

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.

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.

- | | | | |
|-------------------------------------|---|-------------------------------------|---|
| <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> | Coloured covers /
Couverture de couleur | <input type="checkbox"/> | Coloured pages / Pages de couleur |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | Covers damaged /
Couverture endommagée | <input type="checkbox"/> | Pages damaged / Pages endommagées |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | Covers restored and/or laminated /
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée | <input type="checkbox"/> | Pages restored and/or laminated /
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | Cover title missing /
Le titre de couverture manque | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> | Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | Coloured maps /
Cartes géographiques en couleur | <input type="checkbox"/> | Pages detached / Pages détachées |
| <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> | Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black) /
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire) | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> | Showthrough / Transparence |
| <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> | Coloured plates and/or illustrations /
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> | Quality of print varies /
Qualité inégale de l'impression |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | Bound with other material /
Relié avec d'autres documents | <input type="checkbox"/> | Includes supplementary materials /
Comprend du matériel supplémentaire |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | Only edition available /
Seule édition disponible | <input type="checkbox"/> | 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. |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | 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. | | |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | Additional comments /
Commentaires supplémentaires: | | |

NEW DOMINION MONTHLY.

OCT.

1870.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE.		PAGE.
Agnes Vining—A Canadian Tale, (Contin'd)	1	THE HOME:—	
Brave Hearts of Canada, (Poetry)	11	Description of Fashion Plate	44
Backwoods Life	13	On the Healthful and Economical Use of Meats	46
The Convict's Dream, (Poetry)	17	A Window Greenery	47
The Legends of the Micmacs	18	Culture of Hyacinths	48
To San Francisco through the Tropics	23	Selected Recipes	49
Means of Preserving Health	28	LITERARY NOTICES:—	
King Canute, (Poetry)	31	The Fenian Raid of 1870	51
YOUNG FOLKS:—		EDITORIAL NOTICES:—	
A Story from the Moon	32	Frederick William, Crown Prince of Prussia	63
How Railroads are Made	34	Von Moltke	64
Little Hercules	37	ILLUSTRATIONS:—	
Conundrums	39	Frederick William	Frontispiece.
The Way to do It, (Poetry)	39	Von Moltke	Title page.
Charade	39	Fashion Plate	Page 44
Answer to Riddle	39	Action at Eccles Hill	" 53
MUSIC:—		Volunteer Camp at Holbrooke's	" 47
No Crown without the Cross	40	Advance of the 50th Borderers	" 61

JOHN DOUGALL & SON, PUBLISHERS, TORONTO, CANADA.

WINDSOR NURSERIES.

PEAR TREES

FOR

FALL PLANTING.

All judges acknowledge that Pear Trees grown at Windsor Nurseries are the best and hardiest on this Continent.

They are grown on heavy clay loam most suitable for the Pear, as witnessed by the gigantic old French Pear Trees growing along the Detroit River. Pear trees grown on light sandy soil, of which most Nurseries are composed, are comparatively worthless.

The present Stock of three-year old Dwarf and Standard Pears is the finest ever grown in these Nurseries, and can be confidently recommended as unsurpassable anywhere.

Fall Planting is best for Pear trees if only done early enough, as they can be safely lifted a fortnight or three weeks earlier than Apple or most other fruit trees; their young wood maturing earlier, the leaves can be easily removed without injury before lifting, which is absolutely necessary in early fall planting.

Orders for Pears should therefore be sent in September, or first week in October (and separate from orders for other trees which cannot be lifted so early), to allow the trees to be planted by the middle of October. The farther north the earlier they require to be planted. The stock of four to six years old bearing Dwarf Pear Trees, is very large and fine.

CATALOGUES SENT FREE ON APPLICATION.

TREES PACKED CAREFULLY SO AS TO CARRY ANY DISTANCE SAFELY.

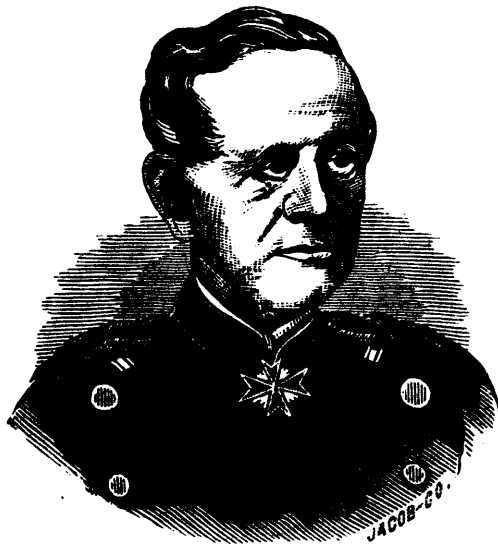
JAMES DOUGALL.

Windsor, Ont., 15th August, 1870.



FREDERICK WILLIAM, CROWN PRINCE OF PRUSSIA.

The New Dominion Monthly,



VON MOLTKE.

OCTOBER, 1870.

NEW DOMINION MONTHLY.

OCTOBER, 1870.

AGNES VINING—A CANADIAN TALE.

BY MRS. R. ROTHWELL, AMHERST ISLAND, ONT.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER III.

PHILIPSBURG.

A fortnight of uninterrupted fine weather succeeded the wet and dreary time that had given Mrs. Vining so unfavorable an opinion of the climate. She had arrived at an unfortunate season; for in Canada, from the middle of March to the middle of April is usually a half season, when the clearness of the winter atmosphere is gone, and the genial, animating weather of late spring and early summer has not yet taken its place. May, however, came in with all the bright loveliness attributed to her by the poets. The ice had all vanished, and the deep blue of the heavens was equalled by that of the waters of the bay; the last atoms of snow were gone, and the brown fields were beginning to assume their garb of green; the trees were still bare, but the buds were, as Mrs. McFarlane said, "swelling awful," giving promise of the leafy glories to come, while the chirp and song of birds had become an every day sound. Spring, in the country, was new to Agnes, who took intense delight in Nature, and in out-door occupations; and in preparing a flower-garden with Philip's assistance, in boating when the evenings were warm enough, and in occasionally visiting the few people whom Philip would allow her to become intimate with, the days passed quickly away. She had not

thought it possible, when she left England, that she could have been so happy.

The family nearest to them, with whom they were on visiting terms, was that of Mr. Jacob Valleau. Mr. Valleau was owner of a large and valuable farm, of houses and barns, of flocks and herds, (to say nothing of pigs, which come, I believe, under neither denomination,) of orchards and pastures, woods and fields. He was master of a well-appointed and well-regulated household, and father of a pretty daughter and a handsome son, but of these only the former was at home. Of Mr. Valleau not much to his praise could be said. He was an old man now, and had received his education, or what had done duty for education, in days before the schoolmaster was abroad; he had known how to make money and to keep it, and that, he said, was knowledge enough for him. He had married, late in life, a very pretty wife, whose children had inherited their mother's good looks, and husband and wife agreed that as their descendants would possess both beauty and fortune, it would be a pity not to improve such talents to the full extent. Escott was therefore brought up to the profession of the law, and Minerva, or Minnie, as she was generally called, received what they considered a "first-rate education." At seventeen, when she was in all the bloom of beauty, she came home, stuffed with accomplish-

ments, and ignorant of many things she ought to have known, to turn the heads of the young men who were foolish enough to think of her, to be petted and admired for a few years, and finally, as her mother hoped, to make a good match and settle down in a home of her own. By a good match Mrs. Valleau did not mean such in the common acceptation of the term: as she remarked, "Minnie had money enough of her own," she didn't care about riches, but she wanted her daughter to marry "some one real nice."

Minnie had a good disposition and was an amiable girl, but was in a fair way to be spoiled by flattery and over-indulgence, when chance or good fortune threw Agnes Vining in her way. One bad result of her education, and one which, in cases like hers must often happen, was that she saw the deficiencies of her parents and her own superiority. Her mother, indeed, was far above her father in intellectual attainments, and possessed excellent sense, and a fair share of useful knowledge; but she had never learned any of those miscalled *accomplishments* which Minnie had been taught to consider as all important. She could not strum through a few "pieces" on the piano; she could not paint on glass, or make wax-fruit; she could not bring into existence marvellous worsted flowers which it would have puzzled Linnæus to classify, and she never attempted to read a book in any other language than her own. All these things Minnie could do, and did; and it was not until she met Miss Vining that she formed an idea of a higher range of attainments still. In *accomplishments* alone Agnes was superior. Minnie could read French, but Miss Vining could speak it without book, and other languages besides, of which Minnie knew nothing. Minnie could not play without her music before her; but one evening, when Agnes had been to see her mother, and been detained by rain, she had played nearly in the dark for an hour, and sung songs that had moved Mrs. Valleau to tears. If Agnes could not make wax flowers, she could paint them to perfection, and if she did not excel in worsted monstrosities, she could embroider and make lace in a manner that Minnie could never hope to equal. But

beyond all this she possessed information which far exceeded all that Minnie had ever known; as it well might, for it was such as is only acquired by extensive reading and intellectual society.

Minnie was a good girl, and felt humility rather than envy at finding one so superior to herself, and one too who made no display; who was so retiring and modest that it was only by slow degrees that Minnie found out all her worth; who scorned no household duty, and allowed no opportunity to pass of making herself useful; who treated her father and mother with as much respect, when she came to their house as if they had been her own; indeed, as Minnie was ashamed to think, far more than *she* had ever shown them; and one who, whoever she spoke to, made a friend of the listener, and gained the good-will of all; for so Agnes had done. She had a winning manner and a kind heart, and those two qualities go far towards making friends.

She had soon detected the good qualities and failings of Minnie Valleau, and liked her for, and in spite of them. She saw a good deal of her, for Minnie was so enchanted with her new friend that but few days passed without her spending some portion of them at Philip Vining's. If Agnes thought her visits rather too frequent, she could say nothing, and besides she was glad that Minnie liked her society sufficiently to seek it. Mrs. Vining never troubled herself about visitors; she could not get over her dislike of "common people," and when any one entered the house she generally retired to her own room.

This, however, did not come to pass all at once. At the time of which we are speaking Agnes has only been a month in Philip's home. It is a Sunday morning, warm and bright, and she, Philip and Mrs. Vining are on their way to church. The church was two miles distant, and Philip having no means of conveyance except a waggon, which Louisa refused to enter, this was the first time they had been there together; but to-day the road was so dry, the sky so bright, and the air so fresh and pure, that even Louisa admitted that a walk would be pleasant. Leaving the bluff round which the road wound, they kept

the shore for the whole distance, passing through Philipsburg, which was dignified with the name of village, though it hardly deserved the title. It consisted of a store and post-office, the house of Mr. Ashton, the "merchant," who owned the one and managed the other; a wharf and storehouse for the reception and shipping of grain, a blacksmith's shop, shoemaker's ditto, and the "Philipsburg Hotel, J. Givens." Philipsburg was not a rising place; for years no improvements had been made, so it had naturally retrograded; or, as one of its inhabitants said, "It kinder seemed to advance backwards." Every year had subtracted some paint from the houses, and added to the graceful inclination of Mr. Ashton's garden fence; every summer had witnessed the decay of the wharf; but the winter had never seen it repaired, and holes and loose planks threatened broken ankles to the careless. The forge was, as usual, a black and grimy place, and unredeemed by much that could be called picturesque, being a low, log building with a slab roof, encircled with fractured farming implements and heaps of old iron. The one exception to the general untidiness was the tavern or "Hotel," the landlady of which took great pride in its appearance and management, and considering its contrast with the surrounding objects, she had some reason to do so. It was the half-way house, where the passengers by the daily stages, between the towns of Cybele and Montagn (each of which was distant about twenty-five miles), rested and dined, and had thriven under the patronage of travellers. The house was, of course, of wood, painted white, with green Venetian blinds; a veranda, supported by imitation stone columns, ran along the front, above which was a balcony, bearing some resemblance to a bird-cage, from being enclosed at the ends by a green trellis reaching to the roof. On one side extended the orchard, and on the other were the sheds for travellers' horses, and the barn and stables appertaining to the farm.

Such was Philipsburg. One mile beyond it was the church, an unpretending edifice, standing on a knoll, on which grew two or three large black oaks. The service had not begun, and the congregation were

standing in groups outside the door. Many of them had driven a considerable distance (for this was the only church within nine miles), and enjoyed the opportunity of exchanging greetings, and indulging in a little friendly chat with acquaintance whom they seldom saw on other occasions.

"The clergyman comes eleven miles," said Philip to Mrs. Vining, "so you must not be surprised if he is not very punctual."

"It is a very small congregation."

"Rather larger than usual to-day, on account of the fine weather I suppose. There are so many Methodists and other dissenters in this neighborhood, that the attendance at church is very small."

"Who is the clergyman?" asked Agnes.

"His name is Haltaine. I rather like what I have seen of him. He called on me when I first came, and has been once or twice since; but he says it is too far for him to come on to my house on Sunday after church, and allow time for his evening service at home."

"Where does he live then?"

"At a place called Constance, eleven miles off; rather a nice village, at least his house is pretty, for it stands on a mill-stream, and has a great number of evergreens about it. I was there once."

"Let us go in," said Louisa. "I am tired of standing."

When Mr. Haltaine entered the church, Agnes did not wonder at Philip's liking him; there was an expression of mingled intellect and good humor in his face, which prepossessed her in his favor, and when, after the service, Philip introduced him to herself and Mrs. Vining, she thought his manner agreeable, and his conversation pleasant, little as could be said on a first interview. His voice was a good one, and he read well, and his sermon, though plain and practical, and suited to the generality of his hearers, yet showed much talent and ability, and deep thought.

"I ought to apologize for not having brought my sister to call on you, Mrs. Vining. Her husband seldom has an hour he can call his own, and the duty of escorting her generally devolves on me, and I am sometimes negligent. I hope to bring her over some day soon."

"I shall be very happy to see her," said Louisa. "There is very little society here."

"Mrs. Vining does not appreciate the Valleaus and the Ashtons," said Philip, with a smile.

"Probably Mrs. Vining looks for a higher standard of mind and manners than are to be found among most of the people here."

Louisa took the speech as a compliment, and construed into a look of admiration the glance which accompanied it, and gave Mr. Haltaine a more gracious smile than she had bestowed on any one for many a day. "I think Mr. Haltaine is a very agreeable person," she said to Agnes that evening. "I hope he will bring his sister to see us."

"Do you?" said Philip.

Louisa colored a little, and did not reply.

CHAPTER IV.

A JULY EVENING.

In spite of Mr. Haltaine's hopes, three weeks elapsed before Mrs. Wilson, his sister, came to call. When at last she made her appearance, the impression she made was not very favorable; she was altogether commonplace, and inferior to her brother both in education and refinement. She brought with her, however, a pretty, engaging child, who formed a subject of conversation for part of the time of her visit; the rest was spent in discussing the fashions, the difficulty of getting servants, and the trouble they gave when you did get them, the unpleasantness and inconvenience of living so far from a large town, and the last local news.

"I do not think anything ever happens here," said Mrs. Vining. "I have heard of no event since I came, and I have been here more than two months."

"Well there is generally something going on in Constance; but then you know we are a village, with a number of people, so of course we have more to talk about. We had two weddings last winter."

"Indeed!" said Louisa, not caring in the least whether there were two or twenty.

"Yes, and very pretty weddings too; I was at both. Are you fond of attending

weddings? I think there is no party so pleasant."

"I never was at any but my own."

"Dear me! How strange! I was a bridesmaid five times, and was at others besides before I was married. I wonder you can wear a widow's cap this hot weather, and when you have no relations near you."

Perhaps this specimen of Mrs. Wilson's discourse will suffice. Louisa listened to her with ill-concealed weariness, provoked besides at seeing Agnes carry on an animated conversation with Mr. Haltaine. Vanity was the chief ingredient in her composition; she had taken it into her head that Mr. Haltaine admired her, and though only in the first year of her widowhood, and still professing deep grief, the fancy had greatly pleased her. This day, however, she saw but little of him, for somewhat to her surprise, he appeared quite contented with Agnes' conversation, and Mrs. Wilson showed no intention of allowing Louisa to escape from the hearing of the various misdemeanors of her last cook; a fertile subject which lasted until the time arrived for their departure. Fearing that if they stayed the housemaid might succeed the cook, Louisa did not detain them, and was decidedly out of temper when they were gone.

"What did you think of Mrs. Wilson?" asked Philip, in the evening.

"I think she is a most tiresome woman," replied Louisa.

"I did not expect you would admire her much. There are some of those here whom you despise who are quite as entertaining, and, in my opinion as refined, though you would call her a lady, and call them 'common people.'"

"Will you never forget my saying that!" said Mrs. Vining, pettishly.

Louisa, however, was not without some good qualities; few people are, entirely. One of hers was love for children; it had always been a source of grief to her that she had none; and as time went on, partly from want of occupation, and more from womanly affection, she began to take pleasure in making a pet and plaything of little Johnny McFarlane, whom she had once designated as that "nasty, dirty child."

Mrs. McFarlane was a sailor's wife. Her

husband was one of the "hands" on board the schooner of which Mr. Ashton was owner, and Mat Givins captain. During the summer, when he was "sailing," his wife preferred living in service in a comfortable home and earning good wages, to keeping house in a shanty, with scanty fare, and loneliness for her companion. She had lived for more than a year with Philip, for the preceding winter her husband had worked for him, and was much attached to "the master." She had doubted whether she could remain when a "mistress" came; but Agnes had soon gained her good opinion, and with Mrs. Vining's airs, she was content to put up, with lofty condescension, as with those of a visitor or a spoiled child. To Agnes Mrs. McFarlane was a great source of amusement; her love of finery (exemplified in her Sunday attire, but by no means on weeks days,) her demonstrative affection and dislike, her passion for fine language, sometimes only to be satisfied by a coinage for the occasion, and her total want of respect, if by respect is meant reserve and servility of manner, —all so different from anything Agnes had ever seen or imagined from her former experience of servants, was matter of mirth to her, and she really liked the woman for her good nature and readiness to serve. Johnny was her only child, and her pride and delight; he was a pretty, good little fellow between two and three years old, and all his beauties and good qualities were, of course, doubled and trebled in his mother's eyes. She was excessively pleased when Mrs. Vining began to take notice of him; when she provided the material for a frock, and even with Agnes' assistance made part of it herself, and when she would keep him with her for amusement for hours at a time. And as on Agnes devolved the office of keeping the child's face and hands clean (for Louisa would not undertake it, and Mrs. McFarlane would have had no idea how,) Mrs. Vining thought taking charge of little Johnny a very pleasant thing.

She had annoyances, however; one of these was the constant presence of Minnie Valleau—not that she saw much of her, but she always knew when she came, and broadly hinted to Agnes her fears on Philip's account.

"Take my word for it Agnes," she said one day "you will repent some day of having that girl so much here. There is a great deal in habit, and Philip will take a fancy to her sooner or later. He is not one to fall in love unless it was put in his head to do so; but with that girl forever making eyes at him, how can he help thinking of it?"

"I do not think Minnie 'makes eyes,' as you call it. On the contrary she is always rather shy when Philip is present."

"That is worse still," said Mrs. Vining.

"And even if I knew that Philip would fall in love with her, what could I do? It will not make much difference in the end whether she has a few conversations with me, more or less."

"Well we shall see. I only say my opinion is you will repent it some day."

"If the worst came to the worst," said Agnes, smiling "Philip might have a worse wife."

Mrs. Vining opened her eyes in her peculiar manner, and retired from the discussion as one unappreciated and misunderstood, leaving Agnes to the contemplation of her own affairs.

She had enough to think of, for it was Saturday evening, and Mrs. McFarlane, with more to do than she could accomplish, had left a good deal to Agnes. It was a hot July evening, everything quivering in the still heat; there was not a ripple on the water of the bay, which shone like gold in the rays of the descending sun; the flowers in the two small borders, (which was all that Agnes had been able to accomplish in the shape of a garden this first year) looked parched and drooping; the dog had sought the shadow of the veranda, and lay panting, with closed eyes and lolling tongue; the paint had acquired new blisters from the sun which glared pitilessly down from a cloudless sky, and the earth felt red-hot beneath your feet. Every door and window stood wide open, but in vain; there was no breeze to be wooed within them and Agnes felt as though she could never be cool again.

She would willingly have left everything undone, and occupied herself in the use of a fan alone; but it could not be. She had to prepare Philip's tea against he came in from the hay-field, a repast which consisted chiefly of fruit and iced milk; and to see

that the meal was ready in the kitchen for the men, and the tea sufficiently strong and hot. How they could drink it was to her a mystery; however suffocating the weather, the inevitable boiling tea must be the accompaniment of every meal, transferred from the stove to their cups, and thence down their throats in the course of a minute or two. It cooled them, they said, and Agnes could not deny that it might be so, but she had never been able to try the experiment. She thought it must be a characteristic of Canadians to possess throats insensible to heat, for even of those who occasionally took tea with her, she had remarked that most could dispose of two cups of tea long before her first was cool enough to taste; and on her first visit to Mrs. Valleau, that lady had twice asked her "whether her tea was not to her liking," because she did not drink it like the rest.

Her household tasks completed, she was seated at the open door, gasping over a piece of work she was anxious to finish, when Miss Valleau opened the gate and came up the path.

"I thought I'd come and see how you were bearing the heat," said that young lady, as she sat down on the steps of the veranda and threw her hat on the floor. "Isn't it awful?"

"Come out of the sun directly," said Agnes. "I only wonder you did not get a sunstroke on the way. How could you venture out?"

"Oh, you know I don't feel the heat like you—I'm quite cool. Well you *do* look—I think there's going to be a storm soon. But that isn't what I came to say; if you looked at the moon last night you would know that much. Escott's coming home to-night for a while. You'll see him at church; I'll make him go with me. Oh, I do so wonder how you'll like him!"

"Indeed if to-morrow is like to-day, you will not see me at church," said Agnes. "I could not exist through the service in heat like this."

"Then I shall bring Escott to see you. I couldn't have him go without your seeing him; he can only stay a short while, and he can't come again for ever so long, they have so much to do in the office, and Win-

chester is so far off; I always did wish he had settled nearer."

Here Miss Valleau came to a pause, perhaps for want of breath.

"So you won't go to church to-morrow?" she pursued. "I wonder you like to lose Mr. Haltaine's sermon. But perhaps he preaches you one at home, when he comes. If you were not such a color already, I suppose you'd blush now."

"I wonder you like to talk such nonsense," said Miss Vining.

"Well you can't deny that he does come here every Sunday!" cried Miss Minnie, "and of course he comes to see *you*."

"Why should he not come to see my brother and Mrs. Vining?"

"He never came to see Mr. Vining once a year, before you came; and Mrs. Vining is a widow and out of the question, though I don't exactly know that she'd like to hear me say so. No it's you. Not a doubt of it."

"Come and have some cherries, Minnie," said Agnes, to put an end to a subject which was not agreeable. Miss Valleau's jests contained too much truth to be pleasant. Mr. Haltaine did come every Sunday, and Agnes was conscious that she enjoyed his society, and looked forward to his visits as her chief pleasure.

He had discovered that it was quite possible to come to Philip's house after church and spend an hour or two, and yet leave ample time for his drive home, but whether he came on Agnes' account was doubtful; she did not flatter herself that he did. He did not distinguish her by any particular attention; indeed, he seemed to bestow more on Mrs. Vining than on her, who did not scruple to receive it, or attempt to deny that it gave her pleasure. She had great faith in the power of her lovely face and fascinating manner, and believed that few would be insensible to their influence; and Agnes, fully conscious of her own inferior charms, was quite willing to allow her all the admiration she could wish. If she had sometimes thought that Mr. Haltaine talked to her in a different strain from that which he used to Louisa, she had considered it as a proof that he rated her understanding higher, which she knew to be just; but she also knew too well the difference

between esteem and love to take it as any token of the latter feeling.

It was necessary, therefore, that she should take care of herself, and not learn to like Mr. Haltaine too well. Perhaps she ought not to have thought on the subject at all; it would, no doubt, have been more sentimental and more like a heroine if she had fallen fathoms deep in love without knowing anything about it; if so, she was no heroine—she was only a sensible girl. Moreover, she was not entirely without experience in such matters. She had suffered once from taking an affection for granted; and though the remembrance of her unworthy lover had faded from her mind, she had not forgotten the lesson—the same thing should not occur again. She would look on Mr. Haltaine only as a friend, and a true pleasure she considered it to have such a friend in a place where so few could be found at all equal in cultivation to herself. Mr. Haltaine was a man of high education and attainments; he had passed much time in England and Ireland, in both of which countries he had relatives, and where he would have preferred living had his means allowed; but the income on which he could live in comfort in Canada would have been but a slender pittance at home. Mrs. Vining declared it was a comfort to have some one of their own stamp to associate with in so heathenish a place; and though Agnes smiled at her placing herself on the same mental level as Mr. Haltaine, she was glad of anything that would keep her in good humor, and silence for a time her complainings of the country and of her hard fate. She was of a harmless nature in the main, but a shallow one; she could complain when things went wrong, but she would never exert herself to make them better. If any real emergency or necessity for exertion arose, and Mrs. Vining were tried in the balance, it was to be feared that she would be found wanting.

On this evening, in spite of Minnie's presence, she came down to tea, and listened, half in weariness and half in contempt, to her praises of her brother. She idolized him, and was never weary of descanting on his cleverness, his good qualities, and his good looks; but it was a subject of

which her auditors sometimes tired, particularly as all did not see him with the same partial eyes as his sister. "Any way, I'm glad he's coming," she concluded, "for 'tis a stupid place, and any change is pleasant."

"It is a stupid place," assented Mrs. Vining. "I do wish something would happen to wake us up a little."

"Who's asleep?" said Philip, coming in. "Good evening, Minnie." She was still Minnie to him, having grown up from a child under his eyes. "How is it you don't look hot? Who is to be waked up, Mrs. Vining?"

"I was only wishing something would happen in this stupid place to cause a little excitement," said Louisa.

"Is'n't the heat enough to excite you? I never felt such weather."

"Nor I," said Miss Valteau. "It's dreadful."

"It's good for my hay," said Philip, "and that's about the only thing it is good for; the grain is all parched, and there are seams in the ground you might put your foot in; I don't want anything to happen now but a good fall of rain."

"It is better for nothing to happen at all, than for anything unpleasant to occur," said Agnes.

"I would rather have a painful excitement than none at all," said Mrs. Vining.

Miss Valteau laughed, while Agnes said, "How can you say such things, Louisa? You know you do not mean it."

"Indeed I do," persisted Louisa.

She little thought how soon her idle words were to be fulfilled.

CHAPTER V.

A DOUBLE MISTAKE.

The heat next day, instead of abating, seemed to have increased. In accordance with her intention, Agnes stayed at home, and did not brave it; but in spite of it, two o'clock witnessed the arrival of Mr. Haltaine, and later in the day came Minnie Valteau and her brother. The latter was a tall, handsome man of about five-and-twenty; unlike his sister—who was dark-haired and dark-eyed, and possessed a

peculiarly bright complexion for a Canadian—he was very pale, with grey eyes and light hair. Agnes did not like him, though she could scarcely have said why; but his face, though handsome, had an expression that did not please her—she thought it insincere. His voice was soft and insinuating, and his manner easy and quiet; he was polite, and his conversation and ideas as refined and intellectual as could be expected; “far more so,” as Mrs. Vining observed, “than she could have supposed possible in the son of that boorish old Mr. Valteau.” However, this might be because he paid her compliments, some so broad that Agnes wondered how she could like them; but Louisa’s appetite for flattery was not dainty, and was never appeased.

With this new admirer she had less time to devote to Mr. Haltaine, who was consequently more at liberty to converse with Agnes. He seemed to try to make himself especially agreeable, and as was but too certain with her he entirely succeeded. She could not help thinking that he felt for her more than mere friendly regard; various tones and expressions—so slight that a less interested ear might not have noticed them—seemed to show it; and she was alarmed to find the delight it gave her to think it could be so. Still, he never said more than politeness might have warranted, had he been in the habit of complimenting women as some men do. But Mr. Haltaine was not one of that kind; and at one speech which might be construed into a compliment—the only one he had ever paid her—she blushed so that she feared he would notice the color that mounted to her face. She had asked him which place he thought prettiest, Philipsburg or Constance, where they had lately been to return Mrs. Wilson’s call. “I prefer Philipsburg,” he replied. “I wonder you think so,” said Agnes. “I should say Constance was much prettier.” “I did not say I thought it prettier,” he answered, lowering his voice. “I did not speak of beauty alone. I only say that this place has more attractions for me.”

Not the beauty alone! Agnes fancied the words bore a double meaning, which she was intended to understand. Like al

others, what she wished she found it easy to believe.

The afternoon passed pleasantly; there was a breeze from the water, and to enjoy it to the full extent the whole party were seated on the grass under the elm tree, where some shade yet remained, though the sun was sinking. They were engaged in a discussion upon different names, when the sound of the clock striking four came from the house. This was the signal for Mr. Haltaine’s departure; but before starting he begged for a draught of milk, and as Mrs. McFarlane was out on her usual Sunday holiday, Agnes went to get it for him. As she left them, Mrs. Vining said, “But you have not told us *your* name, Mr. Haltaine. Is it a pretty one?”

“Arthur. Do you like it?”

“Yes, it is pretty; but you should ask Agnes, if you wish it to be admired.”

“It is a favorite name of Miss Vining’s, then?”

“Particularly so,” said Louisa, “Over the sea—Oh, dear! how indiscreet I am. I dare not say a word more.”

Nor did Mr. Haltaine ask a word more; he had heard enough. After a moment he rose, and saying it was time to go, entered the house accompanied by Louisa.

Agnes heard their voices in the sitting-room as she came through the long passage. Before she reached the parlor door it opened, and Mr. Haltaine came out.

“Are you going without the milk, Mr. Haltaine? and without saying good-bye to me?”

“I did not mean to be so rude. Thank you.” He took the glass, and after drinking the contents just touched her hand, and turned away. As he went down the path, Agnes perceived on the floor a letter which he must have dropped, and taking it up called him back. As he came towards her she handed him the letter; but she held it so carelessly that before he could take it there fell from it a long tress of bright fair hair.

Mr. Haltaine did not seem at all confused as he took the letter from her hand, and quietly restored the hair to its place; but Agnes grew very pale as she bowed and said “Good bye.” He walked quickly

away as Agnes entered the parlor. Louisa was arranging her hair before the glass.

We all know with what lightning speed a train of thought will arise, pass through our minds, and bring us to a conclusion—whether right or wrong is entirely a matter of chance. In one instant Agnes saw, or thought she saw, it all. Mr. Haltaine really cared for Louisa; he had been jealous of the attention paid her by Escott Valteau, and of the favor with which that attention had been received; out of pique he had bestowed his time and conversation on herself—nay, had condescended to compliment her as he had never done before; Louisa had repented when she saw him departing in anger; she had followed him to the house; a few words had been sufficient to dispel the cloud; and doubtless there was now a clear understanding between them.

She did not stop to think how unlike all this was to anything she had ever believed of Mr. Haltaine; how totally different to all her preconceived ideas of his character would be such trifling, to call it by no harsher name. Who, under similar circumstances, ever does stop to think or reason? Blind feeling is the only guide received or followed. As, two hours before, Agnes had built for herself a fairy palace of love and pleasure, out of a look and a few low-spoken words, so did she now, on an equally unsubstantial foundation, erect a prison of darkness and despair.

Minnie and her brother of course stayed to tea, and Agnes had to exert herself for their entertainment. Mr. Valteau was going again the next day, much to Minnie's disappointment, who had counted on tea-parties and pic-nics during the time of his stay. It was a disagreeable evening to Agnes, who was (I blush to record it of my heroine) out of temper with herself and every one else, and misconstrued every word and action. Mrs. Vining was gay and in good spirits; this Agnes attributed to her pleasure in having come to an understanding with Mr. Haltaine; though had she been grave, it would probably have been considered a proof of pensive and silent happiness at the same cause. Mr. Valteau's politeness was intrusive and disagreeable; Minnie's lively chatter frivolous

and annoying, and Philip's remarks flat and tiresome. She was heartily glad when the visitors departed, and had hardly patience to continue talking as usual to Louisa, until she could with some show of reason, pretend to be asleep.

And Mr. Haltaine? He went home a considerably less happy man than he had left it in the morning. What the sight of a lock of hair had done for Agnes, three little words had done for him. He was fond of music; but there was one song which, from that time to the end of his life, he could not endure—that song was, "Over the Sea."

CHAPTER VI.

THE BEGINNING OF THE FEVER.

Three days after that eventful Sunday, as Agnes was engaged in the cool and pleasant task of boiling preserves over the cooking stove, she received a visit from Mrs. Givins of the "Philipsburg Hotel." Agnes was a favorite with Mrs. Givins, who, like most others, had a high opinion of her "learning," and had been won by the ease with which she fell into the ways of the country, and her good nature to any who required her services. Mrs. Givins was a comely widow of about five-and-forty. Since her husband's death, five years before, she had kept the tavern on "her own hook" as she said, her only son, who was captain of a schooner on the Lakes, having no inclination for a shore life. She was a brisk and active woman, who bustled through life in a hasty and good-humored fashion; who was not fond of being crossed or put out, and who kept herself and all with whom she had to do, in strict order. In her customers she permitted no intemperance or disorderly behavior; in her daughters and servants, no untidiness or idleness; and in neither, any disobedience or disregard of her.

"Fine day this," said Mrs. Givins, beginning the conversation after the stereotyped and approved manner.

"Rather too hot for me," said Agnes, rising from her stooping posture over the skillet, and pushing back her hair.

"Them's beautiful currants," continued

Mrs. Givins, looking at some on the table.

"I daresay you do feel kinder hot boiling them; but as I say to my girls, what is to be done, has to be done, hot or cold."

"Very true, Mrs. Givins; you and I agree in that."

"Miss Vining, you know a sight about physic, don't you?"

"Not much. I do know a little; why do you ask?"

"There's a young girl down to the Hotel that's awful bad. I could not get a team to go to Constance for the doctor in this hay-time if I gave five dollars, and I thought maybe you'd come down and see what ails her.

"Who is she?" asked Agnes.

"That's just what I can't tell you. She come in the stage yesterday from Montagn. A little before they got here, Bill Willard, (it was him that was driving)—well, he says she got faint and sick, and just went off in a fit. Well, course he could do nothing with her, so he left her with me, and so she's been ever since, never speaking or looking right, and I don't know what to do with her no more than Bill."

"What is she like?" inquired Agnes, interested in the story.

"Well, she looks about nineteen or twenty, and I guess she would be pretty enough if she was fixed up. I didn't tell you she's married, too."

"Married!" exclaimed Agnes. "How do you know if she has not spoken?"

"Easy enough. She's got a wedding-ring on her finger, and a baby four or five months old. I asked Bill if he knew her name, or anything about her; but he said no—she just got into the stage at Montagn, looking scared-like, and never said a word all the way, but just rocked the child and moaned. I didn't depend much on Bill, though, for he was a little struck with the rust at the time."

"A little what, did you say?" inquired Agnes.

"Rather tight," explained Mrs. Givins.

Miss Vining still looked as if she did not understand, and Mrs. Givins added:—

"He'd been treating something too free—had a little too much liquor."

"Oh!" said Agnes, comprehending at last.

"And the child's as sick as the mother," resumed Mrs. Givins. "It cries all the time and frets to be with her, and she can't take it. It's just taken Mary's whole time to attend on them since they come."

Further inquiries from Agnes elicited that the stranger was well-dressed, that she had a trunk with her, that she wore gold ear-rings and a gold chain round her neck, and that her hands looked as if she had never done much work. In conclusion Mrs. Givins begged again that Agnes would come and see her, and, having received a promise to that effect, departed, saying that "dinner wouldn't cook itself, and she didn't suppose her girls would either, if they weren't looked after."

Towards evening Agnes went down to Philipsburg. The heat was intense; every distant object appeared to dance in the hot air, and the chirp of the cicadas, and the rattle of the locusts' wings, sounded unnaturally loud in the stillness. She met no one on the way; the men were all at work in the hayfields, and it would have required either very urgent business or very enticing pleasure to have tempted a Canadian woman into the sun at that time of day.

Not that they were spending the time in idleness—at least all were busy at Mrs. Givins! That lady herself was packing away the results of the morning's work, in the shape of a large supply of pies, in the ample cupboard above the bar-room fireplace, now filled with green boughs and colored paper flowers; and through the open door of the kitchen could be seen her two daughters and the "girl" as actively employed as Mrs. Givins usually kept them, while the only idle one was the invalid, who sat in a rocking-chair by the window of the keeping-room with the infant on her knee. She was a pretty-looking girl of about twenty, well-dressed, well-mannered and intelligent. Agnes' gentle inquiries soon elicited her story. She had "come to herself" in the morning during Mrs. Givins' absence, and was now able to talk. She was travelling from Winchester to Morrisville to see her sister. At Montagn the baby had been sick, and she was inclined to return; but she had an aunt at Cybele who was a good hand with children, and she determined to go so far

for her advice. She did not feel well when she left Montagn, and the journey had been too much for her; she had fainted in the stage and remembered nothing more until she found herself two hours before under the care of Mary Givins. Her husband kept a small grocery in Winchester, and she was to have been from home two or three weeks.

Agnes could scarcely have said why, but, though the story was told with great simplicity, she did not believe it to be true. The air and manner of the girl were unsuited to her professed station; so were her dress and that of the child. There was a slight discrepancy in her statement as to the time when she had arrived at and left Montagn, and, what struck Agnes more than all, an utter languor and dejection quite unaccounted for. According to her own account, she was in good health and spirits when she left home, and going on a journey of pleasure; but she seemed like one who had suffered some great grief, and been entirely prostrated by the blow. Mrs. Givins had set it all down to bodily illness; but Agnes was more discerning, and felt sure there was more beneath than the stranger had chosen to tell.

"I suppose you'll be for going on to Morrisville as soon as you feel stronger some?" said Mrs. Givins, who had taken an active part in the conversation which had brought these particulars to light.

"Yes," replied the invalid, who had given her name as Annie Grant; "and as soon as my baby is better."

These words drew Agnes' attention to the child. She took it in her arms and perceived at once that it was in a high fever.

"Your child is very ill," she said to Mrs. Grant.

"No; he was sick when I left home, and I think he is worse now."

"He has some fever; you must take care of him."

The mother looked terrified.

"Is there much the matter with him? I do not know anything about sickness."

"I do not think you need be alarmed. Mrs. Givins is a good nurse, and I can send you some medicine for him. If that does not do him good we must have the doctor;

and, at any rate, I will come again in the morning."

She told the story to Philip on her return; but did not mention her own suspicions of its truth. Philip called her a good-natured little woman, but did not seem much interested, while Mrs. Vining, looking up from a game of play with little Johnny McFarlane, wondered how she could go nursing sick children in taverns.

"Who knows you might bring the fever home to us."

"It is not likely I should take it from that baby," said Agnes.

"I don't know," said Louisa. "I have a great dread of fevers."

"I am real glad you're come," said Mrs. Givins when she saw Agnes the next morning. "The baby died an hour ago, and Mrs. Grant's kind o' wild about it. She wanted me right or wrong to send for the doctor when it had but a few minutes to live, and when all the doctors in Upper Canada couldn't have saved it; and now she sits with the corpse in her lap, when I'd ought to have had it and fixed it up quite a while ago."

"Poor thing!" said Agnes. "Have patience with her."

The tears rushed to her eyes as she looked at the poor mother, who was holding the little body on her lap. Her tears were all spent; her eyes were dry and bright, and there was a hot flush on her cheek. Agnes said very little to her, and asked no questions, believing that she would rather be left alone; but she enquired of Mrs. Givins if Mrs. Grant had said what she intended to do. "Yes, she's going on to Morrisville, after the funeral to-morrow. If it was me, I shouldn't feel like going pleasuring as soon as my child was buried; but folks knows their own business best, I s'pose."

"If she is not better to-morrow than she is now, she cannot go," said Agnes.

"My sakes! I hope she ain't going to be ill?"

"I think she has the same fever that the child had."

"Conscience! But perhaps its only a cold she has; summer colds is always bad; I've had them awful myself. I'll give her some ginger tea; or maybe buttermilk and peppers would do her more good; its the

very best thing for a cold, only some folks finds it hard to take. Nelly, run up chamber and fetch me that string of red peppers."

"I would not give her anything hot," said Agnes, suppressing her surprise at remedies of which she had never heard before. "I will send for Dr. Wilson when I go home."

Dr. Wilson could not arrive till the evening, but he came too soon for the unwelcome tale he told. As soon as he saw Mrs. Grant he pronounced her illness to be a malignant fever of the most infectious kind.

Great was the consternation of Mrs. Givins. "My sakes! To have a catching fever in the house this weather! And the girls nursing the baby, and tending her ever since she come! Could she be moved, if we send for her husband to come and take her away?"

"Certainly not," said the doctor; "it would kill her."

"Good land! it will be likely to kill some of us if she stays. I'd do my best, but its too bad to have to tend a stranger that we know no more of than her name, through sickness that'll maybe last weeks on end. There's lots of people seen her, too; I would'nt wonder if they all get it."

"Well, no one may take it, Mrs. Givins," said the doctor; but though he said so, he charged Agnes not again to go near the

hotel, and to take every precaution to guard against the infection, which he had some fear would spread.

A week passed. Dr. Wilson was constant in his visits to Mrs. Grant, and from him Agnes learned that her life trembled in the balance. She would have liked to go and see her, but though she had not much fear on her own account, she considered that she had no right to endanger the safety of others: Louisa was dreadfully afraid of the fever, and Mrs. McFarlane scarcely dared to leave the house for fear of taking the infection and transferring it to her child.

At length the dreaded evil occurred. At the end of a fortnight Nelly Givins sickened; perhaps this was not strange, as she was an inhabitant of the same house with the patient; but little Tobit Ashton, who had never been inside the door, also showed symptoms of the disorder, as, a few days after, did Jessie Crone. The weather continued very hot; no rain had fallen to cool the earth or the air; the hay was all in and the harvest begun; but there was an anxiety now in people's minds that overcame their fear of wet and desire of fine weather. Fever was more to be dreaded than any amount of rain, and earnestly did everyone wish that it had been October instead of July.

(To be continued.)

BRAVE HEARTS OF CANADA!

BY REV. A. STEWART DES BRISAY.

Dominion men! within your veins
 The blood of England proudly flows;
 Sing now, in bold and lofty strains,
 The fearless soul that ever glows
 In England's sons, throughout the world,
 Where'er the Red Cross is unfurled.
 Uplift that banner where the sun
 Pours his fierce rays on India's strand;
 Or where, when winter's day is done,
 The cold moon lights Canadian land;
 Uplift that standard where or when
 It waves o'er lion-hearted men.
 Sons of the mighty dead, who fell
 That Britain's glory might arise!
 Show to the gazing world how well
 Beneath your far-off western skies,
 Ancestral pride can fire the soul,
 For deeds to shine on Fame's bright scroll.
 Yours is the strife of sober thought,
 'Gainst the vile tide of senseless scorn,
 Which, in yon neighboring land, hath wrought
 Evil on all of reverence born,

And now sweeps northwards, wide and wild,
 Towards our young nation—England's child.

Not now with bayonets wreathed in smoke
 Ye press this conflict of the age;
 Not now with fierce and bloody stroke,
 As when your fathers quelled the rage
 Of democratic lust and pride,
 Which France poured burning from her side.

Ye guard not yet with reeking swords.
 Held in full many a red right hand,
 But with rich thoughts, and burning words,
 The institutions of your land:
 The grand old laws and ancient forms,
 That well have braved a thousand storms!

But is there coming the stern hour,
 When thought and pen must cease their toil,
 Powerless when rage and fury lower,
 'Gainst base invaders of your soil?
 Flash then your swords in Freedom's cause,
 For God, your country, and your laws!

BACKWOODS LIFE.

It is a true saying that one-half of the world do not know how the other half live. It is perhaps equally true that one-half the people of our own country have but a very faint idea of the many ways the other half resort to, to earn their bread and cheese; of the many shifts and stratagems called into requisition to make both ends meet, and the many and varied sources of anxiety and disquietude, as well as pleasure and amusement, with which other people are intimately acquainted. Yet, although there is a manifest ignorance in regard to the habits, customs, and callings of sections of the country at a distance from us, it cannot be said that the people of one province or district are careless or indifferent as to the well-being of the others, when we have such memorable cases on record as the Quebec fire of 1866, the late distress of the fishermen of Nova Scotia, and the hearty and generous response that was made from many parts of the Dominion to relieve them, and provide for the future wants of their wives and little ones.

People born and bred in a city, although they may make occasional excursions and brief visits to friends and acquaintances in the country, have but a very vague notion of how country people really live, what difficulties they have to contend with, and the pleasure and satisfaction they derive from circumstances quite trivial and insignificant to the inexperienced and uninitiated. And even the majority of country people are as little acquainted with the trials and difficulties, ups and downs of a backwoods life, as city people are respecting them. It is of the latter, who hang, as it were, on the outskirts of civilization, and particularly of a few scenes peculiar to the backwoods of Ontario, we wish now to draw a brief sketch. In doing so, we will take the liberty of giving a short description of the habits and customs, discomforts and difficulties attendant upon the inhabitants of

the place, as well as something regarding their pleasures and advantages. And here, at the outset, allow us to correct an impression that often finds too ready an acceptance and belief among townspeople—that the backwoodsmen, or bushwhackers as they are often called, are a rude, uncultivated, boorish class of people. On the contrary, they are, with few exceptions, an honest, hard-working, contented, intelligent and worthy people. It is true they are often deprived for a time of the benefits of churches and schools, and many other educational advantages found in old settled places. But those who are born in the backwoods, have seldom many years to wait for such advantages. The country improves so rapidly that many places where 10 or 15 years ago the forest was allowed to stand in all its pristine glory, with few clearings sufficiently large to admit the sunlight, now show broad and well-tilled fields; thriving villages springing up with the rapidity of hot-house plants, possessed of all modern conveniences and advantages; churches and schools making their appearance on every side; comfort and plenty displaying themselves in the large and well-filled barns, and in the disappearance of the bark-roofed shanty, before the more pretentious domiciles of wood and brick. And in course of time, they lose the significant appellation of bushwhacker. But there never was one, to our knowledge, who fought his way axe in hand, through 10 or 15 years of unremitting toil and hardship, that was ever ashamed of the name; on the contrary, they glory in it. Like old sailors they take a peculiar delight in "spinning yarns." Nothing pleases an old backwoodsman so much, when sitting before a high blazing fire on a winter's evening, as to tell a new acquaintance how things were when he "first came to the bush." He will talk to you from dark to daylight, if you will only tip him an appreciative nod every half hour, and

at the end think he has done you a service; for he cannot believe that anybody else ever met with half the incidents or adventures that have fallen to his lot. He laughs at his own recital of the times when he was dreadfully hard up, or the awfully tight places he has been in, until the jack-knife and black cutty pipe rattle in his waistcoat pocket and the big tears come rolling down his weather-beaten cheeks like globules of ice down the roof of a house.

If a stranger should happen on three or four together some winter's night, when old Father Time did not occupy the place of honor in the chimney corner—for in general they are very attentive to the old gentleman—he would hear many a laughable story that never finds its way into the columns of the city dailies. Such was our good fortune some seven years ago, while on a tramp through the backwoods of a north-western county of Ontario. On the particular day in question, we had travelled what seemed to be at least 25 miles. It was late in the fall, and the leaves had completely obscured the road, which, by the way, was only a track sufficiently clear of underbrush to allow of an ox sleigh to pass between the trees. We were therefore guided altogether by the tree "blazes." Scattered along the greater part of our route there were small clearings, and men here and there at work cutting the underbrush preparatory to the winter's chopping. Occasionally we met with a stray deer; but, owing to the heavy coating of leaves under foot, which when disturbed made a loud rustling noise, we had a very poor chance of scraping an acquaintance with this wide-awake species of game. Very often the only part discernible was a white tuft of tail stuck up in the most provokingly perpendicular fashion, and sailing over cradle-knolls and windfalls at the rate of a shooting meteor. Other wild animals there no doubt were; but, according to our experience, a little shooting involved a great deal of hunting. The only animals we found disposed to regard us with suspicion was a litter of pigs—tame ones of course; but they did not deserve the name. They leave home at an early age and soon get completely demoralized. They live almost entirely upon beech-nuts, and seem to

regard them as private property. Arouse one of them, and, as if by a preconcerted signal, the whole gang rushes to the rescue, a ring is at once formed, with the little ones, if any, in the centre, and each one presents his tusks outward, prepared to receive the attack from any quarter it may chance to come. As night came on we began to feel the "keen demands of appetite" and welcomed with joy a small clearing of some 15 acres with a shanty of about 16 x 20 feet in dimensions, covered with elm bark, and another one near at hand of similar size covered with basswood boughs. We might have been at a loss as to which would have afforded us the most comfortable lodging for the night, but the smoke curling through the roof of the bark-covered one, furnished us with all the information we wanted. As we neared the dwelling, three bare-footed children that had been swinging on a fallen tree top before the door, scampered pell-mell into the shanty, carrying the news of what was coming, and when we saw them again, on entering, they were ranged along on the top of the bed close against the wall, like huge flower-pots on a window-sill. We were met at the door by the lady of the house, who, on our representing to her that we were in need of food and shelter for the night, at once very kindly invited us in. As we walked in we must have bowed very perceptibly, for the door was nearly a foot too low to admit of entering on any other conditions. She informed us that her husband was away helping a neighbor to raise a building, but would be home shortly. Soon after dark he came, accompanied by three of his neighbors, who had all been engaged at the raising. We were somewhat surprised to see him enter in his shirt-sleeves, carrying his coat in his hand, as it was raining very heavily at the time, but discovered afterwards that he had done so in order that the others, who were not so well-acquainted with the path through the bush, might the more easily see and follow him through the darkness. In addition to the rain there was a high wind blowing, which made it fully as dangerous as disagreeable for the other men to proceed homewards. Limbs and whole trees could be heard, at no great distance,

crashing and thundering on the ground, the result of the strength and fury of the wind. Consequently, the neighbor men were easily induced to remain for the night; and, as they were wet and the night cold, a fire was immediately made the like of which is seldom seen within the four walls of any dwelling. The fire-place was built of stone, and the sides or jambs were at least six feet apart. The chimney was made of split pine sticks, placed one above the other, and the interstices filled with a mortar of straw and clay. The furniture was "home-made" in the literal sense of that term. The fire, as may be supposed, when made of sticks six feet long and filled in with a plentiful supply of pine knots, was soon comfortably hot, and cast forth a bright red glare of light all around the room, making coal oil or gas, if there had been any, quite unnecessary. All soon became jolly and talkative, and in the course of that evening, which we enjoyed immensely, the mystery of commencing farming operations in the backwoods was unfolded to us. Our host was only too glad to have another opportunity of telling his story, and we were not a little curious to know what was coming.

"You see," he began, "we moved in here three years ago at the digging of the potatoes. I had been in myself the spring before and chopped two acres and cleared it up for potatoes and turnips, and put up this shanty. It is not large, but all the men within three miles round were at the raising of it. Five men were all that could be mustered in those days for love or money. Joe so and so and I roughed it together. We had everything we used to carry on our backs from the front—a good 25 miles. The first trip was a tough one. We got in, however, with a pretty good supply of provisions, a couple of blankets, but precious few dishes or cooking utensils. In a couple of days we succeeded in putting up a pretty comfortable little shanty. We made it of poles that we could carry and roofed it with bass-wood boughs and corked the holes with moss, leaving a pretty large opening at the top for the smoke to go out at. The floor or rather the ground inside, was covered with hemlock boughs; this served for a

very good bed at night. We had the fire at one side and always kept on a big back log, to prevent the fire from burning the side out of the shanty. We slept with our feet to the fire, which was kept going all night, and in this Indian fashion we found a sure preventative of colds and rheumatisms. When we got the little piece of land cleared we intended, a patch of potatoes planted, and this shanty, we are now in, up, we made tracks for outside, *i. e.*, the old settlements. After harvest I set out for the bush again. This time the whole family were to go. Everything and everybody not able to walk, were placed in a big waggon drawn by a yoke of oxen. The road for the last 25 miles was of the most primitive kind—the fall rains had rendered it very soft and impressible, and the many people at that time moving in, filled with the desire of taking up land, had worked the ground up in many places into complete mire-holes. There were settlers at intervals along the route, who were always willing to render assistance to those coming in, and were often called upon for a yoke of oxen to pull out a 'stuck' team. Through the township of McK—which was very flat and swampy like, there was only one mud-hole; but that was six miles in length. This shanty was reached about the middle of the third day. After entering what was called the bush, we felt a little down in the mouth at first, as the shanty had a very cold and dreary appearance, and that huge fire-place stood yawning coldly and vacantly, as if defying us to build a fire large enough to warm its broad back and sides, let alone a cold room with the wind whistling through fifty holes and crevices.

"*That fire-place,*" broke in the man directly in front of the fire, who seemed to smoke incessantly, but who now held his pipe between the thumb and finger of his left hand, and spitting with great energy into the fire, about six feet from him—"that fire-place," pointing towards it, "is not a circumstance to some we have in the bush. There is Tom such a one's, his is full a half bigger. It is the best one I know of, for, although it requires a great deal of wood, it needs very little chopping done to it. And you see there is no scar-

city of wood in here, but we can hardly spare time to cut it. You could not guess though, how he manages to get in his back logs; they are often eight feet long and over a foot through."

We suggested a hand-sleigh as perhaps fitted to answer the purpose.

"No sir," says he, "Tom has improved on that—he draws them in with a pony. There is a looking-glass hung on the wall opposite the door, and the pony is said to make straight for it, and while the chain is being unhitched he regards his imaginary mate with the utmost interest and satisfaction, and only leaves this attractive object when forced to, and then with the greatest reluctance. It *pays* to have a fire-place of proper size."

"That is all very true," resumed our host, "but this one when well-filled with dry wood, proved sufficient on the first day we came in, to heat this place from end to end, and has done so ever since. And from that day to the present, we have never had occasion to regret coming into the bush. For the first year or so, we, one and all, had to take it rough and ready as it came, but we soon got things arranged sort of ship-shape.

"The first night we were here I made a bedstead between dark and bedtime. It was rather more useful than ornamental, to be sure; but it answered the purpose." This ingenious contrivance, our host informed us, was stationary, and confined to one corner of the room, and could only boast of a single post. It was made by simply boring two large holes into the logs that formed the wall of the shanty, each of which afforded support for one end of a side or end piece of the bedstead, the other ends meeting in the post. Upon these were placed broad cedar slats, and the bedstead was complete. "That is the way we managed," he continued. "The most serious business was to get provisions or other supplies from outside. It always took a week to go out to the nearest village—about twenty-five miles—and return, and it was very little that could be brought, even then, on a road the greater part of which was knee-deep in soft mud. But now we go out but very seldom; we are less dependent every year on outsiders. I

have this year three stacks of as fine wheat as you can see anywhere. I have 200 acres of as good land as can be found between here and Toronto. I would not sell my claim on either lot for less than \$800. There is no doubt this tract of country will, in a few years, be one of the finest wheat-growing districts in the Province. It is true we have not yet churches and schools, but then there are very few children in here old enough to go to school. We have no doctor within twenty miles, but if we had, there would be nothing for him to do. Nobody ever gets sick in the bush—although poor Joe, that I told you about, was killed by a tree a year ago. I'll tell you how it happened: He was out in the bush chopping, and felled a large maple tree which lodged on another. He was going in to fell the second tree, when the first one again started—a large limb had broken from it—and as the standing tree had been bent with the weight of the other, it sprang up forcibly, as soon as relieved, and threw the limb back, striking poor Joe and killing him instantly. I found him that night. I never was so cut up in all my life. You see we had roughed it together from the first, and seemed almost like brothers. He is buried over there in the corner of that field you came through; but he will never be forgotten by me."

Our host stopped in his story, wiped a starting tear from the corner of his eye, and looked thoughtfully into the fire. After a short silence, a short squat man in the opposite corner remarked:—

"Well, for my part, I rather like living in the bush, now I have got used to it. I moved in during the winter, when there was a pretty good road; and so saw very little of the McK—mud-hole, and a good many other muddy scenes. The great difficulty with me is to go where I want to. I'm continually losing my way in the bush. Night before last I was out all night. I was over the river, and started to come home after dark; and as there is such a bed of new leaves, I couldn't keep the track. I wandered about in every direction, I think, but the right one, for over two hours. I then gave it up for a bad job, sat down at the foot of a big hemlock tree, and wished for morning. It was not the

first time for me, but I never felt the time so long. I got dreadfully cold and chilly. My teeth rattled together without leave or license, and I was obliged to run backwards and forwards between two trees to keep myself from curling up like a wet mouse."

In listening to a rough description of these and many similar scenes common to the backwoods, a long November evening was spent very pleasantly. A shake-down, as it was called, was now provided. It consisted of an armful of clean straw, arranged in one corner, with some blankets thrown over it. We slept soundly, awoke in the morning refreshed, ate a hearty breakfast of pork and potatoes, thanked our hostess, and continued our tramp, not a little impressed with the thought that hospitality, happiness and contentment do not always live in fine houses, surrounded by luxury and ease. Toil and hardship are, no doubt, for a number of years, inseparably connected with a backwoods life ;

but from what we have seen and experienced of this mode of living, we are convinced that there is not in this or any other province of the Dominion a more healthy, happy and contented class of people than those to be found in the far back townships of Ontario. They all look forward with bright hopes to the future, with a firm belief that there is more in store for them than for humanity in general. In this they will not be deceived. Every year gives evidence of the fact. And we hazard nothing when we say that those far back townships—which to-day cannot boast of three settlers, on an average, to every square mile, and, probably, not a sufficient quantity of home produce to meet the wants of even these—will, by the time fifteen years more are numbered with the past, be able to show any number of large and well-tilled fields, and numerous neat, thriving villages, where may be obtained all the conveniences and luxuries of a modern civilization.

THE CONVICT'S DREAM.

BY G. G., A CONVICT.

Upon his hard and narrow cot
 In gloomy cell the convict lies;
 The fleeting hours, he heeds them not,
 Closed in deep slumber are his eyes.
 A smile athwart his features gleams—
 He dreams.
 Through all the hours of sun and light
 His hard and cruel fate he weeps,
 Condemned to toil from morn to night,
 Then only lives he when he sleeps;
 When darkness comes to bring relief
 To grief.
 What causes, then, the happy smile—
 The tear, that trembles on the lash—
 What thoughts can thus his soul beguile
 And light it up with livid flash?
 Sweet must indeed be of his dream
 The theme.
 Is it a vision of the past?
 Alas!—the balmy days of yore
 Are in a dark oblivion cast,
 To be remembered nevermore.
 From memory blotted by the strife
 Of life.
 What, then, can be th' ideal whim
 That has such pow'r his woes to soothe?
 Though but a fancy—yet for him
 Possesses all the force of truth—
 He dreams he is at liberty,
 Is free.
 Sweet liberty! Fond blessing, which
 Art dearest to the human race;
 With thee the poorest beggar's rich

Thy loss—what treasure can replace?
 To lack thy vivifying breath
 Is death.
 Thrice glorious boon! The captive's sole,
 His first and highest earthly aim;
 The hope of thee supports his soul
 Through sorrow, misery and shame—
 Cheers with its bright benignant ray
 His way.
 Thou art the prisoner's all in all,
 Of all else in this world bereft,
 His heart leaps upward at thy call
 To him no other wish is left.
 Deprived of thee he waits in gloom
 The tomb.
 Home, kindred, friends, all human ties,
 Give way before thy fairer charms;
 When wild despair gleams from his eyes
 Thy image still his bosom warms—
 Sustaining to the very grave
 The slave.
 See, now he stirs! His fancy still
 The tired and weary brain beguiles;
 Imagination holds the will
 Yet captive with deceitful wiles;
 He wakes—to find the vision fair
 But air.
 Not freedom's portals opened wide
 Now greet his ardent, longing gaze,
 But iron bars on every side
 And stone walls stare him in the face.
 He sighs—to find the sunny gleam
 A dream.

THE LEGENDS OF THE MICMACS.

BY REV. S. T. RAND, HANTSPOUR, NOVA SCOTIA.

GLOOSCAP.

The most remarkable personage of Indian legendary lore has been celebrated in song by one of our American poets. In his first note on "The Song of Hiawatha," the author says: "This Indian Edda—if I may so call it—is founded on a tradition prevalent among the North American Indians, of a person of miraculous birth, who was sent among them to clear their rivers, forests, fishing-grounds, and to teach them the arts of peace. He was known among different tribes by the several names of Michabou, Chiabo, Manabozo, Tarenawagon, and Hiawatha. Among the Micmacs this worthy is known by the name of Glooscap.

Glooscap figures in all their legends. They know nothing of his origin; but he was sent by the great Creator and ruler to dwell among mankind, to be their governor, teacher, benefactor and friend. Divine powers are attributed to him. He was in the form of a man, dwelt in a wigwam, and ate and drank, worked, hunted and slept like other people. But he was never sick, never died, and was never driven into a difficulty from which he could not easily extricate himself; nor could any serious disaster happen to those who placed themselves under his protection, and carefully followed his counsels.

He never married, but he was attended by a woman whom he honored with the usual title of respect applied to aged females of the tribe by the younger people, and called her *noogumee* (my grandmother.) She was his housekeeper, and though she generally appeared old—and sometimes very old—feeble and bowed down, tottering about on a staff, yet by means of washing and arraying her in new robes and ornaments, she could be made to assume all the beauty and sprightliness of youth.

He was attended also by a youth, who

could be baby, little boy, large boy, or young man, as best suited the times, and the part he was expected to act. His name was *Abistanaoock*, or Martin.

While Glooscap is represented as occupying a wigwam—always a large one—and well constructed, his tent was not pitched among the others. He dwelt above, no one knew where, but "whenever they sought him they found him;" and "he was never very far from any one of them." I have marked these two expressions with inverted commas because they are the very words of an Indian who was relating to me this tradition, and who had no idea that he was using almost the identical expressions of Holy Writ with reference to God.

In almost all the love adventures related in their legends—and these are many—and in them generally some young man of note goes away to seek a wife, Glooscap comes on the stage. The parties are pretty certain to come some evening out to a lake or a river on the sea coast, and to discover *meskeek wigwom* (a large wigwam) and they soon learn that it is *Glooscap's week* (Glooscap's residence) and there they are sure to meet with hospitality and plenty.

Sometimes, indeed, the larder is low—all kinds of provisions being spent; but this is a matter of no moment. The big kettle is immediately set on, an old beaver bone—dry and hard it may be—is hunted up; fine scrapings from this bone are dropped in; the fire is applied, the water boils, when, lo! those fine scrapings of bone thicken up into choice bits of beaver meat, fat and lean, and the hungry guests are soon feasting upon a luscious and nourishing meal.

Or Glooscap has only to go the door, sound his *peepogwokun* (his flute) and lo! the obsequious moose and caribou make their appearance at his door, and esteem it

an honor to be slaughtered by his hands, or under his supervision, and in so worthy a cause. Nor do they lose anything by offering freely their flesh, tallow and hides in his service. Having separated these from the bones, he replaces the bones, and forthwith a new arrangement of flesh, sinews, &c., comes over them; new life enters the renewed bodies, and off they move again, fresh and young, to their feeding grounds, there to await the further will of their master and lord. It surely is not a very extravagant stretch of imagination to perceive in all this bright scintillations of the thought thus flashing out in Hebrew song, in the 104th Psalm:—

“These wait all upon thee, that thou mayest give them their meat in due season.

* * * thou openest thine hand, they are filled with good.

Thou hidest thy face, they are troubled; Thou takest away their breath, they die and return to their dust.

Thou sendest forth thy Spirit, they are created; and thou renewest the face of the earth.”

Glooscap's power was, according to the tradition, supernatural and unbounded, but it was not magic; it came from the Good Spirit, not from the evil one. There were plenty of magicians, and pretty good fellows they were, too, some of them; but many of them were bad, and received their extraordinary powers from an evil source, and used them for bad purposes; and whatever the impression was respecting magic before the introduction of Christianity, the belief now is that the devil was the author of it, and that the Christian religion has banished it.

Glooscap is constantly represented in their legends as at war with the magicians, protecting his friends against their enchantments, and assisting in thwarting their designs. The *ooo-o-in* conjures up a storm, and raises a whirlwind (a favorite game with sorcerers of every place and race), in order to capsize the canoe and drown some successful rival, who, by Glooscap's assistance, has succeeded in carrying off the prize in a contest for some fair lady's hand. But ere the furious blast reaches the retiring wedding party, a counter-blast is blown, and the two hostile storms meet and rage; the magician is overpowered; blow as hard as he may,

Glooscap can blow harder still, and send the bellowing tempest back upon its author, tearing up the trees when it reaches the land, overturning the rocks, and not only killing the wily magician, but sometimes even laying the whole village waste, when there has been a general concurrence in the injustice and treachery that would snatch his hard-earned prize from its lawful possessor.

Glooscap was the teacher of the Indians. He taught them how to hunt, how to construct their canoes, huts, weirs for fish, and how to make their weapons and other implements. He taught them the medicinal virtues of plants, roots and barks; and pointed out to them such vegetables as were to be used as food, as well as what kinds of animals, birds and fish were to be eaten. Nor did he confine himself to the earth. He named the constellations and stars; and, in a word, taught them all he knew of what was useful and beautiful.

Glooscap's name and fame are associated with many places in these Lower Provinces of the Dominion. To the Indian there are historical reminiscences running back into remote antiquity, connected with the hills, rocks, rivers, lakes, coves, bays and harbors of this new country—new to us, but old to him. Here was, in ancient times, a village; there a burial-ground. Here a great battle was fought; there a fortification erected; and in another place festivals were wont to be held, and other important transactions performed; and the names which these ancient places still bear are remembrancers of what is believed to have transpired centuries ago; and the ploughshare of civilization has not yet destroyed those names, nor eradicated from the memory of the Indian the historical and legendary incidents that gave them birth. In conversing among themselves they still speak of Chebooktook, not of Halifax; of Setunook, not of Windsor; of Taywopskik, not of Annapolis; of Menagwes, not of St. John; of Ogumkegheak, not of Liverpool; of Oonamahghee, not of Cape Breton; of Epaygwit, not of Prince Edward Island, &c., &c.; and many of these names are so ancient, and, probably, in some cases, derived from other dialects now nowhere understood, that their meaning can-

not be ascertained; and when the meaning of the word is known, the reason for its application is often lost: yet, in many cases, the meaning of the name is plain, and the reason of its application has been carefully preserved, and, in such cases, some wonderful deed performed by Glooscap is almost sure to be there recorded. Prominent among these are certain promontories and islands which meet the gaze of the stranger as he passes up the Bay of Fundy, and rounding Cape Blomidon, enters the Basin of Minas. Glooscap's name is written on many of those rocks. To begin with the Isle of Hant. The Indians call it Maskoositkik, from a nutritious and palatable root that grows on it. But Glooscap made the island and caused this plant to grow there. Two dogs on a certain occasion were pursuing a moose over the hills beyond Cape Chiegnecto. The moose leaped down the bluff and took to the bay, whither the dogs could not pursue him, but seating themselves on their haunches, raising their fore paws, and pricking their ears, they howled most piteously in their disappointment after their lost prey. As the sun went down and the darkness of night closed in, the moose was seen from the shore still swimming down the bay; and far into the night continued the dismal howl of the dogs. When morning dawned all was quiet, but where the moose was last seen the night before there was an island; and on the shore where the disappointed dogs had bayed so dismally were two rocks, which have remained there ever since, into which the faithful dogs had been transformed in the attitude in which they were last seen, and that cape is called to this day by the Indians *Ootee* (his dog); or, simply *Ulmoojuk* (dogs)—in the case vocative, *Ulmoojookitook*.

Next comes *Wigwom*, simply "The House," called in English Cape d'Or; named "The House" because Glooscap pitched his tent there, and spent the last winter of his sojourn among the Indians of these parts, and turned his lodge into a mountain when he went away, where it stands still, waiting his return. Farther on is Advocate Harbor, *Oopunk*, "the Lights," where Glooscap fed his dogs on the lights of the moose during that memo-

orable winter, large masses of which were left and turned to rock—petrified lights—positive proof of the truth of the legend being exhibited in the appearance of the rocks there at this day. Then Spencer's Island is *Ootoomul* (his kettle) which he turned over and left; and Cape Split is *Pleegun* (the opening of a beaver dam) the basin of Minas having been in days of yore a vast pond, that extended all the way down the valley of Kings and Annapolis, and was dammed across from Blomidon to Partridge Island, but Glooscap cut through the dam at the shore on the north side, and the tremendous rush of water swung the dam round to the westward, and the name *Pleegun* was given to that projection which we in our ignorance have called Cape Split.

But the details of these and other similar adventures will be best related in the connection in which they have been handed down in the legend that records them.

After the advent of the pale faces, and the consequent degeneracy of the Indians, Glooscap left them, and went away to an island in the far west, whence they sorrowfully await his return. It has been ill with the race ever since his departure, and will be so with them still until his return. Alas! everywhere is heard the soundings of the broken harp of fallen humanity! Some terrible calamity has surely happened to the race! Things are surely not what they once were, not what they shall be again. God has surely been driven from His rightful domain in human hearts and in human homes, and all is confusion there and sorrow, and it must continue to be so until he returns. "The whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now." "The earnest expectation of the creation waiteth for the manifestation of the sons of God." The untutored Indian's particular ideas of the "good time coming," like the notions entertained of that much-to-be-desired event by many eminent statesmen and philosophers, are doomed to disappointment. Glooscap will never return, for there is no such being, and the beautiful theories of reformation forged by worldly men of whatever name or nation, rest on no firmer basis. They can never be put into practice. The Jew

waits and longs for the return of Him whom the sins of his nation once drove from his dwelling-place in their midst. He expects the advent of his long-promised Messiah. But the Messiah he looks for will never come. But just as surely as the heavens and earth exist, they will be renewed. The long looked for Messiah will return; fallen humanity must arise and live: her broken harp shall be restrung, and infinitely beyond the highest expectation ever raised in human bosoms concerning that coming "age of gold," will be the glorious reality! May God hasten it in its time!

This is not the place to enter into a philosophical disquisition respecting the tradition of this wonderful personage—divine and human—so universal among the Indian tribes. But surely it must have had a common origin, and is it not just as evident that that common origin must have had truth for its basis? If the theory could be established—and it may possibly be true after all—that the North American Indians are scattered Israelites, then the foundation of the legend is settled. And I must confess I never hear the aged Indians speaking of the sins of the race which drove Glooscap away, and of their expectation of his return, without seeming to hear in all this an echo of the words of the Lord God of Israel, speaking by the prophet Hosea: "I will go and return to my place till they acknowledge their offence and seek my face. In their affliction they will seek me early." (Hosea 5, 15.) "I have waited for thy salvation, O Lord!"

The Micmacs did not worship idols; nor did they exactly offer divine honors to Glooscap; still they paid him a sort of inferior worship, and made him offerings. And it is not a little curious and instructive that when they made an offering with the hope of obtaining the supply of their wants, the offering was made of a portion of that particular article in which they lacked. This was placed in some prominent position, where it was hoped Glooscap would see it, with a prayer that he would accept it and send them a larger supply of the same—the article itself probably being intended to give him a hint of what the offerer was in want of—a very useful suggestion to those whose ideas of "offerings" are based

upon higher principles and clearer light. When they returned to examine the state of things, if it was found that the article had disappeared, they supposed that the offering had been accepted, and calculated on good luck accordingly.

GLOOSCAP'S DEPARTURE.

Having introduced to our readers this *Hiawatha** of the Micmacs, I now proceed to relate one of their legends, in which he is the principal hero of the tale. It is the account of his final departure from the land of the Micmacs, to his "beautiful Island-home in the Far West." Instead of simply translating the story as the Indians have it, I will relate the incidents with a running commentary, adding a few explanations, and making a few remarks as I go on, but adhering closely to the facts of the case—that is—to the real incidents of the legend.

Sèveral reasons are given by the Indians for Glooscap's departure. The most generally received opinion is, however, that he got disgusted with the conduct of the people; that they had been contaminated by their intercourse with the whites; and particular mention is made of the wanton manner in which the moose were slaughtered simply for sport, their hides and tallow being stripped off and their carcasses being left to consume on the ground, and contaminate the air with their effluvia. He is represented as exhorting the animals themselves not to put up with such treatment, and it is believed by the Indians that they do occasionally get out of all patience and resolve to submit to it no longer, and then, with one accord, they leave the forest and go down to the bottom of the sea, and remain there until those bipeds above ground learn to deport themselves in a more becoming manner, when they again return to their former haunts. These sensible animals, it would seem, according to this, have no objection to being killed and eaten in a civil way for food; but to be left lying about in that way, to be devoured by foxes and crows—why, what sensible

* The *th* in this name should be separated in the pronunciation—thus, *Hi-a-wat-ha*. The sound of *th*, it is said, does not occur in any of the dialects.

man or moose would submit voluntarily to such an indignity?

The Indians affirm not only that they have tracked the moose to the very edge of the water—no one would dispute that,—but that they have seen down through the clear water to a great depth, and could mark his progress in the bottom to a long distance. It does not fall within my province to point out either the evidence upon which this notion is founded, or the absurdity of the notion itself, but simply to state the fact

that the notion still exists at the present day and is associated by tradition with Glooscap, and the reasons that induced him to leave his erring children, to suffer the effects of their folly.* But to the story.

*Note.—In justice to the Indians I am bound to state that I have no recollection of ever having heard any of them affirm that they themselves had actually tracked a moose on the bottom of the river or sea out beyond his depth. But many have heard of those who have done so. So much need not be disputed.

(To be continued.)

THE SNOW-BUNTING.

BY J. J. P.

“Capt. Lyon, in the narrative of his voyage to Wager River, in 1834, states, that on one occasion, while walking on shore, he crossed an Esquimaux burial-place—a pile of stones heaped on the body of a child. A Snow-bunting had found its way through the loose stones which composed the little tomb, and its now-forsaken, neatly-built nest was found placed on the neck of the child.”

Where the ice-fraught swell of the Arctic wave
Sullenly beats on a sullen shore
With a low monotonous hollow roar,
Standeth a grave.

A few rough stones that were hastily piled
By a savage hand in an uncouth heap,
To curtain it in for its last long sleep,
Over a child.

Beside them, the pangs of a mother's breast,
And her yearnings through many a weary day,
And bitter hot tears that have dried away,
Hallow its rest ;

And ever above its peaceful head,
Through the solemn hush of the winter nights,
The spirit-like forms of the Northern lights
Purple and red,

With glancing spears, and with monarch's crown,
Flame-coloured, violet, many-shaped,
Jewelled with stars, and cloudlet-draped,
Press to look down,

As if in the little death-sealed face
They saw a beauty death could not mar,
Something akin that drew from afar
Heaven's own grace :

Then scattering wide apace, they rise
With silken rustle and flutter of wings

And tenderly-solcmm whisperings
Into the skies.

And summer spreads o'er it the arctic moss,
And the quadrupled sun ere his race be run
Glows in the sign of the Son of Man,
Like to a cross,

Till the saxifrage puts forth the tender bloom
She had long been treasuring under the snow,
And the buntings sing as they come and go
Out of the tomb.

Only, it might be, the yester morn,
The red-eyed, cavernous-mouthed white bear,
Famine hunted from out his lair,
Passed it in scorn ;

But the buntings, weary with flight, and chill,
Found out a door betwixt earth and stone,
And, entering, saw the sleeper alone,
Silent and still.

No leaves were there to cover him o'er,
So, where the chin drooped down on the breast,
With withered grasses they made their nest ;
That—and no more.

And the baby slumbered while fearless trust,
And motherly love, and joy, and peace,
Kept truest watch without let or cease,
Over its dust.

And the grave grew joyous with chirp and song,
And the beam that stole within for awhile
Lit up the pallid lips with a smile,
Flitting along.

So there they built their nest with their friend,
That never more might the dreamer be
Left without sign of company
Unto the end.

TO SAN FRANCISCO THROUGH THE TROPICS.

BY A MONTREALER.

(Concluded.)

We were charmed with Panama, with its ancient and hoary looks, its narrow streets, its tiled roofs and battered walls; besides, its people appeared to be less lazy and less dirty than those in Aspinwall and the intermediate country. We got into an old rickety omnibus, drawn by a pair of asthmatic mules, and driven by a savage old native, and rattled up the steep streets to the Grand Hotel. It went very nicely for about 50 yards, when the mules suddenly stopped and apparently took oath in their own "mulish" way not to budge an inch. The driver swore lustily at them in Spanish, which had no more effect than the pieces of board with which he presently belabored them; we enjoyed the fun immensely, considering it an indispensable trait of a mule's disposition. Alick got out and twisted their tails to make them go; but all to no avail. Suddenly, as the driver was just about falling asleep, they started off, just as suddenly as they had before stopped; off they went pell-mell, over the shockingly paved streets, swaying the omnibus from side to side, and tossing and knocking us and some ladies inside about in the wildest and most reckless manner. In vain we yelled "murder" and "police;" the mules didn't understand us, and they, not the driver, were "boss." At last we came to the "Grand Hotel" on the Plaza, where we were received by the host, a genial and jolly Frenchman, who led us through the coolest of court-yards, up some massive stone stairs to the coolest and most pleasant of bedrooms. An air of cleanliness and coolness pervaded everything in the house, which was all the more delightful after our hotel experience at Aspinwall. We had breakfast on a shady piazza—a regular Central American breakfast, no miserable attempt to imitate European cookery; the eggs were baked in

native style; the turtle steaks were broiled in native style, and the chicken, plantains, potatoes, bread, chocolate, etc., suggested "Central America" with every mouthful. Panama is a quaint old place, the streets, with the exception of one or two, which are about as wide as Fortification Lane, in Montreal, are only a few feet wide—in fact many are so narrow that three men cannot walk abreast in them. The houses are mostly two or three storeys high, and are built very massively; the ground storey is built back a little, forming arcades; the windows have no glass in them, and everything is built with a view to obtaining coolness. The houses being so high and the streets so narrow, the rays of the sun seldom penetrate to the streets. Wheeled vehicles are almost unknown, all portorage being done in paniers at the sides of mules; in the country they also use a very clumsy ox-cart.

The lion of Panama is the great Cathedral; it is a venerable but dilapidated looking building from the outside; its massive walls overgrown with moss and ivy, and showing many a rent and tear, the effects of earthquakes, civil wars and old age. The bells, in the unshapely towers, keep ringing and clattering almost all day long, sounding for all the world like tin kettles. The church is paved with huge slabs of stone, that cover the graves of Panama's great men. At the far end of the church is a huge altar, which the weazened little priest who showed us around, assured us was of solid silver. We, however, preferred to doubt this statement, which we thought a good joke, having long ago discovered the chief virtue of the natives, *i.e.*, thieving. Then the little weazened priest, crossing himself, opened a lid in the altar, and showed us a piece of blackened wood, which he tried to make us

believe was of The Cross; we told him "No lo creemos" (we don't believe it), and he looked at us in holy horror and crossed himself. In niches, all around the church, were wooden images of saints, as ugly and ungainly as they could be; there were saints with goggle eyes and swords run through their bodies, saints with broken noses and crowns on their heads, saints in every attitude of torture and stage of dilapidation; here and there were prostrate forms of women lying in front of some saint, who stared vacantly at the ceiling with one eye, or whose broken nose gave him a decidedly Hibernian expression. Occasionally some wealthy and devoted *senorita* would enter the church, followed by several servants, who carried a stool for her to kneel on, her prayer-books, etc.; she also would kneel before some saint and count her beads and mutter her prayers with an earnestness that was exemplary. The little fidgety old priest was untiring in his efforts to explain everything in connection with the church and the saints. We, however, invariably shook our heads incredulously as he recounted the many wondrous virtues of the saints, increasing the horrified expression on the priest's face. When we left he gave us his blessing with much ceremony, in return for several reales which we had dropped into his welcoming hand.

The Plaza is a large, open square in the centre of the city, surrounded by large and substantial-looking buildings, which have any quantity of verandahs around them. It is supposed to be the great market and trading place; but now it was almost deserted, except by a few natives sleeping under the palm trees, a few devotees climbing up the Cathedral steps, and some loungers on the piazza of the Grand Hotel;—during the heat of the day the whole city lies in a state of sleepy apathy. The evening was considerably enlivened by the arrival of H. M. Frigate "Malacca" from South American ports, and a great many of the officers and jolly middies coming ashore, imparted quite a new life to the town. That evening we had no native songs like the night before at Aspinwall, but some hearty English songs as we sat on the piazza, about 20 of us, and wakened

up what drowsiness there was still left in the city after the hot day. Our rooms were delightfully cool that night, there were no insects and flies like the preceding night, and we had no need to tremble with fear at the thought of vampires, tarantulas and scorpions, as there was a thin and cool netting all over our beds. The next day was Sunday, and so fearfully hot that we only went to the Cathedral, where we heard a full brass band, with kettle-drums performing instead of an organ, and made arrangements for a trip which we intended to take next day (with some of the officers of the "Malacca") to the ruins of the *old* city of Panama, lying about 10 miles to the south of the present city. We started next morning before sunrise in a large open boat rowed by four natives; we took our lunch along, and when the sun commenced to burn put up an awning, which shielded us effectively; the natives rowed a dull, lazy stroke, occasionally threatening to fall asleep, but we generally woke them up pretty quick again by kicking their shins, then we made them sing some rollicking songs of theirs, which were always accompanied by an alarming rolling of their eyes. Long-legged and sedate-looking pelicans and swarms of turkey-buzzards swept past us every few minutes, the pelicans proving themselves adepts in the art of diving for fish and gobbling them up, irrespective of size with an ease that was wonderful.

Panama looked very picturesque when viewed some distance out at sea, with its red-tiled roofs, quaint old steeples, and the majestic mountain range in the background. It took us several hours to reach the ruins of that old city which was old when Pizarro first came here, but considered ourselves well repaid for the undergone trouble and fatigue, when we got there. Most of the ruins have long ago been buried under the accumulating dust and leaves of centuries, but portions of them are still well-preserved and speak to one in their crumbling attitude like a voice from another age. There is still a portion of a street paved with rough stones, that are slippery with the thin moss that has grown over them, here a massive archway has fallen, its shapeless fragments buried in a net-work of shrubs and twining vines,

yonder a portion of a massive tower still stands erect, with a tangled thicket of trees and shrubs on its upper walls, whilst the sides are overgrown with creepers and moss. Here and there in the crevices is the nest of buzzing and stinging flies, or a drowsy looking bat is shading itself; here comes a long line of huge ants, and gemlike butterflies and lizards almost as brilliant, are sunning themselves amid the blue convolvulus and green ivy; besides this there are many portions of old walls and loose masses of stone, hidden almost entirely by the broad, over-spreading leaves. The whole lies there in a solemn grandeur and imposing solitude, that is not easily forgotten.

We pic-nicked in our boats, after having added some fish which we had caught to our bill of fare; it was very romantic and picturesque, camping in the wilderness. The water was very transparent, and as we floated over it, on our return, we saw in the depths below another jungle, a jungle of water-weeds, amongst which countless fish were darting, and huge crabs lazily crawling; now and then a very large fish would stealthily appear and scatter the smaller fry in all directions, or a green turtle come floating lazily by, with its upper shell partly out of the water. Whilst we had been watching and admiring all this, huge black clouds had been climbing up the sky, and threatened a storm. We were quite a distance from shore, having been obliged to row around a coral reef, which stretched itself for more than a mile out into the sea, and now put on "all steam," so as to reach the shore before the storm would break over us. It commenced to blow pretty hard, and we were obliged to take down the awning; higher and higher the waves grew, till the smallest appeared large enough to crush our frail boat; we were in imminent danger of being swamped, but one of the officers, an experienced seaman taking the helm, got entire command of the boat again. The black clouds were now almost right overhead and looked from moment to moment more threatening and terrific; the tall trees on shore were swaying to and fro, as though they were reeds; louder and louder the wind howled, and higher grew the waves, occasionally sweep-

ing right over the boat, filling it partly with water, and drenching us. We took off our boots and some of our clothes, as the prospects of a swim for our lives became more apparent. The natives were peering into the water with the most terrified looks. "Those brutes are watching for sharks," said Jack with a shudder. "Oh," answered Alick, with a grim smile "they are not so much afraid of the sharks as they are that the water will wash them if they go overboard." The town was still a great way off, but there was another coral reef within a short distance. For this we steered; we were about 20 yards from it yet when a terrific wave lifted us up and then brought us down with such a thud that we thought the whole boat had gone to pieces. The same wave also broke over the boat, half-filling it with water. We were fast on a sunken rock—no effort could induce the boat to budge an inch—so we quickly got over the sides of the boat and made for the shore. The water was not very deep, and we were able to wade most of the way, and, after much trouble, clambered up on shore. Hardly had we got there before the sluices of heaven were opened, and down came the water. There were no such things as drops—it came down almost in one mass, with such force as to almost hurt one's head. We huddled together at the end of the reef, drenched and miserable. The boat had by this time quite filled, and the baskets and boots were gaily floating about. It had grown almost dark, and nothing could be heard but the rushing of the water. At last it cleared up, and the sun shone brightly again. We were on a coral reef about a mile long, on which we started to walk after having fished our boots out of the water. It was something like walking over a new macadamized road, and, with the wet shoes on, was anything but fun. Crabs and water-spiders were crawling over it in great numbers, and pelicans, with their sober air, sunned themselves, not in the least disturbed by some stones we pitched amongst them.

We were told, when we got back to town, that the storm had been one of the severest experienced in that quarter for a long time. Innumerable trees had been snapped off like matches, the leaves had been torn off

the trees by the force of the falling rain, and the water was still rushing in great streams down the streets of the city.

We had all got a slight attack of Panama fever from the exposure, and from having had the wet clothes on us for such a long time, and were obliged to stay indoors for two days after; but our rooms were very pleasant, so we got along pretty well under the circumstances. The day after our recovery, we had a ride on mule-back some miles into the country. The mules had on gorgeous Mexican saddles, which reached almost to the ground, and were very vicious animals, especially the one Jack rode, which had a very disagreeable habit of rubbing itself against some trees every twenty yards or so, and all we could do to prevent it was of no avail; so Jack was obliged to lift his leg out of the way and let the mule rub itself till it was satisfied. My mule had a disagreeable way of lying down, without a moment's notice, in some muddy places on the road, and rolling about; but, notwithstanding these drawbacks, we had a glorious ride. The huge white umbrellas, which we carried, were almost superfluous—the boughs of the trees, on either side of the road, had interwoven overhead, forming a continuous arch, through which the sun but seldom penetrated. We had more leisure now to observe the many tropical trees and shrubs than we had hitherto had, and gathered a bouquet of flowers, alongside of which our brightest and rarest northern flowers would have looked insignificant. Now and then we met a native, driving a pack-mule before him, or a native woman carrying a large water-jug on her head. They would sing out a *Buena dia*, and extend their mouths from ear to ear.

The stinging flies were very troublesome, especially to the mules, who sometimes, goaded to desperation, would kick with their hind legs high into the air, whilst we clung to their necks, as though for dear life.

We lunched in a delightful little glen near a bubbling brook, and returned to town before nightfall. The following day we spent almost entirely on board the "Malacca," and in making preparations for our departure on the morrow.

At last the day arrived on which we were to leave Panama, and at noon the small tug "Ancora" took us and the passengers who had that morning arrived per steamer from New York, down the Bay to the steamer "Constitution," which would take us to Acapulco and San Francisco. We sailed late at night. Our life on the "Constitution" was very much the same as it had been on the "Henry Chauncey;" however, we did not suffer so much from the effects of the heat, as we had now become accustomed to it. We were almost continually within sight of shore, and were never tired of feasting our eyes on the magnificent mountain scenery on the coast of Central America and Mexico. Sometimes the mountains were many thousand feet high, looming almost perpendicularly out of the water, their base clothed in the thickest and loveliest verdure, which gradually grew more and more sparse towards the summit, till at last there was nothing left but a wild and rugged waste of rocks, amongst which light shadowy clouds were flitting. The mountains on the coast of the Mexican State of Oaxaca are particularly fine and imposing-looking; but, although we generally passed quite close in shore, we never saw a sign of life—not a hut—not a natives' canoe—not the smoke of fire,—the whole lovely scenery lay there in undisturbed quiet and repose. There are a few towns, of course, between Panama and Acapulco; but they are reached by long winding bays and rivers, and are not visible from the sea.

After a pleasant sail of a week, we arrived at Acapulco—one of the most important towns on the West coast of Mexico. The harbor is almost entirely landlocked by high hills overgrown with bristling cactus, banana and orange trees, and is extremely beautiful. The town lies picturesquely on the side of a very steep hill, and looks decidedly pleasant *from the distance*. The town played an important *role* during the French occupation of Mexico; and a battered and crumbling tort, opposite the entrance of the harbor, testifies the fury of the battles that were fought there. Immediately on anchoring, we were surrounded by a small fleet of boats, containing all kinds of tropical fruits, painted shells and

hammocks, the owners of which in the boats soon set up an awful yelling and howling when offering their wares for sale. They would fling one end of a rope to a would-be purchaser on deck, who would pull up on deck a small basket tied to it, in which he would deposit the money for the purchase and lower it into the boat; then the native would send up the oranges or limes in the same basket. Oh, how they cheated, and swore in Spanish, whilst the passengers swore in English, German, French and every other language. They would generally send up only one third what they should have sent. There were also other boats, with awnings over them to take passengers ashore. Alick, Jack and I hired one of these, and were rowed over to the town by two swarthy natives. Oh, why didn't we stay on board and leave the place with the impression we had received from on board the ship, that Acapulco was a picturesque and neat city? Alas! it looked so only from the distance! Aspinwall itself was a very paradise to it after we got into the town proper. The dust and dirt were perfectly unbearable, and were everywhere apparent. The natives, such as were not ruining themselves at the gambling-tables in the main street of the city, were either asleep or trying to go asleep. In every house there was, at least, one hammock stretched from corner to corner, with from one to four lazy and perspiring occupants, unwashed, not reading, not cooking, not thinking, swinging lazily to and fro till they gradually fell asleep. These are the aristocrats of the place; middle classes there are none, and the lower classes lie and sleep on the plaza. The Mexican flag should have a hammock designed on it—it is the true emblem of the country. The houses are mostly one storey high, built of adobes and plastered over. The roof projects generally a few feet beyond the wall, and forms the roof to the piazzas which surround every house. The streets are very narrow and miserably paved; turkey-buzzards strut about them like chickens at home; the women are, if possible, more slovenly-looking than at Aspinwall, and the children seemed to enjoy the dirt and love the hogs more than there. Jack had imprudently given a miserable

looking beggar a "reale;" the news seemed to have spread like wild-fire through the town, for we were soon followed by a legion of beggars in tattered rags and every stage of disease. I believe we had every beggar, male and female, in the town following us, filling the air with the most awful groans and sighs; we couldn't get rid of them, they followed us about all day. There is an old tumble-down church in Acapulco, but it has nothing noteworthy about it. The only pleasant spot about the town is a long avenue of magnificent lime trees leading to the fort. We would have enjoyed it had it not been for those beggars, who had considerably increased by this time. The fort commands a fine site, but is quite shattered and ruined; a few lizards and sleepy bats are its only occupants. Returning to the town, we climbed a rocky hill covered with a hundred varieties of cactus and thick underbrush. But we had had enough of Acapulco; we shuddered at the idea of staying there a week, as we had originally intended; so we went on board the steamer that night again and before morning the "Constitution" was on her way to San Francisco. Two days later we arrived at Manzanillo, which is but a smaller edition of Acapulco, and like it, is remarkable for its dust, dirt, and sleepiness. When lying in the harbor of Manzanillo, we for the first time saw a shark, moving stealthily along, preceded by its jackal the sword-fish. All attempts to catch it were in vain.

The night after leaving Manzanillo we witnessed a thunderstorm which made even the stoutest hearts tremble. It had been very hot and sultry all day, and towards evening the sky had become overcast with pitch black clouds, giving unmistakeable symptoms of an approaching storm. Towards midnight we were all awakened by a crash so terrific and loud as though the whole earth had exploded. We jumped up and rushed to the door; a terrible storm was brewing outside, the crash we had heard was the peal of thunder in the clouds, and its echo was now rumbling and crashing in the high mountains on shore, coming occasionally to a short stop as it came to a steep mountain side and then rumbling on again through the valleys. The echo was

almost as fearful as the thunder itself. The lightning was as though the sun was *winking*, only that the space it covered was forty times greater than which the sun covers; and through the sky of fire, the forked lightning darted and flashed, brighter and more glaring yet. The rain came down as it had done that eventful afternoon at Panama, and threatened to sweep everything from deck; the wind blew with such a fury that the sea was one sheet of foam, which often swept from stem to stern of the vessels. By the glare of the lightning we could see the sailors hanging on to the rigging of the ship, and the mountains on shore looked very strange lighted up by the supernatural light. It was daylight before the storm lulled, and I believe there were few passengers on board who could have said that they had ever passed a more awful night.

The rest of our voyage was unmarked by any event of interest, and we were not sorry when we found ourselves, some four days afterwards, steaming through the "Golden Gate" into the beautiful Bay of San Francisco.

MEANS OF PRESERVING HEALTH.

BY PROF. SAMUEL KNEELAND, A.M., M.D.

EXERCISE.

One great distinguishing mark between animals and plants is voluntary motion: all animal organisms are created for motion; not necessarily locomotion, but motion of some kind. All young animals are filled with an instinctive love of motion, by which their fluids are actively circulated, and their growing bodies fully developed; the young human being is the only animal organism in which this natural tendency is repressed. The effects of muscular action are seen in the development of various parts of the body; the arm of the blacksmith, the legs of the dancer, the neck of the porter, are familiar examples of growth of particular regions of the body by exercise. The muscles not only move the limbs, but they keep the body upright, balancing it evenly on the extremities; hence we may understand how unnatural positions,—as standing on one leg, sitting upon one foot, leaning upon one arm, bending the chest forward or sideways,—may cause deformity about the hips, shoulders, spine, and limbs, especially if practised during youth, when

the bones and ligaments are yielding. Many such deformities, lasting for life, owe their origin to the school-room.

The late Dr. John C. Warren writes: "Of the well educated females within my sphere of experience, at least one-half are affected with some degree of distortion of the spine." An eminent French writer says: "It is so common that, out of twenty young girls who have attained the age of 15 years, there are not two who do not present very manifest traces of it." Any one who will walk along Beacon Street, or other places where young ladies congregate, will soon be convinced of the truth of the above statements, by simply trying to find one of the fair pedestrians who has not one shoulder higher than the other. The remedy lies in impressing teachers, and especially mothers, with the importance of the rudiments of physiology and hygiene; the teaching and the practice belong essentially to the economy of the household, not of the school-room.

The spine is not a mere contrivance to keep the body erect, like a kind of internal walking-stick, which will answer the purpose just as well if it be a little crooked; the spine encloses the central spinal marrow, from which come off most of the nerves of sensation and motion, and of those essential to the performance of respiration, circulation, and digestion; all these functions will be disturbed in proportion to the degree of pressure arising from its curvature; the lungs and heart are to the same extent displaced, constituting additional sources of disease.

CORSETS.

Among the causes which prevent muscular exercise, the compression of the chest by corsets is one of the most remarkable. Where on the earth, or under the earth, or in the waters, or in the air, in things animate or inanimate, this fashion found its original model, unless it be in the venomous wasp, it would be hard to discover. Tradition insists that corsets were invented by a butcher of the 13th century, as a punishment for his wife. Finding nothing to stop her loquacity, he put a pair of stays on her to take away her breath, and so prevent her from going about and talking. This effectual punishment was inflicted by other cruel husbands, till at last there was scarcely a wife in all London who was not tied up in this manner. The punishment became so universal at last, that the ladies, in their defence, made a fashion of it, and so it has continued to the present time. The form given by corsets to the female chest is directly opposed to Grecian and Roman models of beauty; no representations of the ancient goddesses, of the

Muses, of the Graces, of the Nymphs, unless it be the mail-clad Minerva, would give the least idea that they wore corsets. Bonnets change in their size and shape from a coal-scuttle to a lamp-mat, and in position from the back of the head to the forehead; sleeves oscillate between the leg-of-mutton and the broomstick form; skirts vary from the flowing folds of the Roman matron to the hoghead size and steel stiffness of the last year; but the corset remains firm and unchangeable, except in material, through all the other caprices of fashion,—so universally worn that a lady scarcely considers herself well-dressed without it; and so desirable, that its first application is an epoch in the life of a miss, looked forward to with the same longing expectation as is the first pair of pantaloons by her younger brother. Its use must be classed with those other caprices of fashion, which make obesity a charm to the Eastern nations, a flattened forehead beautiful in the eyes of a North-west Indian, a stick through the nose ornamental to the Australian, or useless and small feet desirable to the women of China. They are all strange and inexplicable examples of the human imagination; but as the flattened forehead may make a fool, as the perforated nose or lip obstructs articulation, and as the small feet hinder walking, so the compressed chest impedes free respiration, renders difficult the heart's action, and thus prevents the natural exercise necessary for the proper elaboration, circulation, and aëration of the blood.

What else could be expected from a compression tighter than the surgeon would dare to employ to keep the chest motionless in the case of a fractured rib?

It is not denied that corsets may, in some cases of weakness and distortion, furnish a valuable, perhaps necessary, support to the chest; they are alluded to here as a piece of fashionable dress, and as such pronounced a most absurd, injurious and death-hastening contrivance,—in the sense in which the accumulated horrors of female fashions are graphically described in the following extracts from a well-known poem of Dr. O. W. Holmes:—

" My aunt! my dear unmarried aunt!
 Long years have o'er her flown;
 Yet still she strains the aching clasp
 That binds her virgin zone;
 I know it hurts her,—though she looks
 As cheerful as she can;
 Her waist is ampler than her life,
 For life is but a span."

* * *

" They braced my aunt against a board,
 To make her straight and tall;
 They laced her up, they starved her down,
 To make her light and small;
 They pinched her feet, they singed her hair,
 They screwed it up with pins;—
 O, never mortal suffered more
 In penance for her sins."

The hoops which have recently become so important an article of dress, can hardly be considered as health-destroying articles, unless in very cold and windy weather; and when not of extraordinary size and weight, tender rather to favor than to obstruct the free motion of the limbs, which it is the aim of healthful exercise to secure. They surely are a great improvement over the custom that preceded them: viz., of wearing ten to fifteen pounds of skirts suspended from the hips. The continual dragging and pressing of such a weight upon the soft and yielding organs of the abdomen, caused numerous infirmities and displacements unknown in young people in old times, when these articles of female apparel were attached to waists, and directly or indirectly suspended from the shoulders. The suspension of such weights from the hips is even more injurious than the use of corsets. The proper dress for the female is a thing yet to be discovered—one that shall allow the free use of every limb, impeding the natural growth of no organ, disturbing no vital function; at the same time graceful, and acceptable to maiden modesty, matronly dignity, and the quiet repose of age and infirmity.

VARIOUS KINDS OF EXERCISE.

Remove, then, all unnatural restraint, and allow the limbs free scope for active exercise, which is so important that it has come to be regarded as synonymous with physical education, though it is really but a part of it. Nature, if untrammelled is sufficient for the physical development of the body; it is our artificial and luxurious state of civilization that opposes the natural tendency to active exercise; and in order to regain the lost advantages, we must return to first principles. Habits of bodily exercise should begin very early in life; fresh air, every day and at all seasons, is less dangerous to the healthy infant than are accidental and occasional exposures to delicate children. As regards the sports of children, there is much truth in the following extract from an old paper: " We like mischievous children, and for this reason: they are apt to make *old* men. *Good* boys generally die in their fifth year; not because they are *good*, but their quiet habits make them strangers to mud-puddles, oxygen, dirt-pies, and out-door exercise." While playing out of doors, the child should be properly and warmly clothed, to insure and keep up health; no bare legs, and arms, and chest, in winter and spring, under the absurd pretence of hardening the child, should be permitted; and flannel should be worn next the skin in our cold and changeable climate, for at least half of the year. If proper food, as the capacity of

the stomach for the digestion of more and more solid substances increases, be added to the warm clothing, fresh air, and exercise, the doctors' bills would be very much lessened, and a large number of voters added annually to the country.

Leaving, then, out of the question the preventives of deformity in children, let us consider exercise in its relations to the adult man and woman.

Walking is, beyond dispute, the best possible exercise, as it brings into play, in rapid succession, all the sets of muscles of the trunk and limbs. Says Jefferson: "The Europeans value themselves on having subdued the horse to the use of man; but I doubt whether we have not lost more than we have gained by the use of this animal. No one thing has occasioned so much degeneracy of the human body. An Indian goes on foot nearly as far in a day, for a long journey, as an enfeebled white does on his horse, and he will tire the best horses."

Sydenham, an English physician, had such confidence in exercise on horseback, that, in one of his medical works, he says: "If any man was possessed of a remedy that would do equal service to the human constitution with riding gently on horseback, twice a day, he would be in possession of the philosopher's stone."

There can be no doubt that many cases of obscure nervous diseases, dyspepsias, gout, and neuralgia, require for their relief nothing more than a regulated diet and active exercise; and that the reply of Mr. Abernethy to an indolent and luxurious citizen, who asked what was the cure for gout, contains the simple and whole truth for the cure of the diseases of indulgence and laziness: viz, "Live on sixpence a day, sir, and earn it."

THE GYMNASIUM.

In imitation of ancient and modern Europe, attempts were long ago made in this country to form a gymnasium on a large scale; through the exertion of Dr. J. C. Warren and others, Dr. Lieber, of Germany, opened a very successful one in Boston about fifty years ago; since then they have been opened in all the large cities of the country, and colleges and academies now regard them as a necessary portion of the educational apparatus for both sexes. Invaluable as they are to persons of sedentary habits, who have neither the time nor inclination to walk two or three hours daily simply for exercise, they are not even now properly appreciated by our men of business and letters, and especially by those who manage our educational facilities.

The late Daniel Webster, whose passion

for manly and out-door sports is well known, many years ago wrote a letter on this subject, from which the following are extracts:—"I am highly pleased with the idea of a gymnasium. Those who have the charge of education seem to forget the body is a part of a man. The number of young men who leave our colleges, emulous indeed, and learned, but with pale faces and narrow chests, is truly alarming. If it be desirable that there should be cultivated intellect, it is equally so, as far as this world is concerned, that there should be also a sound body to hold it in." In a speech made by Edward Everett, at a festival in commemoration of the birthday of Webster, the following true remarks occur: "From morning to night—from January to December—brain and hands, eyes and fingers, the powers of the body, and the powers of the mind, are in spasmodic, merciless activity. There is no lack of a few tasteless and soulless dissipations which are called amusements, but noble athletic sports, manly out-door exercises, are too little cultivated in town or country."

The gymnasium ought to form a part of every college and institution of learning, and its exercises should constitute a regular portion of the course of instruction. It would be well if the most *active* member of a class had his college honors as well as the first *scholar*; the former would be likely to make a vigorous and useful member of society; the latter is apt to degenerate into a second-rate man or a useless invalid. Follow the careers of most of the first scholars of our colleges, and see how few maintain, in after life, the supremacy they gained as students; in the struggle for life the strong arm is as necessary as the active brain. What Cicero and Cæsar, according to Plutarch, found time to do in the midst of the stirring events of ancient Rome, surely young students and merchants can find time to do at the present day.

As gymnastic exercises are so powerful for good when properly directed, they are as powerful for evil if injudiciously performed. Physical education, like the practice of medicine, should not be in the hands of empirics, ignorant of the structure, and functions, and capabilities of the human body in its various constitutions; but it should have its learned professors, anatomists, and physiologists, and physicians, and be elevated to the rank of intellectual and moral discipline.

Exercise, then, by increasing muscular action, quickens the circulation of the blood, introduces more air into the lungs for its purification, facilitates all the processes of nutrition and secretion, creates a demand for food to supply the waste of tissue, and provides for the healthy performance of every animal and organic function.—*Good Health Journal*.

KING CANUTE.

BY WILLIAM THACKERAY.

King Canute was weary-hearted; he had reigned for years a score,
 Battling, struggling, pushing, fighting, killing much and robbing more;
 And he thought upon his actions, walking by the wild sea-shore.

'Twixt the Chancellor and bishop walked the king with steps sedate,
 Chamberlains and grooms came after, silversticks and goldsticks great,
 Chaplains, aides-de-camp and pages—all the officers of state.

Sliding after like his shadow, pausing when he chose to pause,
 If a frown his face contracted, straight the courtiers dropped their jaws;
 If to laugh the king was minded, out they burst in loud hee-haws.

But that day a something vexed him, that was clear to old and young;
 Thrice his Grace had yawned at table, when his favorite gleemen sung,
 Once the Queen would have consoled him, but he bade her hold her tongue.

"Something ails my gracious master," cried the Keeper of the Seal,
 "Sure, my lord, it is the lampreys served at dinner, or the veal?"
 "Psha!" exclaimed the angry monarch. "Keeper, 'tis not that I feel.

'Tis the heart, and not the dinner, fool, that doth my rest impair:
 Can a king be great as I am, prithee, and yet know no care?
 Oh, I am sick, and tired, and weary." Some one cried, "The King's arm chair!"

Then toward the lackeys turning, quick my lord the Keeper nodded,
 Straight the King's great chair was brought him, by two footmen able-bodied.
 Languidly he sank into it: it was comfortably wadded.

"Leading on my fierce companions," cried he, "over storm and brine,
 I have fought and I have conquered! Where was glory like to mine?"
 Loudly all the courtiers echoed: "Where is glory like to thine?"

"What avail me all my kingdoms? Weary am I now, and old;
 Those fair sons I have begotten, long to see me dead and cold;
 Would I were, and quiet buried underneath the silent mould!

Oh, remorse, the writhing serpent! at my bosom tears and bites;
 Horrid, horrid things I look on, though I put out all the lights;
 Ghosts of ghastly recollections troop about my beds of nights.

Cities burning, convents blazing, red with sacrilegious fires;
 Mothers weeping, virgins screaming vainly for their slaughtered sires."
 "Such a tender conscience," cries the Bishop, "every one admires.

But for such unpleasant by-gones, cease, my gracious lord, to search,
 They're forgotten and forgiven by our Holy Mother Church;
 Never, never does she leave her benefactors in the lurch.

Look! the land is crowned with minsters, which your Grace's bounty raised;
 Abbeys filled with holy men, where you and Heaven are daily praised;
 'Tow, my lord, to think of dying? on my conscience I'm amazed!"

"Nay, I feel," replied King Canute, "that my end is drawing near."
 "Don't say so," exclaimed the courtiers (striving each to squeeze a tear),
 "Sure your Grace is strong and lusty and may live this fifty year."

"Live these fifty years!" the Bishop roared, with actions made to suit.
 "Are you mad, my good Lord Keeper, thus to speak of King Canute?
 Men have lived a thousand years, and sure his Majesty will do't.

Adam, Enoch, Lamech, Cainan, Mahaleel, Methusalem,
 Lived nine hundred years apiece, and mayn't the King as well as they?"
 "Fervently," exclaimed the Keeper, "fervently I trust he may."

"He to die?" resumed the Bishop. "He a mortal like to us?
 Death was not for him intended, though *communis omnibus*.
 Keeper, you are irreligious, for to talk and cavil thus.

With his wondrous skill in healing ne'er a doctor can compete.
 Loathsome lepers, if he touch them, start up clean upon their feet;
 Surely he could raise the dead up, did his Highness think it meet.

Did not once the Jewish captain stay the sun upon the hill,
 And, the while he slew the foeman, bid the silver moon stand still?
 So, no doubt, could gracious Canute, if it were his sacred will."

"Might I stay the sun above us, good Sir Bishop?" Canute cried;
 "Could I bid the silver moon to pause upon her heavenly ride?
 If the moon obeys my orders, sure I can command the tide.

Will the advancing waves obey me, Bishop, if I make the sign?"
 Said the Bishop, bowing lowly, "Land and sea, my Lord, are thine."
 Canute turned towards the ocean—"Back!" he said, "thou foaming brine.

From the sacred shore I stand on, I command thee to retreat:
 Venture not, thou stormy rebel, to approach thy master's seat;
 Ocean, be thou still! I bid thee come not nearer to my feet!"

But the sullen ocean answered with a louder, deeper roar,
 And the rapid waves drew nearer, falling sounding on the shore;
 Back the Keeper and the Bishop, back the King and courtiers bore.

And he sternly bade them never more to kneel to human clay,
 But alone to praise and worship That which earth and seas obey:
 And his golden crown of empire never wore he from that day.
 King Canute is dead and gone: Parasites exist away.

Young Folks.

A STORY FROM THE MOON.

BY JEANNIE BELL.

Ha ha! Ha ha! boys and girls, I suppose you think the moon does nothing but shine; that she does not see what is going on in the world below. If you think this you are greatly mistaken; for I could tell you stories that would make your hair stand on end; but as I don't want to frighten you I will only tell you some of the ways I have of being useful.

Well, one night in autumn the sky looked very black and thundery, and although, after eight o'clock p.m., I had not made the world a bit the brighter for my presence, in reality I was shining as brightly as usual, for if you had looked very closely towards the east, you would have seen an edging of silver peeping from beneath the dark cloud. I could see the people on the earth nicely, although they could not see me. As I looked from behind my screen, I saw two boys standing at the back of a high wall; one of them was a timid-looking child, with soft blue eyes. As I looked at his pleasant face, I thought there could be little mischief in him; but when I cast my eyes on his companion—a bold, determined looking fellow—I concluded that with such a companion, what might the little fellow not do?—for a wicked playmate will lead many a timid boy to do much evil. As I looked, I wondered what these two boys were after; evidently the little fellow was afraid. I heard him say—“No Tom, I dare not go over, not even for those beautiful apples. Somebody may see us, and then what will happen?”

“You little fool,” argued Tom, “who could see you such a dark night. You must be the one to climb, you are the lightest and can get over easiest.” You see, Tom wanted Charley to do the dangerous part

of the work. Should there be any one on the other side of the wall, then Charley would be caught, and Tom would get away. Charley was tempted by the sight of so many delicious-looking apples; but then, only that morning, he remembered repeating to his father the eighth Commandment—“Thou shalt not steal.” Tom laughed at Charley's scruples, called him a coward, and so worked on the boy that he commenced to climb. Just as Charley neared the top, I thought it time to interfere. Well, what do you think the moon could do to interfere, children? Well, I did what I have so often done before—came out from behind my dark screen, and with a brightness that made everything as clear as day, I gazed straight into the boys' faces. Charley felt the influence, for after a minutes' look towards the heavens, he began to descend. “What,” said Tom, “is the coward coming down without a single apple?” “I could not take one,” replied Charley, “with that bright moon shining down upon me. What if God should be looking at us from behind that moon? Father said to me the other day that ‘God's eyes were everywhere.’ Then, if so, He will see what we are doing.” “Nonsense, Charley,” coaxed Tom, “the moon has no eyes; and, after all, what harm is it to take a few apples? Squire Selby has more than enough; he won't miss them. If you dare not climb, I will, and you can put the apples into the bag.” One glance to me only, and Charley's resolution was taken. His answer, “I dare not, Tom,” was firm, if low spoken. “You dare not,” replied Tom, “then I'll make you;” and this bad boy beat poor Charley until he cried with pain. “Now, run

home," said Tom, "and if you mention this night's work I'll kill you next time I catch you alone."

Charley needed no second bidding, but ran all the way home, drying his tears as he went. Although Charley's shoulders smarted with the pain of Tom's strokes, I saw the little fellow was happy; every now and again as he ran he would raise his face to look at me, and once I heard him say, "If it had'n't been for that bright moon to-night, I might have been a thief." Great was the questioning Charley got from the other children when he reached home, but seeing him very quiet his father sent the others off to bed, and taking Charley into another room by himself asked why he was so late out? Ever accustomed to speak the truth, Charley told the whole story of the evening's temptation, and then of the moon's brightness, reminding him of the morning lesson—that God saw everything. At the remembrance of his trial, Charley wept; and there were tears in his father's eyes, Charley saw, but they were tears of joy, the boy knew, when he felt the forgiving kiss, and heard the words—"Thank God, my boy was kept from being a thief." As I looked through the window I saw father and son kneel and ask God to keep them from temptation. The Lord's Prayer had a new meaning to Charley to-night—especially that part "Lead us not into temptation; deliver us from evil." Now it is time for the moon to go down, so I disappear behind my screen. But to-morrow, if all is well, I will resume my story, telling you how bold Tom Aitkins got on. I have the advantage over boys and girls, for while they can only look into one house at a time, I can look into all the houses in the town—yes, and all over the country, too. Tom got to the top of the orchard wall, and, indeed, was almost at the ground among the apple trees, when lo! he heard a spring snap, and before he could move, one foot was securely fastened in a trap. For a few minutes he pulled and struggled, but finding he could not release himself, he lay still on the ground moaning with pain, and heartily vexed at the scrape he was in. Now, Squire Selby looked out at the back kitchen window this particular night, and seeing my bright rays stream-

ing along the garden walk, he thought he would have a little turn before going to bed. Once down the walk, it occurred to him to look if his trap was right. "For," said he to himself, "of course nobody will be foolish enough to attempt to rob an orchard such a bright night; but to-morrow night may be dark enough, and I'd better have it ready. Hearing the footsteps, Tom lay trembling, for even he feared the squire's wrath. Alas! for poor Tom. Nearer came the steps, and then the squire exclaimed in amazement—"Bless me, I never thought any boy such a fool as to try to steal apples such a bright night." Turning up the boy's face so that the light fell full on it, he continued: "Tom Aitkins, as I thought." For once Tom was silent; the pain in his leg was so great from the position he was forced to lie in, that he was ready to promise that if the squire would only let him free this time he would never steal another apple. Without a word of reply, the squire unfastened the trap-spring, took Tom by the hand, and leading him into the kitchen, bade the servant give him a large bowl of bread and milk. Anxious as Tom was to know his fate, he could not resist the good bread and milk, so he ate heartily, and by the time he was finished, felt sorry that he had attempted to rob the squire's orchard. When Tom had finished his meal, the squire led him into another room, and when both were seated, asked Tom to tell him how he came to be in his garden. Something in the squire's firm, kind manner induced Tom to tell the squire the whole truth. When he concluded the squire said, "Now, Tom, I am going to make a bargain with you: if you'll solemnly promise never to steal more, and after this to go to school, I'll give you a bushel of apples off every tree in my orchard; the sale of these will pay your school expenses, and get you a new suit of clothes, and you will have the chance to become an honest man. I should like," continued the squire, "to see the son of my old friend and neighbour a credit to the good father and mother you have lost, but who, I am sure, if they look down from their home in the skies, will be much grieved to see their Tom a bad, idle boy. Will you promise, Tom?" The squire's unex-

pected kindness touched even Tom's hard feelings, and he sobbed out — "I'll try, squire; only I won't take the apples, I don't deserve them." "See that you do well, then, and I'll be your friend, Tom;" and the squire shook him kindly by the hand. Tom kept his counsel about the night's adventures, went to school next day, as he had promised; answered little Charley's kind words in a gruff but not cross manner; and after school, when it came very dark, felt very much inclined to go to some orchard, and take a few apples. Just then I came out from behind my dark screen, reminding Tom of his promise to the squire.

This very evening Squire Selby's man might be seen carrying a large bag of fine rosy snow apples to little Charley's door. Charley felt like one in a dream—all these apples for him, and from the squire whom he had intended to rob. Now he could not enjoy one apple till the squire knew all about it. With much shame he told his story, asking the squire to give the apples to some one more deserving; but the squire explained that he knew the story before, and wanted Charley to have them; at the same time asking Charley's aid to make Tom a good boy. With the one help and the other, Tom, in time, was wonderfully improved.

One evening, some years after this, I saw Tom returning from a hard day's work. He was weary, but very happy looking, as he whistled a merry tune. A sudden recollection made him look up, and seeing me very large and bright, he said aloud — "After all, I believe we owe more to the old moon than many think; certainly, it was the means of making me live differently; but for the brightness that night I intended stealing apples, I might have feared to go over the wall. Squire Selby couldn't have had a chance to make a man of me; and now I should probably be in the state prison, instead of being an honest man, able to look my neighbours in the face.

Children, this is my story. Perhaps old mother moon may tell you another some day. In the mean time, will you learn this lesson from it—that, no matter whether sun or moon is to be seen in the sky, there are eyes always there, even the eyes of God, which are everywhere.

HOW RAILROADS ARE MADE.

BY JACOB ABBOTT.

THE CHARTER.

When the grant is obtained from the Legislature it is inscribed in a very distinct and legible manner upon parchment, and authenticated by the proper signatures and seals, and is delivered to the company. Such a document as this is called a Charter.

THE COURSE OF THE ROAD.

The general course of the road is usually prescribed in the charter. The precise line, however, cannot be determined without much careful study and examination, and many accurate surveys. There are a great many different considerations which have to be taken into the account in deciding the question. If the only thing to be inquired into was the conformation of the land on the different possible routes, with a view to determining on which of them the track could be laid most easily, with the gentlest inclines, and the least expense for bridges, culverts, and the like, the question would be very simple. But there are many social and business considerations to be regarded—such as the position of towns in the neighbourhood of the line—not only of those already existing, but of those which may be brought into existence in consequence of the construction of the road; the points where freight of different kinds, and passengers from the surrounding country, may most easily be concentrated; the facilities for the construction of stations; and other similar points.

Sometimes, indeed, it is found, after making a careful calculation, that it is better to go through a hill by means of a tunnel, rather than to make a circuit to avoid it. The calculation in this case is very complicated, involving, as it does, a great number and variety of considerations—such as the nature of the formation; whether consisting of solid rock or of beds of sand or gravel, which is to be cut through, or of loose and friable strata of any kind, requiring an arch of masonry to sustain the roof, as seen in some tunnels; the saving of fuel and of time in the subsequent working of the line by going straight, and on a level, instead of pursuing a devious course up and down inclines; and, finally, the advantage of not disturbing the public roads on the surface, or the private property which would have to be paid for, and of avoiding the necessity of building bridges or culverts which might be required on any feasible route that would avoid the hill.

In the same manner a complicated calculation has to be made, to determine whether it is best to shorten a distance by

constructing an expensive work for carrying the line across a river, a marsh, or a pond, or to avoid the obstacle by a circuit and save that money.

All these things, which have to be taken into the account in the calculations which the directors have to make, would seem to render the case complicated enough, but the difficulty and embarrassment are vastly increased by the number and variety of conflicting interests which are brought into action. These interests are of course much more important, and much more serious in the pressure which they bring upon the directors in the old and more densely populated countries in Europe, where land is much more valuable, and towns more numerous, where rich estates, costly gardens, and elegantly ornamented pleasure-grounds are more frequent, and more highly valued than with us. One line of towns competes with another, each wishing to have the road pass through them. One nobleman, or great landed proprietor contends against another, each wishing to keep the road away from his parks or gardens. The baron trembles for his castle, for fear that the road will cut through the grounds of it. The farmers adjoining him tremble lest the road should not come that way, and so deprive them of the opportunity of sending their produce conveniently to market; and different manufacturers, who cannot all be accommodated, severally urge the directors to run the line here, there, or in the other place, each wishing to secure facilities for himself in bringing materials to their establishments, and taking away the manufactured goods.

All these things the directors have to consider before they can decide upon the location of the line; and a very perplexing and embarrassing work they often find it.

GENERAL SURVEY.

The principal towns through which it is finally decided that the line shall pass, form usually fixed points for the track, both in respect to position and level, so that the construction of the line going from one town to another, becomes, as it were, in some respects, a distinct and independent work. Of course, the best determination of the track, were it practicable, would be in a direct line from one terminus to the other, and a uniform incline, in case of any difference of level. But this is seldom possible. The track must rise and fall, to follow gentle but extended undulations in the land, and deviate to the right or to the left, to avoid all high hills and deep valleys, and sometimes to avoid exceptionally valuable estates, the traversing of which would involve too great an expense for damages. To enable the directors to judge intelli-

gently on these points, a careful survey of the country must often be made, and accurate maps and profiles constructed, showing not only the natural scenery, such as the courses of the streams, the positions of the villages, the situations of forests, marshes, ledges of rocks, and other such characteristics, but also the differences, and the exact gradations of level in every part.

TRIANGULATION.

All surveys of land for such purposes as this are made by a very curious process called triangulation. Very few persons—except those who have had their attention particularly called to the subject—have any distinct idea of the nature of this process; and yet, after all, it is very simple in principle, though very curious, and is very easily understood.

The method consists in dividing the whole territory of the country to be surveyed, into triangular areas, by means of signal-posts, set up at proper intervals on the summits of hills, or on any commanding positions, and connecting these stations by imaginary lines. These lines are so drawn, however, and so connected at the points where they meet at the stations, that each side of every triangle forms also a side of the triangle next to it. In other words, the triangles are formed by sets of lines radiating from the same points—namely, the signal-posts on the eminences above-mentioned.

The reason why the triangle is employed for this purpose in preference to any other figure, is, because it is so much more easy to be measured with accuracy than any other; and the reason why it is so much more easy to be measured, is, because the work may be done chiefly by the measurement of angles; and angles may be measured much more easily and accurately, on a great scale, than lines.

DIFFERENCE OF BEARING.

The angle formed by two lines running from any station on a hill or mountain, to objects in the field of view, is simply the difference of bearing of those objects. Now, if an observer stands at a signal-post on a mountain, and sees the spires of two villages at a distance across the country, he can measure the exact bearing of each of the spires from the place where he stands, and can obtain thus the difference of direction of the two lines running toward them, very easily, and with great precision, by means of extremely accurate instruments constructed for the purpose; and could do it, moreover, in a moment, without leaving the spot where he stands. On the other hand, to measure the distance of one of the

spires by means of a rod or chain applied to the ground, would require him to scramble down the sides of the mountain, over rocks and precipices, and to traverse the intervening country through forests and bogs, perhaps, and over all sorts of impediments. The work would be, in all cases, one of great difficulty; in many cases it would be impossible, and without the expenditure of great labor and expense in the mode of performing the operation, there could be no reliance whatever in the accuracy of the result.

This is the reason why it is so much easier in surveying to measure angles than lines.

Still, it is not possible wholly to dispense with the measurement of lines on the earth's surface, in surveying. There must be one line measured for every survey as a means of beginning the calculation. One line being thus measured by mechanical means, and made one of the sides of the first triangle, the other sides of the first triangle, and all the sides of all the other triangles, can be obtained by calculation from the measurement of angles alone.

THEORY OF THE CALCULATION.

A glimpse of certain mathematical properties of the triangle, on which these calculations are based, may be obtained by means of the supposition that two huntsmen, standing at a certain distance from each other, are aiming at the same mark. Each one is pointing his gun in a certain direction—that is, so that it forms a certain angle with the line we may imagine to be drawn between them. Now, it is plain that if the mark is moved from its position in any way—whether it is carried farther off or brought nearer, or moved to the right or to the left—one or both of the huntsmen would have to alter his aim.

In the same manner, if the distance between the huntsmen is increased or diminished, while the position of the mark remains unchanged, then, too, the aim must be changed.

In other words, it is plain that all the dimensions of the triangle are controlled, or, as the mathematicians express it, determined, by the length of one side, and the bearings from it of the other two sides; in other words, by one side and the adjoining angles.

PRACTICAL SOLUTION.

This principle, so obviously true, may be reduced to practice by a very simple method. We have only to draw a triangle upon paper of the same proportions and form with the one on the field, and then measure the two unknown sides by the same scale that was used in laying down the known side. For instance: suppose

that the distance from one huntsman to the other was found to be sixty paces. We conclude to take for the scale a tenth of an inch to a pace, which would give sixty tenths of an inch, or six inches for the length of the corresponding line upon the paper. Then, from the two extremities of this base line, we draw two other lines at the same angles of inclination with it as were made by the lines of aim of the two guns, and then prolong these lines until they meet.

We shall now obviously have upon the paper a triangle of the same form and proportions with the one imagined in the field, and we have only to measure the two lines converging toward the mark by the same scale to which the first line was drawn—namely, one tenth of an inch to a pace, to ascertain the distance in paces from the station of each huntsman to the mark.

INACCURACY.

It is plain that the principle of this operation is perfectly correct in theory, but the imperfections in the methods of measurement as described above, would render the result quite uncertain as to accuracy. Pacing gives only a very rough approximation to the actual length of any distance on land. The terminations of the line, too, at the point where the huntsmen stand, are very indefinite; and then the huntsmen cannot be supposed to have any other than very imperfect means of estimating the bearing of their respective lines of aim, in relation to the base line between them. The drawing of the triangle on the paper to a scale, would admit of a greater accuracy than any other part of such an operation; but even this could not be performed with a degree of precision that would satisfy the ideas of a skilled mathematical surveyor.

ACCURACY.

The example given above is only intended to afford some general idea of the principle that certain parts of a triangle determine, necessarily, the other parts, so that if the former are ascertained by measurement, the latter can be ascertained by calculation. The surveyors have the means of determining the lengths of lines measured on the earth's surface, and the magnitudes of the angles formed by the bearings of different signals from the same point, with a precision almost inconceivable. It would, however, be out of place to describe those instruments or methods here.

Then, moreover, they depend for their results, not on drawings made mechanically on paper, but on mathematical calculations made by the help of trigonometrical

tables, constructed with infinite labor and study. Still, although the processes necessary to secure exactness in the results are laborious and complicated, the principle on which the work is based stands out in all its simplicity in the midst of it—namely this, that—

If two lines converge toward each other at the ends of a third line, the length of which is known, the amount of the convergence, as measured by the angles, will determine the distance at which they will meet.—

RIVERSIDE MAGAZINE.

LITTLE HERCULES.

I can't think of anything which Paul Gale's home so much resembled, as a great chestnut burr.

It was brown and rough and irregular, and lay on the green hill-side, very much as if it had been tumbled there. Furthermore, there was inside its dun walls a sweet kernel: a right true home.

Paul lived in Vermont, among the Green Mountains. His baby eyes opened upon "the everlasting hills," and for fourteen years he had seen the snows whiten their heads in winter, and the spring verdure clothe them with beauty.

A widowed mother lavished her love upon this one child—her greatest comfort since she followed her husband to his last quiet rest in the village cemetery.

They loved each other dearly—this mother and son; the more, I think, that Paul was lame.

A dreadful sore upon one limb, when he was a very little child, had shortened it, so that he was forced to use one crutch. This disability, which to a great extent prevented his out-of-door exercise with the other boys, had drawn him closely to his mother's heart, so that the two were almost inseparable.

Paul had developed a great liking for books. During the moderately warm weather he used to attend school, and had endeared himself very much to one of his teachers, by his patient ways and studious habits. From this teacher Paul used to borrow books, with which he would go home laden, and through the long winter evenings, when the fire burned warm and the storms sounded around the low house, he would read aloud to his mother as she sewed or knit.

It happened, perhaps not unnaturally, that the lame boy had a great admiration for "heroes," so called. He could accomplish so little, poor child, with his feeble arms, and was so effectually shut out from any brave feats of horsemanship or chivalrous encounter, that he instinctively paid his admiring *devoirs* to all vigorous and manly feats.

He had read and re-read the stories of the old mythological heroes, and of late warriors down to modern times. Among all, there was nobody who seemed quite so admirable to Paul, as Hercules. He knew all about the old wonder, and was quite ready to credit the feats recorded of him. The "Labors" of the Giant were all at the end of Paul's tongue.

"Oh, mother! he was awfully strong," he said one day. "I wish I could do something great and wonderful."

A tear fell upon her work from his mother's drooped eyes. How her heart ached, that her one "ewe lamb" must go through life maimed and smitten; but with true mother's valor she stood at the breach bravely, and told him how much better it was to have a true, pure soul, and a keen, wise head, than a burly, vigorous body, if one couldn't have them all. After these comforting words, and whenever she poured them like cheer into his ears, Paul agreed with his mother, and felt quite comforted in his lot, until some other instance occurred, when his bodily infirmity was contrasted with the strength and rollicking life of some healthy, happy lad.

Mrs. Gale possessed enough property to support herself and boy, by exercising the most vigorous economy. Among her principal possessions she numbered a cow. In ordinary weather, Paul drove her to and from pasture, and the gentle creature had learned to know him, and come at his call. At the time of which I write, it was June among the hills. The soft, dainty, fresh green was abroad in the valleys, and crept persuasively up the slopes, with its tender foot-print of emerald.

One evening Paul started as usual for the pasture, to drive home old Brindle. Just at the edge of the green meadow he found her, and started behind her, on the return home. Along one side of the pasture ran a little brook, fringed with willows, which grew so thick that they completely hid the field beyond. Paul had reached this cool shade, and stopped to rest for a moment, when voices caught his ear, which came from the other side of the willows.

"I tell you Sam, can't we give the old woman fits?" said a voice, which Paul recognized as that of Tim Harris, one of the very worst boys in the village.

"I reckon she'll wonder where her fine Bantams took a journey to-night," was the response.

"So much for grudging a fellow a couple of greenings. She's as grouchy as her own crab apples," said Tim, "but Marm Braggy will find chickens suit just as well as anything else, if she's so particular. Be ready, Sam, right under the big apple-tree, at half-past eight. It'll be dark enough by that time!"

Poor Paul! There was no helping the

hearing of all this, though he made as long steps as possible with his crutch. He had thought in a minute that if these wicked boys found him in the vicinity, he would be made to suffer for the turn his ears had served him, in catching their talk.

Paul trembled to the ends of his toes. He wasn't a cowardly boy, but through all his life he had been placed at a disadvantage by his lameness, and although he had never hitherto been treated with positive cruelty, yet he had very often been reminded of his infirmity, in a way which rankled in his poor little heart, and made him instinctively shrink from anything larger, and rougher, and stronger than himself.

His first thought now was, to stand still until Brindle were gone, but old Brindle put that out of the question by coming to a stand-still, and lowing persistently, when she perceived that her young master did not follow. It was of no use, he might as well go on, and perhaps the boys would not catch sight of him. So with rapid strokes of his crutch, he pushed on, after Brindle. Alas! just as he cleared the shadow of the willows, Tim and Sam had caught sight of him.

With a quick whistle, Tim shouted.

"Ah, ha, Paul Prx! So you were playing hark, were you? Fine joke, that. But we've spotted you, you see. Say, lame Paul, what did you hear?"

Paul stood silent. He knew perfectly that he was "in" for a hard pull with these two wicked boys.

"You'd better own up," said Sam. "It'll be easier for you. What did you hear?"

"I heard you say you'd take widow Bragden's pullets to-night," answered Paul stoutly.

"Ain't you a bully fellow, listening round?" said Tim.

The quick blood flashed into the lame boy's cheeks. "I wasn't listening," he retorted. "I was driving the cow home, and I couldn't help hearing what you said."

"Well," said Sam, a little smoothed by so plausible a statement, "say you won't tell, and we'll let you off."

Paul hesitated. In a second the whole state of the case flashed through his mind. He certainly had determined that he would go straight to widow Bragden, and warn her of the meditated theft. She was a poor old soul who barely managed to keep soul and body together, by picking up the most of her own firewood, knitting for sale coarse blue socks, and a few other sorry little shifts which her rheumatism left available. Among other expedients she was wont to sell the few eggs laid by a half a dozen hens, the gift of a good farmer hard by. These hens were the joy of her heart and were almost the only living

things that cheered her lonesome life. She owned moreover one particularly nice apple-tree. It stood hard by the road, and was very available to the boys who passed by to school. The widow's soul was sore vexed at the devastation wrought among its fruit with the coming of every summer. This year Tim and Sam had pelted almost the entire crop of apples from the tree before they were ripe enough to gather, and the poor old lady had not been slow to pour her wrath upon their devoted heads. Who could blame her? It certainly was a tremendous test of Christian forbearance to see such ruin transpire under her very eyes. Paul had espoused her cause with his whole soul, and in that moment of threatening, made up his mind to tell Mrs. Bragden of the danger awaiting her hens no matter what happened to himself for so doing.

"Well, sonny," said Tim, "what do you say? If mum's the word, all right, but those chickens we mean to have, you see, sure, so we won't have any of your pious games telling the old dame."

Paul looked up. He had made up his mind. "I shan't promise not to tell," he said, simply.

"Oh! you won't," said Sam. "You're a nice one, you are. Just a leetle tied to your mammy, I guess. Couldn't walk quite as soon as some babies, I believe. Well, we'll see about telling the old lady. Perhaps one of your legs can't hop quite as fast as the other this time."

So saying, Sam caught an arm, and Tim the well leg and said, "Now hop on the sore leg right along to the Widder's, if you're so fierce to go!"

The big drops stood on Paul's forehead, and his face grew white with physical agony.

"Oh, boys! don't take the chickens, and I won't say a word," he said.

"Not much, I won't promise that," said Tim. "It's none of your business, anyhow."

"But she's so dreadful poor," murmured Paul.

"Well, she'd no business to be so crusty about the apples," said Sam.

Paul's sight grew dim. "I can't promise. It would be mean," he said slowly.

Just here, wheels were heard.

"Let him go, quick!" whispered Tim, and dropping the fainting boy, both little ruffians ran for the willows.

"Why, what's the matter?" said good Mr. Brown, as he looked in amazement at the almost unconscious lad. "Mrs. Gale's Paul, I do believe," he added, as he stopped his horse, and got out of his waggon.

"What's the matter, my little fellow?" he said kindly, lifting him in his strong arms, as tenderly as if he had been a baby.

"I feel better," whispered Paul. "Please carry me home, Mr. Brown."

"Of course I will," said the kind old farmer.

On the way thither, the story of the attack was told, and after leaving Paul in his mother's charge, John Brown started to have justice administered to the young reprobates.

As he left Mrs. Gale's house, Paul said, "Mr. Brown, please tell Widow Bragden about the hens."

"I guess there's no danger for the chickens this time," said the farmer, smiling. "Your pluck has brought those scamps to terms. You're what I call a hero, my little man, that's so. You're every bit as brave as any Union boy who died fighting for his country!"

It was pleasant to see the honest enthusiasm that lighted up the sunburnt, weather-beaten face of farmer Brown.

A smile flitted across the pale cheeks of Paul, and quiet tears ran down his mother's face, as she bent lovingly over her child.

"Yes," she said, "I think this is being a greater hero than even Hercules."

Paul laughed. "That's queer," he said. "I guess Hercules wouldn't thank you much for saying so."

"I can't help that," replied Mrs. Gale. "You will be my little Hercules, henceforth, and the words of the Lord trembled on her lips: "Whoso offendeth one of these little ones, which believeth in me, it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depths of the sea."—*Advance.*

CONUNDRUMS.

What should farmers do with certain parts of the alphabet? Sow their P's, keep their U's warm, hive their B's, shoot their J's, feed their N's, be Y's, and take their E's.

Why are temperance men a band of robbers? Because they rob the poor-house of its inmates, and crime of its victims.

Why is an insurance policy a queer thing? Because if I can't sell it I cancel it, and if I cancel it I can't sell it.

If I had four apples to divide equally between us three boys, how would I do it without cutting any? There would be two for you two, and two for me, too.

What is the difference between smoking a broken pipe and making a treaty with the Indians? In the one case we are smoking a piece of pipe, in the other a pipe of peace.

What word is that of seven letters, the first two of which is masculine, the first three feminine, the first four a great man, and the whole a great woman? Heroine.

THE WAY TO DO IT.

[This piece is intended to be acted as well as recited.]

I'll tell you how I speak a piece:
First I make my bow;
Then I bring my words out clear
And plain, as I know how.

Next I throw my hands up so!
Then I lift my eyes—
That's to let my hearers know
Something doth surprise.

Next I grin, and show my teeth,
Nearly every one;
Shake my shoulders, hold my sides:
That's the sign of fun.

Next I start, and knit my brow,
Hold my head erect;
Something's wrong, you see, and I
Decidedly object.

Then I wobble at my knees,
Clutch at shadows near,
Tremble well from top to toe;
That's the sign of fear.

Soon I scowl, and with a leap
Seize an airy dagger.
"Wretch!"—I cry—that's tragedy,
Every soul to stagger.

Then I let my voice grow faint,
Gasp and hold my breath;
Tumble down and plunge about;
That's a villain's death.

Quickly then I come to life,
Perfectly restored;
With a bow my speech is done,
Now, you'll please applaud.

CHARADE.

My first is an article
Always nice to eat;
It is not a vegetable,
Nor yet is it meat;
Hands do not make it,
Neither does it grow;
In a wild state we find it,
The Bible tells us so.
My second is a planet
We know not much about;
If made just on purpose for us,
We cannot quite make out;
Or whether people live on it,
Like creatures here below,
No one as yet could tell us,
So of course we do not know.
My whole is what lovers all imagine
Will last forever and ever,
When firm that knot is tied
That God alone can sever.

ANSWER TO RIDDLE.

The following is the answer to the riddle in the August number:—

EGG.

To keep the lip,
From many a slip,
Five things observe with care,
Of whom you speak,
To whom you speak,
And how, and when, and where.

NO CROWN WITHOUT THE CROSS.

Words by GEORGE COOPER.

Music by J. R. THOMAS.

Andantino.

The first system of the musical score is a piano introduction. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C). The music is written in a simple, flowing style with eighth and sixteenth notes.

The second system of the musical score includes a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is on a treble clef staff, and the piano accompaniment is on two staves (treble and bass clefs). The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

When wand'ring feet have wea - ry grown, And clouds make dim our
 Oh! gen - tle balm for ev' - ry grief, Oh! foun - tain of our
 So bear thy bur - den, wea - ry one, The toil will soon be

The third system of the musical score includes a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is on a treble clef staff, and the piano accompaniment is on two staves (treble and bass clefs). The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

way; When all our dear - est hopes are flown, And
 love! Here may my spir - it find re - lief, While
 o'er; Thy long - ing eyes, their weep - ing done, Shall

dark - ly looms the day; The blest as - sur - ance
 in see the gloom, I rove. The Lo! soft - ly falls up -
 the gold - en shore! How fair the bless - ing

O! how sweet, A - mid this world of dross, Where
 on my ear, A - mid my pain and loss, The
 af - ter pain The gain for ev' - ry loss! In

ev - er stray our wea - ry feet: "No crown without the
 watch - word quel - ling ev' - ry fear: "No crown without the
 life and death, in sun and rain: "No crown without the

No Crown without the Cross.

cres.

cross!" "No crown, No crown with-

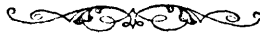
cres.

Detailed description: This system contains the first two lines of music. The top line is a vocal melody in G major, starting with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5. The lyrics "cross!" are written below the first two notes. The second line continues with quarter notes D5, E5, F5, and G5, with lyrics "No crown, No crown with-". The piano accompaniment consists of two staves. The right hand plays a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand plays a simple bass line. A *cres.* marking is present above the first measure of the piano accompaniment.

out the cross!"

Detailed description: This system contains the next two lines of music. The vocal line continues with a half note G5, followed by quarter notes F5 and E5. The lyrics "out the cross!" are written below the notes. The piano accompaniment continues with similar rhythmic patterns. The right hand features more complex sixteenth-note passages, and the left hand provides harmonic support with chords and single notes.

Detailed description: This system contains the final two lines of music, which are piano accompaniment only. The right hand plays a series of chords and melodic fragments, while the left hand continues with a steady bass line. The music concludes with a final chord in G major.







FASHIONS FOR OCTOBER.

The Home.

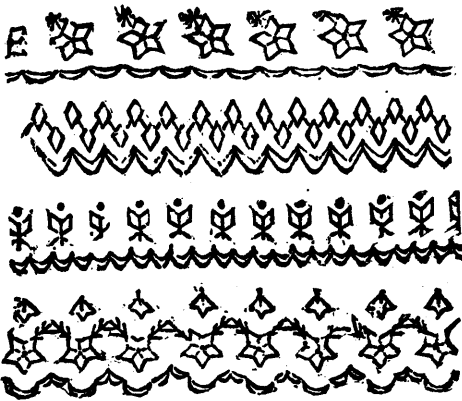
DESCRIPTION OF FASHION PLATE.

FIGURE A.—This illustration represents an elegant costume in Bismarck brown, bound and trimmed with an Havana brown braid, which has a checked satin appearance. The under skirt has no trimming. The front of the over-dress is cut like a close Gabrielle, high in the neck, and closed with buttons and button-holes. The back is a short basque, with a full or pointed postillion, and has two buttons at the seams. Beneath is a full skirt, which is fastened to a belt which joins the front at the side seams. This skirt is sewed to that in front, and the seam plaited upward to form a slight pannier. The sleeves have a slash across the back, and an extra fullness cut on, which is plaited to the upper part, and the seam concealed by a bow. All the edges are scalloped, and bound with the braid, two more rows of scallops being formed on the garment with the braid folded and stitched. Above each row of scallops are three rows of braid, and the same trimming is repeated to simulate a collar. This costume looks well in any

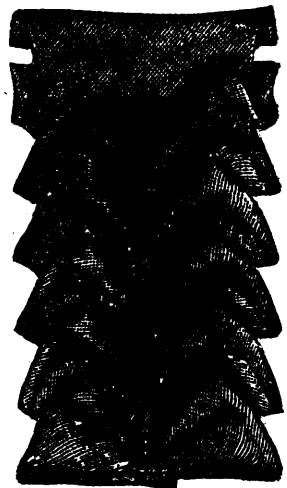
kind of warm goods, and may be trimmed in a variety of styles. The over-dress may be worn with a skirt of contrasting color, or a different shade of the same.

FIGURE B.—A costume of Victoria rep, with trimmings of frosty grey velvet. The skirt is trimmed—as shown by the engraving—with a row of bias velvet edged with lace, and a standing plaiting of the goods above it. The velvet cut narrower and without the plaiting trims the entire suit. The over-skirt is deep and straight in the back, and caught up at the sides under a strap of the trimming, which is looped near the bottom under buttons. The waist is plain, and trimmed to correspond. The jacket is somewhat in sailor form behind, and the trimming passes in two rows up the centre of the back. The front has deep pointed lapels, and the lower edge is curved away like a zouave. It is closed by a hook and loop under a bow. The sleeves are wide open to the elbow, and trimmed to that point.

We are indebted for our patterns this month to the firm of E. Butterick & Co., of New York and Montreal.



PATTERNS FOR EMBROIDERY.



PATTERN FOR QUILLING.

ON THE HEALTHFUL AND ECONOMICAL USE OF MEATS.

BY CATHERINE E. BEECHER.

Animal chemistry has settled the question as to the healthfulness of animal food and not less so that an exclusive vegetable diet is as healthful as a mixed one. For it is proved that animals and vegetables are composed of exactly the same elements, and in very similar proportions. The chief advantage of a mixed diet is, that it affords the pleasure of a greater variety. Moreover, as animal food digests quicker than vegetable, in medical treatment it sometimes answers better for some specific cases.

It is also settled by physiologists that food which gratifies the palate is more healthful than that which does not. The experiment has been tried on animals of giving them good, nourishing food from which all savors have been withdrawn, and the result was loss of appetite and flesh.

All nourishing food is supplied with flavors that stimulate the appetite, and these ordinarily are very delicate. The distinctive flavor that distinguishes the pear from the peach, or one kind of apple from another, is very delicate; and so are the distinctive flavors of the various kinds of vegetable and animal food.

It is also a fact, established by science, that an agreeable variety of food tends to healthfulness as well as to enjoyment, provided it does not lead to excess. The scientific art of cooking, to a great degree, consists in various modes of preserving the natural delicate flavors, and of increasing a variety of food by combining and imparting new flavors, and yet so as not to destroy those of nature.

The distinctive excellence of French cooking is its conformity to nature in employing chiefly the delicate flavors, increasing the variety of their combinations, and adapting them scientifically to each specific case. The distinctive fault of English and American cooking is the use of strong flavors that overpower the natural one, and which also tend to lessen the delicacy and discrimination of the sense of taste. For when the use of strong flavors and of condiments is habitual, the nerves of taste become less sensitive, and continue to demand increase of stimulus.

The art of preparing healthful and agreeable food, in Europe, is elevated to the dignity of a learned profession, and its practitioners are named *gastronomers*. They are not professed cooks, but rather chemical and practical experimenters, seeking to discover various methods of promoting health, economy, and increased enjoyment by the right selection and pre-

paration of food. They often hold the same social and professional rank as the professors of other sciences, and are sometimes honored as favorites and friends in the courts of kings and emperors.

The American people are noted for their profuseness and want of economy in food, especially in the preparation and cooking of meats. In France the markets are supplied by methods that secure from needless waste, while with us it is rarely the case that any care is thus bestowed. For example, the lamb chop usually comes to our tables with a small central morsel of good meat surrounded by shrivelled or burned skin, smoked bone and dripping fat. But the French butcher takes off all that will not be eaten, and uses it for other economic purposes, and then the cook presents the little circle of meat deftly broiled, and garnished with some tempting or ornamental article. And so in other particulars, health, economy and niceness fail for want of skill and care on the part of the butcher.

The most economical forms of cooking are those in which cheap meats are rendered as nourishing and agreeable as the more expensive, and also in which cold remnants are transformed into tasteful and palatable dishes. The soups, the hashes, and the stews are the chief articles of their class.

Among the French the indispensable article of kitchen economy is called the *pot au feu*, which at all times holds its place on the range. It consists of a close-covered kettle made with a double bottom, so that an empty space intervenes between the bottom which is heated by the fire and the one on which the food rests. A false bottom of tin, soldered a couple of inches above the bottom of any pot or kettle which has a tight-fitting cover, would serve the same purpose as the *pot au feu* of the French.

Into this kettle is thrown all the fibrous trimmings of meats, the remnants of cold meats, the cartilages, gristles, and even the bones, after they are broken in pieces. These are kept gently simmering for five or six hours, so as never to reach a walloping boil, and so, also, as not to fall below boiling point. At the end of that time the liquor is strained, cooled as soon as possible, and the fat removed from the top. This is called *stock* or *broth*, in English, and *bouillon* in French. This stock sometimes is kept on hand for soups, gravies, and other purposes. It can be kept in cold weather for three or four days, but in warm weather only over one night.

Sometimes the stock has its flavors imparted while preparing, and sometimes consists solely of the juices of the meat, and the flavors and additions are made when it is to be used for soups and gravies. The most economical use of meat is that which, in France, is called *pot au feu*, and in Spanish *olla-podrida*. These are the

daily food of the army, of the peasantry, and of all the poorer classes who are able to use meat at all. The economy consists in selecting the cheapest pieces of meat, in securing all its flavors by close covering while cooking, in imparting a portion to the vegetables cooked with it, and adding other delicate flavors to the whole. It is served partly as a soup, and the meat, surrounded by the vegetables, as a separate dish.

The following is the best recipe for French bouillon, or stock, and, when it is used as one dish, is called *pot au feu*:

FRENCH POT AU FEU.

Put three pounds of fresh meat into three quarts of cold water, with two tea-spoonfuls of salt. When it begins to simmer, add a gill of cold water, and skim thoroughly. Then add a medium-sized carrot, sliced, two small turnips, one middle-sized leek, one stalk of celery, one of parsley, a bay leaf, one onion with two cloves stuck in it, and two cloves of garlic. Simmer five hours. Strain the broth into a soup-dish, and serve the meat and vegetables on a platter. If more water is needed, add that which is boiling.

SPANISH OLLA-PODRIDA.

Fry four ounces of salt pork in the pot, and when partly done add two pounds of fresh meat and a quarter of a pound of ham, with water enough just to cover the meat. Skim carefully the first half hour, and then add a gill of pease (if dried, soak them an hour first), half a head of cabbage, one carrot, one turnip, two leeks, three stalks of celery, three stalks of parsley, two stalks of thyme, two cloves, two onions sliced, two cloves of garlic, ten pepper-corns, and a pinch of powdered mace or nutmeg. Simmer steadily for five hours. When the water is too low, add that which is boiling. Put the meat on a platter, and the vegetables around it. Strain the liquor on to toasted bread in a soup-dish.

All these articles can be obtained at grocers' or markets in our large cities.

THE CHEAPEST DISH OF MEAT.

(Also a great favorite.)

Take eight pounds of the cheapest beef, no matter how tough. Put it on a trevet or a tin plate, in a close-covered pot, with four quarts of water, two great spoonfuls of salt, and one great spoonful of sugar. Simmer gently and steadily five hours, or till the water is reduced to about three pints. Then bake it in an oven, or put coals on the pot cover, and continue the simmering till the water is reduced to about half a pint, which is to be thickened for the gravy with a little potato or corn-starch.

The above is varied by adding these flavors in a muslin bag, placed in the water at first: Two leeks, or one onion sliced; one tea-spoonful of dried and powdered thyme; half a tea-spoonful of summer savory, dried and powdered; half a tea-spoonful of dried and powdered sweet-marijoram, or sage, or rosemary.—*Harper's Bazaar*.

A WINDOW GREENERY.

The fair, merry darling who ranges these rooms while I sit sewing has given me many a lesson through his baby reaching and climbing. It was he who taught me that I must screw my what-not to the wall, and wedge the books of my library, and sew down my tidies, and tie my vases, and put my phantom bouquet on a high bracket, and, alas! clear all frail beauty from my table and the bottom of the same what-not. But my plants! What can I do? My window-garden is out of the question. My pet baby has lounged with me all summer among my flower-beds, helping mamma, and helping himself too, from the flowers sown on purpose to wither in his fat fingers; and now I will not say "No, no;" all the time; so they are suspended in baskets of moss, and of the pretty rustic sorts that our city market affords. My window in the upper part is more beautiful than ever. Walnut brackets hold the ivies that climb the walls and festoon the pictures. A rich tradescantia hangs its green cloud on the hook vacated now by the baby-jumper, while in a pair of lamp-bracket rings rest the round-bottomed vases, from which the madeiravines spring, to arch the south window.

After I had thus arranged my room above baby's reach, my Swedish nurse gave me a hint of which I was glad to avail myself.

The large end window had double sashes, for Willie's sake, so that he might stand by it and look through the glass without getting cold (for "cold," with Willie, means croup). There was a space of several inches between the two sashes, and a pane of the inner one was made so as to open and shut like a little door, which enabled us to reach through and lower the outer sash when necessary. This double window reminded our Swedish maid of the Northland. She told me how, in the home of the Grefwinnan Russe, they had spread light batting on the sill between the sashes, and stuck it full of moss, till there was a soft green carpet to brighten the narrow strip. "It shall go hard," thought I, "but I will better the instruction." At once rough bits of wood were put in to fill the hollow to the level of the bottom of the panes. It was soon covered over with beautiful sheets of green moss, gathered

last June, with glittering white slag, shells from Zulu-Land, a green, downy fragment from Superior, and a rich treasure of many-shaded, coral-like moss from more distant Neepigon. A sprinkling of amarants made a garden of the narrow plat, and two slender vases held bouquets of grasses and immortelles, more light and delicate than could be used when exposed to the draughts and dust of the room.

My window is already a fairy spot—a bright surprise when I raise the morning curtain—a fair, delicate tracery against the background of snow—a playground for baby, where the round hand flattens itself unchecked as he points to “pretty, pretty”—and a home-like transparency to the father, when he catches sight of the light in his window.

But it is not done yet. In old pamphlets I have tucked away bright autumn leaves and slight ferns; these I shall paste in wreaths and sprays to the outside of the inner glass (away from the frost-work of the outer panes, and the washing of the inner surface), and when they are carefully oiled, we shall have a dainty transparency indeed.

But imagine the rest, or rather work it out in your own home. I have told enough to let you into my joy, that a greenery in the window is possible even for WILLIE'S MAMMA.—*Hearth and Home.*

CULTURE OF HYACINTHS.

Hyacinths require a rather light and rich soil: a compost of three-fourths well-rotted turfy loam, and one-fourth fine sand, somewhat gritty, with a little well-rotted cow manure added, suits them very well. If the cow manure is not to be had, it is well not to use horse or other manure, but to water them occasionally, say once or twice a week, with well diluted liquid manure when they have commenced growing. If grown singly in a pot each bulb will require a pot four or five inches in diameter. If three are grown together, and this produces a pretty effect, especially if different colors are mixed, a pot seven inches in diameter will be sufficient.

In planting them put about half an inch of clean sand immediately under the bulb, and let the bulb project about one-third of its depth above the surface of the soil, which should be pressed down very firmly. After they are potted water them, and plunge the pots in some dry, sheltered situation out of doors, and cover them to the depth of five or six inches with sand, coal-ashes, or old tan-bark, protecting them from heavy rains by placing a piece of board or other water-proof material over them, but watering them moderately when the soil appears dry. In a few weeks the pots will be filled with roots, and the leaves

and flower-stems will begin to show themselves, when they may be removed into the house; but care must be had not to expose the young leaves in their blanched state to the full rays of the sun, as the ends will become burned or disfigured. They should be kept in a shady part of the room, yet where they can get plenty of light until they become green, when they will be benefited by being exposed to the sun.

It must be borne in mind that good blooms cannot be obtained unless the bulbs are previously well-rooted, and this they will not do if exposed to a higher temperature than 50° or 55°; after they are well rooted they will thrive well in the ordinary temperature of a sitting-room or parlor. The principal reason why persons fail in blooming them well is because they put them into too high a temperature at first, which excites them to growth before they have made sufficient roots to sustain it. If it is not convenient to plunge them out of doors they may be placed in a dry, cool cellar, or even in a cool cupboard, in either case covering the pots with damp moss to the thickness of three or four inches, and surrounding the pots with the same. In this case it is perhaps more convenient to place the pots in a box—say an old soap or candle-box—filling the interstices between the pots with moss, and then covering them with the same material. If from any cause the flower-stem should not appear to elongate itself sufficiently, or to remain close set among the leaves at the crown of the bulb, a flower-pot of the same size as that in which it is planted, or a paper funnel, inverted over it for a few days will remedy the defect by drawing the stem up. When the blossoms begin to show color, and during the whole time of flowering, they should be moderately supplied with manure-water, as this greatly strengthens the flowers; but when the flowers begin to fade the manure water should be withheld, as then it is very apt to be injurious to the bulb.

Hyacinths may also be grown in pots or any other vessels of an ornamental character, filled with moss or pure sand; but in such cases especial care must be taken that they are very carefully watered, for if the roots become dried in the least, the whole plant will become sickly and perish. When grown in such materials the same preparatory treatment is required as when grown in pots with mould.

All roots appear to have as instinctive a dislike to light as leaves and flowers have an ardent desire for it; for this reason the glasses best suited for growing bulbs in water are opaque, or of very dark colors, such as blue and green. Transparent glasses should never be used.

The glasses should be filled with water so that the base of the bulb just comes in con-

tact with it, and then placed in a dark, dry, cool cellar or closet for three or four weeks, by which time the glasses will have become partially filled with roots, when they may be removed to the sitting-room or parlor, giving them but a moderate supply of light until the leaves become green, after which they should have as much light as possible, with plenty of air. The water in the glasses should be changed every two or three weeks, care being taken that it is of the same temperature as that in which the bulb has been growing; if this is neglected, the bulbs will receive a check, and the flower-stems will be much weakened. In changing the water, withdraw the bulb about half an inch from the glass, and then pour the water off, refilling the glass from a pitcher or other vessel with a spout. If the roots are wholly withdrawn they are apt to get broken, being very brittle, and are very liable to injury when being returned to the glass.

Sometimes the tips of the roots become enveloped with a pellicle of mucous matter, which is very injurious to them. This should be removed by withdrawing the roots from the glasses and gently cleansing them by immersing them in a basin of milk-warm water, and then drawing them gently through the hand a sufficient number of times to remove it. The glass should also be cleansed by washing it with soap and water before returning the roots to it. These pellicles may be in a great measure prevented by cleansing the glasses—when giving the bulbs fresh water—with milk-warm water very dilutely alkalinized with lime-water, common washing-soda, or cooking-soda. First pour off the water in the glass without fully withdrawing the roots; then fill it half full of warm water alkalinized by dissolving a piece of washing-soda about the size of a hazel-nut, or half a tea-spoonful of cooking soda, or a tea-spoonful of lime-water, to a quart of water; agitate rather gently, as in cleansing a bottle; then pour it off and refill the glass with fresh water.

After the flower-buds make their appearance the plants are much benefited by having a small quantity of diluted manure-water added to the water in the glass every fortnight. An ounce of guano dissolved in a quart of water, and a tea-spoonful of the solution added when the water is changed, answers a good purpose; or about a dram of carbonate of ammonia dissolved in a quart of water, and a tea-spoonful of the solution added when the water is changed, will be found to be beneficial.

When grown in the open air, Hyacinths and most other bulbs will do well in any light friable soil, having a liberal dressing of well-rotted manure well dug in; cow manure is the best. The soil should be dug deep and well pulverized; a spading

fork is preferable to a spade for this operation. The crowns of the bulbs should be about four inches under the soil. They can be planted at any time until heavy frost sets in.—*Harpers' Bazar*.

SELECTED RECIPES.

FISH AU GRATIN.—For fish au gratin, take any dried fish, slice and, if possible, bone it, dip it into oil, cream, or melted butter; season it, place in a dish on a piece of buttered toast, sift grated bread on the top, and brown it in the oven. Serve on the toast with sliced lemon. Parmesan cheese may be grated with the bread-crumbs.

STEWED SHOULDER OF MUTTON.—Select a shoulder of mutton that is not too fat, bone it, tie in a cloth, and boil for two hours and a half. Take it up, put a little cold butter over it, and then strew thickly with bread crumbs and parsley, with pepper and salt all properly mixed, and let it remain in the oven half an hour to be perfectly browned. Serve with bits of currant jelly on the top, and gravy or spinach round.

POULET AU MACARONI.—Line a pork-pie mould or a pie-dish with light paste; cut up some cold fowl into small pieces, with a little ham or bacon; boil some macaroni quite tender, and cut it in lengths of about an inch; make a gravy of veal stock or milk, thicken it with a little flour; season the meat with salt and pepper to taste, and put it all into a sauce-pan and simmer it a few minutes. After the paste is placed round the mould or dish, fill it with dry rice, and bake it. When the paste is sufficiently done turn out the rice, and put in a layer of meat and a layer of macaroni alternately, until the mould is full; on the top of all a layer of grated cheese. Turn it out on a dish and serve.

OYSTER FRITTERS.—Make a stiff batter with one or two eggs, according to the quantity required; season to taste with pepper and salt. Prepare some oysters as if for sauce, dip each into the batter, and fry of a nice brown color, either in very fresh lard or butter. Lay them on a clean sieve before the fire until every particle of grease has drained from them, and serve them on a hot napkin.

FRICATELLES.—Mince some cold meat (either mutton or beef) very fine, make a paste and roll it out thin; lay the mince thickly on it, and fold the paste over it, taking care to make the edges adhere together; then take a rolling-pin and roll the paste smooth; cut them out with a tin in

in the shape of cutlets, and fry them of a light brown color. Serve with a brown gravy.

APPLE POT-PIE.—Pare and quarter half a dozen russets, lay them in a porcelain kettle, sprinkle over a cup of crushed sugar, a dust of nutmeg and cinnamon, a bit of butter; over all spread a layer of dough, made with Horsford's yeast-powder, or cream-tartar and soda, or sour milk and soda, add one quart of boiling water, cover tightly, and boil forty minutes. If berries are used, omit the water.

BUNS.—Two quarts of flour, one quart of warm milk, a quarter of a pound of butter, and half a teacupful of yeast. Mix this into a dough, and set it to rise three or four hours. Beat up four eggs, half a pound of sugar, and one teacupful of currants; mix this into the dough, and set it to rise again two hours. When very light, make the dough into small buns, set them very close together in tin pans, and let them rise. When all of a sponge, brush the tops with a little milk and molasses mixed. Bake them in a quick oven fifteen or twenty minutes.

PUFF PASTE.—Mix together one quart of flour, a quarter of a pound of butter, a little lard, and a pinch of salt. Beat together the yolk of an egg and a cupful of water, and then add them to the flour. Roll out the paste very often; the oftener it is rolled the richer it becomes, and each time it is rolled spread small particles of butter over it. This quantity of materials will make from three to four pies.

LEMON CUSTARD.—Six eggs, beaten well; six soda crackers, rolled fine or grated; three lemons grated; two cupfuls of milk, two cupfuls of white sugar, a quarter of a pound of butter, and a nutmeg. Bake on a crust. This quantity of material is sufficient for six pies.

MACARONI PUDDING.—Take two ounces of macaroni, simmer it in a pint of milk, with a bit of lemon-peel and cinnamon, till tender, then put it in a dish with milk, three eggs, but only one white, some sugar, nutmeg, a spoonful of almond-water; lay a nice paste round the edge of the dish, and put it in the oven to bake. When done, spread over the top the reserved whites beaten to a stiff froth, and set in the oven a few minutes.

TEA CAKES.—Three eggs, three cups of sugar, one cup of butter, one quart of flour, tea-spoonful of soda, a little salt, and buttermilk enough to knead it well. Bake in a brisk oven.

ROLLED JELLY-CAKE.—One cup of sugar, one tablespoonful of butter, one and a half cups of flour, two thirds of a cup of milk, one egg, two teaspoonfuls baking-powder sifted with the flour. Bake in a large sheet, and when done, spread on the jelly, and cut the sheet in strips three or four inches wide and roll up. If, instead of jelly, a sauce is made and spread between the layers of cake, it may be eaten as cream-pie, and furnish a very nice and easily prepared dessert. *For the Sauce.*—Beat together one egg, one teaspoonful corn-starch, one tablespoonful of flour, and two of sugar. Stir it into a half-pint of milk and boil till it forms a good custard; remove from the fire and flavor with vanilla.

SUGAR-CANDY.—Three cups of white sugar, one and a half of cold water, one tablespoonful of good vinegar, and a small teaspoonful of butter. Boil without stirring until it begins to rope. As soon as it can be handled, begin to pull it. Make it into sticks.

CANDY-DROPS.—One pint of sugar, half a pint of water, boil about an hour, or until it cracks when dropped in water; flavor with lemon, peppermint, or wintergreen; pour in small drops on buttered paper and set aside to get cold.

CHOCOLATE CARAMELS.—Take of grated chocolate, milk, molasses, and sugar, one cup each, and a piece of butter the size of an egg. Boil all together about an hour, or until it drops hard. Put into a buttered pan and mark off in square blocks before it cools, so that it will break regularly.

HOW TO CRYSTALLIZE BASKETS.—Form the basket of bonnet-wire in any fanciful shape; then wrap the wire neatly, but not closely, with white crewel or yarn, otherwise the alum will not crystallize on the wire. Make a solution of alum and rain-water, and boil it slowly a few moments in a brass kettle, putting in enough alum to saturate the water; suspend the wire basket by a string tied to a stick laid across a wooden vessel large enough to contain the basket without touching any part of it. Pour the boiling solution of alum over this in the wooden vessel, being careful to have a sufficient quantity to cover the basket entirely; set it in a cool place for twenty-four hours, where it will not be agitated to disturb the formation of the crystals. Blue crystals may be obtained by dissolving indigo in the alum water; yellow by a little turmeric or gamboge; purple by using extract of logwood; and pink by adding a little poke-berry juice to the solution. Cool, frosty weather is the best time to crystallize.

Literary Notices.



THE FENIAN RAID OF 1870.—Montreal: WITNESS Printing House. Pages, 72. 30 cents.

Though we have already noticed this little work, we add, on account of the volunteers, the following synopsis of it:—

With one consent men have called the Fenian Raid a farce, and our neighbors have amused themselves mightily at the excitement which it necessarily caused among us; but, however ridiculous its more prominent features, it has not passed without producing the most serious effects on what we are taught by England to term our nationality. Without a baptism of blood, it has been said there can be no national life, and, though we have not yet been called to pass through such a painful ordeal, no one can have failed to note the very remarkable progress which we as a people have made, all unwillingly perhaps, towards independence in thought and action.

The 24th of May opened sullenly in Montreal, and the drizzling rain all the forenoon damped the joyful anticipations of many who saw their rare holiday happiness melting away in the watery atmosphere. Meanwhile the volunteers were rapidly gathering at the Military School, according to custom, and were there mysteriously informed that the review on Logan's Farm was postponed, and that the Fenians were approaching the border; and that one company from each battalion must proceed to the frontier in the afternoon, while the rest must continue ready at a moment's notice. About 4 o'clock the service companies were inspected by Lt.-Col. Smith, but it was nearly 6 before they were on the march; the officers' horses and the chargers of Capt. Muir's cavalry troop were safely embarked in box-cars, and these were afterwards attached to the special train, which, with the troopers and infantry companies, left Bonaventure Station a little before 7 o'clock, amid the cheers of a large concourse of spectators. Nothing of interest marked the journey from Montreal to St. Johns, where the special train arrived about 9 in the evening. The detachment of the Montreal Garrison Artillery, under Capt. Wicksteed,

was despatched, amid the cheers of their late companions, to garrison the fort at Isle-aux-Noix; and the service companies of the Prince of Wales, Royals and Hoche-lagas, under Captains Bulmer, McKenzie and Gardner, respectively, disembarked from the train and marched into the town, where they were to be billeted until further orders. The remainder of the expeditionary column, some 90 men in all, consisting of the Victorias under Capt. Crawford, with Lt. Greenshield, and Ensign Oswald, and Capt. Muir's Cavalry, with Col. Lovelace as Lieutenant, and Cornet Lockerby, went on by train to Stanbridge Station, some miles further south, under command of Lt.-Col. Osborne Smith, D.A.G. The train reached Stanbridge Station soon after midnight, but they were very soon started on a march of seven miles towards Stanbridge village, which they all safely reached at 3 o'clock on Wednesday morning, where the bare floor of the hall of a hotel afforded them welcome repose. The 60th or Missisquoi Battalion were ordered to muster at Stanbridge village with all despatch. The command was responded to with celerity, and by 3 o'clock that afternoon several of the companies were on the march towards their rendezvous, where Col. Chamberlin joined them in the evening.

Early, however, as they were called out, and rapidly as they moved, they found themselves anticipated by an irregular body of men who had taken the field before them. Immediately after the raid of 1866, the frontier farmers, having been sufferers from the slowness of military action on that occasion, had organized themselves into a sort of league for their own defence. It was the work of an afternoon to gather together, about thirty strong, at Frelighsburg, armed, and uniformed with a red flannel sash, and after communication with Montreal, to post themselves about 300 yards from the boundary line, on the front of Eccles Hill, a very defensible position from either side, and one which being seized on by the enemy in 1866, had enabled them to give much trouble.

The branch of the O'Neill wing which was destined for the raid into Canada by the road leading past Eccles Hill, had its headquarters at St. Albans, where the

members of the organization had been concentrating, principally from Burlington and New York. They began to arrive on the 23rd in small squads, and they managed to secrete in the woods in the vicinity of Franklin Centre—a village about three miles from the boundary line—arms and equipments for some 5,000 men. The Fenians were, for the most part, men about twenty-five years of age, and the scum of American cities, with a sprinkling of young men who had joined for, as they afterwards expressed it, the fun of making a raid into Canada in the absence of the troops. By the evening of the 24th about 250 Fenians were at Hubbard's Corner, and early on the following morning O'Neill intended to cross over into Canada and strike the long-threatened blow for the liberation of "Ireland and the Irish." The scenes in the vicinity of the Fenian head-quarters were of a wild and exciting character.

By 8 o'clock on the morning of Wednesday, the 25th May, O'Neill with his staff of half a dozen recently-created "Generals" and "Colonels," and about 400 men, occupied the Franklin Centre road towards the boundary line. The detachment at Hubbard's Corner had proceeded to near the brow of the hill opposite Eccles, and occupied the grounds in the rear of the house of one Vincent, where the most of the Fenians put on their uniforms—a dark blue shell-jacket, trimmed with green and yellow braid, pants of dark grey, or in some cases of a light blue color; nearly all wore the French military cap.

Towards 11 o'clock a.m., the Fenians advanced a sentry to within a few yards of the line. Colonel Smith, judging that the enemy would probably soon attack his position, had disposed his small force for defence. The Home Guards, to the number of about 25 men, were posted among the rocks and brushwood towards the base of Eccles Hill, while a Militia detachment of 37 men of the 60th Battalion, under Lt.-Col. Chamberlin, was posted near the brow of the hill, and on both sides of the road, up which the enemy were expected to come after crossing the line. As they came down the road, some 200 strong, they presented a rather formidable appearance; they marched with the steadiness of regular troops. They were nearly all in uniform and marched in column, with rifles at the "shoulder," with fixed bayonets, which shone and glistened in the noonday sun with a brightness that was dazzling. Gen. O'Neill, Gen. Lewis, Cols. Donnelly and O'Reilly, also Captains Croydon, Brown, Cronan, Sullivan and Moriarty were with the force. The advance guard, composed of a picked company of 40 men, advanced to within 100 yards of the line, and when opposite the house of Mr. Alva Rykert, halted, and having loaded, Gen. O'Neill

addressed them as follows:—"Soldiers of the advanced guard of the American Irish Army for the liberation of Ireland from the yoke of our oppressors. For your own country you now enter that of the enemy. The eyes of your country are upon you. Forward! March!"

The advance company was from Vermont, and was commanded by Capt. Cronan, of Burlington. He replied to the address of Gen. O'Neill as follows:—"General, I am proud that Vermont has the honor of leading this advance. Ireland may depend upon us to do our duty." The advance was then resumed, and Gen. O'Neill entered Rykert's house to view in safety from an upper window the engagement.

The Fenians were divided into three bodies; the main body, under Gen. Lewis, halted at Rykert's, and the advance guard, already mentioned, with a wild cheer crossed the boundary line into British territory at the double. The leading file had just crossed the bridge at the creek, about twenty yards from the line, when the crack of half a dozen Canadian rifles was heard from Eccles Hill, and John Rowe, the sentry at the iron post, who had joined Cronan's company as they advanced, fell dead across the road, shot through the left side. The volunteers then opened fire upon the enemy and wounded several. Capt. Cronan's company returned the fire, but halted, undecided whether to advance. The sight of the British red-coats, and the shower of bullets which passed over the heads of the Fenians disconcerted them. Although they fired several volleys in return, and were supported by the fire of the main body, which had halted on the American side, under Gen. Lewis, the men wavered, and several began to get out of range of the Canadian fire by retiring behind stone fences, &c. Capt. Cronan just then received a shot in his side, and staggering to one side called to a fellow-officer to take command, and try to keep the men together. It was too late; they were now completely demoralized, and instead of lying down, as ordered, to escape the fire of the volunteers, and at the same time keep their position, they turned and fled, seeking shelter wherever cover could be obtained. The conduct of the supports, or main body, under General Lewis, was somewhat similar. They kept up a fire, but ill-directed, for about a quarter of an hour, upon the Canadians, who, from their position on Eccles Hill, had an admirable view of the enemy while they practised sharp-shooting from among the rocks and the brushwood which studded the hill-side. At first the fire of the Canadian force was wild, and went high over the heads of the Fenians, who were drawn up on the road, in the hollow at the boundary



ACTION AT ECCLES HILL.

[From Photographs by SAWYER.]



line; but after the first or second round it was much better directed, and soon began to tell upon the enemy.

General Lewis himself was shot in the leg at the commencement of the action, and was lifted from his horse and carried into a house near by, with several other wounded Fenians. The main body of the Fenians under Colonel Donnelly kept together for a while, and returned the fire of the volunteers, but only for a few minutes. After Cronan's company was checked near the bridge, their officers yelled and cried to them to advance and support them. The majority would not move. About fifty men advanced a few paces and opened fire, Cronan's company meanwhile scattering in all directions; a few minutes longer, and, despite the imprecations of the commanders, the main column broke in wild disorder and sought the friendly shelter of the adjoining houses and lumber piles. Behind these covers they seemed to regain confidence, and kept up a continued fire upon the Canadian forces.

General O'Neill, while the Fenian advance and repulse was taking place, was safely ensconced in the attic of Mr. Rykert's house, close to the line, where he had gone to view the engagement, and from which he purposed to issue his commands. After his men had been repulsed and were under shelter, O'Neill retained his position at the gable window of the attic until Mr. Rykert, in the lull of the firing went upstairs, and seizing him by the back of the neck pushed him down stairs and out of his door, telling him that he would not allow him or any of his gang to occupy his house. Thus unceremoniously turned out of doors, and what was of still greater consequence to O'Neill, out of shelter, he was at a loss what to do. Putting a braggadocio face upon affairs, the Fenian General still hugging the shelter of the house from which he had just almost been kicked, commenced to rail at his men for their cowardice, and called upon them to "fall in" and renew the attack. The liberators of Ireland, however, were stubborn, and refused to leave their cover, while they openly swore at O'Neill, and charged him and their officers with deceiving them. A few minutes afterwards, General P. Foster, the United States Marshal of Vermont, with his assistant, Mr. Smalley, drove down the road in a close carriage, and halted opposite Rykert's house, walked up, and placing his hand upon O'Neill's shoulder, told him that he was a prisoner. At first he protested against his arrest, and said that he would call upon his men to rescue him. He did not do so, however, and as he was hurried past a group of them and one or two officers, they looked on with about as much interest as if they were watching the performance of a farce in a historical

drama. Into the carriage O'Neill was safely got, and the driver laid the whip to the horses, and they started off at a gallop up the hill, and passed through Franklin Centre, and at 4 o'clock arrived at St. Albans, where O'Neill was quietly lodged in jail.

The command of the Fenians, after the arrest of O'Neill, devolved upon Patrick O'Bryne Riley, an escaped Fenian convict from Australia, who assumed command under the name of General G. Dwyer. The arrest of O'Neill, and what previously took place between him and his men, did not occupy over fifteen minutes altogether, so hurriedly did events succeed each other.

While this skirmishing fire was kept up with spirit on both sides, Captain Muir's troop of Cavalry from Stanbridge came galloping along the road, and up the hill, where they dismounted, and having picketed their horses among the trees in a hollow of the table land on the summit of the hill, the troopers thronged to the brow, overlooking the Fenian position. Following quick upon the arrival of the cavalry was that of the Victoria Rifles, also from Stanbridge.

The firing from the Fenian side was kept up with varying interest until about 2 o'clock, when it began to slacken, and in fact about an hour afterwards it ceased altogether, and a flag of truce was displayed by the Fenians in front of Rykert's dwelling. As the Canadians approached, and stopped to gaze at Rowe's dead body, about a dozen Fenians, with General Dwyer in front, posted themselves across the road on the American side, and in explanation of their signals, said that they wished to have a short time to be allowed to remove their dead and wounded. Dwyer, irritated at the taunting remarks of more than one of the Home Guard, and after waiting fully ten minutes for an answer from Col. Smith, called out, so that all near might hear "As your officer will not send any answer, all stragglers had better quit this; for just so soon as you get into proper range we will open fire again." There were probably about thirty non-combatants standing by at the time, and the writer, who was standing within a few feet of General Dwyer, had a good look at the quondam Australian convict. He is a little over the medium height, of ordinary build, and bronzed complexion, with a moustache and goatee; he wore a dark green jacket, elaborately ornamented with yellow braid, dark colored pants, and a soft, wideawake hat. The threat of Dwyer was sufficient to make all the idlers run for cover.

Shortly after 4 p.m., a stir was evident among the enemy in the houses, while their comrades up the road, having been reinforced by 100 men of the 4th New York Irish, under Major Moore, determin-

ed upon making a demonstration and attack to extricate their companions, to the number of about 80, who were virtually prisoners in the houses on the lines. They opened a heavy fire from their concealed position, and fairly raked the base of Eccles Hill. The long range of the Snider rifles rather staggered the Fenians, who, notwithstanding their being urged forward to the attack by Major Moore, refused—veterans though the most of the Irish were—to quit their cover in the woods. They then fell back upon Franklin Centre; and about 6 o'clock Colonel Smith learned that a detachment of Fenians, with their field-piece, were in the valley on the right, and that they meant mischief. The 60th and the Home Guards were deployed to advance to the boundary line and drive out the enemy from the houses. The advance of the Canadians was unexpected; from houses and barns, and from behind lumber piles, rushed the Fenians in twos and threes. At first they attempted to check the advance of the volunteers, and opened fire upon them; but the 60th and Home Guards, who were previously instructed to reserve their fire, opened upon the enemy, and the next minute the Fenian retreat was converted into a regular skedaddle. Every minute they could be seen to drop, but were soon up again and limping away, showing that they had been wounded, while others were observed to seek the shelter of two friendly stone fences, and crawling along on the lee side escaped further injury, and finally made good their retreat into the woods, from which they afterwards made their way to Franklin.

By sunset the Fenians had all disappeared, and the volunteers, who were with difficulty halted at the boundary line, were very anxious to be allowed to cross and follow the enemy into the wood. In this, however, they were disappointed, as Colonel Osborne Smith's orders about recognizing the boundary line were not to be disregarded.

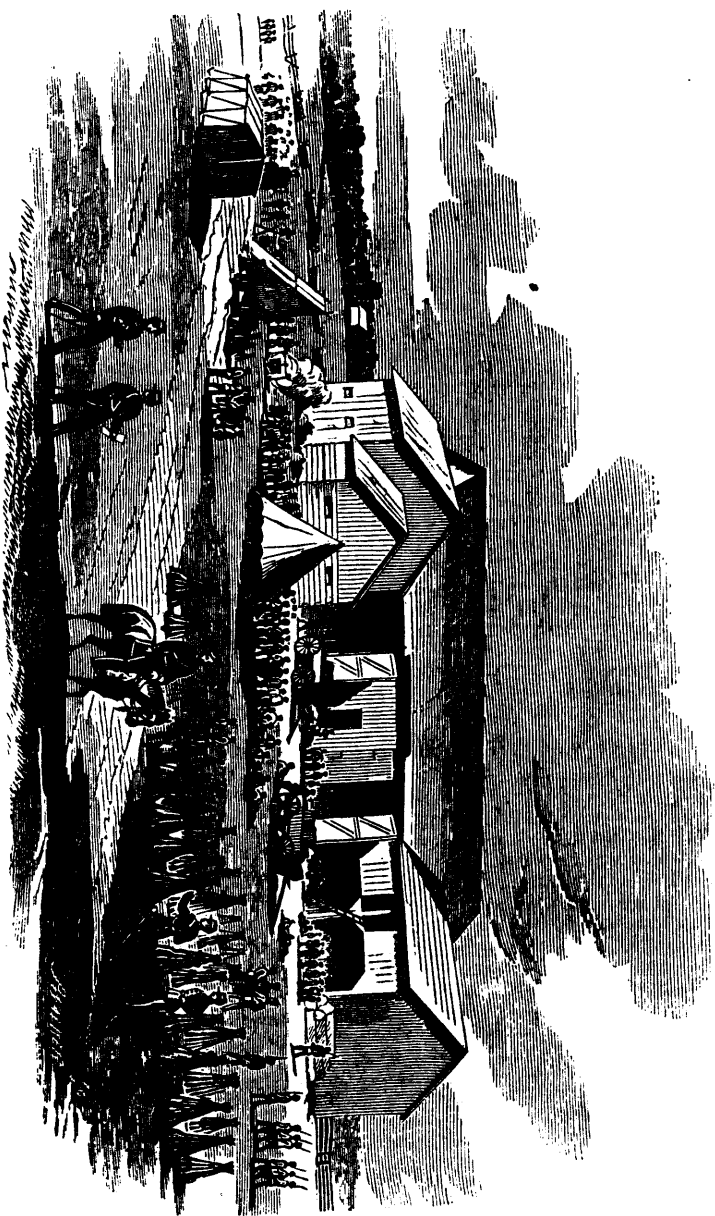
The body of the Fenian who was shot on the Canadian side of the line was, after the enemy had been routed, brought into camp by the Home Guards, who claim that it was one of their men who shot him. The deceased, as already stated, was named John Rowe, of Burlington; he was about twenty-five years of age, and, as was afterwards learned, was a good mechanic, and the main support of a widowed mother. He had been a member of the Boxer Fire Company, of Burlington, and only joined the Fenians a short time previous to the raid. His body was interred on the slope of Eccles Hill, about fifty yards from the main road. The burial ceremony by twilight was a brief and simple one. Having been stripped of his accoutrements, and

the buttons cut from his dark green shell jacket, a grave about two feet deep was quickly dug, and the body placed into it, face downwards. The earth was then thrown over him, and on the top of the grave was afterwards piled a heap of stones, as a sort of cairn, to mark the spot where, in the darkening shades of a summer evening was buried, without ceremony or prayer, and without even a friend to drop a tear of sorrow over the grave, the remains of one who had forfeited his life on the soil to which he and his associate horde of marauders were carrying the sword of rapine and plunder, under the flimsy guise of liberating Ireland.

During the night the Fenians retreated upon Franklin and St. Albans. Before daylight on the morning of the 26th, the volunteers on Eccles Hill mustered under arms, prepared to repel an anticipated attack of the enemy, but none was made. With the exception of several persons arrested on suspicion of being Fenians, nothing further was seen of the enemy in the vicinity of Eccles Hill. Towards the close of the skirmish on the 25th, Lt.-Col. Miller, with part of two companies of the 52nd Battalion, which was assembling at Dunham, on learning that the Fenians were on the lines, hurried forward, without waiting for orders, and arrived near Eccles Hill about 3 o'clock that afternoon. In accordance with his instructions from Col. Smith, Col. Miller returned to Frelighsburg, where his battalion concentrated that night, and mustered 250 men. They remained at the above place until the morning of the 27th, when they moved before daylight to Eccles Hill, where they remained under canvass until the end of the following week, when they were sent home. The 60th Battalion and the Company of Victoria Rifles; also a company of the 1st Battalion or Prince of Wales corps, under Capt. Rogers, with Lt. Stevenson and Ensign Scott, which arrived from St. Johns on the morning of the 27th, remained in camp at Eccles Hill until they were sent home with Captain Muir's troop. The Cookshire cavalry troop, under Lt. Taylor and Cornet French, arrived, and were stationed at Frelighsburg from the 28th May to the 4th June.

THE HUNTINGDON FRONTIER.

On the Huntingdon frontier, also, affairs rapidly assumed an alarming aspect. During the forenoon of the 24th, rumors of Fenian movements had been in circulation through the village, but had met with general discredit from all, until the startling telegram was received in the evening from Lt.-Col. McEachern, ordering out the 50th Battalion immediately for active service. Messengers were then at once



VOLUNTEER CAMP AT HOLBROOKES.

[From a Sketch by Lt. Hutchinson.]



despatched in all directions to warn the Volunteers, who quickly responded to the call, and by morning had assembled in considerable force. All the following day reports of the most alarming character continued to arrive, both through private parties and by telegraph. Fenians in large numbers were said to be arriving at Malone by every train, and marching at once to the camp at Leahy's farm, only half a mile distant from the boundary, and about twelve miles from Huntingdon; there abundant supplies of rifles, ammunition and equipments were awaiting them, and as the success of the movement seemed, in a great measure, to depend on the rapidity of their advance, an attack that evening was thought probable. Every precaution was therefore taken by Col. McEachern to prevent surprise. Scouts were sent out to watch the enemy; guards were stationed near important points; and the Volunteers were ordered to hold themselves in readiness to turn out at a moment's warning. But, notwithstanding these measures, the night proved a long and anxious one to most in Huntingdon.

This position of affairs, however, was not unknown to General Lindsay, and troops were being hurried forward as rapidly as possible. Since an early hour the previous morning, the 69th had been on their way from Quebec; and that same evening the Volunteer corps of Garrison Artillery and Engineers, in Montreal, received orders to proceed at once to the frontier. All day had they been awaiting under arms the order to move, and now that it had come, loud cheers testified their willingness, and hopes were freely expressed that some active part in the defence of their country might fall to their lot. Starting about ten in the evening, they travelled all night, and reached Huntingdon the following day, by noon, weary, sunburnt and footsore, having marched more than sixteen miles of the way. To the villagers the arrival of additional protectors was a welcome sight; and although their hospitality was already taxed severely by the number of their own volunteers billeted upon them, yet all vied with one another in showing kindness to the new comers.

During the afternoon, more word of the Fenians was received. That morning a small party of them had made a dash up the road as far as Holbrooke's store, where they had destroyed the telegraph by cutting the wires in several places; and still later other parties had gone round with waggon to the several farmers in the neighborhood and compelled them to furnish provisions. No actual stand, however, had yet been taken by them on this side.

About midnight the 69th Regiment arrived in Huntingdon, and Col. Bagot, who was in command, at once took the

control of the volunteer force as well, and issued orders for all to assemble ready for marching at half-past three that morning. Early as was the hour, and wearied as were all the troops from their exertions the previous day, every man was in his place with his breakfast over, and his knapsack strapped by four o'clock. Forty rounds of ammunition were then served out to each, and all were relieved of their knapsacks and blankets, which were placed in waggon with the other baggage to follow on behind. By a quarter to five all the arrangements were completed, and the column moved off the parade ground in the following order and strength:—

HUNTINGDON BORDERERS—	
50th Battalion: Lt.-Col. McEachern,	225
69th REGIMENT: Major Smyth,	450
MONTREAL GARRISON ARTILLERY—	
Lt.-Col. McKay,	275
MONTREAL ENGINEERS—	
Major Kennedy,	80
Total, including officers and men,	1030

The morning was bright and clear, yet pleasantly cool, and the road lay through a beautiful country, with the Trout River winding on the left, sometimes skirting the road's edge, and at other times leaving room for a well-cultivated field to intervene. At many of the houses along the way the farmers had got in readiness pails of milk and of cold water for the use of the men as they passed, a kindness which was fully appreciated. On reaching Hendersonville—a small village about three miles from the line—Col. Bagot was informed by a despatch from Lt. Butler, who had gone on ahead with the scouts, that early this morning a body of the Fenians had crossed the line, and were then entrenching themselves about half a mile on this side. A detachment of the artillery was accordingly ordered to proceed along the next concession road to the West, to prevent any flanking movement, while the main body marched at a quick pace on to Holbrooke's Corner, two miles distant. As the report passed from company to company that they were nearing the Fenians, and that now there was every chance of a fight, the effect on the spirits of our men was wonderful; pain and fatigue were forgotten in a moment, and everyone was all anxiety to have some share in the engagement. It was about half-past eight when the head of the column reached Holbrooke's store, when a halt for a few minutes was ordered while directions were being given for the attack.

The Fenians, as could now be seen by the aid of a glass, had taken up their position across the road, about three-quarters of a mile further along, with their right flank resting on the river, and their left covered by woods. Here, on their arrival that morning, they had set to work and

piled up logs and rails in a hurried yet secure manner, so as to form a barricade about three and a half feet high, extending all along their front; and on the right side a trench, about a foot deep, had been dug in order to increase their cover still further. Lying behind this they had a clear sweep of the open fields in front, a distance of more than 300 yards, over which our troops would be obliged to pass to get at them; while not more than 100 yards behind a thick bush afforded an admirable retreat, which numerous buildings continued to some distance beyond the lines.

On his arrival Col. Bagot was at once put in possession of all necessary information respecting the strength and character of the enemy by Lt. Butler, of the 69th, who had been early on the ground, and had seen the enemy advance and take up their position. Not a moment was lost by him in making his decision. "Col. McEachern," said he, "you will deploy three companies on the left, and four on the right; one company of the Garrison Artillery will form your centre and advance along the road, and one company of the Artillery will cross the bridge and advance up the river." Rapidly as were the orders given, as promptly were they carried out. It was but a moment's work for the Borderers to leap the fence, and extend which they did with an enthusiasm and precision that could not have been excelled: Col. Fletcher, assisted by Major Whyte, leading in person the right division—Col. McEachern taking charge of the left. Of the 69th—Capt. Mansfield's Company extended on the road, and one company of the Artillery, under Capt. Doucet, proceeded along the left bank of the river, as ordered, with the intention, if possible, of flanking the enemy. The remainder of the column followed behind at supporting distance.

The firing was begun by the Borderers on the right, who, as they advanced at the double, poured their fire into the bush and hop-yard in front of them, occupied by the advanced pickets of the Fenians. These returned the fire of the volunteers but once, and then fell back to their entrenchment. When within about 600 yards of the entrenchment, the firing on the part of the volunteers became general. Shortly afterwards the Fenians delivered their first volley, which went whizzing over the heads of our volunteers, but caused not the slightest wavering in the ranks. On went the Borderers at the double, through fields and over fences, firing as they ran with a steadiness that would have done credit to veterans; and yet, for aught they knew, the next volley from the enemy might have laid half of them dead on the field. Two irregular volleys followed the first, and then just as our troops entered

the open fields in front of the barricade, they saw the enemy start up and run for the houses and bush beyond, disappearing behind the shelter which they afforded. Mortification and anger at the villains escaping them so easily quickened the steps of the volunteers. The portion of the barricade across the road—less securely fastened than the rest, owing to the hard nature of the ground underneath—was scattered in an instant by some of the 69th, and through this opening, or over the other parts, poured our men. But quick though they were, the Fenians—veterans, perhaps, of Bull's Run or Fredericksburg—were still quicker. Rifles, knapsacks, ammunition—everything that impeded the flight of the unfortunate ones in the rear—were thrown to the winds, and a bee-line taken for the protecting arms of Uncle Sam. At the line they were met by about 300 more, who had remained behind at the camp, and now came forward at the double to reinforce them, and an ineffectual attempt was made to rally them; but as soon as our troops again came in sight, reinforcements as well as the others turned and fled. No halt was made at the camp, and few stopped till they reached Malone, where they arrived about noon, weary, disheartened and footsore.

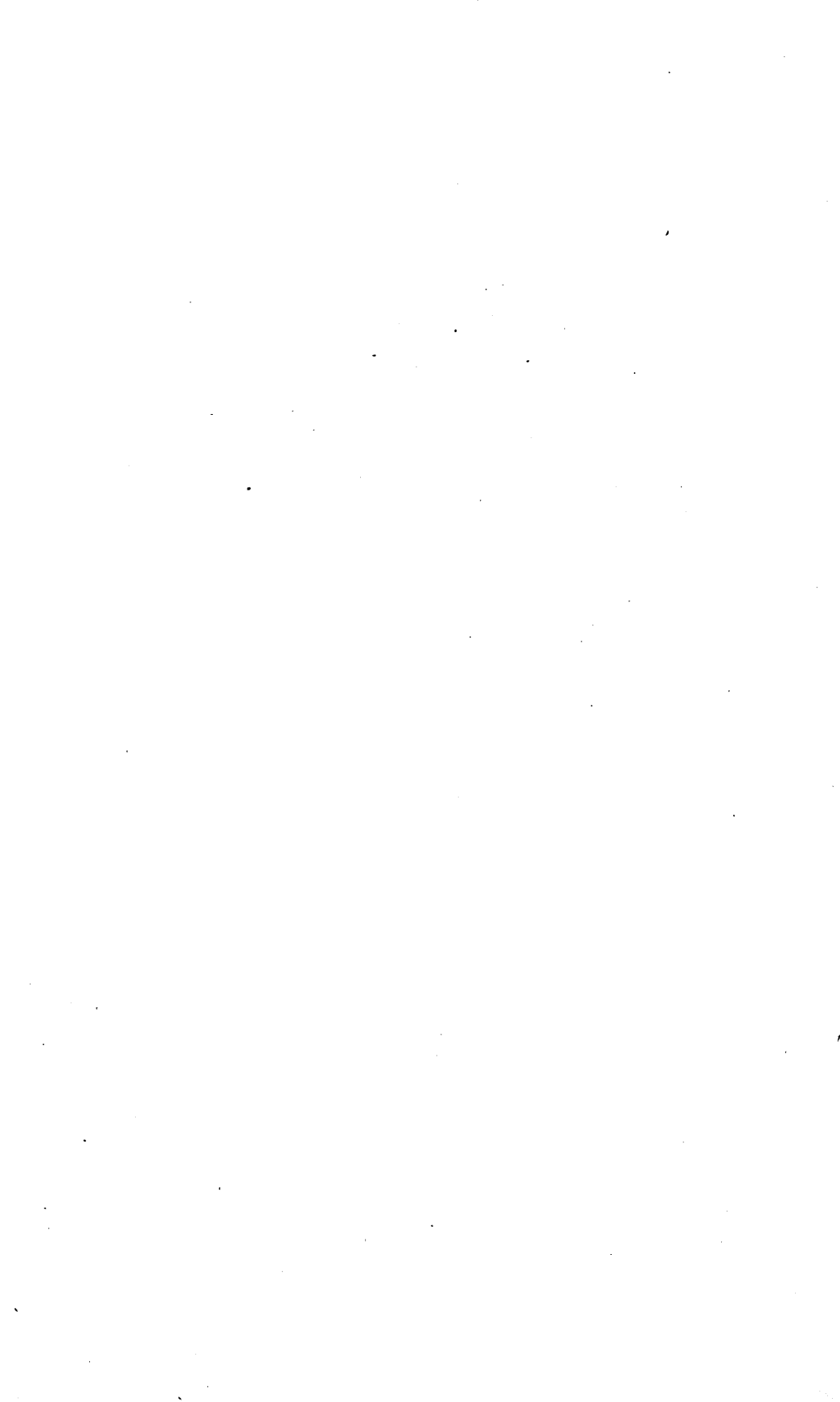
Our men advanced as far as the iron pillar which marks the boundary, when Colonel Bagot ordered the bugle to sound the "cease firing," and the men came to the halt. Rousing cheers were then given by both volunteers and regulars, and after a short rest all were marched back to Holbrooke's corner.

As the excitement began to subside, much speculation was indulged in with regard to the result of the fray; and many were the stories circulated of Fenians being seen to fall, or become of a sudden lame. Pools of blood were also said to have been noticed behind the barricade, and the number of rifles, knapsacks, and uniforms found scattered over the fields showed clearly the fright they had received. From information gained afterwards from the Americans, however, the truth seems to be that only one of the Fenians was killed and one wounded; but when we consider how sheltered the Fenians were, and the short time the engagement lasted, the short list of casualties is hardly to be wondered at.

After the fight was over a great crowd gathered from all quarters at Holbrooke's Corner. Most of them had friends or relatives in the 50th, and many were the congratulations and compliments received by that fine corps. Between the Montreal Volunteers and their friends, the telegraph—which had been repaired early in the morning on the arrival of the column—now became the medium of communica-



ADVANCE OF THE 50TH BORDERERS.
(From Sketches by Lt. HUTCHISON and Major KENNEDY, and a Photograph by GILMORE.)



tion, and a great crush of despatches was forwarded to that city, with assurances that all were well.

The Fenians appearing now to be completely checked for the time, arrangements were made shortly after noon for the stay and encamping of the troops in the neighborhood. The Borderers received billets in the families living near the Corner; and were ordered to maintain a patrol to the line; while the Montreal Volunteers were marched about a mile further back to a field adjoining the one in which the 69th had already encamped, and which was conveniently near both the road and the river. Here a large barn was assigned to them as barracks, where, with a little ingenuity and arrangement they soon succeeded in making themselves very comfortable.

During the few days they remained in camp, little of special interest occurred. The Fenians remained for some time in Malone, much to the terror of its inhabitants. Too disorganized and disheartened to attempt any fresh raid into Canada, and unable to pay their return fares on the railway, they hung round the street corners and crowded the bar-rooms and saloons of the town, compelling the townspeople, in many instances, to furnish them with provisions. After application had been made in several other quarters, with no

success, Gen. Hoffman and Hon. Wm. Tweed, of New York, were at last induced to advance the money for the return fare; and by the end of the following week all had been shipped to their homes again, wiser men, we will hope, than when they left them.

Among the volunteers the excitement of the first day soon subsided into the weary monotony of camp life; and as the prospect of any further trouble from the Fenians dwindled away, all became anxious for the return home. This was begun on the Tuesday afternoon, and that evening all were on their way back to Huntingdon, where the Prince and suit were expected the following morning to present the 50th Battalion with their new colors—an honor well merited by them. Next morning, immediately after that ceremony was over, the Montreal Volunteers left for Donohoe's wharf, where the "Corinthian" was waiting to receive them. A pleasant and speedy voyage brought them in sight of home again, where a warm welcome awaited them as they landed, which was increased to almost an ovation as they marched through the streets to the drill shed.

The Huntingdon Volunteers remained under arms till the following Friday, when they, too, were disbanded, and that county once more resumed its ordinary quiet aspect.

Editorial Notices.

FREDERICK WILLIAM, CROWN PRINCE OF PRUSSIA.

On our frontispiece will be found a portrait of Frederick William, Crown Prince of Prussia, who is the heir apparent of that kingdom, and was born on the 18th October, 1831. On his tenth birthday he received his commission as a sub-lieutenant. He was educated at the University of Bonn, and received his military instruction under the superintendence of General Von Schreckenstein. He was married in 1858 to the eldest daughter of Queen Victoria, and in 1860 received his commission as Lieutenant-General, and Commander of the 2nd Pomeranian Corps de Armée. He served throughout the Danish cam-

paign of 1864, and in 1866, at the outset of the Austrian war, was appointed to the command of the Silesian army. The Chief of Staff in that campaign was General Blumenthal, and he, the Prince, had under his orders three army corps under Generals Von Bonin, Von Steinmetz and Von Mutiz, besides the Guard Corps under Prince Augustus of Wurtemberg. The Crown Prince led his army of 125,000 men from Silesia through the passes of the Sudetic Hills, an operation involving considerable difficulties and great danger. By a series of brilliant operations, the army pushed its way through the mountains, fighting severe actions at Frautenau, Nanchod, Skalitz and Schwenschadel. Before a practical junction could be effected with

Prince Frederick Charles, General Benedek had made preparations to attack the latter with superior force, and the battle of Koniggratz (Sadowa) was the result. The Crown Prince was urgently requested to continue his advance, and, appearing unexpectedly on the field, he struck at the heart of the Austrian position, and decided the fortunes of the day. He has the reputation of being careless of himself, and anxious for the welfare of his men, though sparing neither himself or men in the hour of danger or duty. His march from Miletin to Sadowa, and his series of victories in Bohemia, have established his reputation as one of the most energetic commanders of the day, and his recent operations "under his eyes," to borrow King William's phrase, seem to warrant the character assigned to "Fritz."

VON MOLTKE.

We present our readers in this number, on our title page, with a portrait, from a photograph, of the celebrated Von Moltke (pronounced Molka) the real hero of the war now raging. The campaign against Austria, terminating in Sadowa, was planned by this great strategist, and he, in like manner, gets credit for the conduct of the present even more brilliant campaign against France. He is said to be a man of pure science, who lets no other considerations but those of a military or strategic nature enter into his calculations. In the silence of his cabinet or tent he studies the field of operations, the forces at his disposal, the enemy's strength and movements,—which he spares no cost—either of men or money to ascertain,—and quietly issues his instructions, which are to be inexorably obeyed at whatever cost. If the taking of a position be necessary to his plan, the thousand or ten thousand men who must be lost in taking it are calmly doomed by him, and go with alacrity to meet their fate.

There is much in his tactics to recall those of Grant's celebrated campaign,

which ended in the surrender of Lee. Grant had the heaviest and the best-drilled battalions, like Moltke, and believed in fighting continuously, at whatever cost. In this way, Lee, like McMahon and Bazaine, was always obtaining what were called victories, and always inflicting greater damage than he suffered; but, nevertheless, the attacking party was always irresistably pressing on to a successful termination.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—May not the editors and publishers of the *NEW DOMINION MONTHLY* ask the kind cooperation of its numerous friends and well-wishers throughout the country to lend a helping hand, at this season, in extending its subscription list—an extension which the expense put upon it requires? Mr. Dougall offered one dozen of his choice tulips, post paid, to every one who remitted \$1.50 for a year's subscription to the *NEW DOMINION MONTHLY* before October; and a goodly number of dozens have, in consequence, been sent off through the Post Office, with directions for culture. There will, probably, be a few left after all that are promised are sent, and the same offer is continued as long as they last. Of course, first come will be first served.

Our readers will notice a slight change in the arrangement of the Magazine this month. We have received from various sources very gratifying intelligence of the interest awakened by our department of Domestic Economy, and the practical usefulness of its contents. We have therefore determined to enlarge the space devoted to it, and to change its name to *THE HOME*, in order that it may include articles on subjects which could not strictly come under the head of Domestic Economy. If any of our readers can give us recipes, or hints on subjects of home interest, we shall be very glad to receive them. The Fashions will no longer form a separate department, but we shall give an occasional fashion plate in *The Home* department.

CONTENTS FOR OCTOBER, 1870.

	PAGE.
Agnes Vining—A Canadian Tale, (Continued).....	1
Brave Hearts of Canada, (Poetry).....	11
Backwoods Life.....	13
The Convict's Dream, (Poetry).....	17
The Legends of the Micmacs.....	18
The Snow-Bunting, (Poetry).....	22
To San Francisco through the Tropics, (Conclud'd)	23
Means of Preserving Health.....	28
King Canute, (Poetry).....	31
YOUNG FOLKS:—	
A Story from the Moon.....	32
How Railroads are Made.....	34
Little Hercules.....	37
Conundrums.....	39
The Way to do It, (Poetry).....	39
Charade.....	39
Answer to Riddle.....	39
Music:—	
No Crown without the Cross.....	40

	PAGE.
THE HOME:—	
Description of Fashion Plate.....	44
On the Healthful and Economical Use of Meats. 46	46
A Window Greenery.....	47
Culture of Hyacinths.....	48
Selected Recipes.....	49
LITERARY NOTICES:—	
The Fenian Raid of 1870.....	51
EDITORIAL NOTICES:—	
Frederick William, Crown Prince of Prussia... 63	63
Von Moltke.....	64
ILLUSTRATIONS:—	
Frederick William.....	Frontispiece.
Von Moltke.....	Title page.
Fashion Plate.....	Page 44
Action at Eccles Hill.....	" 53
Volunteer Camp at Holbrooke's.....	" 57
Advance of the 50th Borderers.....	" 61

CHOICE TULIPS FOR SALE.

THE TULIP is universally allowed to be the most brilliant and gorgeous of Flowers, and nothing sets off a Garden better than a bed of finely diversified kinds. This the undersigned can supply, from his magnificent Collection, at far lower prices than the same varieties could be imported for.

The following are the assortments which he can dispose of this year, and each will be accompanied with directions for cultivation,—the Tulip is very hardy, and multiplies freely:—

ASSORTMENT No. 1—For a small bed of 10 rows, 4 in a row, about 8x3 feet, 10 fine distinct varieties of Choice Named Tulips; 4 bulbs of each kind put up separately, with name, or 40 in all—\$4.

ASSORTMENT No. 2—For a bed of twenty rows, 6 in a row, about 15x4 feet, 20 fine distinct varieties of Choice Named Tulips; 6 bulbs of each put up as above, or 120 in all—\$10.

ASSORTMENT No. 3.—For a bed of 16 rows, 6 in row, 102 good assorted Mixed Tulips without names—\$2.

ASSORTMENT No. 4—50 Ditto—\$1.

—ALSO—

Hyacinthes, mixed, medium-sized blooming bulbs, at \$1 per dozen.

Yellow Daffodils, 50c. per dozen,
White Narcissus, 50c. per dozen, } All hardy and beautiful Spring Flowers.
Star of Bethlehem, 50c. per dozen.

At the above prices, the Bulbs will be sent by mail, post-paid, and should be planted as soon as convenient.

Address

JOHN DOUGALL,

WITNESS OFFICE.

INSTRUCTIONS FOR CULTIVATING THE TULIP.

This magnificent and favorite flower is quite hardy, propagates freely, and can be successfully cultivated without special care. Any good dry soil, moderately rich, will suit, in which the bulbs should be planted any time between July and December, deep enough for the tops of the Bulbs to be covered about three inches. They may either be set out in patches in flower borders, or what is better, in a bed where their various rich colors will show to the best advantage. The bed should be about four feet wide and as long as desired, and the bulbs should be planted in rows about eight inches apart each way. They may stand two years without being taken up and separated; but as soon as the bloom is over the seed pods must be broken off or the strength of the roots will go to seed. Annuals may then be planted between the rows, so that the bed will be beautiful in summer and fall, as well as in spring. The stalks should be left till half withered, when they may be cut off.

The other Bulbs above named should be planted in the same way as Tulips, and none of them require any protection in winter.

THE
TRAVELERS
INSURANCE COMPANY
Of Hartford, Conn.

CASH ASSETS, - - \$1,550,000.

GRANTS BOTH
LIFE AND ACCIDENT
INSURANCE,
SEPARATELY OR COMBINED,
AT LOW RATES OF PREMIUM.

The Life and Endowment Policies of this Company combine **AMPLER SECURITY** and **CHEAPNESS OF COST** under **DEFINITE CONTRACTS**. All policies non-forfeitable.

Accident Policies written by Agents insuring \$500 to \$10,000 against fatal accident, or \$3 to \$50 weekly indemnity for wholly disabling bodily injury. Oldest accident company in America.

J. G. BATTERSON, President,
RODNEY DENNIS, Secretary,
CHAS. E. WILSON, Ass't Secy.
GEO. B. LESTER, Actuary.

T. E. FOSTER,
GENERAL AGENT,
MONTREAL.

OFFICE, 241 ST. JAMES STREET.