were really beginning to feel uneasy. When did you arrive in our good city? You see, ah, though I have been such a short time in L—, I feel quite at home here, I can assure you—ha, ha, ha!" and the little man looked quite pleased at what he considered a very happy remark.

"I arrived here on Wednesday," replied Edna. "I hurried home directly after receiving Selina's last letter, feeling anxious about my father, so that I had no time to write and tell them of my intended return."

"No, no, certainly not—ha, ha! but, Miss Clifford, I almost forgot—most ridiculous thing—almost forgot what I had come for. It was to request the honor of your company in a ride this evening—charming evening, I can assure you, Miss Clifford. I trust you will favor me."

"I shall be most happy," replied Selina, rising, "I will go and put on my habit, and leave Edna to entertain you."

"Ah, indeed! I am sure Miss Edna and I will get on capitally together. Ha, ha, indeed, how could any gentleman do otherwise with such a charming companion! Ha, ha! no, indeed, not otherwise. Do you ride, Miss Edna? Your sister is such a splendid horsewoman—a perfect Di Vernon, I can assure you. But you also ride?"

"Oh! yes," answered Edna, "but I have not ridden anything but a mule for a long time."

"Could you not favor us with your company this evening?" inquired the gallant Major.

"We only possess one horse, Major Bird, and that my sister will use."

"That need be no obstacle in future. My horses will be always at your disposal; believe me, Miss Edna, it would give me the greatest pleasure to mount you as your beauty and gracefulness deserve—ha, ha! it would, I can assure you. I have a very fine animal that would suit you admirably, I am sure."

"Thank you, you are very kind," replied Edna.

"Oh, pray don't mention it," answered the Major, again waving his hand, this time deprecatingly.

"But here comes your sister—what a picture she is!" and the excitable little man stood gazing with admiration at Selina, as she leant against the vestibule door, her riding-habit gathered up in one hand, while in the other she held her whip. She was a handsome woman, and she well knew she never looked better than when equipped for riding. She was deservedly proud of her equestrian powers, and, when well mounted, there were few ladies in L— who appeared to better advantage than Selina Clifford. She stood impatiently tapping the oil-cloth with her whip, inwardly despising the man, who, she knew, was at that moment thinking her the handsomest lady he had ever seen. She was determined

to bring him to a proposal, and she played her part well; not being as yet sure enough of him to treat him with her usual scornful manner, she looked up at him with a smile, and said,

"I am ready, Major Bird."

"Oh, pardon me!" exclaimed the Major, hurrying forward. "I was lost in admiration, I can assure you, Miss Clifford, perfectly oblivious of anything save the contemplation of the beautiful *tableau vivant* before me."

Selina walked on, tossing her head, which motion made her all the more charming in the Major's eyes, and he murmured some almost unintelligible words about "queenly" "charming."

Edna watched the two move off, and gave way to a hearty fit of laughter.

"Well, he is a funny specimen of humanity," she thought, "and can Selina—the proud Selina—marry him? She despises him, though she encourages his attentions, and I cannot but believe that she will marry him if she can get him. I pity him, poor man! I am afraid he will not have much comfort: he little knows what she is like."

Then her mind reverted to the old theme—to the days when she, too, was looking forward to her wedding-day.

"And I have been so wrong, so wicked: my own sin has brought this sorrow upon me; and Ernest, what can he think of me? How can he love me? How I wish that he knew how I grieve over my pride. Would it be right for me to tell him how I have repented of my folly, and that I only received his letter a month ago?"

"As the thought grew upon her, she felt her cheeks grow hot, and the beating of her heart was almost painful.

"Oh, the thought of knowing he forgives me! Oh, to hear his words of pardon—of love! Yet how do I know that he still loves me? Did not Selina tell me he was paying Miss Wyndgate so much attention?" and a cold chill seemed to pass over her whole frame at the very thought.

"Oh, no," she moaned, "I could not

—not unless I knew that he loved me still. Oh, this dreadful feeling of suspense—this hope deferred, which maketh my heart sick! To-morrow I must sit in the old place in church, and see his seat vacant. I must join in the old hymns we used to sing together. I don't think Ernest's lot can be so hard as mine. Oh, to live this daily life of misery—to sing the old songs, and listen in vain for his voice—to move in the old, familiar places, and look in vain for his form, and in vain strain my ear to hear his footstep. But these musings are idle. I will go and look over my Sunday School lesson: perhaps the study of God's Word will bring a light to my path, cheering my weary way."

Some weeks after this, Edna joined Margaret Wyndgate in her round of district-visiting, as pre-arranged, and on returning went with her to her room to look over some books giving directions as to some of the rules laid down by Mr. Wyndgate regarding the districts. Edna was now a constant companion of Miss Wyndgate's, and increasing acquaintance but served to deepen her regard and esteem for her new friend. She was waiting for Margaret, who had gone down to her father for some information she wished to gain, and Edna was sitting idly turning over some books which lay on the table, when she turned deadly pale, and grasped eagerly a letter which was lying partly hidden from view. No, she could not be mistaken, she knew the handwriting too well. There was Margaret Wyndgate's address on the envelope, written, she was convinced, by none other than Ernest.

She replaced the letter with trembling hands, for she fancied she heard Margaret's returning footsteps. She endeavored, by a strong effort, to control herself, and she so far succeeded that, when Margaret returned, full of plans for Edna's visiting, she did not notice any change in Edna. She only wished Edna would take more real interest in the work; hoping, however, that she would like it better when she had tried it, and knew the people of her district.

Poor Edna! it seemed as if her cup of sorrow had been full before, but now it appeared running over with this additional draught of bitterness. She was weary in body and mind when she reached home, and, shutting herself into her room, pleaded a headache, and did not make her appearance that evening; though the Major had brought his grey mare for her to try, she could not be persuaded to go out, and presented such a pale face to her father when he himself came to urge her, that he could ask no longer, and told the Major that Edna was really too ill to go.

This did not disturb Selina much, in fact, she was rather glad than otherwise, that her sister could not accompany them; and appropriated to herself the Major's horse, on which she looked so charming, and which she praised so highly, that the Major never offered it to Edna again.

To be Continued.

Original.

OCTOBER LEAVES.

BY J. BETTS.

Deep stillness reigns through the forest's shades,
Spell-bound in a weird-like thrall;
And a golden haze floats o'er its glades,
Where the sunbeams lightly fall.

The blithesome song of the forest bird
Resounds through its depths no more;
And the hum of the bee is no longer heard
Where the flowers their treasures store.

And the trees have changed their robe of green
For one of a richer dye;
And glowing in crimson and golden sheen,
Stand forth 'neath the autumn sky.

And the gem-like tint of their tremulous leaves
In the sunlight brightly gleams,
And cloth of gold in the water weaves,
As they droop o'er the woodland streams.

And they sparkle and flash on the mountain's
side,
Like beacon fires at night;
Unfurling their scarlet banners wide
To the sunset's rosy light.

Crowning the hills with a beauty rare,
 Bedecking the vales anew;
 And strewing the sward with a carpet fair,
 Of many a glittering hue.

But, hark! the leaves are falling fast,
 With a gentle, pattering sound;
 They feel the breath of the wintry blast,
 And, fluttering, seek the ground.

And, one by one, as the night-winds shout,
 They bow to the mystic sway,
 Float in the mist as their fires fade out,
 And silently pass away.

Original.

COVEY HILL.

BY J. A. H., LACOLLE.

The scenery of some parts of the Province of Quebec is not only extremely beautiful, but absolutely grand. This fact, though readily acknowledged, has not been as yet fully appreciated; and, with the exception of the Valley of the St. Lawrence, and the banks of the Saguenay, the country is but little known; though many parts of the Eastern Townships and other places would amply repay the slight trouble and expense incurred in visiting them; and when the time comes (if, indeed, it ever comes before the millennium) that tourists will travel for the purpose of contemplating and admiring Nature in all her grandeur, simplicity, and beauty, instead of the sole object of exhibiting themselves arrayed in all the fantastic fopperies of the day, we can safely predict for our Eastern Province a large share of notice and admiration.

The tongue of land lying between the river St. Lawrence and the parallel 45°, including the counties of Huntingdon, Chateaugay, and Beauharnois, though highly cultivated, and naturally rich and productive, is, and very correctly too, supposed to be less picturesque and less interesting than other and more hilly parts of the province. But it certainly does not deserve the stigma pronounced against it

by travellers who seldom see anything off the immediate line of railroad, and who invariably call it low, flat, and dreary. There is one hill that, were there nothing else of interest, would redeem a much larger tract of country from such a character.

This hill, or rather mountain, is situated in the south-western extremity of the township of Hemmingford, Huntingdon County, and receives its name, Covey Hill, from a family that first settled near it. Leaving the village of Hemmingford, the road lies directly west for about eight miles, where it takes an abrupt turn to the south. Here the ascent commences, at first very gradual; but getting more and more steep as the top of the hill is approached. Reaching the summit, a magnificent prospect is spread out before the eye. The whole of the southern valley of the St. Lawrence, from St. Regis to Caughnawaga, is distinctly seen, with all its numerous villages—the nearer ones distinctly traced as if spread out on a map, while those more distant are distinguished only by their glittering spires. The view on this side is bounded by the long blue line that marks the river of Canada, ending towards the east with Mount Royal. Turning towards the south, a scene of a very different kind presents itself. Instead of vast cultivated, half-wooded plains dotted with villages, hill rises over hill, height over height, in an almost endless confusion, till, in the dim distance, the blue mountains mingle with the still bluer sky, from which they can scarcely be distinguished. Some of these hills are wooded to the very summit, in others, clearances of a greater or less extent, make some slight breaks in the dark forest. But though the view on all sides is so varied and so grand, yet the mere prospect from the top does not form the chief attraction of this wonderful hill. Its top is flat, and of many acres in extent, all exceedingly rocky and barren, covered for the most part with huckleberry bushes, which, in the season, are loaded with berries.

About the centre of this plateau, and

nestling far down among the rocks, is a quiet mountain lake; and, though the storms rage ever so furiously down in the valley, or up the sides of the mountain, its waters are always calm—always still. This lake is about three-quarters of a mile long, by a quarter of a mile broad; but the hollow in the rock is much larger, the margin being covered with rushes and small bushes. The banks on all sides of the cavity are exceedingly steep, and, in some places, from thirty to forty feet high, and towards the centre of the lake the water is fully as deep. No stream or brook runs into it, and it has no visible outlet, yet the water is both clear and fresh, and seldom varies in depth.

At the north-eastern extremity, there is a ravine, leading from the lake, dark and solitary; but not as deep as the surface of the water, and, therefore, dry at the bottom. Following this ravine for about half a mile, the rocks that had been getting sharper and higher as the distance from the lake increased, suddenly expand, and form an oval basin. Here the rocks are perpendicular—in fact, in some places, they overhang, and are fully two hundred feet high. Here, also, the water again appears, and if anything clearer and purer than the lake water, and of immense depth. Its exact depth has never been ascertained, though it has often been sounded. It is supposed that the distance is greater from the surface to the bottom than it is to the top of the rock—two hundred feet above. Standing at the edge of the water, and looking upwards, it seems as if the rocks were leaning over you to shut out the last glimpse of light and heaven, and soon they seem to be gradually closing around. It was with a feeling of intense relief that we scrambled up the fearfully steep path that led to the top, and stood once more in the sun-light. Putting aside the bushes that grow in plentiful profusion at the edge of the precipice, another view of the singular gulf is seen. It has the appearance of a hill torn apart. One side corresponds exactly with the other, as if some mighty power had forced the rock apart; and if that same power were

to unite them, every crevice would be filled by its corresponding projection. The rock is stratified, and layers to the number of several hundred can be distinctly traced. At the extremity opposite the ravine, there is another opening; but not so rugged and steep as the ravine. Through this opening a bright, clear stream flows. At first it struggles painfully over the rocks; then it hurries down the rapids, and soon reaches the plain below, through which it flows till it is swallowed up by the Chateauguay, turning many mills in its course, and watering many miles of country.

Such is Covey Hill. We have only given the faintest idea of what we have attempted to describe. It must be seen before it can be imagined, and, once seen, the impression it leaves on the mind is not easily obliterated. This wonderful hill might well prove a rival of Cowper's "Humble cottager"—

"Scarce half a mile from home."

The people in the country around know there is such a place, but its chief attraction to them is the huckleberries, and they call it "Huckleberry Rock." Even one or two in Montreal know something about or have seen it, but that is all; and one of the most wonderful sights in our whole Dominion is still left in almost primeval solitude.

Original.

THE EXPULSION OF THE ACADIANS.

BY W. H. W., RICE LAKE, ONT.

The prolonged struggle during the last century between France and England, for military supremacy and territorial extension, shook the earth. War, wide-wasting, blazed around the world. On the plains of India, on the waters of the Mediterranean and of the Spanish Main, on the Gold Coast of Africa, on the ramparts of Louisburg, on the Heights of Abraham, and on the banks of the Ohio, the chivalry of England and France met in the shock of battle, with what result all the world knows. The expulsion of the Acadians was but an

episode, though a painful and pathetic one, in the tragic drama of the age.

The peninsula of Nova Scotia, originally settled by the French, and by them called Acadia, was, together with Hudson Bay and Newfoundland, ceded to Great Britain at the Peace of Utrecht, A.D. 1713.

It was regarded as of particular importance as guarding the New England colonies against the hostilities of the French at Cape Breton. The Acadian peasants, thus transferred by the fortunes of war, retained their patriotic affinities for the *Fleur de lis*, and in every rupture between the two Crowns, intrigued with their countrymen at Louisburg, and with the Indians, against the British.

To consolidate the British power in the peninsula, in the year 1748, Lord Halifax sent out a colony of four thousand persons, and, before winter, a palisaded town of three hundred houses was erected, and named after its founder. This aroused the jealousy of the French, who instigated the Indians to harass the infant colony. Some of the inhabitants they murdered; others they carried to Louisburg, where they sold them to the French for arms and ammunition. The Governor asserted that pure compassion was the motive for this traffic, in order to rescue the English captives from massacre. They demanded, however, an excessive ransom for their liberation. The Indians were frequently, or, indeed, it is asserted, generally led in these murderous raids by French commanders. Upon remonstrance against this violation of neutrality, the Governor of Louisburg disavowed any control over the aggressors, declaring them to be Acadians, resident on the Bay of Fundy, within the British territory. General Cornwallis, Governor of Halifax, was therefore obliged, in defence of the infant colony, to reduce the malcontents by force. They refused to take an oath of allegiance, and, aided by French troops from Quebec, entrenched at Beau-séjour, and resisted the British authority. The French and Indians continued to ravage the peninsula. Fire and bloodshed

marked their progress. They swooped down upon the little town of Dartmouth, opposite Halifax, and within gunshot of its forts, and carried off a number of scalps and prisoners.

Exasperated by these repeated acts of hostility, the British councils, confounding the innocent with the guilty, decreed the expulsion of the entire French population. They sent a large force by sea, demolished their forts, destroyed their villages, and banished the hapless inhabitants (seven thousand in number) from their hearths and homes. They were conveyed in British ships to various points along the coast from New Hampshire to Florida, where they were dispersed over the continent. Twelve hundred were carried to South Carolina. Many took refuge among their countrymen in Louisiana, and some, by a circuitous route, reached Canada. Families were scattered, husbands and wives separated—many never to meet again. For a long time afterwards advertisements for the strayed and missing in the colonial newspapers attested the efforts of those banished ones to re-unite the scattered links of the broken family circle. Three hundred fled to New Brunswick, but that was too near the scene of hostilities to give them refuge, and they were again exiled. Some tried to return to their blackened hearths, but were ruthlessly shot down by a ruffian soldiery. It is a page in our country's history that is not pleasant to contemplate, but we may not ignore the painful facts. Every patriot must regret the stern military necessity—if necessity there were—that compelled the inconceivable suffering of so many innocent beings. Save the expulsion of the Moriscos from Spain, and the Huguenots from France, history offers no parallel to this unhappy event.

An imperishable interest has been given to the little village of Grand-Pré, one of the devastated settlements, by Longfellow's pathetic poem, "Evangeline," which describes the fate of the inhabitants, who numbered about two thousand. With true Norman industry, they had reclaimed the

fertile meadows, which gave the settlement its name, from the sea, by dykes. Orchards and corn-fields, flocks and herds, rewarded their labors. In the poem the village and its inhabitants are exquisitely described. The writer can testify from personal observation to the photographic fidelity of the portraiture of the physical aspects of the country.

"The murmuring pines and the hemlocks,
Bearded with moss, and in garments green,
Indistinct in the twilight,
Stand like Druids of old, with voices sad and prophetic."

On the 5th of September, 1755, the ships that were to bear the hapless *habitans* into exile entered the harbor, but their errand was unknown. All the men (about four hundred in number) were ordered to assemble in the church to hear the commands of their rulers. They did so. They were forthwith declared prisoners, and confined under guard within the church for four days. On the fifth day, they were marched down to the ships at the point of the bayonet, and the work of embarkation begun.

"Wives were torn from their husbands, and mothers too late saw their children,
Left on the land, extending their arms with wildest entreaties."

The night that followed was made lurid by the flames of burning homesteads, well-filled barns, and stacks of corn, while herds of affrighted cattle and horses rushed wildly over the meadows.

Thus far sober history carries us. The poet now brings more vividly before our minds the fate of a single family—that of his heroine, *Evangeline*. Her father, the patriarch of the village, overwhelmed by the disasters which had assailed his people, died on the sea-shore during that awful night of terrors.

"And there in haste by the sea side,
Having the glare of the burning village for funeral torches;
But without bell or book they buried the farmer of Grand-Pre;
And as the voice of the priest repeated the service of sorrow,
Lo! with a mournful sound, like one voice of a vast congregation,

Solemnly answered the sea, and mingled its roar with the dirges

Loud from its rocky caverns, the deep-voiced neighboring ocean
Spake, and in accents disconsolate answered the wail of the forest."

In the melancholy cadence of these lines, one may hear the swell and dash of the advancing tide, and the after-sob of the retreating waves, almost as plainly as in the grand old "*Poluphloisboieo Thalasses*" of Homer :

"Then with the ebb of that tide the ships sailed out of the harbor,
Bearing a nation with all its household gods into exile,—
Exile without an end, and without an example in story;
Leaving behind them the dead on the shore, and the village in ruins."

Sadder than this know I nothing in literature, unless, indeed, the departure of *Æneas* from the ruins of burning Troy,* of which, as remarked to the writer by an eminent American professor, now deceased, this passage may be an unconscious imitation.

But these hapless beings founded no new Troy. They were strewn, like sea-weed, along two thousand miles of coast, or scattered like leaves of the forest before the blasts of October. Their only record is the half-effaced inscriptions on a thousand lonely graveyards.

The orphaned *Evangeline* was severed from her lately betrothed lover in the embarkation, and each was engaged for years in the hopeless quest of the other. From the lowlands of Louisiana to the prairies of Nebraska, or where the mighty Oregon rolls its vast flood—

"And hears no sound save its own dashing;" whither, as *voyageur*, or *coureur de bois*, Gabriel had wandered, *Evangeline* followed—sometimes receiving tidings from fellow exiles, sometimes meeting recent traces of his footsteps, but never seeing him. Once, on the Mississippi, their barks passed as they sailed in opposite directions, each unconscious of the other.

* Virgil, *Æn.*, Lib. II.

At length she abandoned the bootless quest in despair :

“Fair was she and young when in hope began
the long journey,
Faded was she and old when in disappointment
it ended.”

As a Sister of Charity, she devoted herself to ministrations to the dying in the hospitals of Philadelphia. One day, the form of an old man, wasted and worn, arrested her attention. She paused—she gazed. She threw herself at his feet, with the cry :

“Gabriel! O my beloved!”

He rallied for a moment, knew her, smiled, and died.

“And as she pressed once more the lifeless head to her bosom,
Meekly she bowed her own, and murmured,
‘Father, I thank Thee!’
All was ended now—the hope, and the fear, and anguish;

And soon, side by side, in their nameless graves the lovers were sleeping.”

Such, or similar, must have been the sufferings and sorrows of the severed husbands, wives, and lovers among the exiled Acadians, which the genius of the poet, in this particular case, has made a living reality. If this brief analysis shall lead any to make a more intimate acquaintance with one of the most exquisite poems in the English language, the space it has occupied in these pages will not have been wasted.

Original.

THE EARLY EDUCATION OF DEAF AND DUMB CHILDREN.

BY THOMAS WIDD (A DEAF-MUTE).

By a perusal of the last census of Canada and other authoritative statistics, the intelligent reader will find that there are 980 deaf and dumb in Quebec Province, and upwards of 800 in Ontario. Of these numbers the great majority are children of proper school age, but for whose education very insufficient provision exists.

The parents and friends of these hapless creatures have not the ability to teach them

properly, it is true; but they can, in a great measure, prevent the early years of their child's precious life being wasted, by a kind of preliminary education at home, previous to their entering into deaf and dumb schools.

Every one knows that a mother's love and influence over her loved ones are very great—the former prompts her to exertion, and the latter wins the child's confidence and obedience, and facilitates instruction. It is the mother who can conduct this kind of home education better than any other member of the family, and enable the child to make rapid progress in the higher classes at the school to which he may afterwards be sent for the “finishing stroke” of education.

The parents of the deaf and dumb would do well to begin to battle with the calamity as soon as it is known that such has befallen their offspring. Many of them waste their precious moments of leisure in telling their friends and neighbors the fearfulness of their children's calamity—how they can never hear the voice of their father and mother, nor the singing of birds, nor music, nor the sweet name of Jesus, nor the grand name of Jehovah!—never speak one word themselves to their parents—of their own misery at seeing them grow up in ignorance of their Saviour and of their immortal souls—perfect heathens among Christians! Now all this ought to be changed.

Some parents of this class will plead want of time and materials to educate their children; others will plead inability—while some will declare it an impossibility to do anything for their children at home by way of education. All these excuses for neglecting their children do not exist of necessity, and ought not to exist at all. They do nothing for them at home, and allow them to grow up to ten, twelve, or fourteen years in uninstructed ignorance, then send them to the nearest Deaf and Dumb Institution to learn a, b, c—cat, dog, hat, etc.; and, at the close of eight or ten months at school, are astonished at their ability to write a considerable number of words and names

of objects, all which and much more they ought to have learned at home long ago.

How to begin the home education of the little deaf-mutes, I will try to instruct the instructors in the art. A few cents will buy a box of chalk and a blackboard—a blackboard and chalk are the best toys in the world for a deaf and dumb child. A few cents more will buy an A B C book—an illustrated one is the best. With these let the mother, or father, or elder brother, or sister of the child begin the grand and philanthropic labor. The repeated repetition of the a, b, c, on the blackboard should be continued until the child understands all the letters of the alphabet, which will be got through in a few weeks, and the child will be able to repeat them himself (if a copy of the manual alphabet used by the deaf-mutes is at hand, it will be a valuable instrument for instruction.) When the alphabet is learned, the *cat* may be the first *object* that should be taken up, shown to the child, and have its name chalked on the blackboard—C A T—and then allowed to go. This will amuse, surprise, and encourage the child. Go on in this way with the commonest articles in the house with which the child is familiar, and his wonder and interest will increase. Do not be afraid to chalk “table,” on one side of the table; “chair,” on chairs; “kettle,” on the kettle; “door,” on the door; “stove,” on the stove, &c.

Live animals always attract the attention and excite the interest of deaf and dumb children; therefore, cow, sheep, dog, hen, horse, &c., should not be forgotten, or confounded with one another. To learn this lesson in natural history, take the child and a slate and pencil to the farm-yard.

There are more ways to educate girls at home than boys. The girls are very fond of helping and imitating their mothers in domestic duties, and they soon learn to become very useful with the needle, and assist their mothers in a hundred little domestic cares. The judicious training at home and a good scriptural education at school of girls have often resulted in unspeak-

able blessings to the parents. In one case which came under my notice in England, a deaf and dumb girl, brought up in this wise, became the sole support of both her parents and her younger brothers and sisters, by her industry; and her parents had more cause of thankfulness for that afflicted child than for all their other children put together. Girls should not, however, be wholly confined to domestic training, but should have plenty of recreation at the blackboard like their brothers; and, as their dormant minds begin to expand, they will strive to solve the mystery of the alphabet, and how the letters are formed into words, and words into sentences.

The deaf and dumb child is like all other children with regard to taste and feeling, but he has lost two of his most precious faculties—hearing and speech—the medium of receiving instruction, and making his wants known in the ordinary way. But the medium of receiving instruction still left him should be made use of early, and that is the EYE. To the deaf and dumb, the eye acts the part of the ear, and, to a great extent, also that of speech—by enabling them to see to write. When the amateur teacher understands that the deaf and dumb have to depend on the eye for *all* they learn, a knowledge will be obtained of great importance as to how they can be educated.

A deaf and dumb child is a keen observer of what others do at home, and is ready to follow the example of others without knowing whether he is doing right or wrong. In schools for the deaf and dumb the child's conduct and habits are sometimes taken as an index to the character of his home; therefore, it behoves the parents of this class to be careful what they do in their presence; and, if they wish them to grow up respectable, moral, and steady members of society, the example must be set them AT HOME.

The great drawback in deaf-mutes is their liability to be confounded by words—even the educated adults are liable to it. They have the weakness to put words first which ought to be last in a sentence; and, in other

cases, last where they ought to be first—thus, speaking of the weather, they will write, "Rained it last week," or "last rained week." This fault is most difficult to get rid of, and is often the cause of amusement and perplexity when addressed to strangers in the course of conversation. It is only by long years of study that the deaf-mutes can acquire a respectable knowledge of grammar, and it is seldom they attain perfection in composition. The home education of deaf-mute children, however, should not be discouraged by hallucinations and difficulties. The reward will come after, in the mother's joy at seeing the progress of her darling, and when he has been a short time in an institution for his instruction, his progress will appear astonishing compared with those who have been neglected at home; and the mother who devotes an hour or two per day for a year or so in teaching her child, previous to entering school, will become more and more proud of his educational accomplishments as he continues to progress step by step, and acquires a knowledge of a language whereby the fingers *speaks*, and the eye *hears*!

By attending to a little home education of deaf and dumb children, the mother not only benefits her child, but makes the labor of the tutor considerably lighter, and the progress of the country is assisted; and such mothers may rest satisfied in having done their duty to their children, their country, and their God.

A PLEA FOR THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

BY ELIHU BURRITT.

With all its power and progress, with all its unparalleled faculties for moving the mind of the world with its life-breathing literature, there is still perceptible and prevalent among English and American writers, schools, scholars and learning smatterers, a kind of old Norman affectation for Latin, just as if the language of Shakespeare, Milton, Tennyson and Macaulay, that is making the tour of the world, were

still the Saxon *patois* of the rural districts of England. This affection seems to be reviving. We see it in the titles of new books, all in English, between the lids. Go into any well-stocked *book-shop and you will notice *Lyra Germanica*, *Lyra Anglicana*, *Ecce Homo*, and the like. The other day we saw a new magazine with a foot of Saxon clay and a head of Latin brass, or with the name, "*The Academia*." We have recently stood by the side of four altars on which our noble English is sacrificed to the manes of a dead language. The immolation on two of these sacrilegious shrines is heathenish enough to make the dumb victim led to the slaughter cry out with indignation. The first of the twain is erected in that Christian temple, St. Paul's, to the memory of Samuel Johnson. He was the great captain, if not the Columbus of the English language. He erected and crowned, and introduced it to the world as the grandest of human speeches; and all who spoke and wrote it after his day crowned him with the honor due for this mighty undertaking. He was proud, and had ample reason to be proud of the work, for it cost him infinite toil. He had brought to it intellectual energies that commanded the admiration of the whole English-speaking world. He had compacted and beautified the structure with all the treasures of Chaucer, Shakspeare, Milton and other old masters; and yet, after this long life's aspiration and work so fully accomplished, he or his friends, knowing the bent of his mind, made a heathen altar of his tomb, and sacrificed upon it the great language he had elaborated and adorned to the shades of this dead Latin tongue! His own, which he had made so noble, and held up to the world embellished with all its splendid jewelery, was not good enough for his epitaph! The millions and the masses, who can read no other, may come by twos or threes to his monument in St. Paul's, and, looking with wonder at his huge, half-naked gladiator-like statue, and seeing the Latin inscription beneath, may well take him for an old prize-fighter of pagan Rome, but never for the author of the great English Dictionary, and a Christian besides. In this sacrifice to a dead language the friends of the illustrious lexicographer, it must be said in their justification, only carried out his well-known predilection, and, perhaps, his expressed wish.

Still, there stands another altar on which a sacrifice more strange has been offered to "the dead past." Dr. Johnson was a scholar, and almost pedantic in classical reading and reputation. Doubtless his rul-

ing passion, if not pedantry, was strong, in death, and when approaching it would be likely to quote Juvenal. But there is a tall monument erected by the sea, at Great Yarmouth, to the memory of one of England's greatest heroes. One perhaps may say that he was to Britain's naval power and reputation what Johnson was to the English language. The tall monument of Horatio Nelson stands facing the sea and all the sailors of that coast. He was one of the greatest of sailors as well as naval commanders. He went to sea at twelve, and lived, and fought, and died upon it. With such small opportunity for education, it is doubtful if he could write or read a sentence in Latin to the day of his death. But no Englishman born ever uttered ten words of our common language which so thrilled the British nation as his "*This day England expects every man to do his duty!*" This was his last "good night" to the country for which he fought, bled and died. He was proud of his nation, and it was proud of him. To put into its hands the sceptre of the seas was the great, burning ambition of his life. At Trafalgar he accomplished his life's ambition and work. His country recognized the consummation, and crowned his memory with all the honors such recognition could dictate. Here on the eastern coast of the island, where he first saw the grand face of the sea, stands the tall pedestaled shaft of his monument. It is there, the beacon-light of a great life, to kindle up in the breasts of the rough sailors and fishermen a glow of patriotism, as well as to point the way of humble men to the highest places in their esteem and honor. All you sea-beaten men come hither in your yawls, smacks and sloops—come to this monument of a sailor's glory. Read what he was in the beginning and end of his life; what he did for his country, and what his country did for him. Read it indeed! why this is a Roman monument erected to the memory of Julius Cæsar's flag-captain on his invasion of England! Look at the inscription; it is in Latin of Trajan's time. The very letters are unreadable. This is not the monument of our great English sailor. He fought and died for a country that was an empire, and an empire that had a language, which all its heroes spoke with a power that awed its enemies. The most intelligent sailor that comes to Nelson's monument at Yarmouth may say all this and more, and say it with honest indignation at this sacrifice on the altar of a dead language.

But a classical scholar, may say this Latin inscription on Nelson's monument

was not for sailors or common men to read. Then for whose eyes and heart was it meant? Was it a short exercise in Latin cut in stone for a school-boy to decipher, construe and transmute into English as a morning lesson? Is it for University men alone? We would ask the most classical of them all how he would like to see the sublime battleword of Nelson at Trafalgar turned into Latin? Let him try himself to turn a thrilling shaft of barbed lightning into a pointless icicle. How would it read? How would it sound thus?

Hodie Anglia expectat quemque
Virum daturum esse debitum suum.

Or, in the many changes that might be played on the sentiment, would this read or sound any better?

Quid unusquisque debet hunc
Anglia hodie expectat redditurum esse.

If the Latin amateur should not succeed in giving all the stirring pulse of life in a dead language which he would to Nelson's sublime signal words, let him try his hand on that beautiful and affecting expression of manly tenderness with which the hero closed his life: "*Kiss me, Hardy!*" How would these last words breathe in Latin? Let us see:

Oscula me, Duramente!

or,

Da mihi osculum, Durocorde!

In another part of England we were struck with a third and very elaborate monument to the same dead language. It was a beautiful fountain, wrought with the most artistic taste and skill from Devonshire stone, and erected at the most central and conspicuous point in the town. It was for use as well as ornament. It was for the special and exclusive use of the toiling, thirsty masses; for middle-class people seldom resort to the chained dipper or basin of a public fountain. Here the carters, costermongers, stevedores and sailors were to come and quench their thirst from this pure and running stream. It was thought by the authorities that erected this fountain that it would be a good thing to have a healthy, pious sentence cut into the face of the stone, just above the mouth of the stream. It would discredit such beautiful marble, and be too common to carve plain English words in it, so they cut in these, deep and large, "*Nomen Jehovah est turris fortissima.*" Here was something for the hodmen and coal-porters to read that would do them good! If they had put in plain and honest English, "*The name of the Lord is a strong tower,*" most of the drinkers at the fountain would have known what it meant and where it

came from; but this would be vulgarizing the sentiment. If any illiterate working-man would like to know the meaning of "*turris fortissima*," and all that, let him ask some school-boy who could read Virgil.

But there is another scene of this sacrifice which we always contemplate with greater sadness. It is an ancient and amiable custom to strew flowers upon the graves of departed friends. An occasional handful is deemed an adequate token of affectionate memory. The Latin language as a living speech, has been dead for many centuries; but the whole English speaking world gather all the flowers and pleasant plants of the earth and strew them upon the marble tomb of this mighty dead. Walk up and down Kew, or any other great garden of plants and flowers, and you will see this, we could almost say, sacrilegious homage. All the loves, prayers, songs, dreams and hopes of all the ages that ever got into written language have been translated into English. In it we have all the flowering thoughts of the world's poets, from Sanscrit to Saxon. In it we have the master-ideas of the old monarchs of mental power. Its first great effort and feat was to give simple and hearty words to all the Holy Scriptures that came from God, in Hebrew and Greek. But these beautiful and sweet-breathing Scriptures, which He has written in His own letters all over the earth, have never been permitted to be thus translated by the pedantic amateurs and worshippers of a dead language. Walk up and down these great flower gardens or flower shows. From the names of all the green and tinted things that bloom and breathe by these embroidered aisles a common man, from the rural districts of daisies and ferns, would think that neither England nor America ever had an indigenous flower or plant of its own; that every rose, lily and pansy, and every delicate plant seen here, came from a foreign land. And yet the classical botanists who crush these meek, sweet flowers with ponderous Latin names, would lift up their hands in pious horror at the idea of the masses of the common people saying their prayers or singing their hymns in church or chapel in Latin. Then why should these very masses come into the temple of Nature and be obliged to say, as it were, the litany of flowers in the same dead language? How cruel to make an honest country girl mouth *rosa rubiginosa* for the sweet brier that perfumes her garden hedge, or *gompholobium* for a kind of beans she plants!

We hope the day is coming, and very

near, when all who speak it around the globe will feel, and let the world know that the English language is a living power among men; that it can furnish for every thought, hope, or joy that grows out of the human heart, or for every flower or plant that grows out of the earth, a name of as few letters and of as full meaning as any other language, living or dead, can supply; and that the English name given to any flower, plant or tree, or to any beast, bird or creeping thing, shall stand before it,—not behind in brackets,—forever and wherever our mother tongue may be spoken.—*Packard's Monthly.*

WHERE IS IT?

It was an imprudent marriage! Everybody said so! Nobody could have dreamed of such a thing! "What Ruth saw in John, a penniless clerk," her friends did not know. "What John saw in Ruth, a girl with no money to help out his eight hundred a year," his friends would not pretend to say. How they were to live nobody knew. Society washed its hands of them. They had married for no better reason than that they loved, and as they had sown so must they reap.

Still, they were a pleasant couple to see. He was so kindly, she was such a little bud of a woman, and both believed so thoroughly in the baby, though it was an imprudent baby. Not that it had done any thing very decided. How could it, poor dear, when it had not yet discovered whether its little fat hands were its own or let down to it on a string? but all babies not born under the shadow of their own roofs are Pariahs and Nuisances. They are advertised against in the newspapers by the severe people who only receive adults. They are argued out of the right to their own existence by the political economist, and proved to be Wrongs, and Evils, and Disgraces, and Heaven knows what other dreadful things, in large capitals. This, in a general way, while, in an individual way, you must remember the people, who had your good at heart, and who came and wagged their heads in solemn disapprobation over your babies' unconscious cradles; and it is only another proof of Ruth and John's inability to reason that they, as I said, believed in their baby, and fondled and cuddled it, and fed it, and talked to it, and exhausted themselves to amuse it—though it was the best baby ever seen in a steam-car, where babies usually turn vicious—lest it should cry and

let itself down to the level of other people's babies.

John and his wife were going to the inaccessible wilds of New Jersey to find a home, as people who were disgusted with boarding: that is, living in a square of four feet, bounded by a bed and washing-stand, and eating they were afraid to think what, disguised as hash and stews. And they assert that they procured tickets and seats in the cars of a certain well-known Jersey road. But this is impossible, as the story of their subsequent adventures will prove.

First, as I have said, they addressed themselves to Baby; but, even while engaged in this arduous task, it occurred to them both that "something or other" was wanting. When Baby fell asleep they discovered that the missing "something" was the usual bumpety bump! with which our railway-coaches bounce over the rails. The train shot forward, smoothly, like a ray. The missing, "or other," was the dust. The air circulated in the cars through water. Nobody panted or gasped, and nobody became the under stratum of an upper crust of cinders and ashes. This was scarcely travelling, and Ruth and John, who seldom get a holiday, felt vaguely disappointed, as if cheated out of some of their travelling perquisites.

Furthermore, the train on which John and Ruth say that they started is down on the time-tables as a way-train. This train made no stop till it reached its terminus, which is a town called Juneroseville; and how John and Ruth can still persist that they travelled on the well-known railway, when there is no such station on the time-tables of the W. K. R. R., I am at a loss to understand. However, as the train stopped there, though the name was new to them, our young people did not see how they could avoid getting out. So they got out! with the Baby, the lunch-basket, the travelling-bag, the time-table, the umbrellas, and Ruth's cloak.

Ruth carried the Baby, awake and hungry. John carried the other incumbrances; and, of course, they looked about eagerly for the little den, usually known as the railway station, but no little den met their view. In the place where it should stand somebody had erected a cottage of one story, surrounded by a wide piazza. About this cottage was a garden with well-kept walks and such fine flowers in its windows that Ruth and John felt positively aggravated. What right had any man to parade his home comforts and coziness under the very eyes of tired, hungry, vagabondish travellers?

"Nice place!" growled John. "Sun broiling, and not even a platform on which to lay down your bundles."

"Yes," piped Ruth, "but what is that over the door this way? It looks like 'Ladies' Room.'" John, I believe that this is the station."

"Nonsense!" answered John; but Ruth was right. It was the station. Oh, what a delightful discovery for people who had a Baby, and a travelling-bag, and a lunch-basket, and cloaks, and umbrellas, and the time-table!

Before going further I will say here that I do not expect what I am about to tell will be believed. I do not believe it myself. I have never seen it, and nothing less than the testimony of my own senses would convince me on such a point. I only repeat what was told to me, and at the express desire of my young friends, Ruth and John.

They say that this one-story cottage proved to be actually a railway station, as I have already declared, and that on the ladies' side it was divided into two apartments. The outer was cool, scrupulously clean, and furnished with an abundance of comfortable chairs, and ice-water, and that its windows were filled with fine plants. The inner apartment was a dressing-room. It had sofas, easy-chairs, a large mirror, and plenty of water, soap, and towels. Out of this opened a third door, over which was written "For Children and Babies." It was carpeted, and contained a bath, several rocking-chairs, a cradle, and two or three little berths ranged one above the other.

The coolness, the cleanliness of all this, and the scent of roses rose up to meet our tired people like a welcome. They looked about them, first in bewilderment. Then Ruth, still half afraid that this after all might prove somebody's house, slipped into the dressing-room, and was much surprised to find that water actually ran out of the pipes into the deep, clean, marble basins, because at most stations the pipes are superior to any such weakness. But when she saw the cradles, and the bath, and the cool, carpeted, flower-scented room, for the bathing, feeding, and hushing of hot, hungry, maddened babies, and tired, candy-smearred, woeful children, she uttered a scream that brought John to her side in an instant; for to tell the truth, he had his suspicions of all this cleanliness and flower-show.

"What is it?" cried John, and then stood staring; he finally delivered himself as follows:

"Well, Ruth, I know of one railway-sta-

tion at least where the Company seems to suspect that their travellers may be Christians, and provides them with towels and water. But this is the first institution of any kind where I ever saw a Baby's existence recognized as a fact. Every where else you feel as if a Baby was something that the law does not allow, and you must smuggle it along as well as you can, and take your chances. This Juneroseville must be an uncommon place, a wonderful place, Ruth! I was wondering what I could do with you and Baby! But you can stay here and make Baby comfortable, and I will find a place where we can dine."

Ruth took off her bonnet and Baby's cap, and sank into a comfortable arm-chair. Baby soon fell asleep, and, placing him in the cradle, she fell asleep on a sofa. When John came back, both the little woman and her Baby had had a nap, and were fresh, washed, and brushed, and in high spirits. John was in high spirits also.

"Never saw such a pretty place, Ruth. All the houses are fine, and there are gardens every where; and there is a Ladies' Restaurant across the street, where we can dine."

Ruth quaked at the word dine.

had so little money, and she began to say that she did not need a dinner; but John, who understood her perfectly, interrupted her with the bill of fare.

"Coffee for two, six cents; rolls for two, four cents; steak (porter-house), eighteen cents; lettuce, two cents; peas, four cents; strawberries, six cents.

"Either we are about to eat the worst dinner that we have ever seen," said Ruth, handing back the bill, "or these people are crazy."

"My opinion," returned John, picking up the Baby. "But we can go and see."

Ruth followed, sniffing with secret scorn; she knew the ways of the world, and what to expect from such a programme.

Judge, then, of her surprise. The steak was tender, the rolls and butter delicious. The fruit and vegetables fresh, and the coffee as good as Ruth herself could make. Perplexity grew on our young friends. Were the Junerosevilleites mad as their station and restaurant seemed to proclaim? They were discussing the probabilities, in a low voice, when John saw a familiar face—Jem M'Mahon's.

To see M'Mahon was quite as surprising as the dinner. Five years ago he had contracted an imprudent marriage; married a very good and accomplished girl, who was only a teacher, and sunk entirely out of

society. Some said that he was living in South America, and more that he was dead. Yet here he was in Juneroseville, unchanged, except that he was stouter and jollier than of old, and had the air of a thriving man upon him. And he knew John in an instant; and having been introduced to "my wife," and after scanning her fresh face and trim figure a little he said:

"I beg pardon, John, but are you not another imprudent couple?"

Ruth reddened, and John laughed.

"Why, yes," he said, slowly. "I suppose that we are; or, at least, our friends think so."

"Then you are in the right place, returned M'Mahon, with great animation. "Pray come home with me. Mrs. M'Mahon will be charmed to see you."

"What will come next?" thought Ruth, bundling up herself and the baby.

A carriage was waiting without.

"So you keep your carriage," observed John, not without something like envy.

M'Mahon smiled.

"We keep our carriage, my dear fellow. Several of them, in fact. I will explain by-and-by. Here is my house."

It was one of the massive, handsome structures of which Juneroseville seemed to be composed. John looked at it with a sort of gaping, open-mouthed wonder. For how could M'Mahon have laid up so much wealth in the five years in which he had been lost to society?

M'Mahon opened the door, and they followed him up two flights of stairs. The flights were long, but the stairs were wide and easy, with many landings. Ruth observed that they were of marble, and beautifully kept, and wondered the more.

M'Mahon opened a door and led them into a handsome drawing-room, saying,

"This is our floor."

"Your floor! there are other families?"

"Yes, certainly."

Ruth's veneration for M'Mahon sank at once. He was living in a tenement-house after all. She looked about the drawing-room. It was furnished in fine taste. It had pictures and busts that she had desired all her life. The remaining rooms, Ruth saw, were a sort of sewing-room and library united, and bedrooms with deep closets.

"But where is your kitchen?" asked Ruth.

"We have none," answered her host.

"But how can you wash and bake?"

"We do neither."

Ruth looked soberly, first at Mr. M'Mahon

and then at her husband. She thought that he was playing off some impertinent jest. M'Mahon understood the look, and brought forward chairs.

"Pray sit down," he said earnestly, "and let me explain what must seem to you like inventions.

"I should think so," murmured Ruth; but she sat down.

"I said to you," commenced Mr. M'Mahon, "that, as you are an imprudent couple, you were in the right place. I said so because this entire town is built and sustained by imprudent couples of which, if you please, I will sketch the history.

"A certain number of years ago several imprudent, that is, love matches, happened at one time. All these persons were friends. They attempted to settle themselves, and found, as no doubt you have done, what a small place is reserved in this large world for people, who like them are poor, and yet are burdened with the habits and prejudices of refinement and education. They tried the usual resource, a boarding-house, till disgusted, and quite agreed that this method of life destroyed the stomach and the morals."

He looked at Ruth, who looked at John, rather doubtful where all this was leading.

"It was then," continued M'Mahon, with evident relish, "that they said we are young, strong, and intelligent. It is impossible that there should be no way for us out of poverty and boarding-houses. This speech was the beginning of many anxious debates and discussions, and these discussions ended here; though at that time, as you may suppose, there was nothing of what you see now about you; only a farm, and a rambling old farm-house, of which our couples took possession. A share in it was appointed each family, and as disputes and difficulties must arise, a committee was appointed to settle them. The rent divided among so many was, of course, a mere song. They raised their own vegetables, and sent a portion of them to market, where they sold them at a price not far above the cost. The wages of house-servants, and farm-laborers were divided among them like the rent; also the small profits. A short experience in buying and selling decided them to establish a market and grocery for themselves. They bought at wholesale, and sold to outsiders at a small advance. Each family lived thus at one-third of the usual cost, and derived a small profit from the steadily increasing business. From this small beginning sprang all this flourishing town."

"Indeed," remarked John, seeing that he was expected to say something.

"Hundreds of 'imprudent couples' have joined us, at one time and another," continued M'Mahon, enthusiastically: "The old farm-house vanished long ago, before the first of such buildings as this. By uniting our salaries and our profits we have surrounded ourselves with elegances as well as luxuries. We have our common restaurant, that at which you dined. We order from there whatever dinners are on the card for that day, and get them at cost price, while we are actually making money on it, for all our institutions are sure to attract custom, because of the honesty which is our policy, and the small profits. In the same way we have several laundries in operation. That dread and terror of housewives, washing-day, and dinners are spared our wives, who retain their youth and health. We have also various stores established, which I think solve the problem of getting the best living at the cheapest rate.

"All very fine!" answered John, skeptically; "only it sounds a little too much like a fairy-tale, just at the end, where all the good get rewarded, you know."

"There is reason in it any way," said M'Mahon, determinedly. "See here. I want to send my girl to school, where she can receive the education of a lady; but I can not pay thirty dollars, or forty or more, a quarter. But there are three hundred of us who do or will want such schooling. Say each of us contributes ten dollars a quarter. That is three thousand dollars a quarter to run a school. Say we contribute only five dollars. That is fifteen hundred dollars a quarter.

"Or again, I like to read rare and expensive books. I am unable to buy them. But we all want to read, and we put what we can spare together, and we get a library—the finest one in the United States; and a museum, the only one worth the name. Why should not the story read better when you set about life in the right way. Take your own case. What have you got against you? Your prejudices. You would not be what you are without them; but it will cost you more to shelter, clothe, and feed them than yourself. Next your poverty. You have exactly enough to live on, so long as you never have a day's ill health or slacken in your economy. In such a position you can never get ahead. You can only keep even. Some slight mischance happens, and you fall behind, and you can not get up again, for you have nothing out of which to draw the extra strength. All the chances

are against you, pulling your cart up hill. All the chances are for us, pulling our cart up hill. We divide the strain. If one trips we pull him up. We are sure of reaching the top, and shall make some money besides by drawing some load up in it. Do you see?"

"Why, yes; that sounds reasonable, returned John; "but how did you come here?"

"By accident, as you have done; but I was so well pleased with what I saw that I have never gone back. You will like the people. They are human, like the rest of the world; but they are restrained and controlled by the fact that each man is a property-owner, and has a share in every public institution."

"Yes, that sounds reasonable also," replied John, evidently meditating. "At least it would do no harm to try. We have nothing to lose. But we must go back to-night."

"Better decide at once to stay," urged M'Mahon. "Why not? You have your wife and child here."

"Oh! but our clothes and things," cried Ruth, horror-stricken.

M'Mahon eyed her pityingly, and rose.

"You had better stay; but, if you must go, there is the whistle. You can just catch the train."

"Thank you," said John. "I won't say good-by. I shall see you to-morrow."

"Good-by," said M'Mahon, meaningly.

"You should have staid."

And perhaps they should, for they have never found Juneroseville since. It is not on any of the railway routes, or in the maps, or the guide-books. Nobody ever heard of it, and nobody believes in it. Still John has not lost hope, but desires me to ask the public for the whereabouts of Juneroseville, and adds that all information will be thankfully received by John and Ruth.

THE LEIPZIG FAIR.

In the early morning, at the commencement of April, 1866, I first entered Leipzig. The clocks stood at five as I alighted from a comfortable carriage; I, cold, uncomfortable, and sleepy from my long night-journey. The gray light which precedes day was spreading over the town, rendering all objects dim and gloomy, and casting a corresponding influence upon the minds of the travellers. An entire stranger to the place, I thought it best to leave my luggage

at the station, carrying away with me but a small bag containing immediate necessities.

I stepped from the building into the open air, and looked around for a cab, but no vehicle of any kind was at hand. A few passengers were hurrying away, carrying their own bags and rugs; a party of others were driving away in the only cab or droschke to be seen, and that one appeared to be overcrowded. What to do I knew not. My knowledge of German was but imperfect, and that little was baffled by the rapid utterance of the Saxon railway porters. Upon making known my dilemma, their heads shook ominously. What hotel was I in the habit of visiting? In vain I declared myself a stranger; either they could not or would not understand me. Strangers never came to Leipzig at this season of the year unless they had business to transact. I must do as I had done before. At this moment I caught sight of an empty droschke, and hailed it with a feeling of relief.

I remembered to have heard that the Hotel de Pologne was the best in the town, and desired the man to drive thither. I was too tired to take much notice of the place, and was thankful when the coach stopped at the entrance of a large gray stone building. A few gold letters overhead informed me that it was my desired resting-place. The door was opened by a sleepy porter, who appeared excessively indignant at having being awakened. I demanded a room, was admitted, and the huge door closed behind me with an echo. So far, good. The surly porter lighted a candle, and led the way to a room on the first floor, at the extremity of a long stone corridor. Placing my bag upon a chair, and the light upon the drawers, he left me to peace and solitude. The room was long and narrow; the floor, if my memory serves me rightly, was of stone. Cold and cheerless, for the weather was yet frosty, I crossed over to the bed, wondering if the sheets and blankets were well aired and in good condition; but neither sheets nor blankets did I find. The bed was a cramped cradle-looking affair; a species of spring-box fitting closely to the wood, appeared to have been dropped into it, covered tightly over with something white; upon this was thrown a large feather quilt by way of covering; and that was all. I had been told that the beds in Germany were barbarously uncomfortable, but I had never realized the whole truth. Making the best of the matter, I could only trust to weariness for a

few hours' sleep, and happily this remedy did not fail me. About ten I awoke somewhat refreshed; washed, dressed, and endeavored to draw aside the curtains. This I had half succeeded in accomplishing when the huge brass pole came down with a clatter, just escaping my head. I rang the bell and requested to be shown to the breakfast-room. Upon leaving my own room a most extraordinary sight greeted me. The corridor was filled with boxes and bales of goods, and with men who appeared to be there for the express purpose of buying and selling. Every room on the floor, my own only excepted, was turned into a cloth-shop. The sight was so unexpected, so new and strange to me, that I knew not what to think.

Gazing around, I followed my guide down a flight of stairs. The speise-saal or dining-room, was an immense room, gaudily decorated and embellished, at the further end of which was a low platform fitted up as an orchestra. I sat down, but not to peace. Some thirty musicians were scattered about the orchestra-room, practising, playing, each musician essaying a different air. Harps, violins, violincellos, trombones, French-horns; almost every instrument that can be mentioned. How they managed to practice with benefit and satisfaction to themselves, I could not tell; how the men walking about the room, tuning their violins, accomplished their purpose, was a complete mystery. During a short lull, a harp struck up alone, played by a little hump-backed man. I shall never forget the wonderful expression and melody that breathed from its strings; it almost seemed as if the power of his soul was thrown out in melancholy music for his affliction. Very different was the awful discord which soon took the place of its soft, sweet notes. I asked an explanation of the waiter, and was told they were getting up their pieces for the evening. Each night during the fair, a concert was held in the room; these musicians formed a small part of the orchestra. More would arrive presently. At once the truth flashed upon me—these inexplicable proceedings were the result of the Fair. I was not ignorant of the existence of the institution, but had not the least idea of its importance and immensity, or, indeed, of its general character. A friend had written to me during my sojourn in Paris, advising me to give him warning of my arrival, should it take place during the fair, in order that he might secure me rooms. But he did not explain its nature, neither did he state the epoch of its reign.

I thought little of it, and did not write to him, and hence arose many of the discomforts I was compelled to endure. Certainly here was a good beginning to them. The waiter's announcement that in a short time more musicians would arrive, caused me to swallow down my coffee at a scalding heat, and retire from the field of action. I went back to my room to ponder over the strange scene upon which I had entered, voted it decidedly unpleasant, and resolved that my present quarters should be shifted as swiftly as possible.

My musings were cut short by the entrance of a waiter, bearing a book, in which I was requested to give my name and age. At the same time he informed me that I could not occupy my room after one o'clock. It was let for a cloth shop, had been let for some days; the porter had been guilty of a sleepy mistake in showing me to it. I replied that it was of no consequence; I intended to leave. There is an old saying to the effect that you should not throw away dirty water until you can get clean, and so it proved in this instance.

I sallied forth in the pouring rain, and purchased an umbrella; which, by the way, at the end of a fortnight, had to go back to the maker's for a new stick, new silk, and a new frame. I then proceeded to the Poste Restante for my letters; thence in search of the only friend I possessed in the town. He was, perhaps, the most influential of its inhabitants, and I knew he could help me out of my difficulties if it was in any one's power to do so. After duly indulging his surprise at my sudden appearance, I gave him a list of my grievances. He informed me that during the fair I could not be in a worse place than the Hotel de Pologne. Most of its rooms were turned into cloth shops; it was frequented and crowded by a set of people that rendered it most undesirable to an uncommercial traveller. We went forth together in search of a better lodging, but found none. We visited in turn every hotel in the place; all to no purpose. Not a room could be obtained for love or money.

"I told you to write to me," observed my friend, reproachfully.

"True," I answered, feeling very much as though I deserved my punishment; "but you did not give me a description of your fair. A fair! It seems to me that when it is over you must feel very much as the Egyptians when the children of Israel departed from them."

I had pictured to myself a fair lasting three days; consisting of a few shows and

swings, causing no inconvenience and but little excitement. How greatly I reckoned without my host! I found it lasted a month. The squares were all covered with booths, and a great part of the streets also. In these booths goods of all descriptions were sold; almost every article existing under the sun. The town contains about a hundred thousand inhabitants; the fair brings about eighty thousand strangers to the place, who for a whole month require food and lodging. The inhabitants reap a plentiful harvest; hotels and houses are crowded; everything becomes double and treble its usual price; whatever is asked is obtained. People must have rooms; they cannot live without eating; and it is a case of Hobson's choice. Whilst giving the town a harvest, it also forms one of its most unpleasant features. To that class of the inhabitants not in any way benefited by the fair, it is an uncomfortable eyesore, as well as a most expensive one. They fly the place and its visitors, many of whom by their dress and appearance may be signalled out as of the lowest cast of Hebrew traders. Leipzig, for the time, becomes a huge mart, in appearance and in fact. The archways, and many of the private houses, are turned into shops. Goods are hung outside the windows, and stretch across the streets, after the fashion of the garlands and glass ornaments on procession days in Roman Catholic towns. The streets are so crowded as to become almost impassable, and assume the appearance of a room uncomfortably full of furniture. A feeling of suffocation comes over you. The town seems to have grown too small for its inhabitants.

It was getting late when my friend and I found ourselves turning our backs upon our last chance. He was obliged to leave me, for he lived at a distance from the town. "You must put up with your present quarters a little longer," was his consoling remark; "in a few days something will turn up." We wished each other good-night, and I turned towards my hotel. Arrived there, I announced that I must still occupy my rooms; I could not leave them for a day or two. On their side they informed me that my rooms were already turned into a cloth mart, and my luggage transported somewhere up into the clouds, awaiting my pleasure. I protested that I could not leave them; that they could not turn me into the streets. This was apparent, even to them. The head-waiter said there certainly was a room they could give me, but it was only let out in emergencies, in case of the arrival of a favorite customer.

My heart lightened at the information, and I followed him with alacrity. Up the wide staircase, through the fine open corridor, and then—we turned off into a long narrow suffocating passage. At its extreme end he opened a door, and ushered me into the room. It must indeed have been reserved for emergencies. The floor was dirty; the walls stained and paperless; the bed apparently more uncomfortable than the one I had lately occupied. To crown all, it was quite dark at noon. My misery was perfect. I bore with the room, and the musicians, and the cloth-shops, for two whole days, and then felt my patience had reached a climax. On the third day, I went forth again, and by the evening, with the aid of the "Tageblatt," had found a lodging. It was not grand; it was on the fourth floor; and light; the air was pure; the street was quiet and respectable, completely away from the fair and its Babel. I closed with it, and returned to the hotel in triumph; paid my bill, which proved enormous; carried off my bag, and went to the station for the remainder of my luggage.

I now began to feel somewhat less of a stranger to the town. I ardently wished for the departure of the fair, so that I might gain breathing room and a change of lodgings. But it was in no hurry to take flight, its period of duration was a month, and but a week had as yet expired. During the remainder of the time I had full opportunity to become acquainted with it. I cannot say that familiarity rendered me more reconciled to its presence. It was certainly a strange sight, one that perhaps is to be seen nowhere else in the world. It occurs three times a year, each visit lasting a month. But for these periodical inflictions, Leipzig might be a charming country town. Goethe has compared it to a Paris in miniature; except, he adds, that Leipzig has produced characters, original and of genius, whilst Paris has not. I know not how the French took the compliment. As long as the fair lasted I was unable to trace any likeness between the town and the French capital; rather it appeared to me to resemble the pictures one is apt to draw of Whitechapel on a Saturday night. One part of it was devoted to the shows, which flourished in great number. Whilst walking up and down these streets of shows, you might almost fancy yourself transported into scenes of a century or two ago. They were of varied sizes, degrees, and kind. No less than four wonderful ladies were exhibited, without including the caravan con-

taining the smallest living specimen of a grown-up female. Two of the ladies were celebrated for remarkable height; another for exceeding fatness; and the fourth for a marvellous beard. One booth contained a pig, a living specimen of the malady then prevalent among the herd; but as it had remained a whole month apparently in the same condition, its case must have been of a peculiar and exceptional type.

As the fair crowded the town with strangers, the tables d'hôte were necessarily flourishing; but the dinners decreased in quality as they increased in quantity. It was not an unusual thing to sit down a party of a hundred and fifty. The loud tones of voice which characterize these people were not subdued during the meal, and the Babel was deafening. German manners are peculiar. In some respects they may be the most polished and refined nation in the world; but in others they are the exact opposite. Combs were in frequent requisition at the commencement of dinner: even amongst those who were considered the leading gentlemen of the place, it was a daily practice for them to walk over to one of the mirrors and comb their hair and moustaches. The ladies made no exception. Upon one occasion one went so far as to pull her hair completely down before the assembly and re-arrange it.

With no small feeling of thankfulness I found the time drawing near when booths, shows, and strangers must depart. One morning we woke up to find ourselves happy—of more consequence to us, just then, than fame. During the night an immense cavalcade had taken wing. The town breathed again. Down came the deserted shows with a crash; up flew clouds of dust—and fleas; out rushed the inhabitants, joy in their hearts, smiles on their faces. In a week the nuisance was forgotten, and the town resumed its natural appearance. No one would have recognized it as the same. Streets widened, squares expanded; public buildings and fine houses sprang up as if by magic; hitherto they had been smothered and concealed. The town no longer appeared too small for its inhabitants. Prices fell; lodgings became vacant; my own was speedily changed for one in all points admirable. We could now eat our dinners in peace; instead of a hundred and fifty and at table, we often numbered less than twenty. The host would march round with a word to one, a bow to another of his guests. The waiters ceased to look so very much like overtaxed ghosts. We certainly had to put up with the booksellers' fair;

but that lasted a few days only and was gone. Yet though so soon over, it is a fair of great importance. Booksellers and publishers assemble at Leipzig from all parts of Europe. The meeting takes place once a year, when the accounts of the preceding year are balanced and settled. It is an anxious week. The publishers have not a moment to themselves; some work night and day to keep pace with time. Those who do not come forward at this great rendezvous, are considered disgraced and *hors de combat*. Publishing is the trade of Leipzig, par excellence, and it contains many firms of note. That of Brockhaus & Co. employs eight hundred hands; during the time of war and rumors of war, it discharged many of them, and the unhappy men were left to their own resources.—*Argosy*.

A TROPICAL FRUIT.

BY WILLIAM T. BRIGHAM.

It may be that one day we shall know the different varieties of oranges, of coffee, of sugar-cane, as we know the pears and apples of our own orchards; but at present we know only that some kinds are better than others. The pleasant season for travelling in the tropics is not the season of fruits, so that many are not noticed by the tourists; and again, most tropical fruits do not commend themselves to the taste on first acquaintance. If by offering a few random notes of a traveller who considers fruit and vegetables the staple of life, especially in the tropics, contributions from other sources may be provoked, some pleasing sketches of the many delicious products of the warmer regions of the globe may result.

Colocasia antiquorum, var. *esculenta*.—Kalo or Taro. The Kalo of the Pacific Islanders is one of the few tropical productions that require great labor and constant care to bring it to perfection. In its wild state, like most of the Araceæ, the kalo has a small corm, surmounted by a few arrow-shaped leaves with fleshy stems. It looks much like the Calla of our conservatories. The corm is acrid, and blisters incautious lips. What can have first suggested its use as food? To cultivate it, ponds are prepared by carefully digging the soil and working it with the feet to the depth of some eighteen inches. The ponds are surrounded by a low wall or dyke, and usually cover from a few square yards to half an acre. Water is supplied by an aqueduct.

The upper part of the corm, with the half-developed leaves, is cut off and planted in the mud, usually in rows about a foot apart, and enough water turned on to cover the soil about an inch. Weeds and kalo then commence a race, and it requires the constant care of the owner to keep the former down until the kalo leaves cover the ground. As the kalo leaves unfold, and the bulb grows, more water is let into the pond, and it is sometimes a foot deep. At the end of thirteen months the bulb has attained full size, and the yellow fragrant blossom appears. It is not necessary to gather it at once, and the usual way is to pull it as needed, replanting the stems, so that a constant succession is kept up. One acre will furnish food for six men.

When fully grown, the bulb is six inches or even a foot in diameter, and the bright leaves have closely covered the surface of the pond. The bulb is still as acrid as when in the wild state, except a rare variety which may be eaten raw, and must be baked to render it eatable. This process is usually performed in earth-ovens, and the roasted vegetable is pounded with great labor into a paste with water. It is at first tough and elastic, but at last the persistent attacks of the stone-pounder reduce it to a paste not unlike mashed potato. This constitutes the pae-ai of the Hawaiians, and may be kept for a long time packed in leaves of the cordy-line. When mixed with water in different proportions, it forms "one-fingered poi," or "two-fingered poi," or even "three-fingered poi," accordingly as a mouthful may be taken up on one, two, or three fingers. It is preferred slightly sour, and to a stranger much resembles in smell and appearance sour bookbinder's paste. A fastidious man objects to the way in which a group of natives, seated around a calabash of poi, which an old woman has just stirred up with her hand, dip their fingers in the paste and empty them in their mouths; but if he wishes a good meal he had better get over such prejudices. Babies a few weeks old are passionately fond of poi, and foreigners, who have long lived in poi countries, often send for it half round the world.

The bulb may also be cooked and eaten as a potato, when it is very palatable, or as a farther process the boiled kalo may be cut in slices and fried, or mashed into paste like poi and made into cakes while yet fresh, a food as dear to those used to it as johnny-cake to a Scotchman. Even the stems are boiled as greens, and the tender leaves form a fine dish called luau.

Although kalo is usually grown in ponds or brooks, a very good variety grows well on upland rich soil, and many prefer it to the more common kind. The Hawaiians distinguish more than fifty varieties of this plant, and the paste made from them varies in color, from a bluish-gray to a rich pink-color. Poi requires a little salt fish as a relish. Kalo grows in New Zealand, Australia, China, where it is carefully cultivated, India, and elsewhere; but the Polynesians, especially the Hawaiians, alone make poi, other people using the bulb like yams or potatoes. It is said that the corm of the common Jack-in-the-pulpit of New England woods may be treated as kalo, even to the eating.—*Am. Naturalist.*

YEDDIE'S FIRST AND LAST SACRAMENT.

A poor idiot who was supported by his parish in the Highlands of Scotland, passed his time in wandering from house to house. He was silent and peaceable, and won the pity of all kind hearts. He had little power to converse with his fellow men, but seemed often in loving communion with Him, who, while He is the High and Holy One, condescends to men of low estate. Yeddie, as he was called, was in the habit of whispering and muttering to himself as he trudged along the highway, or performed the simple tasks which any neighbor felt at liberty to demand of him. The boys, while they were never cruel to him, often got a little fun out of his odd ways. He believed every word they said to him; and because he had been told in sport that if he once rode over the hills to kirk in a donkey-cart, he would never be heir to the Earl of Glen-Allen, he refused all the kind offers of farmers and cotters, and replied always in the same words:

"Na, na; ill luck falls on me the day I mount a cart; so I will aye gang on my ain feet up to the courts of the Lord's house, and be talking to Himsel' as I gang."

Once when a merry boy heard him pleading earnestly with some unseen one, he asked,

"What ghost or goblin are you begging favors of now, Yeddie?"

"Neither the one nor the tither, laddie," he replied. "I was just having a few words wi' Him that neither yersel' nor I can see, and yet wi' Him that sees the baith o' us!"

The poor fellow was talking to God,

while the careless wise ones laughingly said, "He is talking to himself."

One day Yeddie presented himself in his coarse frock and his hob-nailed shoes before the minister, and, making a bow much like that of a wooden toy when pulled by a string, he said,

"Please, minister, let poor Yeddie eat supper on the coming day wi' the Lord Jesus."

The good man was preparing for the sacramental season, which came quarterly in that sparsely-settled region, and was celebrated by several churches together, when the concourse of people made it necessary to hold the services in the open air.

He was too busy to be disturbed by the simple youth, and strove to put him off as gently as possible. But Yeddie pleaded,

"Oh, minister, *if ye but kened how I love Him*, ye wud let me go where He's to sit at table!"

This so touched his heart, that permission was given for Yeddie to take his seat with the rest. And, although he had many miles to trudge over hill and moor, he was on the ground long before those who lived near and drove good horses.

As the services proceeded, tears flowed freely from the eyes of the poor "innocent," and at the name of Jesus he would shake his head mournfully, and whisper,

"But I dinna see Him."

At length, however, after, partaking of the hallowed elements, he raised his head, wiped away the traces of his tears, and looking in the minister's face, he nodded and smiled. Then he covered his face with his hands, and buried it between his knees, and remained in that posture till the parting blessing was given, and the people began to scatter. He then rose, and, with a face lighted with joy, and yet marked with solemnity, he followed the rest.

One and another from his own parish spoke to him, but he made no reply until pressed by some boys. Then he said,

"Ah, lads, dinna bid Yeddie talk to-day! He's seen the face o' the Lord Jesus among his ain ones. He got a smile fro' His eye and a word fro' His tongue; and he's afeared to speak lest he lose memory o't; for it's but a bad memory he has at best. Ah, lads, lads! I ha' seen Him this day that I never seed before! I ha' seen wi' these dull eyes *yon lovely Man!* Dinna ye speak, but just leave poor Yeddie in his company."

The boys looked on in wonder, and one whispered to another, "Sure he's na longer daft. The senses ha' come into his head,

and he looks and speaks like a wise one."

When Yeddie reached his poor cot he called "home," he hardly dared speak to the "granny" who sheltered him, lest he might, as he said, "lose the bonny face." He left his "parritch and treacle" untasted; and after smiling on and patting the faded cheek of the old woman, to show her that he was not out of humor, he climbed the ladder to the poor loft where his pallet of straw was, to get another look and another word "fro' yon lovely Man." And his voice was heard below, in low tones,

"Aye, Lord, it's just poor me that has been sae long seeking ye; and now we'll bide together and never part more. Oh, aye! but this is a bonny loft, all gold and precious stones! The hall o' the castle is a poor place to my loft this bonny night!" And then his voice grew softer and softer till it died away.

Granny sat over the smouldering peat below, with her elbows on her knees, relating in loud whispers to a neighboring crone the stories of the boys who had preceded Yeddie from the service, and also his own strange words and appearance.

"And beside all this," she said, in a hoarse whisper, "he refused to taste his supper, a thing he had never done before since the parish paid his keeping. More than that, he often ate his own portion and mine too, and then cried for more—such a fearful appetite he had! But to-night, when he cam' in faint wi' the long road he had come, he cried, 'Na meat for me, granny; I ha' had a feast which I will feel within me while I live. I supped wi' the Lord Jesus, and noo I must e'en gang up to the loft, and sleep wi' Him.'"

"Noo, Molly," replied granny's guest, "doesna' that remind ye o' the words o' our Lord Himsel', when He tell'd them that bid Him eat, 'I ha' meat that ye know not of'? Who'll dare to say that the blessed hand that fed the multitude when they were sat upon the grass, has na been this day feeding the hungry soul o' poor Yeddie as he sat at His table? Ah, Molly, we little know what humble work He will stoop to do for His ain puir ones who cry day and night to Him! We canna tell noo but this daft laddie will be greater in the kingdom of heaven than the Earl himsel'—puir body—that looks very little noo as if he'd be able to crowd in at the pearly gate!"

"And oh, Janet, if ye could ha' seen the face o' yon puir lad as he cam' into the cot! It shone just like the light, and at first—even afore he spoke a word—I thoct he was carrying a candle in his hand! I

believe in my soul, good neebor, that Yeddie was in great company to-day, and that the same *shining* was on him as was on Moses and Elias when they talked with Jesus on the Mount. I e'en hope he brocht the blessing home wi' him to 'bide on the widow that was too auld and feeble to walk to the table, but who has borne with him, and toiled patiently for him because he was one of the Lord's little and feeble ones."

"Oo, aye, doubtless he did bring home the blessing, and that ye'll get the reward o' these many cups o' cold water ye've given him—for what's the few pence or shillings the parish grants ye, compared wi' the mother's care ye give him?" said Janet.

"Aweel, aweel," replied granny, "if I get the reward, it will not be because I wrought for *that*. I seemed e'er to ken, syne the day I took the daft and orphaned lad, that I was minding and feeding and clothing one o' 'these little ones,' and I ken it better to-night than ever. I ha' strange new feelings mysel' too, neebor, and I'm minded o' the hour when our blessed Master came and stood among His faithful ones, the door being shut, and said, 'Peace be unto you.' Surely this strange, heavenly calm can no' be of earth, and who shall say that Himsel' is not here beside us twa—come to this poor place more for the daft lad's sake than our ain?"

And thus these lowly women talked of Him whom their souls loved, their hearts burning within them as they talked.

When the morrow's sun rose, granny, unwilling to disturb the weary Yeddie, left

her poor pillow to perform his humble task. She brought peat from the stack and water from the spring. She spread her humble table, and made her "parritch;" and then, remembering that he went supperless to bed, she called him from the foot of the ladder. There was no reply. She called again and again, but there was no sound above, but the wind whistling through the openings in the thatch. She had not gone up the rickety ladder for years; but anxiety gave strength to her limbs, and she soon stood in the poor garret which had long sheltered the half-idiot boy. Before a rude stool, half-sitting, half-kneeling, with his head resting on his folded arms, she found Yeddie. She laid her hand upon his head, but instantly recoiled in terror. The heavy iron crown had been lifted from his brow, and, while she was sleeping, had been replaced with the crown of the ransomed, which fadeth not away. Yeddie had caught a glimpse of Jesus, and could not live apart from Him. As he had supped, so he had slept with Him.

A deep awe fell on the parish and the minister at this evident token that Christ had been among them; and the funeral of the idiot boy was attended from far and wide. A solemnity rarely seen was noticed there, as if a great loss had fallen on the community, instead of the parish having been relieved of a burden. Poor "granny" was not left alone in her cot; for He who had come thither after that last supper with Yeddie, was with her, even to the end.—*Christian Era.*



THE FOUNTAIN.

MUSIC BY S. P. WARREN, (formerly of Montreal).

Allegro con anima.

f

mf

In - - to the sun - - shine, Full of the light,
Glad of all weath - - ers, Still seeming best,

mf

Leap - ing and flash - ing From morn till night!
Up - ward or down - - ward, Motion thy rest!

mf

In - - to the moon - light, Whit - er than snow,
Full of a na - - ture No - - thing can tame,

mf

This system contains the first three staves of music. The top staff is the vocal line, the middle staff is the piano accompaniment (treble clef), and the bottom staff is the piano accompaniment (bass clef). The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 3/4. The piano part features a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes.

Mov - - ing so flow'r - - - like, When the winds blow!
Changed every mo - - - ment, Ev - - er the same;

This system contains the next three staves of music, continuing the vocal line and piano accompaniment from the first system. The piano part continues with the same rhythmic pattern.

In - - to the star - - - light Rush - ing in spray,
Cease - less as - pir - ing, Cease - less con - tent,

p

This system contains the final three staves of music on the page. The piano part begins with a dynamic marking of *p* (piano). The key signature and time signature remain consistent with the previous systems.

Hap - - py at mid - - night, Hap - - py by day,
Dark - - ness or sun - - shine Thy el - - e - ment.

p

Ev - - er in mo - - tion, Blithesome and cheery,
Glo - - rious foun - - tain, Let my heart be,

f

Still climbing heav'n - - ward Ne - - ver a - - wea - - ry!
Fresh, changeful, con - - stant, E - - ver like thee!

NEARER HOME.

One sweet - ly sol - emn tho't Comes to me o'er and o'er;

Near - er my part - ing hour am I Than e'er I was be - fore.

Nearer my Father's house,
 Where many mansions be;
 Nearer the throne where Jesus reigns;
 Nearer the crystal sea;

Nearer my going home,
 Laying my burden down,
 Leaving my cross of heavy grief,
 Wearing my starry crown;

Nearer that hidden stream,
 Winding through shades of night,
 Rolling its cold, dark waves between
 Me and the world of light.

Jesus, to thee I cling;
 Strengthen my arm of faith;
 Stay near me while my wayworn feet
 Press through the stream of death.



Young Folks.



Original.

BETTER THAN GOLD.

BY MRS. A. CAMPBELL.

"I hope you will find something in Australia better than gold, even the pearl of great price."

These words formed the closing paragraph of a letter which a young and delicate-looking lady was reading aloud to her sister.

"Better than gold," she murmured, as she folded it up, and laid it in her desk. "Now-a-days one is led to believe there is nothing better than gold, but there must be, or Mr. H—— would not have said it. I know it must be something in religion, and if we were not to sail so soon, I would send and ask him how this 'pearl of great price' he speaks of may be found. I would like to know," and she locked the desk, and turned away with a pensive sigh.

The lady went to Australia, and that bread cast upon the waters—that seed sown—that grain of truth went with her, not to nourish and feed her, but to stimulate her curiosity, to trouble her retirement, in short, to be the little thorn in her flesh she could not pull out. Often in soft summer evenings, as she lay upon the deck during the voyage, the sun gilding the clouds, as he sank below the horizon, with the most gorgeous belts of gold, the wind just rippling the waves, and everything so lovely and enjoyable, the thought would come uppermost—"Better than gold, better than gold! If I only were religious I could perhaps find out what is better than gold."

We see her next at the Diggings, far in the interior of Australia. The party have just arrived, and the picture, as they round a turn of the hill and come upon the scene, is a strange one. Far as the eye can reach, there are heaps and heaps of upturned earth

—deep holes, out of which sickly, worn, haggard-looking men were drawing buckets of clay, while others were standing up to their waists washing it out, speaking plainly to her of the all-absorbing nature of the search they were after—gold, gold. The wind, as it flapped the veil over her face, seemed to screech in her ears the words—"Better than gold, better than gold."

Our friend, Mrs. A., was what the world would call very happy, possessed of youth, health, loving husband, and little child, with enough of this world's goods to smooth the way before her. What need had she, therefore, to disturb her peace with haunting anxieties of this sort? Again and again would she try to throw them off, crush them out, and be rid of them; and, sometimes, while galloping along through the wild prairie-like grass, with her husband and a gay party of young officers, holding appointments like himself, all buoyant with health, and spirits, and novelty, and glee, would the thought ring out as a musical accompaniment to the sound of their horses' hoofs upon the ground, "better than gold;" and then, as she felt herself able to grapple with it, she would invariably reply,

"Yes, I have it! 'tis happiness—happiness is better than gold, and I *am* happy."

But as evening's shades closed around her again, leaving her tired out, her energy all gone, back would come the question,

Have you what is better than gold? Are you perfectly happy *now*?"

An honest sigh would give the falsehood to the assertion of the daytime, and her heart would ache out a response to the same,

"Ah, no! I have not found it. I know not the pearl of great price, better than gold."

Mrs. A—— was practical and warm-

hearted, and, besides her own wish to be religious and satisfy her mind, she felt a woman's pity for the numbers of neglected children she saw running wild over the Diggings, where there were no schools, no churches, no clergymen; in fact, nothing to remind the hundreds of human beings congregated together that there was anything better to be got than riches in this world, or that there was another into which even bags of gold could not be carried. She, therefore, established a small Sunday-School in her house for little girls, who never failed to attend; some coming hours too early, and pleading, as their excuse, that there were no clocks in their tents, and they were afraid of being too late. Hard it was to teach what she did not know herself, and she felt it. The work would drag and grow heavy, but she believed that God would bless the study of His word, and she persevered accordingly.

Among the scholars were two sisters—Jane, a plain, heavy-looking girl of fourteen years; Patty, a beautiful, frail-looking little creature of ten years. Both were very ignorant, neither of them being able to answer the question as to who Jesus was. Their parents lived in a small tent upon the Diggings. The father had been sent out as a convict, but good conduct had commuted his sentence. His wife, with a woman's devotion, had followed him into banishment, with her little child, Jane. After his release, Patty was born to him—the bud of promise for better days, and in her he centered his warmest affections. He went to the Diggings, that he might grow rich, and Patty be sent to school, and be a lady. Patty should have fine dresses, and in this new country Patty would be as good as anybody, and might marry a Chief Justice—who could tell? The beginning and end of all his dreams was “Patty,” “Patty.” Truly, the child was a gem of beauty thrown into a very rough setting, and Mrs. A—— found herself often drawn by the witchery of this little one to keep her after she had dismissed the others, to pet her, and to listen to her artless prattle.

One day, she had been telling of how she was to be a lady, and get fine clothes, and have a carriage and horses, when her father dug some big nuggets and got lots of gold. These words seemed to strike a chord in the breast of her listener, and she said, with a sigh,

“Ah! Patty, there is something better than gold.”

“Better than gold! Mrs. A——,” was the astonished reply of the child. “What could be better than gold, since it gets us everything we want?”

“Yes, Patty, there is something better than gold. It is called the pearl of great price. We shall find all about it in the Bible, I believe. Gold cannot make us happy in heaven; but this can, when we find it, make us happy here and there, too.”

“Have you found it, Mrs. A——?” was the eager question.

“I am afraid not yet, Patty,” was the sorrowful answer; “but I am seeking for it.”

“When you find it, then, will you show me? I would like father, mother, and all to have what would be better than gold,” said the child, thoughtfully.

“I will, Patty, if I can; but we must each seek for ourselves. You may find it before me, perhaps;” and so it was.

The child went home to ponder, and ponder she did. Interrupting her father's next glowing picture by shaking her little head, and saying,

“I hope we will find what is better than gold.”

“What's that, little Pat?” he said.

“Oh, well, it is a pearl, I believe.”

“Well, what a child to be sure! There have been jewels found upon these here diggings; but its at the creek, not here, so I do not get any. But, Pat, gold can buy pearls, so when I get that, you'll have them—a whole necklace of them.”

“Oh, I don't want lots; I only want one,” said the child, as she turned, and went out of the tent. “I don't think you can buy *that*. It must be found.”

“Sure,” said the man, “the child's

dreaming, or has been hearing fairy tales—something about pearls.”

“No,” said the little one, turning back; “’tis in the Bible.”

“Oh! that’s it. Is it? Well, a little of that is good, they say; but don’t go to get moped over it. I can’t read myself, and it is long since my mother read it to me, so I have forgot; and more pity. It might have kept me straighter, perhaps,” said the man, with a sigh.

Months went on, and the school continued. Mrs. A—— worked hard. She was determined to earn that pearl of great price, and get it as a reward for her earnestness and goodness; and, in consequence, remained as far from it as ever. Patty was there seeking for it, reading her Bible now much better than Jane, and delighting in the wondrous story of the Cross. Her greatest treat was to be allowed to stay and be taught to sing a hymn, and she seldom talked now about the fine prospects she would have when her father found the gold; but she perplexed her teacher often by her grave, womanly little ways.

The end of the school came at length, and, one day, the children had to be told their teacher was going away, and the school must be shut up. Their grief was great on hearing this, and Patty wept much.

“Oh, who will teach us now, Mrs. A.?”

The reply was given with emotion—

“God.”

They parted—one to cross the seas again, and be brought through sickness, and a blessing upon the teaching of the faithful friend who had written the sentence which had so long haunted her, to the feet of Jesus, to find in Him the pearl of great price “better than gold;” the other by a much quicker road to the same end.

Shortly after Mrs. A—— left, little Patty was stricken with the typhus fever, so common at the Diggings. During her delirium she raved constantly about “seeking and finding,” and “asking and having;” and, after the fever had spent itself, and she lay worn, and sinking, and dying, she drew

her father’s face, wet with tears, down to her, and kissing him, said,

“Father, get some one to write, and tell Mrs. A—— that I found it—the pearl of great price—Jesus, the Saviour who died for me; and that I am happy. Father, promise me you will seek for it too. It is better than gold. You know how you wanted that for me, but, oh! it is better than gold,” and with the words upon her lips, and a sweet, bright smile upon her face, she clasped her arms round the man’s neck, and expired.

Original.

SUSY’S BIRTHDAY.

“To-morrow,” said Susy, “will be my birthday, and I shall be nine years old. It wont take long to make me a woman; will it?”

“Twice nine are eighteen,” replied Ellen. “When you are eighteen, you will be a grown-up lady, going to parties.”

“No, Ellen, I shall never go to parties. I shall stay at home, and take care of papa and mamma. Perhaps papa wont be able to see very well by that time, and I can read to him; and mamma will want me to thread her needles, and count her knitting, and all that sort of thing. I am their only child, and they wont have anyone else to take care of them.”

“You are a queer child, Miss Susy,” said Ellen, looking steadily at her young charge, who was seated on the grass, making a chain of daisies; “but come, I dare not let you sit there any longer. The dew is falling, and you might take cold. Have you got the paper safe that your mamma gave you for Mrs. Brown?”

“Yes; here it is,” said Susy, drawing a small parcel from her pocket. “Mrs. Brown will be surprised when she sees how many seeds mamma has sent her. She only asked for a little mignonette.”

“Ah! dearie, it is more than seeds that Mrs. Brown is in want of. Flowers are well enough in their way; but they wont keep out the cold, nor hunger either.

Though, to be sure, your mamma is very good in giving her other things."

"Mamma would give her a great many more things," said Susy, "only she would not like to offend her. Do you know, Ellen, that Mr. Brown was almost as rich as my papa is, only he lost all his money, or it was stolen from him, I do not remember which; but he was very poor when he died, and he didn't like people to know how poor he was? Mamma says that is being proud, but it is not the worst kind of pride. Mrs. Brown is proud, too, for she likes to work, and does not like people to give her money."

"I guess if I was as poor as she is, I would not have any objection to the money," said Ellen. "It is hard to see the children want. Why, Susy, that biggest girl ain't any older than you, and she is looking for a place for her."

"What kind of a place, Ellen?"

"Why, a place to mind a baby, or do little errands, or whatever she is fit to do."

Susy walked on in silence, thinking how very hard it would be for Matty Brown to be hired out, where she would be scolded, and made to work hard, and never allowed to play; and she thought she would ask Mrs. Brown not to send her away till she grew older.

When they reached the cottage, Matty was sitting on the door-step, with a very ragged book in her hand. She ran into the house to tell her mother that Miss Susy had come, and then she sat down in a corner where her bare feet and shabby dress would not be noticed. When Susy had delivered her mother's message, she said:

"I hope, Mrs. Brown, you will not make Matty take a place until she grows a little bigger."

"Bless your little heart!" said Mrs. Brown, taking Susy's hand in hers. "Here, Matty, come and let Miss Susy see what a great girl you are. She is only nine, but she is very strong, and can work first-rate. You see, Miss Susy, there are four smaller than herself, and I can't afford to keep them at home. I won't send Matty away just yet, though, if I can help it. She ought to be

kept at school awhile longer; but she is so foolish, she don't like to go without shoes, and that's what she can't have. I get them for Mary because she's sickly, and the doctor says she must have her feet kept dry; but they are awful dear things, and I can't think of getting them for Matty."

"And she is too proud to go without them?" said Ellen. "Well, that's a pity—poor and proud goes ill together."

All this while Matty looked very much ashamed, and, in a few minutes, she went back to her corner, and crouched down on the floor. Susy would like to have stopped a while to nurse the baby, as she was sometimes allowed to do, but Ellen told her that she must hurry home, or she would be too late for tea.

"Matty shall take the baby down to your house to-morrow, Miss Susy, and then you can play with him as much as you like," said Mrs. Brown.

Susy thanked her, and left the house.

The next morning, when Susy awoke, she found, on a little table by her bedside, a beautiful work-box, that her mother had bought for her birthday present—a real rosewood work-box, with lock and key. She opened it carefully, and found that it contained a pair of scissors, a thimble, a bodkin, and some reels of thread. She examined everything carefully, and was still admiring them when her mother came in.

"Many happy returns of the day to you, darling," said Mrs. Seymour, as she kissed her little girl.

"Oh! mamma, how kind of you to buy me such a beautiful present," said Susy. "I am sure I did not expect it. This is the very work-box we looked at at Hamilton's so long ago. Is it not?"

"It is the same."

"And did you buy it then, mamma, and keep it all this time?"

"Yes. Am I not good at keeping a secret?"

"See how beautifully this thimble fits me—just as if it were made for me; and the scissors are so sharp, they will cut any-

thing. Look, mamma," and Susy folded a piece of paper, and cut it across.

"I am glad, my love, that you are pleased with your present," said Mrs. Seymour, "and I hope you will make good use of it; but you must begin to dress now, for it is late. I will send Ellen to you," and Mrs. Seymour left the room.

After breakfast Susy played in the garden for awhile, and then she came to her mother, with a very grave face, for she had been thinking on a serious subject.

"Mamma," she said, "do you think you could change my work-box for something else?"

"Why, Susy, what a strange child you are!" said Mrs. Seymour, "you told me a few minutes ago that you liked your work-box better than anything I could have given you."

"And so I do, mamma."

"And yet you want it changed?"

Then Susy told her mother all about Matty's difficulties, and begged that she would send back her work-box, and give her the money to buy a pair of boots and a new frock for Matty.

"For I know, mamma," she said, "that you cannot afford to give to all the poor people."

Mrs. Seymour was glad that her little girl wanted to do such a generous act; but she told Susy to think well about it all day, until she was sure that she would never be sorry for giving up her work-box.

When Matty came with the baby in the afternoon, Susy wanted very much to tell her what she was going to buy for her, and she talked so much about new boots and frocks, and going to school, that her mother had to call her aside, and warn her not to raise Matty's expectations.

The next day, when Susy repeated her wish to her mother, Mrs. Seymour felt that she was not acting on impulse, so she gave her three dollars, which was the price of her work-box, and told Ellen to go with her to the village; for Ellen knew where cheap things could be bought. Susy found that she could get a nice, strong pair of

boots and a calico frock for Matty, and still have three shillings left; and Ellen persuaded her to buy some more calico to make two aprons, which would be very useful, and serve to keep her dress clean. When the things were paid for, Ellen took the parcel, and Susy walked beside her to Mrs. Brown's cottage. Matty was rocking the cradle when they went in. Susy placed the parcel on her lap, saying,

"Here, Matty, I have brought you a present, and now you can go to school, if you like."

When Matty saw the things, she was so pleased that she could scarcely find words to thank Susy, but Susy knew by her face how glad she was, and she went home feeling very happy that she had given up her own present, and could talk of nothing else all day; but her mother told her that she would not be really generous if she let people know what she had done; that we ought to do kind acts, and not even want to be praised for them.

No one knew of Susy's sacrifice but her papa and mamma, and Ellen. But He who has said, "It is more blessed to give than to receive," looked down approvingly upon this little girl.

JOHNNIE'S TREASURE.

BY MRS. S. T. PERRY.

One day, as the pleasant sun shone on the streets of a large city, on to the gaily-dressed people who thronged them, and into the well-filled store-windows, a little boy and girl trudged along with bare feet, looking with admiration and wonder into the various windows, in which stores of children's treasures were advertised so temptingly for sale. As they passed one after another, the little girl said,

"We haven't got to the splendid one of all, Johnnie. That is in the next block. When you were peddling apples at the depot yesterday morning I saw it. Oh, it's full of such beautiful things!"

"Let's walk faster, Katie," said the boy; "so we shall have time to look a long while before we have to carry the bread home."

They hurried along; faster and faster

went their bare feet over the pavement. In a few moments, their noses were flattened against the window pane, and their eyes were filled with toys of all descriptions.

"See those dolls, Johnnie; as large as Mrs. Daly's baby, ain't they? I wish I could just touch one to see if it were alive!" said Katie, enthusiastically.

Johnnie's eyes did not rest long on the dolls, for he had espied a ship, masts and rigging.

"O Katie," said he, "there's a ship—just like a real one, manned with men, too. I wish I had that! We would sail it on the pond at the end of North Street."

"I'd rather fix that set of furniture in a playhouse than sail boats," Katie replied. "See, it is just like the chairs and sofas in those big houses on M. street." Katie put her little dirty finger on the window pane to show Johnnie the exact locality of the furniture, for his eyes seemed to be wandering in different directions. Johnnie had caught a glimpse, and then a whole sight of some pocket knives.

Just as he was going to tell Katie, a finely-dressed lady, with a little girl in laces and ruffles, passed into the store. They spoke to the merchant, and the outsiders peeping in saw one of the large dolls handed down from the shelf; the lady took hold of it, then showed it to the little girl, who clapped her hands with delight. The lady took out her purse, and, while she was counting out the price asked, the little girl was examining her treasure from top to toe. It had curly hair and eyes that would open and shut. Its feet had red morocco boots on them, and its dress was pink, trimmed with ribbons and lace.

"Mamma, you must get a bedstead for dolly to sleep on," said the child, as they opened the door to go into the street.

The lady smiled, and went back, inquired for a bedstead to fit Miss Dolly. The best in the store was selected, and the lady opened her purse again.

"What sights of money!" said Johnnie. "We haven't got enough to buy all we want to eat."

"I don't see," said Katie, "why some folks have such lots of money, and others have hardly any. I wish I had some of that rich lady's money."

"You know that Tristram Connor says it's wicked to wish we had other people's things. It is breaking the tenth commandment," said Johnnie.

Just then the lady and the child passed out of the store, not even bestowing one glance upon the poorly-clad, sad-faced

children. Katie watched them till they were out of sight, then she said,

"Oh, Johnnie, if I only had that doll, I'd be willing to pick up wood a great deal oftener than I do, and I shouldn't be tired carrying mother's wash basket, if it is heavy."

"I've been thinking," said Johnnie, "that if I could buy one of those knives I could make you a great many pretty toys. They would not be painted, but you could pretend so."

"Oh, do get a knife," Katie said, jumping up and down before the window; "I shall be so happy. Do you think you could make a bedstead?"

"Yes I do," replied her brother, "and chairs and sofas too."

"Can't you get a knife, someway?" asked Katie, looking at her brother thoughtfully. "You have got apple-money enough to buy one now. Take it out of your pocket and count it," she continued.

Johnnie took out pennies and counted thirty-four.

"All those pennies will get one, I know," said his sister, with a look of triumph upon her face. "Let's go in and see."

"Mother wants the money to buy bread for supper," Johnnie said, stepping on to the step before the door. "I don't think we ought to spend it for a knife; but I do wish I had one. I could make so many pretty things for you."

Johnnie's careworn face and patched pantaloons were seen through the glass doors by the merchant,

"What do you wish, boy?" said he, opening the door.

Johnnie made no answer, evidently struggling with a great temptation.

"He wants to buy a knife, sir," said Katie; "have you any for thirty-four cents?"

"No, Katie," said the boy, "I will not buy the knife to-day."

"Be off, then," said the merchant; "and don't be hanging about here unless you wish to buy something."

"Why didn't you buy the knife?" said Katie, as they passed on their way.

"I know I ought not," Johnnie replied. "Let's hurry to the bake-shop, get the bread and go home."

"What made you go without buying the knife, when you had your hand on the door?" said Katie.

"You know the prayer that we say every night, Katie, that has 'lead us not into temptation' in it? Well, that came to my thoughts, and I almost felt a hand leading

me away. This is mother's money; she sent us to buy bread with it."

They reached the bakery. The money was soon exchanged for bread. Katie took one loaf and Johnnie the other. Then they began to retrace their steps towards home. They walked on in silence until they stopped in a narrow street, in front of a tenement house. Climbing up two flights of stairs, they opened the door of a back-room.

"What makes you so late to-night, children?" said their mother, as she took the bread out of their hands.

"We stopped to look at the pretty things in the windows," said Katie.

The mother said no more, but prepared the evening meal. After supper, Johnnie said,

"Mother, can I go over to Tristam Connor's awhile?"

"Yes," said his mother.

Tristam Connor was a crippled soldier; he had but one leg, the other he lost a great many years ago. He supported himself by mending shoes. He did not earn much, as the neighbors were poor. Johnnie went into the shop, and sat down by Tristam's bench.

"How goes the world with you to-day, my boy?" said the shoe-mender, looking into the boy's troubled face.

"As well as usual. Could you lend me your knife for an hour or so?"

"Oh, yes," replied the man. "What do you wish to do with it?"

"I thought I'd try to whittle out some toys for Katie," the boy replied; "she wants some so much, and we are not able to buy any."

"That's right," said Tristam. "Glad you want to make your sister happy."

Johnnie whittled and talked. In an hour he had put a very passable bedstead up. It had no paint on it, and the cords were of Tristam's shoe-thread—but it was a bedstead, notwithstanding.

While he was making it, the boy told the shoemaker the story of the knife.

"That was the Lord who led you away; I know it was," said the old man. "I have felt His hand pulling me away from things I ought not to do. Now, I try not to look at what He does not give me, but walk straight by, saying, 'Lead me not into temptation, lead me not into temptation.'"

"That's a good way," said Johnnie; "and I will try to remember it. I wish I had a doll to put on this bedstead," he continued, as he took it in his hand to go home.

"Perhaps mother could manufacture one for it," said the kind, old man. "Mother!"

he cried, loud enough to be heard in the room back of the shop.

Mrs. Connor appeared at the door. She was a good-natured woman, and spoke pleasantly to Johnnie—all the time knitting on the blue sock she had in her hand.

"Mother, haven't you got something to make Katie a doll of? See, her brother has made a bedstead, and it will be useless without something to sleep on it."

Mrs. Connor looked in a bureau drawer. She said, as she turned over the contents, that she had not thought of a doll for years. She drew out a piece of pink calico, and asked Johnnie if that would do for a dress. He thought it would. She soon made a rag baby, dressed it in pink, and handed it to Johnnie.

"Katie will be so pleased," said he, as he laid it on the bedstead.

Johnnie had to give another look at the knife that had executed the piece of furniture.

"What are you thinking about?" said Tristam, as he saw that the boy was in deep thought.

"I was thinking how many different kinds of treasures people have. Katie has some now, and they will make her happy. I believe I have not one in the world," he continued, as he looked at the knife lying on the bench.

"Yes, you have, my boy," said the old man, "of more value than all the toys in the shop windows—the consciousness of doing right and of making others happy. You will find it in your heart when you get up in the morning, and see your little sister's delight."

"This isn't much," said the boy, smiling.

"Little things on little wings bear little souls to heaven," said Tristam. "I don't know much about poetry, but I read that somewhere, and never forgot it."

After the boy went home Tristam sat alone thinking. Soon, he took his money out of his pocket, and counted it. Then he went to the room at the back of the shop,

"Mother," said he, "I guess I'll buy the boy a knife. He has always been good. I guess we shall not miss the money. I remember how I longed for a knife when I was his age, and didn't get any till I went to my trade."

The man took his hat, and went out of the narrow street into the broad one, which the lights in the windows and those at the corners of the streets made as bright as day. He went into the large store where pocket-knives were exhibited in the great glass window. Soon a half dozen different sizes

and kinds were laid upon the counter by the merchant who had spoken so rudely to the boy. Tristram selected one, paid for it, and put it in his pocket.

Up to the dark room where Johnnie was sleeping, the old man groped his way. He tapped softly at the door, and the mother opened it.

"Here's a present for Johnnie," said he. "Put it in his pantaloons' pocket. Let him find it himself in the morning."

He then told the mother of her son's temptation, and why he made the rude teys that were standing on a chair by Katie's bed. The tears ran down the mother's cheeks, as she said,

"My treasure is of more value than the rich lady's jewels and gold."

Judge of Johnnie's delight at hearing his little sister's exclamation of joy, when she awoke the next morning, and saw the presents of her little brother. While Johnnie was putting on his patched pantaloons, out tumbled the new knife. He could not imagine what it meant, and he looked around to see if there was a fairy anywhere behind him. His mother soon told him where the knife came from, and nobody felt richer in that city that morning than Johnnie with his new knife. Four happy hearts dwelt that day in that narrow street.

PUZZLE FOR THE CHILDREN.

I own of slaves a half a score;
No one has right to any more;
However Fortune chance to bless,
She gives no more, she may give less.

These slaves of mine, who do my will,
Perform their tasks with wondrous skill,
And, graduates from wisdom's school,
They work by method and by rule.

Sometimes they work, sometimes they play;
Sometimes on loving mission stray;
And often, it is very true,
A great amount of mischief do.

These slaves of mine were once so small,
They did scarce any work at all;
But now they're growing to such size,
I mean to have them good and wise.

If they were idle, Satan might
Convince them that the wrong was right;
When they are useful, then I see
The blessedness of being free.

I own of slaves a half a score;
No one has right to any more;
They're all a tingle with delight,
And waft you kisses and—"Good-night."

FRED AND FANNY IN ITALY.

BY CAROLINE MARSH CRANE.

The months were already clustering into years, since Mr. Rivers brought his wife and children to Italy, and still all was indefinite about returning home. For the next six months, however, their stay was determined upon; and, finding the air of a Piedmont so clear and bracing, Mr. Rivers had chosen an old, mediæval castle, ten or twelve miles south of Turin, as their headquarters for the summer. As yet, neither Fred nor Fanny had seen the place, but one evening, after all arrangements for taking it had been satisfactorily made, Mr. Rivers promised that the next day they would all drive out to it; so, early the next morning, a large, double-seated carriage, with top thrown back, and drawn by a span of impatient horses, drove into the court. Fanny had been watching for it, and now bounded around the room like a little grasshopper, in her eagerness to "hurry up things." Beside shawls and other wrappings, taken to keep off the chilly night air, in which they might return, a large lunch basket was stowed away.

Fanny had asked her father a great many questions about this Piobesan castle to which they were going, but he only shook his head, saying, "You will see before long." So her imagination had had full play; but it must be a very cheerless and forlorn place, if that old photograph looked like it, she thought, and wished again and again she hadn't seen it.

"Well, it's a *castle*, if it is uncomfortable!" and this consoling assurance made all bright again.

From the lunch basket, she argued that no one lived near there, else they would surely have something to eat.

At last all was ready, and the carriage glided across the square and down the broad streets, with their white pavements. Turin always resembled an immense palace with its hundreds of corridors, so neat and clean was every street. Its shining pavements looked as if scrubbed each morning as faithfully as a ship's deck. Tiny, round stones were used in paving the streets of the city, but each street was traced with a double line of broad flag-stones, upon which the carriage wheels rolled almost noiselessly.

Outside the city, both round stones and broad flags disappeared, and in their stead was the brilliant gleam of the smooth, hard white road. Trees, with their thick, green

foliage, arched above the carriage, while the soft air was loaded with the sweet notes and clear trill of the matchless nightingale.

"This is the royal avenue to Stupinigi," said Mr. Rivers.

"What do you mean by 'Stupinigi,' father?" asked Fred. "Is it a village?"

"I believe there are a few houses near, but this avenue leads directly to the hunting lodge of the king. Here, stand up and turn around, and far ahead you will see it."

"How far off is it?"

"Eight or nine miles from Turin."

"Is the—our castle near it?" asked Fanny.

"Three miles beyond," replied her father, amused to see how lovingly she dwelt upon the possessive pronoun.

The nine miles were quickly left behind them, and the carriage stood before the gate of the Stupinigi palace, or royal hunting lodge. On the roof of the building was poised a bronze stag, while behind it stretched away in the distance a fine park, filled with deer, silver and golden pheasants, rabbits, hare, chamois, and other kinds of game. The king often invited his friends to come here and hunt with him.

Here the broad, shady avenue abruptly ended, and the carriage turned off into a careless, country road, winding gracefully through the wheat fields bright with scarlet poppies.

"Drive slowly, Giovanni," said Fred to the coachman. "It is too beautiful here to hurry away."

"Look, Fred here is a river!" called out Fanny, as the carriage rolled along the high banks which sloped down to the shining, dancing waters of the Cislago; "only I wish it weren't so far away from our—from the place we are going to."

"I don't think it can be very far away," said her mother; "for, see, you can count one, two, three bends in the direction we are going."

The carriage was climbing, now, a heavy, stone bridge which here spanned the stream, and when at the top of the arch, one fairly held one's breath with delight. Around them were the green fields, brilliant with poppies, on one hand the hunting lodge and park, on the other the massive, royal palace of Moncalieri; before them, the black towers of their future home; while, almost encircling them, and seemingly at but a few rods distance, was that mighty, mountain chain, blinding them with its glittering diamond-drops; and below them, the cool, happy sparkling water.

But the horses were too impatient to stop long, and dashed away as soon as they felt the rein slacken.

The castle towers now rose higher and blacker among the trees which at first concealed them. At the foot of the walls, the river again cut the road, and was here arched by an exceeding venerable excuse for a bridge. Fred concluded it must be older than the walls, and, as they crossed it, enjoined silence upon all present, unless they wished for a cold bath, as he was sure the weight of a word would cause the whole structure to crumble away. However, determined on proving that appearances belied it, it sturdily held together while the carriage passed over. On this side the wheels again clattered over the inevitable round paving stones, announcing, unmistakably, the proximity of a village. Sure enough, at the next corner, the carriage turned into a narrow street, lined on both sides with low, stone buildings. Every door and window was filled with dark, bright faces, and innumerable black eyes followed the strangers as they drove slowly through the town.

"Where are we, papa?" asked the bewildered little Fany.

"This is the village of Piobesi, from which the overlooking castle takes its name. Can you see it, on yonder elevation?"

In a few minutes they came upon an open square, edged on one side by high, stone walls and iron gratings; above them were seen, a few rods within the walls, sloping roofs, engaged columns, and jagged battlements.

The carriage stopped at a closed archway, and the footman gave the bell-rope a pull which would have done credit to the bellringer at Cock Robin's funeral. It was quickly answered by a sweet-faced woman, with a bright-eyed, laughing baby in her arms, and an eight-year old boy at her side.

"Ah! the new Signori," said she, with a graceful courtesy; "welcome, welcome."

The footman let down the carriage steps, and, as the party alighted, told them this was Leopolda, the gardener's wife. They entered the archway, and found themselves under a long row of stone cloisters. The supporting columns of the open sides were twined with rosebushes and grapevines, and through these were seen flower-garden patches, hedged around with box, and large magnolia trees laden with blossoms. Still farther, a shaded avenue led from the iron entrance gates beyond the tower. They could see no farther than this in that direc-

tion, so they turned to look in another. By this time Leopolda had returned from her room with the keys.

A rough, stone staircase led from the cloisters to the first floor, or rather, as we should have called it in America, the second floor; for there the ground floor was used only for gardener's rooms, porter's lodge, kitchen department, and things of that kind.

There were several turns in the staircase, but the last one brought them into the cosiest, coolest, little room to be imagined. One side was quite open, and looked east over the garden through broad arches, resembling those of the cloisters, while the morning sun was excluded by green, rolling blinds, drawn upward from the capitals of the columns. From this room they went on exploring the place, each moment revealing something which called forth exclamations of delight or astonishment from the two young folks.

The drawing room was very large, and, like most of the other rooms in the building, vaulted and frescoed. The floor was of bits of wood laid together in a beautiful mosaic pattern, waxed and polished till one could almost see one's face in it. All the other floors were rough stone, painted and varnished brick, or marble. The drawing-room windows opened upon a vine-covered veranda, which, by following around, brought one to the little room at the head of the stairs.

Up stairs and down wandered Fred and Fanny, through long halls, crooked turnings, and almost endless corridors. Finally they returned to the drawing room and threw themselves, quite tired out, upon the low, cushioned divan.

"Well," said Fred, "Fan and I have counted over thirty rooms, and I shouldn't be surprised if there were half as many more."

"A splendid place for rainy days," suggested Fanny.

"Have you climbed the tower yet?" asked Mrs. Rivers, who was lying on a sofa opposite the long divan.

"No," answered Fanny. "Leopolda says her husband went to Turin this morning, and she doesn't know where he keeps the key, so we must keep that climb for another day."

"And, indeed, just now," continued Fred, "for my part I feel quite resigned, and decidedly prefer this divan even to the black moss up there, for Fanny insists it must be mossy, and that the moss must be black. The only thing that troubles her is

that there is no drawbridge here."

"And then the old moat," said Fanny, "is quite spoiled—instead of water, it's all filled with flowers, peach, plum, cherry, and fig trees."

"What a misfortune!" sighed Fred, interrupting her; "how much more agreeable in every way the dark, stagnant water would be than these troublesome trees!"

"Now I'm not going to grieve for the moat, so you needn't take the trouble, Master Fred, to make fun of me, for even the grapevines with which the walls are covered would console me, if nothing else would; and beside—"

With a frightened "O, mamma!" Fanny here sprang from the divan to the middle of the room.

"What is it, child?" Mrs. Rivers asked.

"I'm sure I don't know, it was something running over me."

"Only a poor, little lizard, said Fred? comfortably. "Never mind it, Fanny—come back."

"A lizard! Was it one, truly, Fred? No, indeed! I'll never lie down there again—never—ugh!"

"Why, Fanny, you silly little thing! You'll have to give up all such nonsense, if you are going to enjoy 'our' castle; I dare say we shall have these beautiful little creatures in the house and darting over us every day."

"Fred!"

"But, truly, Fanny, I mean what I say; there seem to be thousands of them around here, and any dark, rainy day will drive them indoors."

"But they send shivers all over me."

"Well," and Fred shrugged his shoulders, "I advise you to make up your mind to associate with them willingly, for they will constitute themselves self-invited guests very often."

This was a view of things Fanny had not anticipated, and it dampened, somewhat, her admiration for the place. She threw herself back in a lounging chair among the cushions, and began to think about it. Her little chattering tongue once still, Fred, on the divan, was soon dozing.

It was not Fanny's habit to make very lengthy reflections upon any subject, and a few moments later she was again in the garden. Half an hour after, when Fred went to look for her, he found her pushing aside the currant bushes, opening the box borders with her fingers, and peering through the hedges.

"What are you doing, Fanny?"

"Following your advice, and making

the acquaintance of the lizards," she replied, in a very business-like manner, and without looking up.

"Brava!" cried Fred. "I like that. Here's one that seems to favor your intention," he added, as a great, green-and-golden fellow darted into the path, stopping midway in the sunshine to look at the two intruders, and make up his mind if they were friends or enemies, and then disappeared, with lightning speed, within the shadows of the opposite hedge.

"Wait a moment, and let's see what he will do," said Fanny.

A minute or two after, the bright-eyed creature glided again into the sunny path, accompanied this time by its mate. For a half second, again, they looked around, then disappeared as before.

After this, Fred and his sister went down the avenue, through the gates, and out into the village among the village people. The women all smiled and courtesied, and the men touched their hats. Of course, Fred was polite enough to raise his in return; but he told Fanny, confidentially, afterward, that he meant always to wear his old hat when he went through the village, for a new one would be quickly worn out with such incessant taking off and putting on.

Altogether the day was a very happy one, and the sun sinking behind the snow peaks first suggested the thought of returning. The carriage was brought out, the horses were harnessed, the merry party seated, gates opened, closed and locked, then the wheels turned over the paving stones with a deafening noise, almost drowning every word spoken. A dead silence followed, as Fred gravely raised his finger to his lips while passing over the tottering bridge, and then the eager horses dashed away along the winding road to the royal avenue, and almost before the tired Fanny could fall fairly asleep, they drove into the court, and her father carried her upstairs in his arms. This made her laugh, and quite waked her up; but she was very glad, a few moments after, to say good night to all, and soon went to sleep to dream of golden and brown and green and striped lizards, and of Fred's "brava," which had pleased her most of all.

—*Little Corporal.*

SINGING SCHOOL FOR BIRDS.

There is such a school as this, and very good scholars it makes. They cannot read or write, but they can sing. They sing a few simple notes, like the small linnets you may hear in the fields; but after they are

taught they will whistle regular tunes.

Last summer I was at a friend's house at Nahant. I rose early in the morning, and went down stairs to walk on the piazza. While there I heard, as I thought, some person whistling a tune in a very sweet style. I looked around, but could see no one. Where could the sound come from? I looked up, and saw a little bird in a cage. The cage was hung in the midst of flowers and twining plants. "Can it be," thought I, "that such a little bird as that has been taught to sing a regular tune so sweetly?" I did not know what to make of it. When my friend came down stairs, she told me that it was indeed the little bird who had whistled the sweet tune. Then my friend cried out to the bird, "Come, Bully, Bully, sweet little Bull-finch, give us just one more tune." And then this dear little bird hopped about the cage, looked at its mistress and whistled another sweet tune. It was so strange to hear a bird whistle a regular tune! "Now, Bully," said my friend, "you must give us 'Yankee Doodle.' Come, come, you shall have some nice, fresh seed if you will whistle 'Yankee Doodle.'" And the little thing did whistle it, much to my surprise.

My friend then told me that she had brought the bird from the little town of Fulda, in Germany, where there are little schools for teaching these birds to sing. When a bullfinch has learned to sing two or three tunes, he is worth from forty to sixty dollars; for he will bring that in France or England. Great skill and patience are needed to teach these birds. Few teachers can have the time to give to the children under their charge so much care as these bird-teachers give to their bird-pupils. The birds are put into classes of about six each, and kept for a time in a dark room. Here, when their food is given to them, they are made to hear music, so that when they have eaten their food, or when they want more food, they will sing, and try to imitate the tune they have just heard. This tune they probably connect with the act of feeding. As soon as they begin to imitate a few notes, the light is let into the room, and this cheers them still more, and makes them feel as if they would like to sing. In some of these schools the birds are not allowed either light or food until they begin to sing. These are the schools where the teachers are most strict.

After being thus taught in classes, each bullfinch is put under the care of a boy, who plays his organ from morning till night, while the master or mistress of the

bird school goes round to see how the pupils are getting on. The bullfinches seem to know at once when they are scolded, and when they are praised by their master or mistress; and they like to be petted when they have done well. The training goes on for nine months, and the birds have got their education, and are sent to England or France, and sometimes to America, to be sold.—*The Nursery.*

THE PERSEVERING BOY.

The month of December in the year 1807 was unusually cold and blustering. In some instances, cattle and swine poorly sheltered were found badly frozen: winter had come on so suddenly that many were unprepared for it; while the effect of such severity in the weather so early in the season was disheartening to young and old.

There was one exception, however, and this was a youth of fifteen summers, tall and gaunt, who sat one stormy evening in the old fashioned chimney corner of his father's humble dwelling reflecting upon his own situation, and planning what he would do to improve it. There was one fixed purpose in his mind, and that was, to get an education. How to accomplish it he could not imagine, for though his will was as inflexible as iron, his power of conception was not yet developed. He had been to a school in the neighborhood the previous winter, but this avenue to learning was now closed to him. As he sat on the old fashioned stool amid the noise and confusion of the family around him, and the hoarse sighing of the tempest without, his thoughts were something of this nature: "winter has commenced, I long to be at my studies. The best part of the year, and the only time I can call my own, is passing away; what shall I do?"

As if in answer to this question, there was a knock at the door, and presently a neighbor walked in covered with snow. He had been to a village beyond, and was returning to his home, when the light of the pine-knots attracted his attention.

Our youth in the corner nodded good evening to the guest, but his mind was too deeply absorbed to listen to the chit-chat which followed. The great question, "What next?" was still undecided, and his brow knit more and more, as he reflected on the difficulties in his path, which however not for one moment deterred him from pursuing it.

Presently he was roused by a voice.

"Jo, did you hear, Jo? There is a school

in Plainfield. Neighbor G— says it's a good one, taught by Master Maynard."

Jo rose slowly from his seat, a look of cool resolve stamped on every feature.

"I shall go to Plainfield in the morning," he said quietly.

"But how can you get there? It'll be awfully drifted, the snow is a foot deep now, and the wind blows a gale."

"I'll get there somehow, I reckon."

"But, remonstrated his father, "I don't see the way for you to go to Plainfield. I can't pay for your board or schooling, much as I'd like to do it."

"I know that, father, but I'm determined to have an education."

Bidding the family good-night he mounted to his humble chamber in the loft, saying to himself "Yes that's the next step. I'll go to Plainfield, and I'll go to-morrow. What's a few drifts of snow to me, when I'm determined to get where I can be at my books? Perhaps this Master Maynard will help me to contrive a way to get an education."

The next morning the thermometer was down to zero, and the banks in front of the house covered the stone walls; but not one whit daunted, our friend started off as soon as it was light, a small package of clothes and books slung over his shoulder with a stick, in search of "larnin," as his father called it.

On entering the schoolroom in season to see that the fires were sufficient for the severity of the day, Master Maynard observed sitting on a bench, and warming himself by the blazing logs, a youth whom he had never seen before. There was an expression on his brown face which fixed the attention of the teacher, and the following conversation took place.

"Have you come to join the school?"

"Yes sir, I have walked seven miles this morning to do it."

"Are you acquainted with any one in Plainfield?"

"No sir, but I mean to get an education. I heard last night that you were teaching a school here; and I came to get you to help me contrive a plan."

"Cannot your parents assist you?"

"No sir."

"Have you no friends to lend you a helping hand?"

"No."

"How then do you expect to get along?"

"Don't know. I thought I'd come and see you about it—I'm determined to get learning before I'm much older.

There was something in the resolute man-

ner in which he undertook to conquer difficulties, that interested the teacher. He told the stranger to remain through the day; and he would see what could be done. Before night he had made arrangements in the family where he was boarding, that the young man should remain, paying his expenses by labor out of school hours.

Our friend now gave himself diligently to study, and soon convinced his teacher that, though not possessed of brilliant talents, his will to acquire knowledge was indomitable. Through the winter he made good but not rapid progress, and so much interested his teacher by his perseverance, that at the close of the term that gentleman made arrangements with a clergyman who resided four miles from his father's house to hear his recitations.

At last he was prepared for college and the theological school, being one of the earliest members of the Seminary in Andover, from which place he went to Greece as a missionary of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions.

I scarcely need say that I have given the early history of Dr. Jonas King, whose indomitable perseverance, amidst discouragements

and persecutions, has done so much for the redemption and Christianization of Greece, and has excited the admiration of the whole Christian world.

Original.

STRANGE—BUT TRUE.

AN ORTHOGRAPHIC STUDY.

By various transpositions of the seven letters which form the word "strange," about one hundred and ten legitimate English words may be formed. These transpositions will include no word of merely local or provincial application, no Scotticism, and no technical or obsolete words, the large majority being "household words" in every-day use. The words so formed must not include more than seven letters, so that there will be no repetition; but, of course, they may include any number under seven, provided the same letters be not used twice in any word.

Domestic Economy.



SOMETHING FOR CHILDREN TO DO.

The most lasting joys we can confer on children are those which, under most circumstances, they are able to provide for themselves. These must obviously spring from a cultivated mind and practised ingenuity. A pantomime, Punch and Judy, fireworks, and similar shows, are all very well for the entertainment of crowds; but the sight of such performances does not supply the want of resources which shall be within reach at all times. I am certain that a child's sense of pleasure is vastly increased by the knowledge and in the hope that whatever he is employed upon is subservient to some good end. Give a boy a handful of tools, and tell him to go and amuse himself with them, and he will not know what to be about. But tell the same boy that you, his mother, are sadly inconvenienced for the want of a little box to

the shape it is to be, and tell him that you would really be very pleased if he could manage to make such a thing for you, and he will set to work in real earnest to carry out your wishes. The result may possibly be such a production as was never seen before, unfit for any imaginable purpose, but still it must be accepted as the best executed piece of workmanship. From such awkward beginnings, and under the influence of such encouragement as an intelligent mother would bestow, the bungler might develop into an amateur mechanic of the highest order. Again, with little girls. Send them to fetch and carry, to do this and that about a house, and they will regard their employment as irksome; but ask them to help their mamma in household affairs, tell them that there is no one else to whom she can trust her keys and confide the care of pets and flowers, and instantly a monotonous drudgery becomes invested with a responsibility which is truly

enjoyable. The whole sum of a woman's duties may be learned in childhood, and made pleasurable if only rightly implanted. The love of being useful, and the craving for something to foster, is an active principle in their breasts, which the best dressed doll, the nicest food, and the smartest clothes, do not call forth. Directed in the right channel, the amusements of children may not only render themselves, but all around them, hereafter happy.

FERNS FOR THE HOUSE.

Nothing can be prettier than to see a stand of ferns in the parlor or sitting-room through the winter. Their freshness, amid winter snow and desolation, is gratifying to the eye, and the richness of their growth well repays the little care and attention which they demand. Our lady-friends should gather pretty, delicate specimens during the summer, and get them nicely started before cold weather. The best way to keep them through the winter is under a bell-glass. Take a young plant, with one or two delicate sprays. Find a pan of some kind, which will look presentable in a sitting-room, then get a little peat-soil and silver-sand, and a few crocks or broken clinkers. Put these last in the bottom, not to do their usual work—for there need be no drainage from the pan—but simply to form a sort of receptacle into which the surplus water may fall from direct contact with the roots; plant the specimen in the centre, raising the soil towards that point, and making it a little rough with a few bits of sandstone, &c.; put on the glass, and the thing is done. The result will be one of the most beautiful objects ever seen in garden or in wild. Every tip of the finely-divided frond will have its little pearl of dew, and when this ceases to be the case it is time to water again—a labor of once in six months or less. These filmy ferns, that naturally grow in still and very moist places, are, above all others, those most suitable to indoor cultivation, no ventilation, no complication of any kind being necessary.

SELECTED RECIPES.

EXCELLENT CHICKEN PIE.—Cover the bottom of a pudding-dish with slices of broiled ham, cut up one or two chickens, and broil or parboil them. Fill the dish even full, sprinkling it here and there with small slices of ham, and pieces of egg cracker. Season well with pepper; the ham will probably make it salt enough. Cover with stock or veal gravy, and lay on a rich crust, at least half an inch thick, with a rim upon the edge. Bake in a moderate oven an

hour and a half, cover the paste with paper, if necessary, to prevent burning.

BREAKFAST BALLS.—The meat must be chopped very fine. Take an equal quantity of bread-crumbs, a tablespoonful of flour, a little allspice, salt, half an onion chopped very fine indeed. First mix the bread-crumbs, flour, and spice together, then mix the meat well with it, sprinkle the onion over, stir all well together, and stir in two table-spoonfuls of pork, finely-minced. Make the mixture into balls with a very little milk, press them flat, roll each in flour, and drop them one at a time into a sauce-pan of boiling dripping, frying each simply in this way. When brown, take it out with an egg-slice, and let the fat drain from it.

RICH GRAVY FOR ROAST FOWL.—Cut small one pound of gravy-beef, slice two onions, and put them into a stew-pan with a quart of water, some whole black pepper, a little carrot, and a bunch of sweet herbs; simmer till reduced to one pint; strain the gravy, and pour it into another stew-pan, upon two ounces of butter browned with two table-spoonfuls of flour; stir and boil up.

BREAD.—One pint of mashed potatoes, one teaspoonful of salt, and one of sugar. The potatoes should be more moist than for the table. Add one teacupful of yeast, either home or bakers', but not a bit of flour. Keep this very warm till light. Use this to mix the bread, and mix so that it will not stick. Let it rise very light, then mould into tins; keep very warm till light again, and bake in a moderately hot oven. I have made good bread in this way from flour not fit to eat without the potatoes.

PUDDING A L'ELEGANTE.—Cut thin slices of light white bread, and line a pudding-shape with them, putting in alternate layers of bread and orange marmalade, or any other preserve, until the mould is nearly full. Pour over all a pint of warm milk, in which four well-beaten eggs have been mixed. Cover the mould with a cloth, and boil for an hour and a half. Serve with sauce.

NICE GRIDDLE-CAKES.—Soak stale bread crusts in hot water, enough to moisten them over night. In the morning add sour milk, a little soda, flour sufficient to make them thick enough, and bake them on a hot griddle.

APPLE IN JELLY.—Peel and quarter some good apples, and take out the core. Cook them with just water enough to cover them, some slices of lemon, and clarified sugar, until they are soft. Take out the pieces of apple with great care not to break them, and arrange them in jars. Then boil the syrup until it will jelly, and pour it over the pieces of apple.

SWEET APPLE PICKLES.—Pare nicely the quantity of apples required, and take out the stem and blow end with a sharp-pointed knife. Boil them tender in a kettle of syrup, prepared in the following manner: To one quart of cider vinegar, add one pint of sugar (two quarts will cover a half bushel of apples), add spice, cloves, and cassia buds to taste. Boil the syrup a few minutes after taking out the apples. Peaches and pears are very nice prepared the same way, except to boil the syrup longer for the latter.

A GOOD WAY to use cold beefsteak is to chop together cold steak and a few pieces of dry bread; place in a pan, and turn boiling water over it; season with butter, pepper, and salt; then make a crust as for biscuit, and line a deep dish; turn in your mixture, and sprinkle flour over it, and put on the top crust. Bake quickly, and you have a chicken pie—minus the chicken, but just as good.

REMOVING STAINS.—Ox gall is an excellent article for removing oil stains from delicate colored fabrics. It often fixes and brightens colors, but will slightly soil pure white materials. Alcohol washes out stains of oil, wax, resin, and pitchy or resinous substances; so also does spirits of turpentine, and generally without injury to colors.

MUSH BREAD.—Boil some Indian mush in the usual way, and when luke-warm, add to it some salt, yeast, and enough flour to form a soft dough. Let it rise; when light, knead it with only enough flour to prevent the dough adhering to the board. Make it into loaves, put them in the pans, let them rise again, and bake them. This is a more economical bread than that made with wheat.

TEA BUNS.—One pound and a quarter of flour, one half pound of currants (well washed), two ounces of butter rubbed in the flour, about a pint of sweet milk warmed, two spoonfuls of yeast, the yolk of an egg well-beaten, carraway seeds to taste; mix these well together, and beat them up as for a seed cake; set them before the fire for an hour to rise, make them up in cakes, and, before baking, lay them on plates for a time.

MACAROONS.—Blanch and skin half a pound of sweet almonds, dry them well in your screen, then put them into a mortar with a pound and a half of lump sugar, pound well together, and pass the whole through a wire sieve; put it

again into the mortar, with the whites of two eggs, mix well together with the pestle, then add the white of another egg, proceeding thus until you have used the whites of about eight eggs, and make a softish paste, then lay them out at equal distances apart upon wafer-paper, in pieces nearly the size of walnuts, place some strips of almonds upon the top, sift sugar over, and bake in a slow oven, to a yellowish brown color. They are done when set quite firm through.

APPLE FRITTERS.—Make a batter, not very stiff, with one quart of milk, three eggs, and flour to bring it to a right consistence. Pare and core a dozen large apples, and chop them to the size of small peas, and mix them well with the batter. Fry them in lard, as you would doughnuts. Eat with powdered white sugar or good molasses.

APPLE TAPIOCA PUDDING.—In a quart of warm water soak one teacup of tapioca and a teaspoon of salt, and keep in a warm place. Pare and slice eight large, tart-spicy apples. Butter well the pudding-dish, place the tapioca apple, and sugar in alternate layers till the dish is filled, having the tapioca on the top, on which place bits of butter, adding, if the dish will allow, a little more warm water. Eat warm with sauce.

BREAKFAST CAKE.—One quart of sweet milk, two eggs, a small teaspoonful of salt, and one pint of sifted cornmeal. No more or less. Bake forty minutes in a quick oven.

Editorial and Correspondence.



THE LATE BISHOP FULFORD.

Dr. Fulford, the first Anglican bishop of Montreal, to which diocese he was appointed in 1850, was born on the 3rd of June, 1803, at Sidmouth, Devonshire, England. He was the second son of Baldwin Fulford, Esq., of Great Fulford, in that county, the representative of one of those ancient English families—which, though not noble, have often a longer pedigree and a prouder ancestral history than many a member of the peerage,—emphatically of the class known as “gentlemen.” The family is of Saxon origin, and for more than six hundred years, or since the time of Richard the First, has had uninterrupted possession of “Fulford,” or, as it is written in the Domesday Book, “Folefort.” Several knights of that name distinguished

themselves in a military capacity during the Crusades, the insurrection in favor of Peter Warbeck, the Wars of the Roses, and the civil war in the time of Charles the First, when the family mansion, which was garrisoned and held for the King, was taken by Fairfax, commanding the Parliamentary forces. Having received a grammar-school education at Tiverton, the subject of our obituary was admitted to Exeter College, Oxford, of which he became a Fellow, and where he obtained a B. A. degree. He was ordained Deacon in 1826 and Priest in 1828. He afterwards held successive curacies in two parishes, and was then presented to the rectory of Trowbridge by its patron, the Duke of Rutland. In one of these appointments he was, if we mistake not, successor to the poet “Crabbe,” to whom, along with other literary celebrities with which his Lordship had been

acquainted, he referred at a lecture delivered by him in this city some years ago, observing that Crabbe never fully mastered there his clerical position. The very reverse of this, we should think, might be stated respecting his Lordship himself, who seemed to have a singular aptitude of estimating the situation, of apprehending the sphere of his duties, and of ability to perform them. One so gifted, and, no doubt, assisted by the prestige derived from an ancient and honored lineage, combined, probably, with not undeserved patronage derived from noble connections, could scarcely fail to ascend in the scale of clerical promotion. He became Rector of Croydon, Cambridgeshire, and afterwards Minister of Curzon Chapel, in the aristocratic parish of St. George's, Hanover Square, London, a charge which he retained from 1845 till 1850, when he was consecrated Bishop of Montreal, then first erected into a new diocese. His consecration to that office took place in Westminster Abbey, the honorary degree of D. D. having previously been conferred upon him by the University of Oxford. His Lordship had been married, in 1830, to Mary, eldest daughter of Andrew Berkley Drummond, Esq., Hants, she being grand-daughter to the second Earl of Egmont, and niece of the Right Honorable Spencer Perceval, who, while Prime Minister of England in 1812, was shot in the lobby of the House of Commons by a monomaniac named Bellingham, a Russia merchant, who thought that his pecuniary ruin was owing to certain commercial measures of the ministry of that day. Dr. Fulford, while holding a rectory, had also entered the world of letters, by publishing a brief history of "the Progress of the Reformation"; also two volumes of sermons. He was a patron of art as well as an admirer of letters, and was the first President of the Art Association of Montreal, and continued to be its zealous supporter, as well as an encourager of other institutions of a liberal and refining intellectual tendency. But he was, after his consecration, above all things, the bishop. His whole attention

seems to have been devoted to the duties of his Episcopate, which his past experience, up through various grades in the church, and his having had the supervision of widely different flocks, did, along with his soundness of judgment and natural administrative ability, eminently qualify him to perform. In 1860, he was created Metropolitan. He was naturally cautious, and often wisely reticent; and he had, we believe, the esteem and confidence of his clergy, of all orders of the ecclesiastical hierarchy and every shade of opinion. This feeling was, to a certain extent, entertained towards him by the members of other communions than his own. He was, perhaps, not disposed to be extreme in his views,—certainly not in his measures; and it is understood that it was his intention so to present the vexed ritualistic question before the Provincial Synod as that it might possibly be settled without leaving special reason for offence to either party. How far he would have succeeded is not for us to say. His recent presence at, and the leading part he took in, the late "Lambeth Conference," in England,—a conference which he was of the first to suggest,—must have made him conversant with all the difficulties of the case. But these difficulties it was not the will of Heaven that he should encounter. On the very eve of holding the Synod, death has called him away, to reap the reward of his labors, and, from his comparatively humble residence in Christ Church School-house, to rest in mansions where there is no doubt or controversy respecting apostolic succession, transmitted spiritual powers, and ritual observances; but where uncertainty is removed, and faith swallowed up in sight. He died at twenty minutes past six on Wednesday evening, the 9th of September.

TO OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

Some explanation is perhaps due to the many kind friends who have favored us with communications, of the non-appear-

ance of their articles for so long a time. The truth is that we have generally a sufficient supply of original matter on hand for several numbers in advance; and, if there is no special reason of haste, the accepted articles are printed in the order in which they were received. Then, again, poems and papers, more particularly suited to certain seasons of the year, coming to hand too late, have to be kept over a year, to the inevitable disappointment of the sender.

Furthermore, we would draw the attention of those who purpose writing for the MONTHLY to the following rules:—

1.—Every article should be *clearly* written on good, substantial paper, of a uniform size, and on one side of the paper only. Proper names should be written with unusual care, so that there may be no possibility of a mistake.

2.—The name and address of the writer should be written upon every article sent, and the name of the article should be invariably mentioned in letters referring to it. Contributors should also specify whether or not they wish their manuscripts returned if declined.

3.—Letters relating to subscriptions, advertisements, canvassing agencies, etc., should invariably be written on a separate sheet of paper from matter which is intended to reach the hands of the Editors. Inattention to this rule is often the cause of delays or mistakes.

It may be as well also to have it clearly understood that the Editors claim the privilege of making any slight alterations in accepted M.S.S., which may, in their view, be required for the perspicuity of the style, or to preserve the tone of the Magazine. It is also sometimes necessary to cut down communications to a considerable extent, and while we are upon this subject, we would respectfully urge the importance of condensation and brevity in composition.

REMITTING FOR THE "DOMINION MONTHLY."

The difficulty of remitting small sums in Canada is a great grievance both to the subscribers and publishers of newspapers

and periodicals. A friend in a country district of Quebec writes as follows:—

"It has been with no little trouble that I have been obliged to send to Quebec for paper-money to remit. With all due submission, I would bring this to your notice, as a reason that might induce you to be less rigorous to subscribers residing far from towns, and where no bank-paper is in circulation."

So far from being rigorous with subscribers, we greatly desire to please them, as publishing so cheap a magazine proves; but if we sent it on credit, we would need to double the price, for the credit system of publishing is entirely different from the cash system, necessitating book-keeping, collecting-agents, bad debts, etc. We have, therefore, no help for it, but to stop the magazine when not remitted for in advance, but we will print a large surplus of the present number to supply all who remit within a month, so that there may be no disappointment. A few subscribers in almost any locality could combine and procure a money order.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Rev. I. R., Cobourg.—The second copy of N. D. M. remitted for by you is sent to Y. M. C. A. Reading Room, Halifax, N.S., for the year beginning with this number.

THE CRUCIBLE.

"The Crucible," a story of remarkable interest, written by a Kingston lady, is continued in this volume of the DOMINION MONTHLY. It has been inserted serially since last April, and sets of the DOMINION MONTHLY from April to September inclusive, being the second volume, may be obtained at our office for Fifty cents, or bound and post-paid for Eighty cents.

The publication of this first number of the second year has been delayed in order to allow of subscriptions coming in, so that as few names may be taken off the despatching list as possible.

To all who have remitted, we return our thanks; and from those who have not yet remitted, we hope to hear soon, as also from many new subscribers.

FOR GOOD

PHOTOGRAPHS,

Large or small, you will not be disappointed at

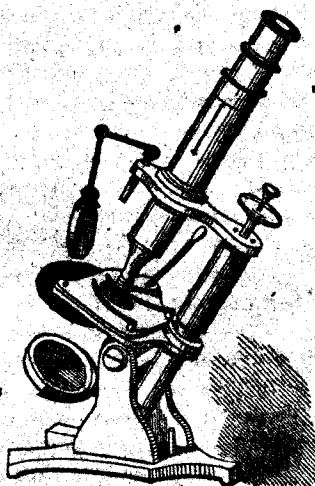
J. G. PARKS'

PHOTOGRAPHIC ROOMS,

No. 1 Bleury street,

MONTREAL.

FIELD,
MARINE,
AND
OPERA-GLASSES,
STEREOSCOPIES
AND
VIEWS,
SURVEYING
INSTRUMENTS.



MICROSCOPES,
TELESCOPES,
THERMOMETERS,
BAROMETERS,
MAGIC LANTERNS
AND
SLIDES.

C. HEARN, Optician,

242 AND 244 NOTRE DAME ST., MONTREAL,

Has on hand the largest and best assorted Stock of Optical Goods in the Dominion. He would invite particular attention to his superior Stock of SPECTACLES and EYE-GLASSES of every description.

REPAIRS EXECUTED WITH NEATNESS AND DESPATCH.

PROSPECTUS

OF THE

"NEW DOMINION MONTHLY."

SECOND YEAR.

The first year of this enterprise has closed with a result that may well surprise and gratify all the friends of literature in the Dominion of Canada. A degree of success which, in ordinary cases, only follows years of effort, has been attained in this case, in the short space of twelve months, as will be seen from the following statement:—

The subscription list, in the first year, has risen to 910 in the city, and 4,756 sent by mail to all parts of the Dominion, and the sales to booksellers and periodical agents, and at our office, vary from about 1,500 to 2,000 each issue. The circulation is thus in all from 7,100 to 7,500 of each number; and we have printed since April last, 8,000 copies per month, so as to make sure of meeting all demands.

The DOMINION MONTHLY has been even more successful in another most important respect, namely, in obtaining the co-operation of a noble company of literary contributors, scattered over the whole Dominion of Canada. The number, variety, and excellence of the original articles contributed to the DOMINION MONTHLY has caused general surprise and admiration, and yet such an amount of literary ability might have been expected in provinces peopled so largely by settlers of cultivated minds, and in which education has occupied so much attention.

The publishers have also reason to be thankful for a fair amount of advertising patronage.

But, notwithstanding this success, it is found by experience that at the very low price of the DOMINION MONTHLY, it scarcely meets its expenses, which have proved considerably greater than was estimated, and

a large extension of circulation is therefore needed to enable the publishers to remunerate contributors, even on a very moderate scale.

All our present subscribers are therefore requested to remit promptly at the expiration of their year, and to endeavor each to induce one or more new subscribers to remit with them.

The only way in which a magazine can be published so cheap, is to carry out invariably the rule of CASH IN ADVANCE; and the NEW DOMINION MONTHLY will stop promptly in all cases where the subscription is not renewed. It is much to be desired that all should remember this rule, and remit in time, so that there may be no interruption in their receipt of the MONTHLY.

The terms will be slightly different from what they were last year, on account of the new postal law, requiring publishers to prepay periodicals by stamps after the 1st of January next. For, as it would be awkward to charge \$1.12, we shall keep the yearly subscription at the \$1, and prepay the postage after the First of January next ourselves; but we will, on this account, be unable to give gratis copies with clubs, or commissions to canvassing agents.

We need not add that no pains will be spared to make the magazine worthy of public support in every respect, and that improvements in illustrations, &c., will keep pace with the extension of circulation.

The Vol. from April to September, inclusive, will be sent, bound and post-paid, to any one who will remit for Five Subscribers for one year.

New subscribers may still be furnished with the MONTHLY from April last, if they

wish ; and, in that case, their year will begin with that date.

TERMS FOR ADVERTISING.

With the encouragement of the past year before us, we purpose commencing the second year with an impression of

Ten Thousand Copies

per month, and we request advertisers to send their orders not later than the 10th of September for the October number.

This magazine affords perhaps the best medium in the Dominion of Canada for advertising Prospectuses and Reports of Public Companies and Joint Stock enterprises, as well as for Manufacturers' advertisements with pictures of their works or trade-marks. Such advertisements may, if preferred, be sent printed (on thin paper), to be stitched in with the magazine. Farms and Villas for sale, prospectuses and valen-

dars of Schools and Colleges, and many other kinds of advertisements, which a little thought would suggest, will find the **NEW DOMINION MONTHLY** a most suitable medium, as it circulates widely among the most respectable classes throughout the Dominion.

TERMS.—Advertisements on fly-leaves of the Magazine, \$10 per page, or \$6 per half page ; or for short advertisements of an eighth-page, or equal to one square, \$2 each insertion.

A discount of 12½ per cent. will be allowed on advertisements inserted for 3 months ; 20 per cent. on those inserted for 6 months ; and 33½ per cent. for twelve months.

Advertisements sent in ready printed, will be stitched into the magazine for a charge of \$1 per 1,000 for one leaf of two pages ; or \$1.50 per 1,000 for four pages, if unobjectionable in point of character, and printed on paper that is not too heavy.

All orders, remittances, and communications to be addressed, post-paid, to

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,

Publishers "New Dominion Monthly,"

MONTREAL.

38 VICTORIA SQUARE, MONTREAL, August 10, 1888.

Proprietors **NEW DOMINION MONTHLY,**

Gentlemen,—Having advertised for some months past in your new Monthly, I have very great pleasure in informing you that, as an advertising medium, I have found it a most profitable investment. Correspondents who have become familiar with my manufactures through the advertisements in the **NEW DOMINION MONTHLY** have written me orders from all parts of the country—Ontario, Quebec, and the Maritime Provinces; and my business has proportionately increased in consequence.

I have advertised extensively for the last fourteen years in various publications, but never before obtained the same value for my money.

Very truly yours, **T. GROSS.**

MONTREAL, Feb. 22nd, 1888.

Messrs. John Dougall & Son, Publishers of **NEW DOMINION MONTHLY.**

Gentlemen,—We have pleasure in informing you that we have received more responses to our advertisement in the **NEW DOMINION MONTHLY** than from any other advertising medium we have ever resorted to.

We are pleased to hand you this for publication, if you desire. Yours very respectfully,
C. W. WILLIAMS & CO., Sewing Machine Manufacturers.

The Second Volume of the "**NEW DOMINION MONTHLY**," comprising six numbers—from April to September, inclusive,—will be bound in cloth and forwarded, post-paid, for a Dollar, remitted to

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,

PUBLISHERS

CANADA TRUSS FACTORY.

F. GROSS,
SURGICAL MACHINIST,

AND

Elastic Spring-Truss Maker,

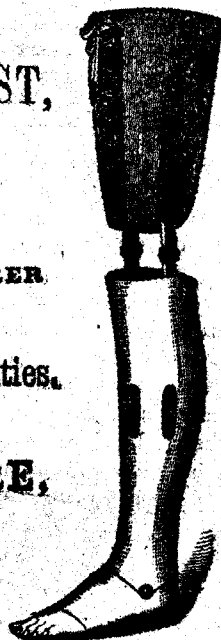
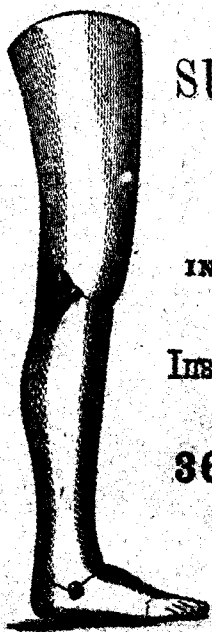
INVENTOR AND MANUFACTURER

OF ALL KINDS OF

Instruments for Physical Deformities.

36 VICTORIA SQUARE,

MONTREAL.



F. GROSS'S ARTIFICIAL LEGS.

Distinguished in their superiority for combining in the highest degree Scientific and Anatomical principles with the articulation of the natural limb, and possessing great strength, with lightness and durability. They are perfectly adapted to all forms of amputation. Every limb is made first-class, of the best material, and fully warranted. They are recommended by the leading Surgeons, and universally approved and recommended.

F. Gross's Chest-Expanding Steel Shoulder Braces.

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.

F. Gross can produce a great number of certificates from doctors and others to show that in all cases this Truss has given great satisfaction, and been applied with complete success.

ORDERS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

F. B. WRIGHT,

IMPORTER OF AND DEALER IN

BERLIN WOOL,

Shetland, Andalusian, Fleecy, Fingering, Merino, and Lady Betty. Berlin Wool Patterns, Slipper Patterns, Canvas, Beads, Crochet, Knitting, and Embroidery Cotton, Stamped Work for Braiding and Embroidery, Sofa-Cushion Cord and Tassels, Embroidery and Sewing Silk, Filocelle, and materials for various kinds of Fancy Work.

DOLLS! DOLLS!!

A complete assortment in Wax, China, and Comic, dressed and undressed.

TOYS AND GAMES

In great variety.

BASKETS,

Market, Waste-Paper, Fancy, Nursery, and Work-Baskets, at all prices.

WAX LILIES AND FRUIT,

Under Glass Shades, Bohemian Vases, etc., etc.

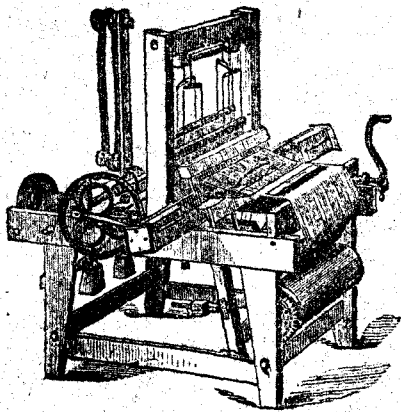
GLASS SHADES,

Round and Oval.

Also, Paper Hangings, Ladies' Dress Buttons, Dress Sticks, Combs and Brushes, Pincettes, Leather Satchels, Walking-Sticks, and a general assortment of Fancy Goods.

No. 386 Notre Dame Street, Montreal.

(Opposite C. Alexander & Son's.)



Worthen & Baker's PATENT HAND-LOOM.

This superior Loom weaves Tweeds, Jeans, Sattinett, Linsey, Blanket-Twill, Flannel, Balmoral Skirtings, Flax and Tow Linen Bagging, Wool and Rag Carpeting, &c.

It lets off the warp, throws the shuttles, treads the treadles, and winds up the Cloth, by simply turning a crank. Thirty yards per day can be wove, and even four yards in an hour can be wrought upon it.

To make the changes from one kind of cloth to another (on the same warp), requires but two minutes, and is so easy and simple that a child can make them after once showing.

For particulars and circulars enclose stamp, and address,

WORTHEN & BAKER,

Manufacturers and dealers in Looms, Warps, Filling Yarns, Reeds, Metal Harness, Bobbins, Shuttles, &c.,

Coaticooke, P. Q., and Port Hope, Ont.

CHOICE TULIPS FOR SALE.

From and after the 1st day of July, the following assortments of CHOICE ASSORTED TULIPS, being part of the collection of the undersigned, will lie for sale at the WITNESS Office, Great St. James street:—

Parcels of 12 assorted Fine Tulips, Fifty Cents each.

“ 30 “ “ One Dollar “

“ 100 “ “ Three Dollars “

Two Parcels of 100 each will be given for Five Dollars.

All the above will be blooming bulbs in fine order.

Patties ordering from a distance will please specify the mode of conveyance. Postage would be high if sent by Mail, and Express charges are also very dear upon such small parcels. The best way, therefore, is to send for them by some friend visiting the city.

CULTURE OF THE TULIP.

TULIPS are the most highly colored and richly diversified of all flowers, and bloom at a season of the year (from 20th May to 10 June), when there are few or no other flowers in the garden. Any one planting a good bed, containing say 100 bulbs, about six inches apart, each way, will have a beautiful show, that will richly recompense the outlay; and these bulbs will, upon the average, increase fully fifty per cent. per annum. The best form of a bed is about four feet wide and as long as necessary, and the best exposure is to be open to the morning sun, and shaded from the noonday sun.

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.

All orders to be addressed to

JOHN DOUGALL,

Witness Office,

MONTREAL.

“WITNESS”

STEAM

Job - Printing House.

NEATNESS,

CHEAPNESS,

PUNCTUALITY,

DESPATCH.

APPEAL CASES.

PAMPHLETS.

CATALOGUES.

HANDBILLS.

POSTERS.

REPORTS.

ADDRESSES.

SERMONS.

PROGRAMMES.

BUSINESS CARDS.

CONSTITUTIONS.

MORTGAGES.

BILL HEADS.

LAW BLANKS.

DRUGGISTS' LABELS.

DEEDS.

BONDS.

CIRCULARS.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,

PRINTERS,

126 Great St. James Street,

MONTREAL.

MONTREAL BUSINESS COLLEGE,

Corner of Notre Dame street and Place d'Armes.

A Link in the Bryant and Stratton International Chain.

THE BUSINESS AND COMMERCIAL COURSE INCLUDES

BOOK-KEEPING, DOUBLE AND SINGLE ENTRY, COMMERCIAL AND MENTAL ARITHMETIC, PRACTICAL PENMANSHIP, BUSINESS PRACTICE AND CORRESPONDENCE,

ALSO

TELEGRAPHING AND PHONOGRAPHY.

A Scholarship issued by the Montreal Branch entitles the holder to Tuition for an unlimited period of time, and the privilege of reviewing any part of the Course in any of the Colleges connected with the Chain.

The attendance of students is gradually and steadily increasing, and many who have been in attendance are now occupying positions of trust and responsibility in Montreal and other places. Every effort is made to assist those who are deserving and competent to procure situations.

The original copies of the following and other testimonials may be seen on application at the College:

From James Mavor & Co., Montreal Marble Works, Corner of St. Catherine and St. Alexander streets.

MONTREAL, 18th March, 1888.

MR. J. TASKER,

Principal,

Montreal Business College.

We have much pleasure in expressing our approval of the system of instruction and training for business pursuits adopted and carried out at your College. We have lately received into our employment a young man as Book-keeper, one of your graduates, he having had no previous instructions of the kind, to our knowledge, and we have found him in every respect fully competent for the situation.

We remain,

Yours truly,

JAMES MAVOR & CO.,

Per ROBT. REID.

From Murray & Co., Wholesale and Retail Stationers, corner of Notre Dame and St. John streets.

STATIONERS' HALL, MONTREAL, March 28, 1888.

MR. J. TASKER,

Principal,

Montreal Business College.

DEAR SIR.—We have great pleasure in informing you that the young man you recommended to us as Book-keeper has given us entire satisfaction. He has undoubtedly received a thorough training in the principles of Book-keeping; and his general correctness and steadiness testify to the advantages of your system of study.

We are, dear sir,

Yours very truly,

MURRAY & CO.

Circulars containing full information in reference to terms, course of study, &c., may be obtained on application, either personally or by letter, to

J. TASKER, PRINCIPAL.

THIRD CIRCULAR TO ADVERTISERS.

THE

NEW DOMINION MONTHLY.

MONTREAL, CANADA: JOHN DOUGALL & SON, PUBLISHERS.

The Publishers of "THE NEW DOMINION MONTHLY," in view of the success which this new Canadian Literary Periodical has met with in the first nine months of its issue, confidently predict for it a widely-extended circulation and a permanency which no other British American Monthly has yet obtained.

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.

British Manufacturers are beginning to appreciate the value of the DOMINION as a means of increasing their business; and we have been favored with annual contracts with Messrs. Robert Wotherspoon & Co., the Manufacturers of the celebrated Glenfield Starch; and also with Messrs. Plesse & Lubin, the equally celebrated Perfume Manufacturers.

We again invite attention to this new Monthly.

Until further notice, the following will be the rates of advertising:—

Fly-leaves, per page, - - - - -	\$10.00 per month.
" " half page, - - - - -	6.00 "
" " four lines, double column, - - - - -	1.00 "
" " additional lines, - - - - -	.12½ "
A square, or eighth-page, - - - - -	2.00 "
Printed leaves bound in, - - - - -	1.00 per 1,000.

For pages of cover, and first page of fly-leaves after reading-matter, special rates are charged.

To advertisers for three months, a discount of 12½ per cent. will be made; for six months, 20 per cent.; and for 12 months, 33½ per cent. on the above rates.

British advertisers will please calculate five dollars to the pound sterling; and advertisers in the United States will remit in gold or its value.

Parties at a distance who may doubt the above statements with regard to figures, would do well to inform themselves of their correctness, through their friends here, or through advertising agents, to whom every facility for verifying our circulation will be afforded.

No advertisement can be inserted of bad or doubtful character.

All communications or remittances to be addressed (post-paid) to

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,

PUBLISHERS, MONTREAL, CANADA.

Montreal, August, 1868.

ONGLEY
Stephens & K...
K...
K...

DR. COLBY'S Anti-Costive and Tonic Pills,

Are a safe and reliable remedy in all diseases of the Stomach, Liver, and Bowels. They are no Quack Medicine, puffed up by high-sounding testimonials from imaginary people; but are the result of forty years' experience of a first-class physician, and their extraordinary success is due to the fact that they answer exactly their name. The formula from which they are prepared is based on sound, scientific principles, and has received the unqualified approbation of the medical profession. They do not profess to be a cure for all; but for all diseases arising from any derangements of the Stomach, Liver, and Bowels, they furnish an effectual remedy. We have in our possession over one hundred testimonials from physicians who have used them in their practice and highly approve of them, among which are the following:—

The undersigned physicians cheerfully certify to the high professional standing of Dr. Colby, of Stanstead, one of the oldest and best physicians, and to the excellent qualities of his "ANTI-COSTIVE AND TONIC PILLS," which we have used in our practice, and highly approve,

- | | |
|--------------------------------------|----------------------------------|
| J. H. Gibson, M.D., Dunham C.E. | C. E. Cotton, M.D., Cowansville. |
| Charles Brown, M.D., Cowansville. | S. S. Foster, M.D., Brome. |
| J. C. Butler, M.D., Waterloo. | John Erskine, M.D., Waterloo, |
| Norman Cleveland, M.D., Brantston. | N. Jenks, M.D., Barnston. |
| C. W. Cowles, M.D., Stanstead. | John Meigs, M.D., Stanstead. |
| Joseph Breadon, M.D., Surgeon. R. N. | Benjamin Damon, M.D., Coaticook. |
| Lemuel Richmond, M.D., Derby Line. | |

S. J. FOSS & CO., Sherbrooke, P. Q., Sole Proprietors. HENRY, SIMPSON & CO., Montreal, Wholesale Agents.

JACOB'S RHEUMATIC LIQUID.

For the immediate relief and permanent cure of Rheumatism, Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Frost-Bites, Lame Back, Side, Limbs, or Stomach, Cramp, Numbness of Limbs, Swelling of Joints, Sudden Colds, Diptheria, Sore Throat, etc.

JACOB'S RHEUMATIC LIQUID

Has been before the public for upwards of twenty years, and such are its merits that it is now justly considered as an indispensable article in every family where it is known.

It has never been forced on public attention by flaming advertisements of remarkable cures that never had any existence; but, by its own peculiar value as an unfailing remedy, it has worked its way into public favor.

Having a wonderful effect when taken internally, in quickening the circulation of the blood, it is invaluable to persons predisposed to Paralysis, or subject to attacks of Heart-Disease. In cases of Dyspepsia, where food distresses, it affords prompt relief, and, continued for a short time, sets everything right.

The name of the medicine is blown in each bottle of the genuine; and the purposes for which it is intended, as well as the mode of using, attached.

HENRY, SIMPSON & CO., Montreal, Wholesale Agents. S. J. FOSS & CO., Sherbrooke, P. Q., Sole Proprietors.

HUNT'S EMPIRE HAIR GLOSS.

This pleasant, agreeable, and scientific preparation is an indispensable article for the toilet. It cleanses the scalp, renders the hair of a darker appearance, is easily applied and will not stain the finest linen. Those using the Empire Hair Gloss will find that it renders the hardest and coarsest hair soft, glossy fine, and beautiful, disposing it to stay in any position in which it is placed. It prevents the hair from falling out, invigorates and strengthens it, and often produces a new growth of hair where it has already disappeared, by invigorating and restoring the skin, nerves, muscles, blood-vessels, and roots of the hair. PRICE 25 CENTS.

S. J. FOSS & CO., Proprietors and Sole Manufacturers, Sherbrooke, Province of Quebec. HENRY, SIMPSON & Co., Montreal; LYMANS, ELLIOT & Co., Toronto, Wholesale Agents.