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NEW DOMINION MONTHLY.

Feb.

1870.

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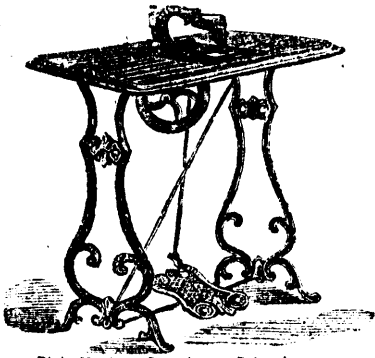
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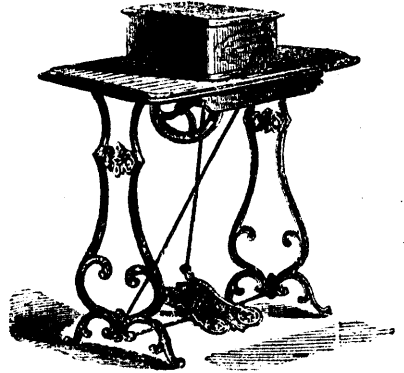
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THE QUEEN.

443 1871

NEW DOMINION MONTHLY.

FEBRUARY, 1870.

MARGUERITE:—A TALE OF FOREST LIFE IN THE NEW DOMINION.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GENTLEMEN ADVENTURERS IN ACADIA," &C.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER III.

On pass the hours; the camp fire bright
Steeps the near leaves in bronzing light,
And, shifting, plays o'er the figures laid
In the generous glow on the grassy glade.

—STREET'S FRONTENAC.

The following day passed away without anything having occurred to excite the apprehensions of the party, who spent nearly all the daylight in following a large moose, which the Indian finally succeeded to his delight in bringing down. In the evening they were seated as usual around the camp fire, chatting on the incidents of the day's sport—the two green hands, Fortescue and Marston, being very enthusiastic on the subject of forest life, and anxious to avail themselves of the experience of the older hunters of the party. In the conversation, however, Hay took little or no part, except when he was specially addressed. He sat moodily apart, as if he was suffering from some indisposition of mind or body.

"What is the matter?" asked Osborne at length, surprised at the unusual silence of his friend. "You appear out of sorts. Are you tired by the exertion of the past two days? But that cannot be; for, if I mistake not, you are an old hunter compared with the rest of us, and accustomed to rough it in the bush.

"Perhaps Hay misses some fair face," lisped the young Ensign, Marston; "and is fretting to get back to the gay town we have just left.

"You are right, Osborne," replied Hay, without paying any attention to the badinage of the younger man. "It is not the sport that has affected me. I never feel so well as when I am breathing the fresh and reviving air of the woods; but, somehow, I have had a slight touch of the blues ever since I left the garrison, and I cannot shake off an uncomfortable feeling that something unpleasant will happen to me before we get back to civilized life—or at least so far as it is represented in the log huts of Halifax."

"Nonsense, Hay; your liver is out of order," said Osborne. "You've been too long cooped up in that stupid old fort of Port Royal. A few days more of forest life will set you up again."

"I suppose," replied Hay, after a moment's pause, "if I were to tell you fellows why it is that I feel depressed, you would make me the subject of your amusement: especially our young friend Marston, who has assumed the privileges of a licensed jester, and only requires a cap and bells to be perfect."

"And a little longer ears," interrupted Fortescue.

"Come, don't hit a fellow too hard," said Marston, afraid that he was now to be paid off old scores.

"But I do not feel in a humor for jesting, and as it may perhaps relieve me and amuse you, I will tell you what has been pressing upon my mind for the past two days. If you have the patience to listen to

me, I will tell you a short story connected with myself, which I have not even told to Osborne, intimate as we have been. As we have been talking of the Indians a good deal, you will be somewhat interested in the story, for it relates to them. Of course you have often heard me say that I passed many years of my boyhood in this country, although I was born in the fine old town of Durham, so famous for its historic memories. My father was in the King's service, but about twenty years ago he was persuaded to accept an appointment at Annapolis. In consequence, however, of some disagreement with his superior officer and the authorities at home, who supported the former, he gave up his post, and having formed a deep attachment for the country, he decided to remain and cultivate an extensive tract of land which he had secured in the vicinity of the Annapolis or Equille—a beautiful river winding through a well-wooded and rich district, where many of the old Acadians were settled, and at last emptying into the Bay of Fundy, not far from the old fort of Port Royal, the earliest settlement of the French in Acadia. A comfortable dwelling had been built by a small stream flowing into the large river, and there was already a considerable tract under cultivation, as he had purchased a part of the property from an old Acadian. The land was good, the natural beauties of the situation were exquisite, for my father had a taste for the picturesque, and the only disadvantages of the situation were those arising from the visits of the Indians, who never loved the English, and the absence of familiar intercourse with people of like tastes and habits. Our nearest white neighbors were five miles off, and they were Acadians, a quiet, civil people, who were always willing to assist us when we required their aid. As to the commandant at the fort, there was a deadly feud between him and my father, who considered himself deeply wronged, and avoided all intercourse with his countrymen for some years.

"I shall pass by several years—years of hard struggling with the difficulties of a new country, always the bone of contention between the French and English. Fortunately we had little to complain of as respects the Indians, who paid us many visits,

but never injured us in any way. Our good fortune in this respect was owing in some measure to the tact and kindness displayed by my mother whenever the Indians or *habitans* came to our house; but it is questionable if we would always, during those years of earlier settlement, have got along so pleasantly with those very unreliable friends had it not been for circumstances which gave us a powerful ally among the tribe.

"One March day a party of Indians came to our house on their way to the fort, to procure provisions and clothing in exchange for furs. They had been caught in one of those heavy snow-storms not unfrequent at the close of March, when winter seems to summon all his energies for a last burst of his tempestuous wrath. Accompanying the party was a young man, tall, finely-formed, and evidently highly esteemed by the Indians. In passing a deep and rapid stream, where the ice was but imperfectly formed and rapidly rotting in the heat of the March days, he had fallen through, and was only dragged out by his companions with a great deal of difficulty. The wetting he then received, together with the subsequent exposure he was obliged to suffer, brought on a violent cold, which had settled into a fever by the time he had reached our house. He was so weak and ill that he was unable to continue his journey, and was forced to keep his bed for at least a fortnight, by which time his companions had returned from the village. My mother treated the young man with much kindness, which he seemed to appreciate, though he said but little. He possessed the Indian peculiarity, which forbids any strong display of emotion or sentiment.

"I may here state that I am unable to speak from personal knowledge of all the circumstances to which I am about to refer; for when I was in my fifteenth year I was sent home to England at the urgent request of an old uncle—a brother of my father—who was wifeless and childless, and offered to look after my future prospects. Such an offer could not well be refused by my father, who had already a family of six children growing up, and he therefore let me go with many earnest exhortations to cling—he was a non-conformist, by the way

—to the principles in which I had been instructed, and several letters to old friends of his own, who he thought would subserve my welfare. Good old man! he has now left us since many a year.

“The young man—Gaspard Leoville—was the son of a Frenchman of respectable family, who had come out to Canada in the early part of the century, and conceiving a passionate desire for forest life, had settled among the Indians on the upper waters of the Penobscot. Like the famous Baron St. Castine, he appears to have forgotten all his old associations in the course of time, and married among the tribe, who adopted him, and made him their great “sagamore.” He had subsequently come to the peninsula of Acadia, and took a part in the campaign against the English; but he died soon after, leaving his child to the care of an old Acadian, who was much attached to his family. The Indians never forgot the parentage of the child, and frequently visited him with presents. As he grew older he would go and stay with them for months, until at last he became practised in all their forest arts.

“The young man was said to resemble his father in person, and possessed a reputation among the Indians for his reckless daring and fierceness of temper. Among the Indians he was better known as the Black Cloud—in reference to the bursts of anger which he sometimes had displayed when his wishes had been disobeyed, or his pride aroused by those among whom he lived.

“His demeanor, however, in our house was gentle in the extreme, and it was difficult at times to believe that he possessed the character attributed to him by the Acadians and Indians, who had known him long. His knowledge of English, when he first knew us, was confined to a very few words; but in the course of a few months he was able to express himself quite intelligibly. He had been coming to our place for nearly two years, when it became apparent to my mother that my sister Marian was the cause of the Chief's visits, which were sometimes as regular as once a month. The knowledge of this fact gave my parents not a little perplexity, as they were unwilling to do anything to offend so useful a

guest, as we had been entirely free from annoyances on the part of the Indians. Our crops were never touched, nor our cattle stolen, thanks to the influence of the Black Cloud. Gaspard gradually became more subdued in his manner, and showed less desire for the company of the associates he had previously sought. Indeed, after a time, we treated him just as we were accustomed to treat any of the better class of Acadians whenever they came to our house. Gaspard was proud in his way, he had never forgotten that his father had belonged to the race who had already acquired so large and valuable a portion of America, and then he was a chief of the people that still lingered by the streams where once they had been the lords and masters. But whatever good qualities he possessed were marred by his vindictiveness whenever his pride was wounded by those with whom he associated. In this respect his Indian blood predominated—for revenge is a ruling passion of the strange race who so long were the lords and masters of this continent.

“Marian at first was much amused at the evident admiration of the young chief, but after a time she was constrained to treat him with the utmost coldness, which had the effect of causing his absence for weeks; but at last he would appear to have forgotten it, and return with some present of choice fur or venison—gifts which my parents dared not refuse. Finally, it was decided that Marian should go on a long promised visit to Boston—where my mother had a brother—and stay there for some time, with the hope that the Indian would discontinue his visits and forget the proud white girl—the lily of the Equille—as she was called by the Indians.

“A year passed by and my sister remained in Boston. The chief, in the meantime, ceased his visits, and we heard that he had gone with a number of Indians to the St. John River, where the French still held possession. Then my sister thought it safe to return to her own home; but she did not return alone, for during her residence in Boston she had been betrothed, with the warm consent of my family, to a fine young man, who was Secretary to the Governor

of the State. He accompanied her with my father to the province; and it was during this visit that a circumstance occurred which led to very unfortunate results.

"As ill luck should have it, Gaspard heard of my sister's return, soon after it took place, and presented himself one morning to our family as they were seated at breakfast. At this time I had just returned home on a visit and saw him for the first time. He appeared somewhat altered in demeanour, he was less communicative and a deep gloom seemed settled on his face. It was not long before he understood the relations between my sister and Mr. Hamilton, but he said nothing at the time. In the course of the day he met my sister in the little garden at the rear of the cottage, and there a scene occurred which I shall not attempt to describe. At the first he spoke with unusual gentleness, but when my sister remonstrated with him on the folly of his passion, he gave full expression to his long pent-up rage, and threatened Marian and all our family with severe punishment for the insult they had given him. My eldest brother and Hamilton were close by and hastened to the spot, and then the former, incensed at some expression the young chief used, struck him. Gaspard arose, his face was contorted fearfully with passion, but with a strong effort he controlled himself, and giving a farewell look at my brother which those who saw it would never forget, disappeared through the trees. That blow was to lead to sad consequences before many months passed away.

"Subsequently my sister went to stay some weeks with the Commandant of the English Fort at Annapolis. My father—a new Commandant, having been appointed, with whom he was on very friendly terms—accompanied my sister, and it was during his absence that an event occurred which showed that the passionate and revengeful Gaspard had not forgotten the incautious blow or the insult which he conceived my family had given him when they considered him—the Black Cloud of the Abenakis and Micmacs, the son, too, of a noble Frenchman—an unfit suitor for the hand of the 'English Lily.'

"One fine August day, early in the

morning, my mother received a message from a family three miles up the river that the eldest daughter was dangerously ill, and that they would feel it an act of great kindness if she would come up and assist them with her advice; for she had a reputation among those people for considerable skill in the preparation of simple remedies which had been very efficacious in cases of prolonged sickness. Such calls on my mother's generosity were not unfrequent, and she always answered them when she was able to do so. The settlers were in the habit of constantly assisting each other; indeed, without such mutual assistance, existence in those days of early settlement, so far from large villages and towns, would have been a much harder struggle than it actually was.

"My mother left the youngest girls—twins—of nearly four years of age, in charge of a woman who had accompanied her from the mother country and remained faithful to the family in all their trials and struggles. When my mother returned in the course of the evening, she was met by the woman in a state of fearful distress. Her story was, that whilst she was occupied in household duties, the little girls were left playing on the greensward which led down to the river. As the children were accustomed to amuse themselves in the same place, almost every fine day, and never wandered to the water, the servant paid no attention to them, but remained at her work until she thought it time to call them in and give them something to eat. She went to the door but no children were to be seen; she went around the house, into the garden, to the barn, but the children made no answer. Afraid of some accident having happened to them she hastened towards the river, but before she got to the bank she heard a shrill cry borne on the wind, and, glancing in the direction whence it came, she was horrified to see, standing on the verge of the forest, the figure of a tall Indian, who held up little Patience for a moment, as if in triumph, and then vanished into the recesses of the woods. As she stood horror struck at the sight, she saw the other little girl creep from under a canoe, which was turned bottom up on the side of the narrow stream.

When the little thing had recovered from her fright, all that could be gathered from her imperfect story, given in her infantile vocabulary, was, that she and her sister had been hiding from one another, but when it came to her turn to conceal herself, she waited for some minutes, until at last, tired of waiting, she peeped out and saw a tall Indian holding the child in his arms, with his hand over her mouth, to prevent her cries reaching any of the inmates of house, which was only a couple of hundred yards distant. The little girl was too much afraid to scream, but crawling back under the canoe lay still as death until she saw the servant come down. The woman was at first perplexed what to do, but summoning her courage, she made for the nearest house, and it was on her way thither that she met my mother and told her.

"My father returned a few days later, and with a number of men whom he obtained from the fort, made an excursion into the country where the Indians had been living for some time past, but not one of the tribe was to be found, and the *habitans* in the vicinity said that they had not seen Gaspard for months, adding that he had recently returned to his savage life among the Micmacs. A few piles of ashes and some deserted wigwams alone showed that the Indians had been there very recently. As war had broken out at this time, there was little doubt that the Indians had gone to Cape Breton, to concert measures with the French for attacking the English settlements, or had joined their allies on the St. John.

"This sad event weighed so deeply on my mother's mind that my father determined to remove to the protection of the fort, and accept a post which had been offered him on the occasion of his last visit. He lost no time in carrying out the plan, for the country could not now be considered safe, as neither the Acadians nor the Indians were friendly.

"In the meantime, my uncle, at my earnest persuasion, purchased for me a commission in my present regiment, and I was soon afterwards sent out to Jamaica, and a few years subsequently to the new town of Halifax. My family, soon after my arrival at the latter place, as well as my sister's

husband, who had been given a position in the Ordnance, through the influence of the Governor to whom he had been Secretary, took up their residence in Halifax, where, as you doubtless know, they still remain, with the exception of my father, who died four years ago, and lies buried in the garrison cemetery.

"As respects the child Patience, we have always had the hope that she is still alive, and that Gaspard Leoville alone can tell of her whereabouts.

"But the Black Cloud, himself," interrupted Osborne, "have you never heard of him since?"

"I am about to speak of him now," continued Hay. "The year after the child disappeared, my brother was among the rangers who went from Massachusetts to assist the English in the defence of Port Royal, or rather Annapolis, as it is now called, and among the Indians who were conspicuous in their efforts against the defenders was a chief who led up a large body of Abenakis, Malecites and Micmacs time and again to the attack. The rangers tried to capture him, but all in vain. He disappeared with the rest of the Indians when they left the place, and my brother was never able to come to a hand to hand encounter with him; but I have a strange circumstance to narrate in connection with him.

"You will remember that among those who took a part in the siege of Fort Beau-sejour, on the Acadian Isthmus, not so very long since, was an officer of the same name as myself, although no relation—I mean Hay of the 15th, who is now serving in the West Indies. On his way to or from Fort Gaspereaux, on the Bay—a fort then in our hands—he fell into the hands of a body of Indians, who would have put him to the torture had it not been for the intercession of some French officers who happily ascertained the fact of his capture and took him to the fort, where he was kindly received, although he was not allowed to see much of the interior of the defences, or learn anything of the condition of the garrison. In fact, if I remember aright, he was only allowed to enter bandaged. One morning—I think it was the day after his capture—he was leaving the Colonel's quarters,

where he had been summoned, when a dark but fine-looking man—not altogether Indian in appearance, though he was dressed in the costume of a chief—came in. As my namesake was making his adieus, the Commandant said:

“So, M. Hay, if you wish to write to your friends, you can go into the adjoining room, where you will find my secretary, who will supply you with the writing materials you wish; and when you are ready we shall send a messenger with a flag of truce to your General.”

“The moment the Commandant mentioned my name,” said Hay to me afterwards, “the visitor turned and looked at me with the most extraordinary earnestness in his fierce, dark eyes.”

“Where do you come from?” the stranger then said in French when the Colonel had stopped. “Did you ever live near the Equille?”

“I need not tell you,” continued Hay, “that I was considerably startled for an instant at a question put to me so abruptly by an Indian whom I never saw before in my life; but I replied that certainly I had never been near the river, and that perhaps he meant a namesake—yourself—who was now serving in Halifax, but in another regiment, and who, I believed, had been some years in the country.”

“Tell him, then,” replied the stranger with the same tone of suppressed feeling, and the same fierce glitter in his eyes, “that if he would, hear of his lost sister, he must come and ask the Black Cloud.”

“Hay looked with not a little curiosity at the chief, who was well known to be one of the most formidable enemies of the English among the Acadian Indians, and then passed out; but he never saw the stranger during the few days he remained in the fort, which fell soon afterwards into our hands.

“When Hay mentioned the strange circumstance to me, some time subsequently, I knew that he had seen the same vindictive Gaspard Leoville, and had reason to believe more firmly than ever that the girl is still alive, and in his power. Some French officers, whom I met after these facts came to my ears, promised to make enquiries as to the missing child; but from

that day to this—it is now four years since—we have never had any tidings of either Patience or Gaspard.

“Now, I suppose, you will laugh at me if I tell you of the impression which has taken firm hold of my mind during the two last days; and which has tended to make me so uncomfortable and perplexed. When on the day of our departure we stood for a few moments on the parade, I had an opportunity for the first time of seeing the supposed spy, who was on public exhibition,—a curious mode of vindicating the law we have now-a-days, I must say—for you will remember that I was at Port Royal during the arrest and examination. When I looked at him closely, the idea struck me that his face was not unfamiliar; but he kept his head bent so low, whilst he was enduring this humiliating punishment, that I was unable to take as good a survey of his features as I wished. Since then, however, I see his dark eyes constantly staring at me; and the conviction will force itself on me that I have seen Gaspard Leoville himself. It may be only a mere phantasy—for many years have passed since I saw the chief, and then he was comparatively a young man—but, nevertheless, the idea will obtrude itself, and bring with it unpleasant recollections.”

“It hardly seems likely,” said Osborne after a few moments’ pause when Hay had finished his narrative, “that the Black Cloud would have dared to place himself in so perilous a position. He doubtless knew that if taken he ran the risk of being recognized by some members of your family.”

“He is a very reckless, daring man—just the one to carry out a hazardous design. You must not forget that he is far above the ordinary Indian chief in talent; and is perfectly capable of obtaining all the information the French may desire in respect of the strength of the town. By the way, Fortescue,” added Hay, addressing one of the subalterns, “you should know something about this man, for you were present at the time of the arrest.”

“I can tell you nothing that you do not know already,” replied the young officer;

"he is certainly not to be despised as respects his strength; it took three of our fellows to hold him; but what are you staring at, Marston?"

"As Hay and you were talking," answered the young man excitedly, "I saw two bright eyes staring at me intently from that low tree—just beyond where Toma is seated."

"Nonsense, Marston," replied Osborne; "your infantile imagination has been so stimulated by Hay's story that you are commencing to see ghosts and Indians in every bush."

"See, see!" said Marston, "there they are again. Look now—all of you!"

The party seized their guns and proceeded to the place to which Marston had pointed them; but, as they came close to the tree, the flapping of wings was heard, and a large owl began to *hoot*, and flew off to some more quiet haunt, to the amusement of all with the exception of poor Marston, who was very much disgusted, and would have found even a hostile Indian welcome at that juncture. However, this trivial incident put all the party in first-rate humor, and made them forget for the while all their apprehensions of any Indians having been in the vicinity; for it was probably the same cause that had made the dog so restless on more than one occasion in the night time.

CHAPTER IV.

Yet pass we that,—the war and chase
Give little choice of resting place;
An autumn night in greenwood spent
Were but to-morrow's merriment;
But hosts may in these wilds abound,
Such as are better missed than found.

—SCOTT.

On the following day, Hay and Marston, accompanied by the Indian, strolled off a short distance into the woods, agreeing to return in three hours at the latest, as it was intended to shift the camp further down the Musquodoboit, in the course of the afternoon. When the others had left, Fortescue took his fishing tackle, and said he would go down to the river side to see if he could not hook a few trout. Osborne decided he would remain in the

camp to clean the lock of his rifle, and would join his friend as soon as he was done.

When Osborne was left alone he piled a few logs on the fire, for the morning air felt a little chilly, and then set to work determinedly to put his gun in order; but when his task was completed he remained buried in thought. To most persons it is a pleasant sensation—indeed a most grateful relief from the noise and excitement of the city or town—to be left alone to enjoy the solitude of the forest. One may never feel desolate or solitary when he can listen to the solemn roar of the wind-swept forest, so like the swell of the "deep voiced ocean"—or watch the shadows, at evening, slowly creeping into the recesses of the groves, until the trees at last assume the most fantastic shapes—or see the moonlight quivering on the leaves, lighting up the glades, sending "its long trail of splendor" athwart the bosom of some sequestered lake, or mingling its radiance with the brooks as they dash over the pebbles, until they look like chains of brilliant jewels. A charming conceit was that of the Greeks of old, which gave a personality to even the trees, and peopled the forest with troops of Dryads and Hamadryads—those creations of a pure, poetic fancy.

So it was not strange if Osborne, who was peculiarly sensitive to the influences and circumstances around him, should have yielded to the sense of perfect repose—to the very witchery that the scene around him presented. For the once, the world with all its worry and unrest, seemed so far away, and no thought of danger even in those wilds arose to mar the pleasant sensations which he felt as he sat beneath the shadow of the tall trees.

Then, his imagination took him far from the present scene—to his pleasant home in far off Devon. When would he again see the oaks and the elms in the parks of England? When would he once more sit under their shade or wander by the fragrant hedge-rows that surrounded the pretty rectory where his boyhood had been spent, and breathe the air laden with the odor of the hawthorn, the sweet-briar and the honey-suckle? These and other thoughts mingled confusedly in his mind until at

last he fell into a doze which lasted for several minutes, when he was suddenly awoken by the report of a gun discharged in the direction of the river. His first and most natural thought was that Fortescue had fired at a partridge, or that the hunters had met with a moose much sooner than they had expected—but the shot was apparently too close to have come from the latter. Taking up his gun, Osborne strolled leisurely towards the river to rejoin his companion, but he had not gone many steps by the side of the brook, before he heard the pointer which had accompanied Fortescue (to whom he was much attached) struggling through the brushwood and moaning as if in pain.

Osborne stopped for a moment, until the animal came up, and patted him gently, wondering what had hurt him, but he showed no wound. Beppo licked his hand and then rushed again into the woods as if he would have Osborne follow him to the river. Puzzled at the excitement of the pointer, he quickened his steps and shouted several times to Fortescue; but when no response came the thought flashed across his mind that perhaps a party of Indians had surprised Fortescue. As this thought suggested itself he stood still, and considered what was best for him to do under the circumstances.

Close to the side of a brook, where the ground was slightly elevated, stood a tall, black spruce, which Osborne determined to climb with the view of taking an observation of the river, which he thought could be seen from so commanding a position. Whistling to the dog so as to bring him close, he quieted the animal and made him lay down under cover, and then he proceeded to climb the tree, holding his gun cautiously in the hollow of his arm; but hardly had he put his foot on the lowest branch when he felt a rustling just behind him.

"Lie down, Beppo," he called in a low voice to the pointer; but no sooner had the words passed his lips than he felt himself suddenly seized by the arms and brought rapidly to the foot of the tree. As he looked up he saw the dusky faces of half a dozen Indians bending over him; but what made him shudder inwardly was the sight of a scalp, hanging to the belt of the

nearest Indian, which had too clearly been torn a few minutes previously from the head of poor Fortescue. The report of the gun and the excitement of Beppo were now accounted for.

Osborne's first thought was that his fate would be that of his unfortunate friend; and he prepared himself, by a strong effort of his will, to meet his death like a soldier; but the Indian, who appeared to be the leader of the party, motioned him to rise, and when he had done so, his arms were firmly tied together with strong cords made out of the sinews of the moose,—a course which reassured the captive that his fate was not yet decided, and that he was at all events to have a respite.

The Indians then started with their prisoner to the camp, which they rifled of its most valuable contents, and subsequently made again for the woods. As they went along the leading Indian pointed Osborne to his hatchet in a very significant manner, with the view of hastening the progress of the captive, who found it somewhat difficult, with his arms pinioned, to keep up with the rapid movement of the Indians. As he struggled through the forest his thoughts were certainly not of the most encouraging character; for he blamed himself and his companions for not having taken the advice of the Indian and kept always together; but none of them had believed for a moment that there was any prospect whatever of meeting with any hostile Indians during the few days they proposed remaining in the woods. Halifax was not the liveliest of garrison towns during the winter, nor, indeed, at any time; but certainly it was a paradise compared with life among the Indians, with the prospect ever before one of being tortured to death by the ingenious cruelty of the savages, in case they were unable to send him to some of the French ports. Well, complaining at this stroke of adverse fortune, philosophically reasoned Osborne, would not avail him,—he was a soldier, and manly resignation should be a soldier's duty.

The party marched steadily the whole of that day, fording two or three streams on the way, and at last, just when the evening shadows were rapidly enveloping the woods in gloom, reached the banks of a

large river, which Osborne judged to be the Shubenacadie. They must have proceeded for at least fifteen miles, for the sun was only two hours up in the heavens when they commenced their march, and the Indians moved as rapidly as if they were on a macadamized road. Close to the river the Indians lit a fire, and after having cooked their venison, which they supplied liberally to the prisoner, they made a rude camp out of spruce boughs. Osborne was allowed to rest under one of two canoes, which were hidden under some brushwood; and no sooner had he laid his head down on his hard bed than he fell into a deep slumber, from which he never once awoke until a few minutes before daylight, when he felt something warm nestling close beside him and licking his hands. It was only poor Beppo, who had followed the party cautiously during the whole of the previous day.

As the sun commenced to light up the tops of the trees, the canoes were floating on the river,—Osborne being seated in one with two of his captors. Under different circumstances Osborne might have enjoyed the scenery, for the country watered by the river was beautifully wooded. The stream itself, of no great width or depth at any part, now and then narrowed into a mere brook, perfectly overshadowed by large trees—birch, beech, maple, and clumps of spruce—whose branches kissed the very water, and grazed the canoes as they glided rapidly by. The prisoner's hands were loosely tied; but he was allowed to sit upright in the canoe and look about him with perfect freedom. The Indians, dressed in cloth which they got from their French allies, and in long leggins and moccasins, made out of moose or caribou hide, conversed with one another in their musical tongue; but they never attempted to speak to their captive.

The chief who was in the same canoe with Osborne was a noble looking man, with eyes of remarkable keenness and a firm decided chin and mouth. As Osborne watched the dexterous motion of the paddles in the hands of the Indians, in the other canoe, which was a little ahead, his attention was attracted by the peculiar appearance of one who was seated in the

middle and gazing abstractedly at the banks of the river. His face was very dark, but neither did its hue nor its features altogether resemble those of his companions, and although his dress was the same as that of the others, yet there was that in the carriage of his head and his whole appearance which would convey the idea to a close observer that he was not an Indian of pure blood, or that he had mixed more among the whites until he had assumed some of their characteristics. But more than this, as Osborne caught his eye directed to him on one occasion, the expression of his face seemed strangely familiar; but when the prisoner again attempted to identify him, his face was turned in another direction, and no opportunity offered for observing him closely. Osborne soon forgot the subject, or if he thought of it again, it was to conclude that he had been misled by one of those tricks which our eye or imagination sometimes plays us.

They kept on the river for the greater part of that day, and at last landed at a prettily sheltered cove, where the Indians hauled up the canoes and hid them carefully under the bushes some two hundred paces from the shore, so that they might be at hand for future expeditions of the tribe. There they remained until daybreak the next day, when they started in an easterly direction, following trails, which showed to even Osborne's unpractised eye that they had long been used by the Indians in moving about that part of the country. They had not been long on the march when they came suddenly out of the wood to the edge of what gave indications that it had been once a clearing of considerable size—probably of some Acadians who had suffered from the same cruel mandate that sent so many of their race out of Acadia. He could see portions of the old fencing, and ruins of the chimney of a cottage; and as he looked on these relics of an unhappy people, driven from their own country by a mistaken policy, he recalled to mind the melancholy scenes he had himself witnessed at Annapolis where he had been stationed two years previously, at the time the orders for the expatriation were issued. He had only joined the regiment a few months before, and had been sent out

immediately to Halifax, whence he was detailed for service at the fort in question. Here his duty obliged him to take a part in the forced emigration of the prosperous farmers of the Annapolis district,—one of the most fertile and lovely portions of the province, where the French had been settled from the earliest period in the settlement of the country—and the mournful incidents that pressed themselves on his notice, had made a very deep impression upon his mind. When the *habitans* ascertained the fate in store for them, large numbers fled into the woods, and there many perished rather than be taken from the country where they had passed their happy and peaceful lives. Some, more fortunate than the rest, were left to remain in the secret fastnesses of the forest, and managed to live until their cruel masters had sailed; then they stole to their old farms, only perhaps to find their homesteads piles of ashes. Others would build huts in the depths of the wood, and eke out a scanty living from the rivers or from the fruits of the chase until they were able to emerge once more into the old clearings. It was the same sad story at Annapolis as at Grand Pré—that story which an American poet was to tell nearly a century later in undying verse—mothers separated from children, husbands from wives—a whole people, in the enjoyment of all the comfort they wished for, sent out to starve in countries where the language and customs of the people were different from their own. Osborne was young then, and not well schooled in the stern lessons of war-like times, and it was not therefore strange if he sympathized in his heart with the poor *habitans* as they marched amid the ruins of their homesteads, to the boats that awaited by the water's side to carry them to strange and unknown lands. How many of us, in the course of our lives, are obliged, at the dictation of what is called duty, to perform acts which we cannot, reason as we may, reconcile with the generous impulses of our nature.

The weather fortunately kept fine, though the cold of the nights was quite sharp. To Osborne, however, this forced march was at times exceedingly irksome, for the trails were frequently very faint, and led

over brooks and hills, down ravines amid fallen trees and rocks. Now and then they would come to places where the trees would be of large size, and growing at some distance from one another—forming what are now called “intervals”—and here Osborne saw pleasant glades and groves, more resembling those in English parks than any he had yet seen in the country, and was able to walk over a sward, as soft and grateful to the feet as a Turkey carpet; for the leaves of countless trees had there accumulated until they formed a perfect covering for the earth. The trees at this time were being rapidly shorn of their autumnal dress—especially wherever they were exposed to the winds; but in the more sheltered nooks and glens, the maples still wore their richest yellow and scarlet, the birch and beech their golden plumage; the spruce alone remained unchanged—ever verdant when the snows are deepest and the winds the bleakest; in many places, too, arose some stately pine, fit “to be the mast of some great admiral.” At night the scene would be weird-like in the extreme; around the fire would be crowded the savages, smoking their long pipes, and talking in their low monotone. Perhaps they would be camping by the borders of some river or brook, and the murmur of its waters would mingle with the sighing of the wind through the woods. These or the crackling of a pine knot upon the fire would be the only sounds that Osborne would hear, when he would awake suddenly from his feverish sleep and see around him the prone forms of his captors, wrapt in their blankets or furs. Perhaps a little way off he would recognize the bright eyes of some animal—probably of a cunning fox prowling about to steal something from these invaders of his forest haunts.

At last, on the evening of the third day after leaving the river, they saw the gleam of water from a lofty hill over which they were passing, and an hour later they heard the barking of dogs and paths, diverging in different directions showed the presence of an Indian settlement. It was a village of at least a dozen wigwams, arranged in a half moon, at the verge of a little cove, forming part of a large sheet of water. Men were lounging about or lolling

in the camps, women were making baskets, or cooking venison or fresh fish over the embers, curs were running about and getting in everybody's way, some children were playing by the water side. The squaws looked with curiosity as Osborne was taken into the middle of the village; and among them he noticed one girl who sat somewhat apart

from the rest, and would be singled out anywhere by the softness of her dark blue eyes and the pearly whiteness of her teeth. Hanging on the trees or lying by the sides of the wigwams were several snow shoes, in course of preparation for the coming winter, as well as antlers of the caribou and moose.

(To be continued.)

THE CHICK-A-DEE.

BY J. MCL.

Ah, tiny sprite, blithe warbler, happy, gay,—
Whence comes that sparkle in thy merry eye?
Whence comes that carol, light as cheerful'st lay
That e'er was piped 'neath summer's gentle sky?
Clear through the frosty air, warm-gushing, free,
It floats, thy chick-a-dee-dee-dee.

Hush! all too daring bird,—fear'st not to break
The solemn calm of this sepulchral scene?
In this wide chamber-house of death, to wake
Such jocund, lively strain, what dost thou mean?
Alas! ill-timed appears this noisy glee,
Thy light-toned chick-a-dee-dee-dee.

All nature's dead. In this vast wilderness
No sign of life is seen, no voice is heard;
The shrivelled woods stand stark and motionless,
Boasting no leaves by rustling breezes stirred;
No babbling brooks, no warbling minstrelsy,
Naught save thy chick-a-dee-dee-dee.

Thy tuneful comrades all, that erewhile made
The fluttering woods with merry music ring,
Soon as chill winter on the groves had laid
His blighting hand, to milder climes took wing,
Leaving thee sole, from snow-wreathed shrub or
tree,
To chirp thy chick-a-dee-dee-dee.

Say, hast no fear that he whose piercing blade,
Cold, glittering, keen, has to the inmost heart
Stabbed nature, thus in death all silent laid,
Shall strike through thee his icy, fatal dart?
Ha! the grim tyrant mocking smiles at thee
And thy pert chick-a-dee-dee-dee.

So let him smile or rave, as best he may,
Thou fear'st him not; within thy little breast
A spirit heaves, by all his sullen sway,

Far-grasping, stern, that may not be repressed:
E'en in his face thou fling'st, defiant, free,
Thy saucy chick-a-dee-dee-dee.

Ah, cheerful chirper, warbler of the waste,
Unboasting braver of misfortune's power,
Meek, modest hero of the groves, I haste
The debt well due, from this auspicious hour,
Grateful to pay, for cheerful thoughts to me
Brought by thy chick-a-dee-dee-dee.

'Twas winter in my heart—there glad no more
Hope spread her blooms, nor muse made melody;
Since love waxed cold and friendship's date was
o'er,
Fate made me all her darker horrors drie,
While no light impulse waked such as prompts thee
To carol chick-a-dee-dee-dee.

But now reproved, inspired, I start and know
How shameful thus 'tis, melancholy, dumb,
Shrouded in gloom, to brood o'er thoughts of woe,
And tame to fate's assaults, unmanned, succumb.
I too will sing, will bid my sorrows flee,
Roused by thy chick-a-dee-dee-dee.

To outward griefs why should I yield supine,
While joy's true fount perennial wells within?—
The mind, the mind, its deathless powers are mine,
And these o'er fate shall final conquest win;
Cheerful 'midst ills, brave bird, then let me be,
Taught by thy chick-a-dee-dee-dee.

Farewell, sweet warbler of the wintry time,
And happy as thy song, so be thy fate;
When summer blooms to bless our gladdened clime,
Be thine, in hollow-trunk, with faithful mate,
To build thy nest secure; to sing with glee
As now thy chick-a-dee-dee-dee.

THOMAS D'ARCY MCGEE—THE POET.

BY JOHN READE.

"The soul's spoken melody never can die."

G. MARTIN.

It is not quite two years since Mr. McGee was stricken down in the prime of his manhood by a dastardly and treacherous act; and a wail ascended from the heart of the nation that he helped to build up by the music of his voice. The day of the sad news seems but as yesterday, when the eyes of thousands, far and near, were dimmed with sorrow for their "darling who was gone;" and city and hamlet and homestead laded the bier of him whom they loved more tenderly than they had dreamed of with no common honors,—honors truly regal in their amplitude and magnificence.

But now the high-towering grief has descended to a painful, commonplace level; and, our woe robbed of its panoply and majesty, we feel all the more keenly the aching void that has been made in the vanguard of illustrious Canadians. Few had we to spare, and, least of all, were we ready to yield up him who was taken from us. Had he been a statesman merely, we should have missed him, but we might still hope for the appearance of one who might take his place; had he been an orator merely, his loss, though great, might still be supplied; had he been merely a man of letters, his disappearance would have been marked and mourned by a comparatively limited circle; but he who is gone was all these and much more. He happily blended into one, and stamped with the seal of his genius, qualities by which, taken singly, many men achieve immortality. His mind possessed that happy balance which constitutes true greatness. He could be gracefully imaginative and severely logical. He was patient as well as inventive. Dry details from which fastidious *dilettanti* turn away disgusted were ever welcome to him; and he never failed to extract from them some new truth,

or phase of truth, unseen by other men. By experience and introspection he had gained a thorough knowledge of himself,—a knowledge which gave him, for good purposes, a key by which to open the heart of the world; and none knew better than he how to read the face of either a man or a multitude.

He was ever a diligent student. The past was open to him as the present. With the history of the old world, of his native country in all its bearings, and of Canada, the land of his adoption, he was familiar, not only as a scholar, but as a philosopher. For all contingencies in the actual he could quote a precedent or give a warning from the past. He saw the drift of events, not by any sudden revealing, but by bringing all the forces of memory and comparison and foresight to bear on the day and place in which his lot was cast. But what was the crown and flower of his fame was the facility with which, under all circumstances, and on all occasions, he could bring forth from the rich storehouse of his mind all the garnered treasures of his life, for the delight and instruction of those who came within the magic sphere of his influence. Then truly, as the sweet old Grecian poet says of Ulysses, "the words came thick and fast like the flakes of the snow in the winter,"—a metaphor that seems to have been made for a Canadian orator.

But no pen need write any eulogium on the eloquence of Thomas D'Arcy McGee. It is written in the souls of thousands and of myriads who have listened to his voice. At any rate that task is not the one that we have chosen as our tribute of honor to his memory.

We have thought of saying a few words of Mr. McGee's genius as a poet. To this labor of love we are impelled, because we think that if he could speak to-day, and were asked in what range of niches in the

temple of literary fame he would wish to be placed, he would reply, "Among the Poets." We have no doubt that, if his life had been prolonged, a goodly share of that leisure, to which he looked forward, would have been devoted to the cultivation and maturing of this—his natural gift. Of this intention of his we have been assured, and this assurance weighs heavily on our hearts when we consider the loss that our young literature has sustained.

All along, from the day of his arrival in Canada as a politician, Mr. McGee "gave the people of his best"—the best according to his painfully-won convictions—the best resulting from the union of an enthusiasm that could not die with the wisdom gained by years of observation and reflection. In that mode of imparting information in which he excelled—the lecture—he has left the impression of his mind on the minds of others through the length and breadth of our Dominion. He has given to his countrymen and the world a history of Ireland, which contains all the most excellent features of preceding works on that subject, and which is exemplary for its fairness. He wrote pamphlets and letters innumerable on matters connected with the interests of Canada and Ireland. He contributed articles to the press, since his disconnexion with regular journalism, on almost every topic that attracted public notice. He was, in fact, so indefatigable a worker in other and more practical fields of labor, that, in popular opinion, it may appear almost absurd to speak of him at all as a poet.

And yet poet he was, essentially, by nature, and above all things else. As a poet he earned his earliest fame. As a poet he last appeared before the literary world. Had he never written a verse, he would, no doubt, have achieved greatness; yet we believe his natural vocation was to appeal to the heart by the written words that "voluntary move harmonious numbers."

Like many others of the sons of song, he was, by force of reason or circumstances, early separated from his first love,—not, as we shall see, by any quarrel, but, probably, because the alliteration of poetry and poverty did not present to him very pleasant

prospects. So he parted from her—only seeing her now and then—hoping, one day when fortune had found him, or he had found fortune, to come or call and sing once more. Alas! loves that are thus slighted, even if they remain true, cannot be expected to keep all the strength and beauty of their youth. So the reader need not be surprised if we say that McGee, the lecturer, and McGee, the statesman, did during the days of their ascendancy,—no little violence to McGee, the poet.

And yet the first love had been faithfully remembered. Never, for a day, was there the slightest intention of repudiating her for the sake of any of those favorites that, for the time, might seem to occupy her throne of affection. She was, in fact, rapidly rising into acknowledged queenhood—the crown was just slanting upwards to her head—when the deed was done.

We would put on that crown on McGee's first love and restore the light of youth to her eyes. We can imagine what she would have become in stateliness and dignity by and by, in those days of sweet retirement with kindred friends that were not to be. She, his Muse, may sleep with him now, on that lonely rath. But for us she is not dead; and from the promise and fulfilment of pages written years ago, many or few, written as it seems but yesterday, and read by us in the *NEW DOMINION MONTHLY*, we will gather up fragments of beauty that will come together and live—the impersonation of his goddess. And thus shall we say to ourselves: "In quiet hours this was the companion of him you mourn. This Muse he loved better than loudest honor. Over these words his eyes beamed gladly; and, as we read them now, again and again with sorrowful pleasure, the boy becomes man, and the man becomes boy in magical succession."

This was written beyond seas. This wild burst of patriotism was read to Davis or to Duffy, or the whole assembled "Spirit of the nation," amid plaudits that went to the boy's heart. This was written at sea, one fine morning, not far from land, and shewn with modest manner to the poetical friend who happened to be aboard; and this again was thrown off in the midst of arduous labors by day and night, as a sort

of safety-valve for parliamentary steam. Little thought they that he carried those simple rhymes in his pocket when he swayed the House, as the wind sways a tall pine tree, with resistless words. And again, this we know, was written in pain, though the smooth and polished lines bear no traces of the twinges by which their primal flow was interrupted.

And this, which was written long ago, a tribute to the memory of a brother poet, O'Carolan the Blind, has a solemn significance to us, who sit now in mourning for the writer :

" There is an empty seat by many a board,
A guest is missed in hostelry and hall,—
There is a harp hung up in Alderford
That was in Ireland sweetest harp of all.
The hand that made it speak, woe's me, is cold.
The darkened eyeballs roll inspired no more;
The lips, the potent lips gape like a mould,
Where late the golden torrent floated o'er."

We discover in these lines the natural bent of Mr. McGee's mind. He was, as we have said, essentially a poet. Everything connected with poets and poetry had a charm for him that nothing else afforded. In the lines under the heading, " 'Twas glorious then to be a bard," we find as enthusiastic an appreciation of the poetic gift and office as ever we remember to have seen. They may be found among the "Occasional Verses" appended to his "Canadian Ballads," published about twelve years ago by Mr. Lovell.

Similar in tone are these lines from his poem on Sir Phelim O'Neil, "Infelix Felix :"

O clear eyed poets, ye who can descry,
Through vulgar heaps of dead, where heroes lie;
Ye, to whose glance the primal mist is clear,
Behold, there lies a trampled noble here!
Shall we not leave a mark? Shall we not do
Justice to one so hated and so true?"

His high ideal of a poet and his aspiration after that ideal are here very manifest. There is in these lines, too, a strangely prophetic applicability to the sad close of his own career.

We have quoted these few extracts from Mr. McGee's earlier poems to show what we are convinced was the ambition of his younger days. No one will deny that these verses contain real poetic merit. They are the outcome of the genuine tempera-

ment, a temperament that was plainly discernible in all that their author either wrote or spoke. Had they been mere boyish exercises in versification; had they been merely the spirit caught from his patriotic surroundings; or, had they been prompted by youthful passion, the fervor would not have survived through so many changes of scene and occupation, up to the very day of his death. It would even seem that for some time before his murder, with an unconscious anticipation that his days were numbered, he had devoted himself more and more to his favorite pursuit; and there is every evidence that he would, had he survived, have done his full share in endowing the literature of the Dominion with its chief want—a thorough national tone. How he might have enriched that literature by his pen, freed, as he hoped soon to be, from the heavier trammels of political duty!

We may here remark that he has left us his opinion—an opinion shared in by the wisest and best of all lands and times—that pure literature is as strong an engine of patriotic effort as that more obvious method of furthering a nation's weal, which wins the popular favor and commands the applause of listening senates. In his preface to his "Canadian Ballads," he calls that volume "an attempt to shew that by those who are blest with the divine gift of poesy, many worthy themes may be found without quitting their own country." The following words from the same preface are doubly interesting when we look back at the conspicuous part which he took in the accomplishment of Confederation:—"That we shall one day be a great northern nation, and develop within ourselves *that best proof of a nationality, a new and lasting literature*, is the firm belief, at least of those to whom the volume is mainly addressed. And here I would remind them that of all the forms of patriotism, *a wise public-spirited patriotism in literature is not the least admirable.*" And, in the close of his simple preface, he thus confirms what we have been saying of the longing that possessed him even then (1858,) to turn, as soon as circumstances would permit, to the due employment of that talent which had been the hope and

pleasure of his boyhood, before the evil days came that made him, with others, a wanderer from the land of his birth: "Simply as an offering of first-fruits, I present this volume to the young people of Canada. Hereafter, if greater leisure is allowed me, I may hope to do something better in the same direction."

True to the generous instincts of his nature, "in memory of old times," Mr. McGee dedicated his "little volume" of Canadian first-fruits to Charles Gavan Duffy, whose career so much resembled his own. As Duffy was himself a poet—a balladist, certainly, of the first rank—and a judge of poets by profession, it may be well to say what he thought of the poetical abilities of his young countryman.

"Who," Mr. Duffy asks, "has served them (his country's interests) with such a fascinating genius? His poetry and his essays touch me like the breath of spring, and revive the buoyancy and chivalry of youth. I plunge into them like a refreshing stream of 'Irish Undeified.'"

The "Irish Undeified" that pleased Mr. Duffy could not, of course, be expected to please everybody. It was thoroughly anti-British. We see, however, by the words above cited, the high admiration in which Mr. Duffy held McGee's early poems.

As to their tone, we candidly believe that it is quite as admissible to English ears as that of some of the popular Scotch songs to which no one ever dreamed of making objections. It is true that these "nation" songs were the stirring prelude to a mad enterprise in which Mr. McGee took part. Mr. McGee atoned—more than atoned—in life and death for the errors of those days. The poetry which he then wrote was inspired by a genuine if mistaken patriotism. Is this poetry that welled up from his young, warm heart to be doomed to oblivion? Surely not. It is part of the history of a great and noble mind, if nothing else. But it *is* something else. It has the true soul and voice of song. It cannot die any more than McGee's memory can die.

The following stanzas, entitled "The Exile's Devotion," which were written, we believe, after Mr. McGee's first arrival on this continent, may be taken as a key to

the spirit that characterizes all his patriotic songs:

"If I forswear the art divine
Which defies the dead—
What comfort, then, can I call mine,
What solace seek instead?
For from my birth our country's fame
Was life to me and love,
And for each loyal Irish name
Some garland still I wove.

I'd rather be the bird that sings
Above the martyr's grave,
Than fold in fortune's cage my wings
And feel my soul a slave.
I'd rather tune one simple verse
True to the Gaelic ear,
Than Sapphic melodies rehearse
With senates listening near.

O native land, dost ever mark,
When the world's din is drowned,
Betwixt the daylight and the dark,
A wandering solemn sound,
That on the Western wind is borne
Across thy dewy breast?
It is the voice of those that mourn
For thee far in the West.

For them and theirs I oft essay
Your ancient art of song,
And often sadly turn away
Deeming my rashness wrong;
For well I ween, a loving will
Is all the art I own;
Ah me! could love suffice for skill
What triumphs I had known!

My native land, my native land,
Live in my memory still!
Break on my brain, ye surges grand!
Stand up, mist-covered hill!
Still in the mirror of the mind
The land I love I see—
Would I could fly on the Western wind,
My native land, to thee!

Poetry and patriotism such as these lines display require no comment. Some of the verses have an almost prophetic inspiration. Indeed, a weird shadow of something coming seems to hang over all that he has written.

There can hardly be any doubt, we think, that Mr. McGee's early poetry is his best. There is a fire, a pathos and an individuality in it that we miss in any poetry that he has written in Canada. This we have already accounted for. Mr. McGee deserted the Muse, his first love, for other more popular and more practical pursuits. A man of his ability and perseverance could hardly have failed in anything to which he

seriously could have set his mind. But a man who is even a poet born cannot give up writing poetry for years, except as an occasional recreation, without losing, if not the gift, at least the art that makes the gift worth having. We still think, however, that a reconciliation had taken place, that the warm love of early years was fast returning, and that, if Mr. McGee had lived, he would, in the enjoyment of that leisure for which he so fondly hoped, have done the same for the historical and ballad literature of his adopted Canada, as he did, some twenty years ago or more, for that of the native land he loved so well.

We will now furnish the reader with a few more extracts from Mr. McGee's early poetry, and then proceed to the consideration of his "Canadian Ballads" and the still later offspring of his muse.

At the outset, however, of this part of our subject, it may be well to say a few words on the influences that fostered the germ of poetry in his soul, the scenery and history of his native land, and the circle of young, enthusiastic patriots and poets, in which he found himself at the beginning of his manhood.

There are instances abundant, no doubt, of persons being born into the world, for some purpose or other, in whom scenery and climate, with all their numberless combinations of beauty and sublimity—in whom mountain and ocean, "hill, dale and shady nook, and liquid lapse of murmuring stream,"—in whom the swelling flood of tradition, that has, with its thousand tributaries from far off sources, been flowing through the hearts or over the graves of centuries—in whom the "still, sad music of humanity" ever floating around them, find no answering chord that vibrates into poetry, uttered or unexpressed.

There were Hebrews, probably, in whose minds the scenic glory of Palestine, and all the wonders of the watery or desert path that led their fathers thither produced no deeper reflection than that they served for their personal advantage; Romans, in whom the story of Horatius awoke no pride, the sky of Italy no admiration; and even among the Greeks, whose heads were laid on the very bosom of nature, so that they felt her heart-throbs, whose "sunny wis-

dom" filled all earth with "blessed presences," there were those whose souls were never caught in the tragic network of the past, to whom wood and hill and stream revealed no sweet, sad secrets. Yet it is in countries that nature or destiny has made grand or pensive, or where nature has been kind and destiny cruel, that the spirit of song has ever loved to build her sanctuary. And hence it is that the Celtic races are more eminently poetic than their Latin or Teutonic brethren of the western half of Europe. And the Irish, because in them the original element has from circumstances discovered a stronger and more enduring vitality, possess the second-sight of the poetic temperament in a larger proportion than the other divisions of the great family of which they are members. Their story is one of the strangest in the records of nations, and this story lives not only in the hearts of the people from generation to generation, but in rath, and fort, and tower and church, meets the son of the soil wherever he turns his feet or his eyes. Pagan and Christian, Celt and Saxon. Norman and Dane, have each and all left the impress of their lives from the shore of the sounding sea to the innermost stronghold of the Island. Hardly a well or mound, or ruined wall, or aged tree but has its claim to be regarded with horror or veneration. The fairies, those "good people" of shuddering propitiation, are still as omnipotent as when, from the far east, they first sought their present western dwelling-place in some good Tyrian ship. The "Banshee" is still heard on stormy nights, weeping by the window in which burns the light of the weary watchers that wait for death. It would seem, indeed, as if Ireland were the border-land between the world that is seen and the world that is unseen, as it is really the border-land between the old world and the new. It is, therefore, now as it was centuries before an English pontiff gave it to an English king, a chosen land of song—the only land in Europe, perhaps, where the sacred gifts of poetry and music are sufficient to insure their possessor a willing welcome into castle and cottage.

In this land Thomas D'Arcy McGee was born, and nursed and reared. We do not

know whether, like Smith O'Brien, he was a descendant of some Irish king, but we know that he was a true Celt. If, as his second name would lead us to suppose, there was any Norman blood in his veins, its little bubbles were hushed in the full, broad stream that flowed through his heart. He certainly had no sympathy with the freebooters of Henry the Second.

If to what we have said, it be added that Mr. McGee was a Catholic, born at a crisis in the religious history of his country, subject, at the dawn of his intellect, to the impressions which stamp the minds of Irish Catholic children, we will be still better able to appreciate the characteristics of his early poetry.

But another influence awaited him—an influence, which, while it drew from him some of his best poetic efforts, also led him into folly, for which he afterwards made full and glorious reparation.

In 1842, when Mr. McGee was only seventeen years of age, Thomas Davis, John Dillon and Charles Gavan Duffy determined to start a paper thoroughly and independently devoted to Irish interests—from their point of view. We need scarcely inform our readers that this paper was the since celebrated *Nation*, a journal which, for good or ill, exerted no ordinary influence on the Irish mind in all parts of the world. Besides the three gentlemen to whom it owed its existence, it numbered among its contributors some of the choicest writers in prose and poetry that "Young Ireland" could then produce. Few of those whose pens aided in filling its pages have failed to make their mark in the world. Some have risen to eminence at the Irish Bar, and some are now honored Fellows of Dublin University. The history of others who, in their rash enthusiasm, turned their pens into swords, is too well known to require telling. Many with poor McGee have gone to their rest. In the

s of one of them,

Some on the shores of distant lands
Their weary hearts have laid,
And by the stranger's heedless hands
Their lonely graves were made.

The dust of some is Irish earth,
Among their own they rest,
And the same land that gave them birth
Has caught them to her breast "

That Mr. McGee should be brought within this magic circle of kindred hearts might be easily expected, yet it was about the time that the *Nation* started into birth that he emigrated to America. He was, however, destined to play a prominent part in the management of that journal. He returned to Ireland in 1844, and was welcomed to the ranks of the *Nation's* young essayists and poets. Not long after he became sub-editor, which position he held till the suppression of the paper in 1848.

During this time, while he was a young man of from nineteen to twenty-three years, he worked, as few but himself could work, in almost every field of literature. The men of the *Nation* knew well the power of truth that is pithily embodied in the saying, "Give me the making of a nation's ballads and I care not who makes its laws." Accordingly, they took care to make popular songs and ballads a leading medium for the dissemination of national feeling. Dr. Charles Mackay, in a lecture, the last of a course which he delivered in this city some eleven years ago, said that Ireland had as yet produced no song-writers. The assertion was unwarrantable. The fact is that Ireland teems with songs. There is hardly a townland that has not, at least, one bard, and we have seen again and again half-penny ballads sung and sold at monthly fairs that would do no discredit (we say it with all respect) to the author of "A good time coming." Not long since we recognized a street-chanted Irish ballad in a collection of poetry which rejoiced in the bibliopiegeic honors of "blue and gold." The ballad literally feeds the Irish heart and it is nothing but the exuberant soil from which it springs that makes it ever want the care of type and binding which is its due.

The ballad was, therefore, with a wise appreciation of the popular taste, crowned literary king of the *Nation*. Mr. McGee, though inferior to Davis and Mangan, than whom he was a much younger man, took a high place among the song-writers of the period. The following lines from the poem entitled, "The Celtic Cross," will, we are sure, be read with pleasure by those who know how peculiarly romantic and awe-

inspiring are even the sites of some of the old Irish cemeteries :

"The monarch's mace, the Puritan's claymore
Smote thee not down;
On headland steep, on mountain-summit hoar,
In mart and town;
In Glendalough, in Ara and Tyrone
We find thee still,
Thy open arms still stretching to thine own,
O'er town and lough and hill."

It will, of course, be doubly appreciated by those who hold Mr. McGee's faith.

The Earl of Desmond, contrary to the statutes of Kilkenny, married a daughter of the soil. In his poem, "The Irish Wife," Mr. McGee sings the defence which that nobleman, himself a poet, may have made. In the course of it the lady is thus described :

"My Irish wife has clear blue eyes,
My heaven by day, my stars by night—
And twin-like truth and fondness lie
Within the swelling bosom white.

My Irish wife has golden hair,
Apollo's harp had no such strings,
Apollo's self might pause to hear
The bird-like carol, when she sings."

No one that reads these lines can help being thankful that the statutes of Kilkenny, are, like the desperate cats of that ilk, among the things that were.

Among the best of Mr. McGee's poems is one which bears the name of the "River Boyne,"—a name that has conferred no little glory on Irish bravery and Irish loyalty—whether yielded to James Stuart or to William of Orange. Mr. McGee's heart was large enough to give their meed of praise to both parties in that memorable contest.

The poem has such a sweet and pensive melody that we give it almost in its integrity :

"Bride of Lough Ramor, gently seaward stealing,
In thy placid depths hast thou no feeling
Of the stormy gusts of other days?
Does thy heart, O gentle nun-faced river
Passing Schomberg's obelisk, not quiver,
While the shadow on thy bosom weighs?"

Thou hast heard the sounds of martial clangor,
Seen fraternal forces clash in anger,
In thy Sabbath valley, River Boyne!
Here have ancient Ulster's hardy forces
Dressed their ranks and fed their travelled horses,
Tara's hosting as they rode to join.

Forgettest thou that silent summer morning
When William's bugles sounded sudden warning.
And James's answered chivalrously clear;
When rank to rank gave the death signal duly
And volley answered volley quick and truly,
And shouted mandates met the eager ear.

The thrush and linnet fled beyond the mountains,
The fish in Inver Colpa left their fountains,
The unchased deer scampered through Tredagh's
gates;

St. Mary's bells in their high places trembled.
And made a mournful music that resembled
A hopeless prayer to the un pitying fates."

These verses, we think, are very fine. We would call attention to the spirit of patriotic liberality which animates the following :

"Ah! well for Ireland, had the battle ended.
When James forsook what William well defended.
Crown, friends and kingly cause!
Well, if the peace thy bosom did recover
Had breathed its benediction broadly over
Our race and rites and laws.

Not in thy depths, nor in thy founts, Lough Ramor,
Were brewed the bitter strife and cruel clamor.
Our wisest long have mourned;
Foul faction falsely made thy gentle current
To Christian ears a stream and name abhorrent,
And all thy waters into poison turned.

But, as of old, God's prophet sweetened Mara,
E'en so, blue bound of Ulster and of Tara
Thy waters to our exodus gave life:
Thrice holy hands thy lineal foes have wedded
And healing olives in thy breast embedded,
And banished far the bitterness of strife."

Mr. McGee has included these lines in his "Canadian Ballads," with an apology, which we think was hardly necessary. He says that "they are inserted as an evidence of what the author at the time of writing them considered, and still continues to consider, the true spirit in which the events referred to in them ought alone to be remembered by the natives of Ireland, whether at home or abroad. In this light he would fain hope they may be acceptable to the general reader in Canada."

The following lines were written, as they tell themselves, at the time that Mr. McGee left his native land the second time. They are the first and last verses of the poem from which they are taken :—

"O dread Lord of earth and heaven, hard and sad it is
to go
From the land I loved and cherished into outer gloom
and woe!

Was it for this, guardian angel, when to manly years
I came,
Homeward, as a light, you led me, light that now is
turned to flame?

* * * * *

Tho' my eyes no more may see thee, island of my
early love,
Other eyes shall see thy green flag floating thy tall
hills above;
Tho' my ears no more may listen to thy rivers as
they flow,
Other ears shall hear a paan closing thy long *keen*
of woe!"

Search where we may among Mr. McGee's early poems, we always find in them a gushing spring of patriotism; and we believe that the same spring unfrozen in the least degree by a decade of Canadian winters—thorough Canadian though he was—burst from the deep places of his heart with the old music till his dying day.

Now, that it is hushed, ought we not to be thankful that we can watch the meanderings of the first streams that flowed from it?

It would be a labor of love to give a few more extracts from Mr. McGee's pre-Canadian poems; but, besides that our space is necessarily limited, we hardly think it would be fair to anticipate for the readers of the MONTHLY the surprise of delight that awaits them in the forthcoming volume of Mr. McGee's collected poems.

We hope, however, to be excused for making one more extract. The following poem was first named "The Heart's Resting-place;" but it is found in the appendix to the "Canadian Ballads," under the name of "Home-Sick Stanzas":—

"Twice had I sailed the Atlantic o'er;
Twice dwelt an exile in the West;
Twice did kind nature's skill restore
The quiet of my troubled breast,—
As moss upon a rifted tree,
So time its gentle cloaking did;
But though the wound no eye could see,
Deep in my heart the barb was hid.

I felt a weight where'er I went—
I felt a void within my brain—
My day-hopes and my dreams were blent
With sable threads of mental pain;
My eye delighted not to look
On forests old or rapids grand;
The stranger's joy I scarce could brook,
My heart was in my native land.

Where'er I turned, some emblem still
Roused consciousness upon my track;
Some hill was like an Irish hill,
Some wild bird's whistle called me back;
A sea-bound ship bore off my peace,
Between its white, cold wings of woe.
Oh, if I had but wings like these,
Where my peace went, I, too, would go."

Our task is now nearly accomplished. It only remains for us to say a few words on Mr. McGee's later, that is, his Canadian poems.

We quoted in a former part of this paper from the unpretending words with which the "Canadian ballads" were introduced to the Canadian public. They were simply intended as an *eirenicon*, a peace-maker, between the present and the past. They were published very shortly after Mr. McGee's arrival in Canada—so shortly that, unless we bear in mind the wonderful versatility of his genius, we may well wonder, how he could, in so brief a time have identified himself with a country so new to him. But Mr. McGee intended, from his first coming to Montreal, to make Canada his home, and, with this purpose in his mind, he at once set himself to gain a familiarity with the history, traditions and necessities of the land he had adopted. Had Mr. McGee been spared to us, we have no doubt he could have given us a history of Canada, as complete in its bearings and as little influenced by unseemly prejudice, as his history of Ireland. Of that period of its history, a most eventful one, in which he himself was a conspicuous actor on its political stage, no little has been preserved to us in his various speeches and addresses. With his poetic temperament, then, it is not surprising that he should have desired to create and foster a true patriotic enthusiasm in the breasts of his young fellow-countrymen. As we have seen by his preface he saw with a prophetic eye to what these then isolated provinces were growing. Of that prophecy he lived to see the fulfilment.

The "Canadian Ballads" are, as might naturally be expected, inferior in fire and pathos to those which he wrote on the all-engrossing theme of his earlier muse. Very few of these latter were published in his "little volume." In the "Occasional Verses" there is a freedom from allusion

to Ireland, as she was to him, which, at first sight, may seem strange. But those who remember the reception that Mr. McGee met with on his advent in Montreal, even from those who afterwards learned to love and honor him, will not wonder that he chose to keep for a time *in petto* the poetic emanations of which the central date was the year '48. He, therefore, wisely confined himself to such ballads as a man of any nationality might have written—at the risk, it may be, of losing admirers who might think that he was thus throwing "Old Ireland" overboard. Mr. McGee knew, probably, that the day would come when his life would be surveyed as a whole, and not in fragments, and had he lived even a little longer, he would have given the world a volume of his poems, containing at least the best of his early spirited productions, enriched, moreover, by many written since the publication of his "Canadian Ballads."

We have already given the first of the "Occasional Verses" to be found in that volume. We could easily select from them others of no ordinary merit. One of these, "Mary's Heart," possesses a more than literary interest. The one entitled "'Twas something then to be a bard" we have already referred to. With the others we must allow the reader to become acquainted himself. Only a few of these "Ballads" are purely Canadian, some of them having reference simply to the early settlement of this northern wilderness, independently of political boundaries. They can all, however, be read with pleasure by any denizen of the Dominion. One of them, "Our Ladye of the Snow," possesses a local interest for Montrealers. It is a legend of the miraculous preservation by the Virgin Mary of "a noble Breton Cavalier," Seigneur of Three Rivers, when he was lost in a snow-storm on his way from that place to Montreal "for Christmas duties." For

**"His custom was, come foul, come fair,
For Christmas duties to repair
Unto the Ville Marie,—
The City of the Mount, which north
Of the great river looketh forth
Across the sylvan sea."**

The knight, thus rescued, out of gratitude builds the church of Notre Dame des

Neiges, on the site of what is now well known as the "Priests' Farm." Past that spot which he thus celebrated, the remains of Thomas D'Arcy McGee were borne on Easter Monday morning, the 14th of April, 1867—the 43d anniversary of his birth-day. His final resting-place is near the successor of the old church,—the modern chapel of "Our Ladye of the Snow" in the village of Côte des Neiges.

This ballad may be taken as a fair specimen of the collection. There is more poetic fancy in it than most ballads contain, and it reminds us in some parts of Macaulay, to whom, from the variety of his powers as statesman, orator, historian, poet and essayist, we have often thought that Mr. McGee admitted of comparison.

We will only quote one more from this volume, but that one is purely a "Canadian Ballad." It is called "Along the Line," and refers to the brave stand made against the American invasion by the Canadians of 1812 :

**"Steady be your beacons' blaze,
Along the line, along the line!
Freely sing dear Freedom's praise,
Along the line, along the line!
Let the only sword you draw
Bear the legend of the law,
Wield it less to strike than awe,
Along the line, along the line!"**

**Let them rail against the North,
Along the line, along the line!
When it sends its heroes forth,
Along the line, along the line!
On the field or in the camp
They shall tremble at your tramp.
Men of the old Norman stamp,
Along the line, along the line!"**

**Wealth and pride may rear their crests
Beyond the line, beyond the line!
They bring no terror to our breasts,
Along the line, along the line!
We have never bought or sold
Afric's sons with Mexic's gold,
Conscience arms the free and bold
Along the line, along the line!"**

**Steadfast stand and sleepless ward
Along the line, along the line!
Great the treasures that you guard
Along the line, along the line!
By the babes whose sons shall be
Crowned in far futurity,
With the laurels of the free
Stand your guard along the line!"**

This song is a credit to Canada. It has what Mr. Dewart would call "the true lyrical ring," and if some composer would set it to music, we are sure it would have a national popularity. In the mean time we might suggest an air which fits it admirably. This air is that so well known as "Maryland, my Maryland." It may be objected that this air is what in Ireland would be called a "party tune," having been one of the national airs of the South, during the late sad war. But that noble air was of much older origin than Jeff. Davis, and we do not see why we should be debarred from using it, because of its associations with the "lost cause."

We have now accomplished our purpose, long delayed, of doing what share of honor lay within our means to the memory of Thomas D'Arcy McGee.

He was a poet, though, as we have said before, he was much more than a poet. Highly as he esteemed his gift—that gift, which, as Milton sang "'tis death to hide"—and highly as we esteem it, and much as we think its proper cultivation tends towards the bettering of mankind, we still concede that it is not, by any means to be compared for practical usefulness to those other great mental powers with which Mr. McGee was endowed.

The poet is generally a man isolated from his fellows, though the strains which

he pours forth from his study or his garret are not lost. Far from it,—they live, it may be, long after the thrilling words of the orator are forgotten. But they are wanting in that instantaneous energy which aroused a nation at once to think and act. Few have the two-fold gift, and few who have, are endowed with the inspiration or the ability to use it, as did Mr. McGee.

Mr. McGee was destined to excel, yet had he been less of the orator or the statesman, we think that he would have been a greater poet. What he *was*, as a poet, we have attempted to show. How far we have been right in our judgment, the readers of the *NEW DOMINION MONTHLY* will soon have ample opportunity of testing. What of song he has left behind him will not soon sink into oblivion. It has too much of the strong vitality of his own nature to be forgotten. Wherever his name and fame are known it will be read. Some of the last verses he wrote were among his best. There was a cheery hopefulness in "Prima Vista," which appeared in this Magazine, that looked forward to many years of happiness in the land of his adoption, and there was a touching melody in his "Miserere Domine," that seems very mournful now.

"The setting sun, and music at the close,
Like the last taste of sweets, is sweetest last."

DOMINE, QUO VADIS?

Just without the walls of the city of Rome is a church bearing the above title. It is said that the name was given to mark the place of the following suggestive tradition:—

In the early, chilly morning
Ere the first red streak of dawning
Flushed the Eastern sky,
Fled the Apostle through the portal
Of the city called immortal,
Daring not to die.

Flying from the dreaded danger,
On the road he met a stranger,
With sad steps and slow,
Going toward the cruel city;
O that look of love and pity,
He too well doth know!

On his knees before him falling,
On his Lord and Master calling—
"Where goest thou?" cried he;
And the Lord replied, "In anguish,
On the cross again to languish,
Crucified by thee."

From his eyes the vision faded,
And the Apostle thus upbraided,
Passed the gates within;
On his Lord and Saviour thinking,
From the cross no longer shrinking,
The martyr's crown to win.

Saviour, when in sin we're straying,
May we hear thy sad voice saying,
"Crucified anew;"
When from toil and danger seeing,
Show thyself to us, and, seeing,
May we follow too.

EARLY SCENES IN CANADIAN LIFE.

BY REV. THOMAS WEBSTER, NEWBURY, ONT.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER XXVI.

PRICE'S CONFIDENT MANNER—OPINIONS OF HIS LATE ASSOCIATES—YIELDS HIMSELF TO THE GUIDANCE OF THE IMPRESSION MADE UPON HIS MIND BY HIS DREAM—ENTERS THE MARSH—SEARCHES TILL NIGHT APPROACHES—GENERAL SADNESS—THE PARENTS—ANXIETY TO HEAR—A NIGHT OF DESPAIR.

It was observed that Price did not set out on that ninth morning with the cautious steps and close scrutiny of every surrounding object which usually characterized the movements of the old hunter on similar occasions. Probably the experience of the eight previous days had convinced him that there was no *trail* to be found, or did he depend upon the guidance of his dream? Certain it was that he did not look for the trail, but walked confidently forward, as if bound for a certain destination.

Those who were left behind could not reconcile the assured unhesitating manner with which the old man took up his line of march with the idea that he was making a pretence. The majority were convinced that whatever their individual opinions upon the subject might be, he, at least, honestly believed that he had seen a vision; and that by suffering himself to be led by the impressions thereby made upon his mind he would find the children so long vainly sought and restore them alive to their despairing parents. Though exonerating him from the suspicion of having wished to deceive them, and admitting that he sincerely believed what he asserted, only a very few shared his faith in the supernatural character of his "vision." That was generally regarded as an ordinary dream induced by the intensity with which his mind dwelt upon the business in hand. Yet there were not wanting those who still insinuated that "the old Interpreter had

not been so long among the Indians for nothing. He was as sly himself as an Indian. His 'vision' was all a trick to fool them into ransacking the marsh farther in than before. He'd look about him sharp enough when thought he had got out of sight and clear of other trails, &c."

Indifferent to the opinions or the sneers of his late coadjutors, and concerned only for the accomplishment of his object, Price pursued his way till he had travelled a distance of about seven miles from the "ridge." Then pausing and looking anxiously about him for a moment, as if considering probabilities, he entered the marsh and was soon treading its intricate labyrinths.

Up to this point he had seemed to be impressed with the conviction that it would be useless to look for signs of the lost children till he should come upon ground or general appearances answering to what he had seen in his dream; but once within the marsh he was soon again the wary hunter advancing with noiseless tread, attentive ear and keenly-observant eye.

As he crept through the intricacies of the bushes the frightened pheasants whirred away and the startled rabbits fled to closer cover. Though these were great temptations to poor Bose's canine nature, yet the warning in his master's face was sufficient; he neither barked nor gave chase, but only casting longing looks after the retreating game he continued quietly to follow the old man's steps. Beasts of prey disturbed in their lairs by the unwonted presence of man among those dismal wastes, skulked sullenly away to seek securer hiding places. And many a graceful deer feeding upon the abundant herbage, sniffed danger in the air, and tossing his antlered head, dashed into deeper thickets. Then would the fingers of the old hunter instinctively close more firmly about his rifle as if to bring it to sight;—but no—to discharge it might

alarm, perhaps endanger, the poor children for whose sake he was braving this fatigue and danger. Deer and bear were alike allowed to pass unharmed while he plodded on.

Thus, hour after hour, he continued to explore arbor-like recesses among the bushes—not a few of which had doubtless served as resting places for the savage denizens of the marsh—to reconnoitre great thickets or to force his way through the tangled masses that intercepted his course. Sometimes making a detour round the boggy portions of the marsh, or when that would take him too far out of what he conceived to be the right direction, picking his way across as best he might. Now springing from a large tuft of marsh grass to a clump of roots, or swinging himself from bush to bush, then sinking in the treacherous mire and obliged to drag his weary limbs through it till he again found firmer footing.

He had started at early dawn and now night was approaching. He had penetrated miles into the depths of the marsh, but had failed to discover the slightest trace of the hapless children. Even the formerly keen scented and sagacious Bose seemed to have lost his cunning and crept crouchingly up to his master as if ashamed of his want of success.

Davy Price, his vision, and the wild-goose chase upon which it had sent him, were in the meantime the all-absorbing theme of conversation throughout the settlement.

The pressure of their own affairs, which had been pretty generally left to take care of themselves during the eight previous days, had obliged the people to return to their homes. Amid their occupations painful thoughts would obtrude themselves of the dreadful affliction that had befallen their neighbors and of the probable fate of the unfortunate children—thoughts which, though they had presented themselves to their minds with harrowing reality scores of times since the sad event occurred, still had power to bring a bitter pang to many a father's heart and to cause a choking sensation in the throats of men who scorned to weep. What, if the lost children had been their own darlings? And with the idea

came the wish that they had joined Davy in that day's search too, hopeless though it seemed. Mothers, as they busied themselves in cares for the comfort of their own little ones, thought pitifully of the poor mother whose little ones were beyond her care—might never more know her tenderness. And there was a softened cadence in their voices as they spoke in terms of endearment to their own little circles and a more clinging fondness than usual in the caresses which they lavished upon them. When they gathered their blooming children about their tables to regale themselves with abundant meals; or, when, with the loving words that loving mothers breathe into sleepy childhood's ears, they laid them in their cozy beds they thought shudderingly of the desolate little wanderers, perhaps creeping to the slight shelter afforded by the root of some turned-up tree, clinging to each other in terror, hungering, fainting, dying—if, indeed, the fierce claws of some ravenous beast had not ere this brought their sufferings to a frightful termination. Many such a mother doubtless prayed that night with a full heart that Davy, if they still lived, might find them.

Sadness brooded over the settlement. Accustomed pursuits had lost their interest. All except the most unsympathetic, even those who had confidently asserted that nothing was to be expected from Davy's last effort, as the day drew toward a close, became restless and anxious to know whether the old hunter would return that night.

Though only those who resided within a few miles of Starkey's could expect to hear that night, yet throughout the settlement after the evening meal—not *tea* in those days in the Canadian wilds—many whose abodes were near enough to admit of it betook themselves to each others houses. There they talked over the details of the distressing event, discussed probabilities as to the fate of the lost ones, and marvelled or cavilled at Davy's vision according to the turn of mind of the respective speakers.

"Could it be possible that Davy might find them after the thorough search that had been made?" inquired one.

"Not on the ground that we have gone over, that is certain," rejoined his friend,

"He'll come home as we have all done these eight days past."

"But ain't it very strange about that vision he had? and he believes it will all come out true," said a third.

"Oh, the superstitious old white Indian!" replied the first speaker, "he was just thinking how it might be, and then he dreamed it, and thought he had seen a vision."

"It is dreadful to think of what the poor children must have suffered, whether they are dead or alive," rejoined another.

"My heart aches for them and their parents," exclaimed the mistress of the house. "May the Lord help them and grant that old Davy may be right."

Amen, to her petition, went up from the hearts, if not from the lips, of all present.

But the poor, heart-sore parents: whose sorrow was like unto their sorrow? who could conceive the agony of soul that they endured? Tortured through all those days of agonizing suspense by all the horrible pictures imagination could present of the dangers and distress assailing their loved ones. Then roused from the torpor of despair by the hope held out by Davy's vision, they have strained their eager eyes till twilight faded into night, vainly watching for the coming of their lost children. As day departed so did hope, and the heart-crushed parents turned to their desolate hearth and sat down in dumb despair. A sad shake of the head from one of the kind friends who remained with them, was answer sufficient to the query in every face that entered the door. The sympathizing neighbors came and went in sadness, almost in silence. They were in the presence of a sorrow, almost too deep for words. The few that were uttered breathed condolence, or urged resignation. No one dared to speak of hope.

CHAPTER XXVII.

PRICE PAUSES AS THE GROUND SEEMS FAMILIAR—THINKS HE RECOGNIZES THE SCENES OF HIS DREAM—FINDS THE CHILDREN—HIS JOY—THEIR CONDITION—HIS TREATMENT OF THEM—THE NIGHT—AN-

TICIPATED TRIUMPH—IMPROVEMENT IN THE CHILDREN—HOMEWARD JOURNEY—STATE OF FEELING IN THE SETTLEMENT—ARRIVAL—GENERAL JOY.

The sun was sinking in the west on that ninth day of fruitless search. The old hunter was, as he well might be, very weary. Was he debating with himself the necessity of abandoning the hopeless enterprise? Why did he pause there to look again and again, and so searchingly, upon all his surroundings? What was it that called up that expression of deep awe which overspread his weather-beaten countenance?

Call him superstitious if you will, and possibly you would call him so justly; but he still had faith in his vision. While pausing there he was comparing the picture which met his eye with that impressed upon his mind in "the visions of his head upon his bed." When satisfied that they corresponded, with eager yet cautious steps and bated breath, as if about to enter the precincts of Death, he advanced, amid the gathering gloom, still farther into the marsh. Every aspect of the locality, every object that he beheld as he groped his way along through the dreary swamp underwent a critical but satisfactory scrutiny.

A large moss-covered log which lay before him attracted his attention as possessing a strangely familiar appearance. That log he had seen in his dream. Approaching and looking over it, to his intense delight, he discovered the two lost children; but lying prostrate and motionless upon the cold, damp ground.

Joy at having found them sent the blood coursing through his withered veins, and lent momentary vigor to his old and wearied limbs. Leaping over the log with almost the agility of earlier years, he hastened to ascertain their condition. The satisfaction that he felt at finding that they were both still alive was, however, considerably abated by their extreme feebleness. The poor little sufferers were ready to perish from the exhaustion induced by hunger and cold, fatigue and exposure.

Happily, Price, feeling confident that he should find the children, and alive, had provided himself before starting in the

morning with what he thought they would be likely to require. His past experience had made him skilful in the treatment of such patients, and he now administered kindly and judiciously to the necessities of his helpless charge. He relieved their hunger by degrees, supplying them at short intervals with a little, and then a little more food. As they began to rally he assured them of his friendship and protection, and very soon won their entire confidence.

To return to the settlement that night was out of the question; therefore, as soon as it was possible, Davy set about making suitable preparations for the night. Having selected a place in which it would be safe to do so, he made up a good fire, both for the sake of the warmth for the children and to intimidate any ravenous beasts that might be prowling about in their vicinity. Then, after making the children as comfortable as the situation would admit of, he ate his own supper. The children had fallen into what seemed refreshing sleep, and the old man laid himself down beside them to take the rest he so much needed after the excitement and toil through which he had passed. With only leaves and marsh-grass beneath them, and the blue vault of heaven above them, while voracious beasts that roam at night trooped through the marsh about them in search of prey, there slept weary age and helpless childhood. But He who had watched over and guarded the forlorn children through all the hardships and dangers of their nine nights and days of wandering, on the tenth night also spread out the shadow of His protecting wing over them and their deliverer, and kept them in safety.

Price, elated by his success and desirous of returning as quickly as possible with its trophies to comfort those who had so long mourned them as dead, was early astir. The kind old man longed to give the emaciated forms which he had snatched as almost from out the very embrace of Death back to the arms of their fond parents; to see them pressed to the hearts for these many days wrung with anguish such as parents alone can know. And old Davy may be pardoned if with all this mingled a pleasing anticipation of triumph in witness-

ing the discomfiture of those who had refused credence to his vision.

The path to be retraced was long and tedious and those who were to accompany him through its devious windings so enfeebled by long deprivation of food, that it was to be feared that they might be unable to proceed. It was, therefore, with no slight satisfaction that the old man saw his late patients rise from their rude couch and begin to manifest in their movements an accession of strength that could scarcely have been expected in so short a space of time. Food and sleep with the renewed hope and feeling of safety with which the presence of the old hunter inspired them had done much for the little wanderers.

Seeing that no danger was now to be apprehended from allowing them to fully appease their appetites, an abundant breakfast was produced from the old wallet. The privations of the previous nine days had prepared the children to appreciate Davy's plain substantial fare. Probably they never found in after life in the most elegant viands ever set before them, enjoyment equal to that afforded by that plain breakfast—that first full meal after their long hungering.

The little party having completed their repast—not forgetting poor Bose—the children being as eager for a start as their guide, they were very soon on their way homeward. Price, profiting by the knowledge he had gained of the ground during the explorations of the previous day, was able to avoid some of the difficulties then encountered. And no time being consumed in peering into all manner of possible and impossible hiding-places, he got more quickly over the ground—being delayed chiefly by the necessity of keeping pace with his feebler fellow-travellers and by his efforts to assist them in their progress. Most persons accustomed to children have observed the astonishing rapidity with which they rally from the weakness induced by illness, and this case seems to have been similar. The poor little travellers, though still weak, bore up bravely and Price conducted and aided them with considerate kindness.

Old Bose had been more affectionate than useful in his attentions to them from the moment of discovery—licking their

pallid faces and lacerated limbs when not prevented, and nestling close at their feet while they slept. Now, as they walked along, he frisked about them with characteristic demonstrations of delight. Then, as if by way of indemnity for the restraints imposed upon him while coming into the swamp, he would dash off among the tall marsh-grass or creep into openings among the bushes, starting the inhabitants of the thickets, barking to his heart's content and giving brief chase to almost every living thing that he saw, and again returning to fawn upon his little friends.

Thus amused by the dog and encouraged and assisted by his master, who caused them to halt at intervals for rest and refreshments, they prosecuted their journey.

The morning which had dawned so auspiciously upon the old hunter brought no ray of gladness to the stricken hearts mourning inconsolably because of the terrible fate that had befallen their beloved children, so lately their pride and joy.

Neighbors inquired of each other, wherever they met, "Did old Davy come in last night? Have they heard anything of him?"

Learning that there was no tidings of him one would remark, "Oh, he'll just stop and hunt a spell. He knows how to play possum. He don't want to come back to be laughed at about his 'vision.'"

"I guess," another would say, "that he can interpret that Indian gibberish better than he can dreams."

"I should not wonder," some one else would add, "if he would go off to his old Indian friends. He'd stand a better chance of finding the poor young ones there than anywhere else, for if they have been running round alone in the woods with nothing to eat they are dead long before this time."

And yet another exclaimed, in husky tones: "I do feel awful bad over it. My old woman would have it that Davy would find them, and she would not rest unless I'd come and find out."

"Nor mine," "nor mine," cried several in chorus. "We all feel right sorry for Starkey and his wife. But it's no use, we can do nothing more."

All were sorry, very sorry for the bereaved parents, and commiserated the

deplorable fate, which they doubted not, had overtaken the little wanderers.

But when speculation had exhausted itself and hope was dead in every heart, old Davy appeared, bringing his prizes with him. Thus was the humble old man repeatedly the means of rescuing children that had wandered from the settlements from the terrible death that awaited them in the wilds, and restoring them to the arms of their parents.

Where all had so lately worn the sombre aspect of a death chamber, whose silence was broken only by shuddering sighs and stifled groans, where even words of sympathetic kindness or holy consolation were breathed in tones of sadness, now joyous faces were seen, and glad voices rang out with exultant shouts—

"Here is Price!"

"He has found them!! He has found them!!!" "They are both alive!!!"

And surely jubilant songs of praise and thanksgiving must have gone up to Heaven from the hearts of those parents, as they realized that their lost ones were found; that the beloved children that they had been mourning as dead, were indeed alive and again within their sheltering arms; that the hearts whose pulsations they thought forever stilled, were even then throbbing against their own and the eyes that they had believed closed in death, looking love into theirs again.

The settlement was in a whirl of delighted excitement as the glad tidings spread from house to house. The recovery of the children was a cause of general joy, and all rejoiced with the rejoicing family. Congratulations poured in upon them from every side. Old Davy was the hero of the hour. He was lauded as a public benefactor, and all were desirous of effacing from remembrance the disparaging remarks lately made respecting him. His pertinacity in continuing to search for the lost children when all others had abandoned them to their fate, was now eulogized.

"Price was the man for an emergency."

"There was nobody equal to Davy for hunting or *dreaming*."

It is not the purpose of the writer to attempt to account for Price's dream or its remarkable fulfilment. There is no room,

however, to doubt the old man having had such a dream; which he preferred to designate a vision—because *before* starting in obedience to its dictates upon his solitary expedition he related his dream, hoping thereby to induce others to accompany him. Of this there were numbers of reliable witnesses, some of whom are still living.

The task of explaining such mysterious manifestations is left to those who have made mental phenomena their study.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

IMPROVEMENTS—THE WELLAND CANAL—
TOWN OF WELLAND—THEN AND NOW—
MR. JESSE YOKOM.

Time and the industry and enterprise of the population have produced a great transformation in the region where the foregoing events transpired, since that October day when Mr. Yokom and his associates landed at Fort Erie and pitched their tents beneath the bright autumnal leaves.

The construction of the Welland Canal drained large extents of swamp lands, making a great improvement in the section which it traversed in a sanitary point of view, besides bringing increase of business and aiding in the development of the resources of the country. Towns and villages sprung up here and there, and where Mr. Yokom found a wilderness there is now a populous and fruitful country.

The flourishing town of Welland is built not far from the property of Mr. Jesse Yokom, and is now the county town, with its court-house, churches, and other public buildings, its canal, aqueducts and mills.

The shanties of the early days have given place to commodious and beautiful mansions. The "crotched stick" on which the early settlers contrived to draw their grain to mill, and, its successor, the clumsy, wooden-wheeled "go-cart" have been superseded by good waggons, stylish buggies and elegant carriages. The swift and capacious steamboat has taken the place of the light-gliding canoe and the unwieldy scow. In exchange for the pack-horse and the ox-team they have the panting, shrieking locomotive and the luxurious rail-car.

Instead of the tantalizing delay of weeks or months, waiting for news from afar, the tidings come darting along the telegraph wires with the rapidity of the lightning's flash.

All these changes have been brought about during the lifetime of Mr. Jesse Yokom, of whom mention has been made in a former chapter as a little fellow of four summers, who made the journey from Pennsylvania to Canada riding behind his mother on a pony. He still lives amid the changed aspect of things in the vicinity of his boyhood's home.

Mr. Yokom is a noble specimen of the United Empire Loyalists who came into Canada during the latter part of the last century. Tall, straight and well proportioned in form, with inflexible integrity and unwavering reliability stamped upon his honest manly countenance, dignified in his deportment, genial in his manners, and benevolent in his disposition, he has secured the love and veneration of his family and the respect of his neighbors. His "hoary locks are a crown of honor, being found in the ways of righteousness."

May the evening of his life be as peaceful as his youth was hopeful and his noontide happy, useful and prosperous.

THE PRINCE IS DEAD!

BY HELEN HUNT.

A room in the palace is shut; the king
And the queen are sitting in black;
All day weeping servants will run and bring,
But the heart of the queen will lack
All things, and the eyes of the king will swim
With tears that may not be shed,
But will make all the air float dark and dim,
As he looks at each gold and silver toy,
And thinks how it gladdened the royal boy;
And dumbly writhes while the courtiers read
How all the nations his sorrow heed.
The Prince is dead!

The hut has a door, but the hinge is weak
And to-day the wind blows it back;
There are two sitting there who do not speak—
They have begged a few rags of black.
They are hard at work, though their eyes are wet
With tears that may not be shed;
They dare not look where the cradle is set,
They hate the sunbeam that plays on the floor,
But makes the baby laugh out no more;
They feel as if they were turning to stone;
They wish the neighbors would leave them alone.
The Prince is dead!

A WINTER JOURNEY LONG AGO.

BY W. HENDERSON, HEMISON.

In January, 1804, my friend, G— L—, proposed a trip to Upper Canada, partly on business, partly pleasure. As there were no post-houses above Montreal we had to hire a carter with his cariole and two horses, who agreed to take us to Kingston and back for twenty dollars. Our carter, a Canadian from Lower Lachine, was well acquainted with the route we proposed to take, and, as we found, an expert driver, careful and obliging. Besides tea, sugar and brandy, we were provided with a blanket each, on the recommendation of Pierre (our carter), and set off on Tuesday, 24th January, 1804. Dined at Pointe Claire, a village of about a dozen good stone houses with a large church. From Pointe Claire the road was best on the ice. In crossing over L'Isle Perrot we drove through a dense forest, occupying all the centre of the island. Its neat little church is on the south side, opposite to the Cascades. At the Cascades men are at work executing a canal and locks in the solid rock. It is only intended for the passage of *batteaux*. Other locks are in process of completion at Rochefendue, a mile above the Cascades, and at Coteau du Lac. Our road lies along the steep bank of the river to the village of Les Cedres, consisting of seven or eight log houses, with a little church. Small as the village is, there are two tolerably good taverns.

Next morning we started very early. The road still continued along the bank of the river, which was so hidden by steam, like white smoke, on this very cold morning, that we could barely perceive at intervals the huge billows in these stormy rapids, which cease at Coteau du Lac—a Port of Entry, with custom-house and collector, two or three other small log habitations, and a block-house. McIntyre's tavern, a little beyond, is the last house in Lower Canada. Beyond it the original forest

comes down to the water's edge, and conceals a few small clearings in the Township of Lancaster and Seigniorship of New Lennoxville. Here we had to take the ice as far as Pointe au Baudet, where we breakfasted. McGee's tavern, the only house between McIntyre's and the River Raisin, is built on the Province line—one end in Upper and the other in Lower Canada. It is situated at the bottom of a small bay, about a mile beyond the Point au Baudet. At breakfast here we were joined by a Mr. Cameron, who has a farm on the banks of the River Raisin, and was now on his way to Montreal with a sleigh load of oats, butter, &c. He was both well informed and communicative respecting the state of improvement in the Highland settlement, named Glengarry, from a small valley near Fort Augustus, in Scotland. This, he stated, had been some years in progress of improvement by emigrants from the Western Highlands, driven from the lands which had descended from father to son "time out of mind." Previous to the iniquitous acts passed by the English Parliament, the lairds or chiefs of clans had never pretended to any claim on the lands held by their clansmen, whose only service was to attend their chiefs in their wars and share in the plunder; consequently their claim for rents subsequent to the fatal battle of Culloden was a usurpation. Unable to pay these novel claims, hundreds of families had been deprived of their little homesteads, and such as were able emigrated to America. Some had found a home in the Western States, some in Prince Edward's Island, others in the Western districts of Upper Canada; but the greatest and most unmixed Highland settlement was in the Townships of Lancaster and Charlottenburgh, in the Eastern district. The Roman Catholics were mostly of the McDonald clan, from Inverness—under the

temporal as well as spiritual guidance of their priest, the Rev. Mr. McDonald, a gentleman revered and respected by Protestants as well as Catholics. The Reverend Mr. Bethune, the Presbyterian pastor, had a small church at the River Raisin. His flock, among whom the names of McKay, Cameron and Campbell were the most common, had emigrated from Northern Argyleshire, principally from the Isle of Mull and the district of Morven. These settlements, mostly on the banks of the Rivière aux Raisins, were prospering, and so extensive that two-thirds of the second battalion of Royal Canadian Volunteers had been raised in Glengarry, some six or seven years before. From this new settlement Montreal had for some years been supplied with excellent and trustworthy female servants, and the same city was the great market for the surplus produce of butter, pork, vegetables, &c.

From McGee's the road continued on the lake to McDonald's tavern, at Point au Jonc, near the mouth of the Rivière aux Raisins. Glengarry House, the handsome residence of Col. McDonald, near Sir John Johnson's Pond, is beautifully situated, and the grounds around it are cleared and much improved. At six leagues from Pointe au Baudet, we dined at Cameron's tavern, nearly opposite to the modern village of St. Regis, and reached Cornwall at four o'clock; but Vankoughnet's, the only tavern there, was so full of the officers and men of the Royal Canadian Volunteers lately disbanded, lawyers attending the District Court, gruff-looking lumbermen and farmers, that there was no room for us. Cornwall consists of twenty-five or thirty very mean-looking wooden houses. After Vankoughnet's the next best house is occupied by the Rev. Mr. John Strahan, who is employed in teaching. I am told that he has between twenty or thirty young gentlemen from all parts of the Province who receive a classical education here in the wilderness.

Towards the end of this day's travel the road commenced to be beat for double sleighs, very annoying to our driver with his Canadian carriage and tandem, and disagreeable to his passengers, with one runner of our vehicle down on the beaten track

and the other dragging through the unbeaten space between the two tracks.

Declining to dine at Vankoughnet's we continued our ride to Barnhart's, 90 miles from Montreal. Since the Highland and German settlements commenced new names have been applied to the various localities, as yet but little used by the settlers themselves, and unknown to the French Canadians who retain all their old designations of remarkable points. Thus Cornwall is only known to our carter as Pointe Maligne, Johnstown as Oswegatché, and Kingston as Cataracque. At Barnhart's the German settlement commences, and thence to Elizabethtown the woods have disappeared and given place to well cultivated farms, owned and occupied by an industrious, economical and money making population. Their barns and stables are large and often clapboarded and painted, while the dwelling is the same little log hovel erected after the first trees were chopped down, and almost every second one a tavern or house of entertainment, where the opulent master, his wife, children, farm laborers and rum-imbibing customers are all mixed up together, higgelty-pigglety, in the one small room. Here and there, however, the original *chautier* has given place to a one-storey frame house of more pretentious appearance, but not so comfortable in winter, as it usually consists of a frame covered with unpainted boards with many openings for windows, very few of them having sashes, and lathed partitions between the rooms not always plastered. Altogether, I rather prefer Mynheer's primitive log hut to his ill constructed, unfinished *Lushans*.

Barnard's Hotel consists of only one room; in the corner a bed for the master and mistress, in another the liquor bar, and in the far end a weaver's loom, under which we spread our blankets and buffalo robes on the dirty floor. For this accommodation, with the meals of fried pork we paid two dollars, and our carter one. Heartily tired of our quarters we set out early on the 26th, still following the bank of the river, at first through a dark forest of evergreens, beyond which the country is much better settled than what we went over yesterday. At the Rapids of Milleroches, Mr. Dickson has

erected a grist mill with four runs of stones. Mr. Skeek has also mills at the foot of the Long Sault Rapids, which do not however, become unnavigable till we get a little above Moulinette. From that to the Grandes Remeux the great rapids are on the American side of the islands. At Hoople's tavern is a bridge over a creek and a small chapel. Breakfasted at Impey's, five leagues from Barnhart's. At Pointe Aux Erables there is another small chapel, and a little above, Mr. Chrysler's tavern—the best looking house we have seen to-day—two stories high, clapboarded, painted and finished inside. Dined at Shaver's tavern, Pointe aux Pins and Pointe aux Chenes, fourteen leagues from Barnhart's, and near the head of the Rapide Plat. From Barnhart's the country is less level and monotonous than below, Diversified in slight elevations and depressions, it assumes the appearance of what the Yankee surveyors term *rolling*. European settlers in North America, whether English, French or German, however various their systems of agriculture, all agree to extirpate the original forest as fast as possible. Excepting on the river side, unsuitable for cultivation, where here and there an elm tree has been left or alder bushes grown up again, all has been cut down, leaving nothing but the unsightly black stumps. It is true that isolated clumps of forest trees will not stand, but the cost of planting a few young trees about the homestead and along the roadside must be insignificant; while the shade and shelter, to say nothing of the beauty added to the landscape, would much increase the value of the farm as well as the comfort of the farmer; yet I do not recollect one single instance of plantations from our native woods, although within a few years back great numbers of Lombardy poplars have been planted about Montreal, and even in some country places, at no small cost for trees that give no shade, and are neither ornamental nor useful.

About dusk we arrived at a miserable assemblage of some six or seven wooden huts scattered over a large plain. This is called Johnstown, and is the capital of a district of the same name. Having made eighteen leagues to-day we

put up at Burke's tavern, where, as at every house we had stopped at during the day, children were in swarms. I left to themselves to crawl about among the pigs and chickens, their unceasing screams as little noticed as the wind outside. In this day's ride we had here and there passed small piles of staves on the river side. White oak is very plentiful in this part of the Upper Province, and most of the farmers make a few staves during the winter, which are sold to the lumber merchants who raft and bring them down the rapids to Montreal and often also to Quebec. There is a small church here but no resident minister.

Leaving Johnstown on the 27th, we entered a pine wood as far as Weatherhead's tavern, passing the Court House at Oswegatche, and a fine stone house, the residence of Mr. Jones. We breakfasted at a pretty good tavern at Elizabethtown (known to our carter as Le Moulin de quatorze Scies.) We had not time to visit this *moulin*, owned by Mr. E. Jones, to whom this thriving little village belongs. Beyond this the main road was so bad that we had to double our distance by taking the back concessions, making it seven in lieu of four leagues to Procter's most miserable of all taverns, where we dined on fried pork. All the way by the front road it is a dense forest of white pine; in the rear concessions, better land, covered with birch, maple, beech, oak and some elm for about half-way, then rough and hilly pine land to Procter's, a mile distant from the river. Beyond Procter's the road lay through a forest of pine and spruce trees for twelve miles, without a single house till we emerged into a recent chopping, and the most wretched of all taverns we had yet entered. A hut swarming with vermin of every kind, even in the depth of winter, and full of Yankees; so open on every side between the rough log walls that we were in danger of losing our toes, the huge fire at one end, notwithstanding. This hut is a model of most of the Yankee shanties as they are called, or first dwelling places of the backwoods. It is on three sides, built of round, unbarked logs, dovetailed at the corners, and the spaces between the logs caulked with moss. The other end is a

wide fireplace built of rough stones and clay for mortar with a chimney of wattled work plastered with clay. The roof is usually of spruce bark, happy if the owner can get boards for a small loft, the under flat being laid with split logs. Two doors front each other at the sides, wide enough to admit the horse and sleigh which draws in the huge logs that are rolled into the fireplace with handspikes. I have not recorded the name of our host to-night. The place is two miles back from the river, in a pine forest.

On the 28th we set out at seven a.m., through an almost impenetrable wood of spruce, balsam tree, white cedar and some pine; no clearings for ten miles, when we came to the river and took to the ice as far as Pearson's tavern at Gananoque, ten miles further. From Elizabethtown, upwards, the few detached clearings we meet with have been made by refugee Yankees, of whom a few have been loyalists in the Revolutionary war. Among these, old Col. Stone, a very determined loyalist, holds a conspicuous place. His farm is at Gananoque. On our return we stopped to bait at his house—itself no small curiosity. Taking advantage of a high steep rock, he has built his house up against it, so as to make it serve at once as gable, fire-place and chimney, while a small birch tree growing and in full leaf on one side the chimney conducts the smoke upwards. We hired a double sleigh here, as it was no longer possible for our horses to drag the Canadian carriage with one runner in the deep snow. This day's ride was through a wild uncultivable rugged country, clothed with undersized pine, spruce and other evergreens. The ill-beaten track was the only sign of life, till we met a sleigh going eastward. The occupant hailed us to say that he rejoiced in the cognomen of "Cheap John, the Pedlar," would fain stop us to examine his wares, and when that would not do offered me a lift in his sleigh to Montreal, although he saw that we were bound the other way.

At 13 miles from Gananoque we came to a patch of clearing, with a little cabin recently erected; and poor as this hut appeared, there was an air of cleanliness and decency about it, seldom seen among

the common run of Yankee pioneers of the forest. We dined here on our own provisions. Our road now lies through somewhat better land, that is, not so mountainous and rugged as before, more pine and less spruce, for twelve miles to Kingston. Six miles from Kingston, the road turns abruptly to the left. The last league is along the shore of the bay, an inlet from the lake between Kingston and Navy Point, running inland several miles, most of which is marsh.

Previous to the cession of Canada to Great Britain, Cataracque, or Kingston as it is now called by the British population, was a fortified trading post, occupied solely by the garrison. After the peace of 1763 the garrison was removed to Carleton Island, a small islet near the American shore, which, at the time of the cession to the United States, contained a small village. In 1784 the troops were removed to Cataracque, and to induce the creation of a city on the level space next the harbor, several streets were laid out, and blocks of an acre or two granted gratis to such as could promise to erect a dwelling and reside in Kingston. But so little was the value set upon these grants, that I was assured by a very respectable person, that one of them, consisting of a block of about two acres in the centre of the proposed city, and on which most of the houses are now erected, was sold for a bottle of rum. At present, the sixty or seventy houses it contains are so widely scattered as to have the appearance of a populous portion of country parish rather than that of a village or town. Although originally planned in square blocks, with streets and cross-streets, there is nothing resembling a street at present. The houses, some of which are good stone two-storey buildings, are erected on a bare limestone rock that rises very gradually from the harbor to our hotel on the height, a considerable distance from the village. This hotel is a long low wooden building, a story and a half high, neither painted nor whitewashed inside or out. The lower flat is the hotel proper, the upper or garret is the assembly room and freemasons' hall. A tolerably good stone building contains the court-house and jail for the Midland District. The Episcopal Church is a neat

little building of wood; there is no organ or communion table, but it is pretty well fitted up with pews. The officiating clergyman, the Reverend Doctor Stewart, is a U. E. Loyalist, and the only resident clergyman between Cornwall and Niagara of any denomination. The fort, a mere picketed enclosure, is situated on a low point at the entrance of the lagoon or shallow lake that leads up to Kingston Mills, and wholly incapable of any defence. It contains large and commodious stone barracks, usually occupied by three or four companies of regulars. Across the inlet, and opposite the barracks, is Navy Point, occupied by the marine department, forming with the main-land beyond a fine harbor for the armed vessels, one of which, the "Duke of Kent," of fourteen guns (and two or three schooners) are laid up here; another ship of sixteen guns, the "Earl Moira," is in the slip, building. The storehouses, smoulding loft, and other buildings are all of wood. On the 1st February we received cards for the assembly, which we attended next evening. The dresses of both sexes were so different and some of them so odd or ancient as to give this social meeting more the appearance of a *bal costume* than a modern dancing party. As usual in small country places, among the ladies, that is, the young ones, the present exaggerated Grecian costume was further exaggerated, with the addition of cropped heads, and waists between the shoulders. Some of their elders had the waist of their dresses nearer to the natural position, while others rejoiced in imitation court dresses of half a century before; long-waisted stiff silk gowns, open in front, with lace or imitation lace aprons; high heeled shoes, and their powdered hair rolled over huge toupees stuffed with wool, no doubt. Some of the younger men were cropped and wore no powder; some of the elders wore bob wigs, most of them had their hair tied in long queues, or pig-tails as then called, with hair powdered. All wore shoes, some with buckles, some with strings. Some beaux had large bunches of black ribbon at the knees of their small clothes, others buckles; their upper garments were no less dissimilar, some had swallow-tailed coats, others the broad skirts of the days of

King William III. and the military uniforms were no less incommodious and uncouth as compared with the present. One thing alone was general and unanimous, that was the cheerfulness, real enjoyment and unaffected pleasure of all, with the polite kindness extended to myself and travelling companion, especially by the officers of the 49th Regiment.

On the next day we set out on our return trip to Lower Canada. But before bidding farewell to our hospitable friends at Kingston, it may be well to mention, that small as it is, it is, nevertheless, the largest place in Upper Canada, and was at one time the seat of the Provincial Government. At present it is the centre of the merchantable business, the *entrepôt* between Upper and Lower Canada. The chief exports are flour, sometimes, but rarely, wheat, a few barrels of pot and pearl ashes, and some furs and peltries. Between Cornwall and Elizabethtown, and the extensive rear concessions is a fine wheat country, well settled in front, producing considerable quantities of grain for the Montreal market; but there are no large flouring mills. From Elizabethtown to Kingston the country is mountainous, sterile and unproductive, the few settlers who have settled in isolated spots are rather consumers than producers of grain. Above Kingston, the Bay of Quinte, and the County of Lincoln at the head of Lake Ontario, are well settled fertile tracts from whence considerable quantities of wheat are ground into fine and superfine flour, at the extensive flouring mills of Napanee, about ninety miles above Kingston, and at Hatt's mills, County of Dundas, and shipped for storage at Kingston to be thence conveyed to Montreal. On enquiry I do not find that there are any other large flouring mills in Upper Canada. Smaller ones are everywhere.

The general conveyance of both freight and passengers on all the navigable waters of Canada is by *batteaux*,—large flat-bottomed boats of about six or seven tons burthen, propelled partly by a sail and oars and partly by poles, excepting in strong rapids, when they are towed by the crew, sometimes assisted by horses. The

tow-line, some seven or eight fathoms long, is fastened to the top of the mast. Of these batteaux a considerable number are kept at Quebec by the military authorities, for the conveyance of stores and troops to Montreal. Here the naval port for the Upper Province is Lachine, where the forwarding business is carried on by Mr. Grant. His numerous brigades of boats are manned by a hardy race of Canadian boatmen, inured from early youth to all the hardships and dangers of this business. By these a great part of the flour collected at Kingston is transported to Montreal. It is truly marvellous how these boatmen contrive with their unwieldy batteaux, deeply laden, to evade or ascend the perpendicular falls at the Cascades; and, still more so, that few accidents occur by the frightful descent of loaded batteaux over this fall. Another means of transport is by scows, which, on the contrary, always descend by the main channel. These scows are large chests, square at both ends with flat bottoms, strengthened by spruce knees, and about four feet deep, calculated to carry from six to eight or nine hundred barrels of flour. Their cost is considerable; and at the end of their first and only voyage hardly worth the expense of breaking up. The inventive Yankees have improved on this primitive mode of navigation by their large Durham boats of forty or fifty tons burthen, drawing little water, stem and stern alike, with a large oar-rudder at each. They are much better fitted for our rapid rocky streams than the clumsy batteaux. With a gangway at each side, from stem to stern, the crew are enabled walking from one end to the other with their long poles firmly planted in the river, to ascend the strongest rapids easily and quickly.

On our return, as we pursued nearly the same route, I have few remarks to make. At Gananoque we baited at Colonel Stone's singular dwelling. The old gentleman must be in easy circumstances. He has a large farm and also flour and saw-mills. The mill-stream or river is navigable for some distance above the mills,—up even it is ascertained to the lake where it proceeds from. Near to its

source, in the Township of Bastard, I am told that there is a valuable iron-mine, where iron-works had been constructed and iron manufactured a few years ago; but for some unexplained cause it was now abandoned. The ironstone, in lumps of all sizes, constituted a moderate-sized hill, some half a mile long and eighty to one hundred feet high—something in the shape of an oval dish-cover—situated on a level plain isolated from all other elevations, consisting wholly of this ironstone, which, from the specimens shown to me, from color and weight and magnetic power, had the appearance of pure iron.

From Gananoque we attempted to take the River road; but found the ice so insecure that we had to leave it and return to it every two or three miles. After leaving Procter's tavern and passing the mills, we took the back road through the third concession, where the land is excellent and the country well settled. In jumping through a thawed mud-hole our shaft-horse broke the shafts and tore his harness to rags. Here we were detained an hour or more patching damages with the reins of our leader, and then continued our route with one horse in the shafts and another turned behind us. Meeting a Yankee and informing him of our misfortunes, he directed us to a house which we had passed about half a mile, and which we now found was occupied by a cobbler named Kelly, who had once been a sailor. Two hours were spent in repairing damages. Time, so precious with us, appeared to be of little value to the cobbler, who, from time to time, straightened his back to spin us a yarn of his adventures by sea and land—at St. Vincent, Aboukir, and French prison (captured in the "Leander;") steamboat on the Hudson; five years squatting near Utica with his Yankee wife, then ousted without compensation for his betterments (his expression,) and removed to Canada, again a squatter without title, where we hope he may be more fortunate. Leaving Mr. Kelly we soon after entered a dense forest, and after travelling some hours in the dark stopped at the first habitation we met,—a long, low, log building. The Yankee landlord, singularly enough, did not "keep tavern." The dwelling portion of

the house consisted of one apartment only, a Canadian stove in the middle of it, pipe through the roof; one bed, two boxes half full of straw, that served for beds, and a number of large sacks, some filled with grain, some with flour; weaving-loom, spinning-wheel, and a scanty supply of other household utensils. We might have our choice of fried salt pork and potatoes, with a night's rest on the split-log floor, or continue to urge our tired-out horses through the woods to Weatherhead, seven miles further, which was not to be thought of. On entering we had to push through some thirty or forty sheep before reaching the dwelling portion of the house. The walls, draped with wolves' skins, explained the presence of the sheep. Drove of ten or twenty of these ferocious creatures might be heard and seen almost every night prowling about the premises, attacking and devouring any small animal that might happen to be left out of the stable or house. Scores of them had been shot by the land-

lord and his son; but it was not always that the skin could be secured; dead or wounded wolves being with difficulty rescued from the jaws of their live comrades.

Next morning after passing a small neat chapel we came to Point aux Pins, entirely covered with small pine trees. Between Point aux Pins and New Johnstown the river is very narrow—about a quarter-mile wide. On a flat on the American side is the old Fort of Oswegatchie. The right side of the river seems to be nearly an unbroken wilderness from Lake Ontario to St. Regis.

The snow had nearly disappeared on the roads in the open country between Elizabethtown and Cornwall. Our horses could scarcely drag us along with one runner of our cariole in the snow or ice, and the other in tenacious mud, so that we were two days on that part of our journey. Beyond Cornwall winter prevailed in all its rigors to Montreal, which we reached on the ninth of February.

THE NIGHT ATTACK ON GRAND PRÉ,
FEBRUARY 10TH AND 11TH, 1747.

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

Oh, the night winds howled,
And the black clouds scowled,
And the snows were hurled
On the sleeping hamlet of old Grand Pré.
And the waves were curled
Into foam, and swirled
In their basin bed,
While the slow hours sped
As the storm-king passed on his shrieking way.

But the soldiers' sleep
Was both sound and deep,
Save the sentinel
Who was guard that night in the old Grand Pré,
There was none to tell
If the night went well;
Ev'ry eye was closed,
Ev'ry form reposed,
In the death-like rest that precedes the day.

But in fright they woke
Ere the morning broke,
And amid the crash
Of discharging arms in the old Grand Pré,
Mid the din and clash
Of the red sword's slash;

For the foe, the foe,
O'er the ice and snow,
From the far Beaubassin had found their way.

From their sweet repose,
Lo! the English rose;
And the sword unsheathed,
In the darkness shrouding the old Grand Pré;
And their souls bequeathed—
In the prayer they breathed—
To their God, as they
Met the bloody fray,
That of living men made dead clods of clay.

In their shirts they fought
'Gainst the mad onslaught
Of the brave Coulon,*
And his Indian aids, ere the break of day;
And the strife was strong,
Though it was not long;
And the English fell
In its fearful swell,
In their streaming blood on the old Grand Pré.

* Coulon de Viller commanded the French and Indian forces in this attack. He was severely wounded in the early part of the action, as was also de Lusignan, the second in command.

But they did not fall
Unavenged,—nor all;
Though the Nobles* died,
As the bravest die in the battle day,
Fell in manhood's pride,
By each others side,
Ere the morning ray
Saw the dead that lay
In the village homes of the old Grand Pré.

And the winds howled on
Till the dreary dawn;
And the blinding snows
In their arms were borne o'er the old Grand Pré;
Nor the wounded's woes,
Nor the dead's repose;
Nor the word of prayer,
Though 'twas vocal there,
Could the strife of storm or of blood-shed stay.

So at sad day-light
Came again the fight;
For the brave Goldthwaite†
Took the chief command at the dawn of day;
Though, alas, too late
To retrieve his fate,
He, with courage bold,
Through the storm and cold,
Fought the foe till noon in the old Grand Pré.

With steps strong and true
On the broad snow-shoe,‡
Mov'd the Frenchmen on,
Through the rambling street of the old Grand Pré,
From the dreary dawn
Till the fight was won,
While the English sank
In each heaped snow-bank
That arose to cumber their toilsome way.

Thus the foe were strong,
Though their march was long;
And the Indian's knife
Helped the white man's sword to make red the fray;
And it drank of life
In the deadly strife.
Oh, the Micmac's yell
Was most terrible,
On the fatal field of the old Grand Pré!

But sad Victory smiled
Like a tearful child,
As she bound her bays,
Round the victor foeman's brows that day;
For she felt the praise
Of her poets' lays,
Would the vanquished cheer,
And invoke the tear
For the brave ones slain in the old Grand Pré.

* Col. Arthur Noble and his brother, Ensign Noble. The former fell fighting in his shirt in the beginning of the attack.

† Captain Benjamin Goldthwaite assumed the command at day-break, or as soon as the fate of Col. Noble had been ascertained.

‡ The French and their Indian allies were well supplied with snow-shoes, which, in the drifted condition of the village on the morning of the action, gave them a very decided advantage over the English, who were not furnished with them.

AN UNSUBJECTED WOMAN.

Mrs. Elizabeth Carter died an unmarried lady, aged eighty-nine, in the year 1806. She was eldest daughter of the Rev. Nicholas Carter, D. D., perpetual curate of the chapel at Deal, afterwards rector of Wood Church and of Ham, and one of the six preachers of Canterbury Cathedral. Dr. Carter was the son of a rich grazier in the vale of Aylesbury, and in his boyhood had looked forward to a milky-way of life; but was sent rather late to Cambridge, where he became hopelessly addicted to Greek, Latin and Hebrew. He therefore took orders in the Church, and produced, instead of tubs of butter, tracts on controversial theology. Elizabeth was his first child by his first wife; but he married twice and had a variety of sons and daughters, who were all reared on a diet of Greek, Latin and Hebrew.

Little Betsey, in her nursery days, did not take kindly to her father's way of dieting his children on dead languages. She suffered so much intellectual congestion from them that she became, as a girl, afflicted with frequent and severe headaches, which were the plague of all her after life. When a young lady she took to snuff to keep herself awake over her studies, and relieve her head. For the rest of her life she was a snufftaker. Mrs. Carter was not one of the true blue stockings, for the characteristics of their coterie was not the possession, but the affectation of, much learning. Her early training bent her life in a particular direction, but in that direction she grew vigorously.

Elizabeth Carter in her youth learnt French by being sent to board a year in the house of a French refugee minister, she gave all the time required of our grandmothers to "the various branches of needlework," and with much pains she learnt to spoil music with the spinet and German flute. She had been most assiduously trained in Greek, Latin and Hebrew; in these studies she succeeded best, and especially she took to Greek, which became a living tongue to her, and which she conquered without help of such Greek grammars as were then in use. Dr. Johnson said in compliment of a celebrated scholar, that he understood Greek better than any one he had ever known except Elizabeth Carter. Like other young ladies, Betsey Carter wrote verse, and at the age of twenty-one she published a very small collection of poems, with a Greek motto from Euripides, signifying that they were nothing. She liked the morality of Mrs. Rowe's letters, which are still to be found lying neglected on old bookshelves, and wrote on the occasion of her death, that it would be her own justest pride,

My best attempt for fame,
That joins my own to Philomela's name,

Philomela being Mrs. Rowe. She admired also the poetry of Stephen Duck, the thrasher, patronized and pensioned by the Queen of George the Second, and addressed him in lines which begin

Accept, O Duck, the muse's grateful lay.

When about twenty years old there was some prospect of getting a place at Court for her if she understood the German of the reigning family. She learnt German on this hint, but did not go to Court, and for many years only saw London life when visiting among her relations. Afterwards she learnt Spanish and Italian, some Portuguese, and even Arabic, making for herself an Arabic Dictionary. She had a taste also for Geography, ancient of course, knowing a great deal more of the geography of Greece, B. C. 1184, than of Middlesex in her own time. But with all her work she had passed a youth not without playfulness, and she was throughout life heartily and cheerfully religious, with a wholesome disrelish of controversy, wherein she was wiser than her father.

Surely the doctor's influence would have sufficed to keep her zeal for study within wholesome bounds. She was throughout life an early riser, considering herself to be up late if she was only up by seven. Her common time of rising was between four and five. Early to rise comes well after early to bed; but we have Dr. Carter praising his daughter in her girlhood for a virtuous resolution not to study beyond midnight. The only stand he made was against her use of snuff to keep herself awake and abate headache. When she was the worse for the want of it, he let her have it; his protest failed against the snuff, and was not made against the overwork that made snuff necessary: and not snuff only. Poor little Betsy Carter used also to keep herself awake for night study by binding a wet towel round her head, putting a wet cloth to the pit of her stomach, and chewing green tea and coffee. Be it observed, nevertheless, that she did not kill herself. She lived to the age of eighty-nine. But her headaches were the penalty inflicted on her for abridging hours of sleep.

Now, it is not just to the body to overcome its fatigues habitually with snuff in the nose, green tea-leaves in the mouth, a wet towel round the head, and a wet cloth at the pit of the stomach. But against all that, was here to be set a placidly cheerful temper and a mind well occupied. Elizabeth Carter, in her youth, could get through nine hours' dancing with enjoyment, and walk to it three miles and back in a gale of wind. She studied astronomy, but had not a soul above shirt-buttons, and made her brother's shirts. It was suspected that her love of study had produced a secret resolution against marriage. She said, indeed,

at eighty-six, "Nobody knows what may happen. I never said I would not marry;" and among offers refused in her youth was one that tempted her enough to make her hesitate while her friends urged acceptance. If he had not furnished evidence against himself by publishing a few rather licentious verses, Elizabeth would probably have taken to this suitor's shirt-buttons, and had a livelier firstborn than her translation of Epictetus. When she was sixty-five years old, Hayley dedicated his Essay on Old Maids to Mrs. Elizabeth Carter, as "Poet, Philosopher and Old Maid," an attention which she did not gratefully appreciate, because she disliked the temper of his essay. Perhaps she was too fastidious. Punch himself was in awe of her. She was not above going to a puppet-show, but when she went to one at Deal, "Why, Punch," said the showman, "what makes you so stupid?" "I can't talk my own talk," said Punch. "The famous Mrs. Carter is here."

And how had the lady become famous? Thus: Edward Cave, of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, being an old friend of her father's, admitted into his magazine occasional bits of verse from her, signed Eliza. The first appeared before she was quite seventeen years old. Through Cave she made the acquaintance of young Samuel Johnson on his first coming to London. Two or three months after his first contribution to Cave's Magazine had appeared—it was a Latin alcaic ode—Dr. Carter replied from the country to his daughter's letter from town, "You mention Johnson; but this is a name with which I am utterly unacquainted. Neither his scholastic, critical or poetical character ever reached my ears." Johnson was then aged nine-and-twenty and Miss Carter twenty-one. It was in Cave's shop, as fellow-contributor to the *Gentleman's Magazine*, before either of them had tasted fame, that the acquaintanceship began to which Elizabeth Carter owes much of her fame. Writing to her eighteen or twenty years after the beginning of their cordial but ceremonious friendship, Johnson said, "To every joy is appended a sorrow. The name of Miss Carter introduced the memory of Cave. Poor dear Cave! I owed him much; for to him I owe that I have known you;" and he subscribed himself her most obedient and most humble servant, "with respect which I neither owe nor pay to any other." At the age of twenty-two Miss Carter had translated out of French the criticism of De Crousaz upon Pope's Essay on Man, and almost immediately afterwards translated for Cave, from the Italian of Algarotti, six dialogues for the use of ladies upon Newton's philosophy of light and color. Samuel Johnson, then at work for Cave, corrected the proofs for the young lady, of

whom the learned Doctor Thomas Birch then made a note, which showed that she already seemed to be on the way to fame. "This lady," said Dr. Birch, in noting her bit of translation, "is a very extraordinary phenomenon in the republic of letters, and justly to be ranked with the Sulpitias of the ancients and the Schurmans of the Daciers of the moderns. For to an uncommon vivacity and delicacy of genius, and an accuracy of judgment worthy the maturest years, she has added the knowledge of the ancient and modern languages at an age when an equal skill in any one of them would be a distinction in a person of the other sex."

A learned woman was a marvel in those days, and her place in creation yet unsettled. Already there cropped up in connexion with Miss Carter, when she was little more than a girl, the sublime idea, not merely that she was fit to be an elector of M.P.s, but that she was competent to be one. "Here's all Deal," wrote one of her sisters to her, "is in amazement that you want to be a Member of the Parliament House; and Mrs. Blank was told it, but so strongly affirmed that it was no such thing, that she came to our house quite eager to ask, and was quite amazed to hear 'twasso. Let me know in your next whether 'tis a jest, or that you really want to go."

Her scholarship and knowledge of modern languages must have attracted a good deal of general attention, for Miss Carter was hailed as a sister prodigy by the marvellous youth John Philip Baratier, who was about four years younger than herself. Of Baratier it is said that, when four years old, he talked with his mother in French, with his father in Latin, and with the servants in German. He read Greek at the age of six, Hebrew at eight, and translated Benjamin of Tudela's travels out of Hebrew into French when a boy of eleven. When he was but fourteen years old, the University of Halle conferred on him the degree of Master of Arts, and he astonished crowded audiences by his disputations upon fourteen theses. He died of consumption before he had attained the age of twenty, and it was in the last year or two of his life that he heard of the learned English damsel Elizabeth Carter. He then opened a correspondence, in which he praised her as one whose Latin verse the Romans of the Augustan age would have taken for that of the swan of Mantua, or of a Latin Sappho.

While corresponding with Baratier, Miss Carter formed a more abiding friendship with Miss Catherine Talbot, a bishop's grand-daughter, who lived with her widowed mother in the family of Dr. Secker, then Bishop of Oxford, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury; Dr. Secker gratefully remembering that he was indebted to

her family for his first steps of promotion in the church. Through her friend, Catherine Talbot, Miss Carter obtained the friendship of Dr. Secker, which was so emphatically shown, that when the archbishop became a widower the London world assigned to him Elizabeth Carter for a second wife. But some there were who gave her to Dr. Hayter, Bishop of London. "Brother Hayter," the archbishop said one day, "the world has it that one of us two is to marry Madam Carter; now I have no such intention, and therefore resign her to you." "I will not pay your grace the same compliment," replied the bishop. "The world does me much honor by the report." So as Deal had held that Elizabeth Carter was the woman to have a seat in the House of Commons, London believed her place to be among the bishops. Or among the players. For when Edward Moore's play of the Gamester came out, it was held to be so highly judicious and moral, that it was at first attributed to Mrs. Carter. Moore wrote also Fables for the Female Sex, which were not less worthy of one who might be assigned as bride to an archbishop. But among he-writers of that day the true primate of the female world was Samuel Richardson; and Richardson embalmed a characteristic piece of Elizabeth Carter's verse, her Ode to Wisdom, in his Clarissa. He had not been able to find out the author of the ode, and had, therefore, republished it in his novel (in the first edition part of it only) without consent; for which, though he had done honor thereto by engraving it and giving it with music, he was called to order by the lady. He replied with extreme courtesy, as one who "would sooner be thought unjust or ungenerous by any lady in the world than by the author of the Ode to Wisdom."

When at home with her father in the parsonage at Deal, Miss Carter had a bell at the head of her bed, pulled by a string which went through a chink in her window, down into the sexton's garden. The sexton, who got up between four and five, made it his first duty to toll this bell lustily. "Some evil-minded people of my acquaintance," she wrote to a friend, "have most wickedly threatened to cut my bell-rope, which would be the utter undoing of me, for I should infallibly sleep out the whole summer." Up thus betimes, she went to work as a schoolboy to his lessons, and thence to the ramble before breakfast over sunny commons, or through dewy corn-fields, or the brambles of the narrow lane, pulling sometimes a friend out of bed to be companion of the walk, and respectfully noted by the country folks as "Parson Carter's daughter." Then home, and "when I have made myself fit to appear among human creatures we go to breakfast,

and are extremely chatty; and this and tea in the afternoon are the most sociable and delightful parts of the day. We have a great variety of topics in which everybody bears a part, till we get insensibly upon books; and whenever we go beyond Latin and French, my sister and the rest walk off, and leave my father and me to finish the discourse and the teakettle by ourselves, which we should infallibly do, if it held as much as Solomon's molten sea." Her work in later life was mainly to keep fresh the fruits of early study. Her headaches had to be considered, and her book-work was done with rests every half-hour, and rambles off to water her pinks and roses, or to gossip a few minutes with any friend or relation who was in the house. But she read every day before breakfast two chapters and a sermon, besides some Hebrew, Greek, and Latin; and after breakfast, or at some other time of the day, a little of every modern language she had learnt, in order to keep her knowledge of it from rusting.

When she began her translation of Epictetus, at the wish of her friends Dr. Secker and Catherine Talbot, Elizabeth Carter was helping her father by taking the sole charge of the education of her youngest brother, whom she sent up to Cambridge so well prepared that he astonished much the examiners, who asked at what school he had been educated, with the reply that his only teacher was his eldest sister. Miss Carter's translation of Epictetus was not begun with a view to publication, but when it was done, and revised by Dr. Secker, there was publication in view, and she was told that a life of Epictetus must be written. Her reply to Miss Talbot will astonish those who connect learning in women with want of shirt-buttons among men. She said, "Whoever that somebody or other is who is to write the life of Epictetus, seeing I have a dozen shirts to make, I do opine, dear Miss Talbot, that it cannot be I." It was urged on her also that she must add notes to christianise the book of the heathen philosopher, and prevent danger to "superficial readers." She did all that was urged on her, at the same time that she was finishing the preparation of her brother's back and brains for college.

The book appeared in seventeen 'fifty-eight, and there were more than a thousand subscribers for it. By way of compliment, more copies were subscribed for than were claimed, and the lady earned by this labor a thousand pounds. The book, also, when published, was maintained in good repute. Some years afterwards her friend Dr. Secker brought her a bookseller's catalogue, and said, "Here, Madam Carter, see how ill I am used by the world. Here are my Sermons selling at half price, while your Epictetus is not to be had under eighteen

shillings, only three shillings less than the original subscription." Such a work from a woman was a thing to be talked of in Europe, as the world then went. An account of the learned lady was published even in Russia, where, as Miss Carter said, they were just learning to walk on their hind legs.

Four years later appeared Miss Carter's poems, in a little volume dedicated to the Earl of Bath; and she was now able to have a lodging of her own in London—a room on a first floor in Clarges-street—whence she was always fetched out to dinner by the chairs or carriages of her many friends. Her brothers and sisters had grown up and been put out in the world; her father's second wife was dead, and he was moving about at Deal from one hired house to another. Elizabeth then bought herself a house by the Deal shore, took her father for its tenant, and lived there with him until his death, he working in his library, and she in hers, with the annual treat of a visit to London. The nautical world of Deal, impressed by her erudition, held that she had done something in mathematics which had puzzled all the naval officers. She had foretold a storm, and some were not at all sure that she could not raise one. A young man remarked to a verger's wife in Canterbury Cathedral that it was very cold. "Yes," she said, "and it will be a dreadful winter, and a great scarcity of corn; for the famous Miss Carter has foretold it." While her house at Deal was being settled (she had bought two small houses and was turning them into one), Madam Carter took a tour upon the Continent in company with the Queen of the Blue Stockings, Mrs. Montagu, and the Earl of Bath, who died in the next year rather suddenly, and did not, as her friends had thought he would, bequeath her an annuity. The bulk of his property went to his only surviving brother, who died three years later, and the next heir then, delicately professing that it was to fulfil Lord Bath's intentions, secured to Miss Carter an annuity of a hundred pounds during her life, which, towards the close of her life, was increased to a hundred and fifty. The annuity came to Miss Carter in seventeen 'sixty seven, and a couple of years earlier she had received a like annuity from Mrs. Montagu, who then, by her husband's death, obtained the whole disposal of his fortune. An uncle of Miss Carter's, who was a silk-mercant, had also died and left fourteen thousand pounds to Dr. Carter and his children, of which Elizabeth's share was fifteen hundred in her father's lifetime. In later years an annuity of forty pounds came to Miss Carter from another friend. She was rich, therefore, beyond her needs; for she lived inexpensively, and had money to spare for struggling rela-

tions, and for those of the poor whose griefs she saw. When left alone in the Deal house, she kept up a healthy hospitality with tea and rubbers of whist for threepenny points; was a neat cheerful old woman, simply dressed and scrupulously clean, before her time in knowledge of the value of a free use of cold water, fond of her tea and her snuff, and never worrying her country friends with ostentation of her learning.

The headaches at last almost put an end to her study. Mrs. Carter read Fanny Burney's novels with enjoyment, delighted in Mrs. Radcliffe's, objected to the morality of Charlotte Smith's, and thought there was more of Shakspeare in Joanna Baillie than in any writer since his time. That was because she had a strong prejudice on behalf of female writers at a time when women were only beginning to find their way into the broad space they now occupy in English literature. She thought much less of Burns than she did of Joanna Baillie, because Miss Baillie was always proper, and Burns was in some places anything but ladylike. Though living at Deal, she refused to buy there any article which, by its cheapness or otherwise, she could suspect to have been smuggled. But her reason for this, given to Mrs. Montagu, was a generous one: "I cannot help pitying these poor ignorant people, brought up from their infancy to this wretched trade, and taught by the example of their superiors to think that there can be no great harm in it, when they every day see the families of both hereditary and delegated legislators loading their coaches with contraband goods. Surely in people whom Heaven has blessed with honors and fortune and lucrative employments of government, the fault is much greater than that of the poor creatures whom they thus encourage?" She was a kindly old woman, whose gentle courteous manner won the hearts of servants in the houses that she visited. One lady ascribed some of the excellence of her own servants to Mrs. Carter's influence upon them; for she was often mindful of the hearts and heads and open ears of the servants behind the chairs at dinner, in a way that made her direct conversation in a form that would insure their carrying away some wholesome thoughts from their attendance.

Now this, faithful in small things, was a good womanly life, although the life of a woman given to Greek, Latin and Hebrew, and much other erudition, a lady high in honor at the original blue-stocking assemblies, and one who could be truly described as a snuffy old maid. That description of her would be true, but not exhaustive. She had a woman's religiousness devoid of theologic spite; a woman's social vivacity of speech, with a disrelish of uncharitable

comment and flippant bitterness which went far to suppress that form of conversation in her presence. She cheered her family and eased her father's labor and cost in the rearing of his younger children. She blended the writing of an essay upon Epicurus with the making of a set of shirts. Without distinguished genius, by industry with a love of knowledge and a calm adherence to her sense of right, she passed into an old age honored with affectionate respect from people of all ranks of life and all degrees of intellect. Looking back at her out of our century into hers, we may find that many of her ways and notions were old fashioned; but in the good fashion that never grows old, she was a woman unspoilt by her learning; and the less likely to be spoilt because it was true learning, the result of steady work.—*All the Year Round.*

LONGING.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

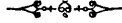
Of all the myriad moods of mind
That through the soul come thronging,
Which one was e'er so dear, so kind,
So beautiful as longing?
The thing we long for, that we are,
For one transcendent moment;
Before the present, poor and bare,
Can make its sneering comment.

Still, through our paltry stir and strife,
Grows down our wished ideal;
And longing molds in clay what life
Carves in the marble real;
To let the new life in we know
Desire must ope the portal;
Perhaps the longing to be so
Helps make the soul immortal.

Longing is God's fresh heavenward will,
With our poor earthward striving;
We quench it that we may be still
Content with merely living;
But, would we learn the heart's full scope,
Which we are hourly wronging,
Our lives must climb from hope to hope,
And realize our longing.

Ah! let us hope that to our praise
Good God not only reckons
The moments when we tread his ways,
But when the spirit beckons;
That some slight good is also wrought
Beyond self-satisfaction,
When we are simply good in thought,
Howe'er we fall in action.

Young Folks.



CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE; OR, SCHOOL DAYS OF BERTHA PRICE.

BY MRS. A. CAMPBELL, QUEBEC.

CHAPTER II.

It was coming on towards spring, when one day Biddy called and was closeted a long time with Miss Marks. Bertha was sent for and told to get ready as she was going to town with Biddy to spend a few days with an aunt—her father's sister. Great was her wonder at this unwonted condescension of her aunt; as, though she lived in Stadacona, she was a very gay lady and never troubled herself about the child, and had not thought of inviting her to spend Christmas or New Year with her. Glad of anything, however, that promised change, she joyfully dressed herself, and kissing Elinor, who begged her not to stay long, ran down stairs, got into the sleigh with Biddy and drove off. For some time they went on in silence, Bertha delighted with the shops and sights they were passing, till suddenly looking up into her nurse's face, she saw that she was crying.

"What ails you, Biddy?" she enquired, "What are you crying for? are you sick?"

"No, darling! *mavourneen!* only sorry. I've had such bad dreams, telling me something dreadful was going to happen. I lay awake half the night thinking of them. Last night I saw a long procession like a funeral, and all the people were tramping slowly along, dressed in white, so grand and pretty, and I awoke and knew that it was the sign of death."

"Nonsense, Biddy," said the child, repressing a shiver, "you think too much of dreams and signs; you've not been hearing from Ireland lately I suppose, and are fancying that things are all wrong as you always do. Perhaps it will be a wed-

ding—all in white is more like a wedding than death, I should think."

"Oh! it isn't, my dear! I know what it was, and sorry I am to see this day; a black day it is in truth, and dark deep sorrow is on us all. Here is your aunt's door; get out, my darlint, and you will know it soon enough, too soon for you, honey dear."

Bertha obeyed in a sort of maze, thinking all the time that some dreadful sorrow had befallen poor Biddy, and wondering what she could do for her, never thinking of herself at all. Her aunt's weeping embrace and the sorrowful, sad look of her uncle, told her plainly, however, that she was concerned as well.

"What is the matter?" she enquired, with undefined alarm, "why are you all crying? what has happened?"

"Bertha," said her uncle, affectionately taking her hand, "prepare yourself for a great shock, my poor child. We had bad news to-day from England, and you are fatherless. Your dear father died at sea, after they were four weeks out, and just two weeks before reaching England."

For a little while the child stood perfectly still and motionless, not realizing what was said to her; then as the truth gradually dawned upon her she threw herself down in the most hopeless abandonment of woe. Everything that kindness could do on the part of her uncle was done to soothe and comfort her, poor little sufferer, but the sensitive, overstrained little heart was almost broken. So ill did she become, utterly refusing to eat, that they were alarmed and sent for the doctor, who advised the change

of scene back to school again as soon as possible. It was some days, however, before this could be done, she seemed so weak and shattered. To her aunt, the child was ever distant and reserved, but to her uncle she clung with great affection, following him about in a sad, absent sort of way, or lying coiled up in his arms, moaning out a kind of heart-broken sigh that touched him deeply, and made him resolve to look better after her for the future.

One morning, two weeks subsequent to the day she left, Bertha returned to Miss Mark's, and quietly took her seat at the desk again. Her thin, white face in sad contrast to her deep mourning garb, pleaded powerfully with her schoolmates for sympathy, and a quiet hush pervaded the room in consequence—the most thoughtless among them not liking to laugh and appear happy when such a picture of sorrow was before them. After school Bertha arranged her drawers, and gathering all her toys, dolls, games, &c., together in a heap, said to her schoolfellows:

“I want you all a minute, please, I want to divide these things amongst you all. I am done with them. I shall never play with them any more.”

“Oh! don't, don't!” remonstrated the girls, “by and by you will feel better, and you will need them again. Don't give away all your nice things.”

“I shall never need them again, girls,” said the child with quivering lip and broken voice, “how could I play ‘visiting,’ and ‘ladies and gentlemen,’ and games and all these things, when my poor papa! my darling papa! he's buried down in the bottom of the sea.” A murmur of sympathy ran through the little circle. “Yes, she continued, as well as her sobs and tears would allow her, “he lies there; I can never visit his grave, never put flowers upon it. The ship had been four weeks out; and they one day thought he was better. He said he was, got up and dressed, and was talking pleasantly to the captain, when he suddenly lay back and died. He was put in a coffin and hung at the bow of the ship to be carried to England and buried, But the sailors after two or three days got mutinous—I think they called it—it meant, however, got angry and afraid, and refused to

work unless he were thrown overboard—cruel men. So the Captain had to do it. Mamma nearly died, too, from grief, so how could I play any more?” With these words Bertha handed her treasures round to the different girls she liked best. A doll's trunk, with lock and key, full of clothes, was Elinor's share. Even Betsy Paltry was not forgotten,—sorrow had drawn the sponge of oblivion and wiped out Bertha's resentments.

Bertha did not play any more, at least not while she remained at Miss Mark's. In the twilight and long evenings, after she had learned her lessons, when her schoolmates were having noisy plays and games, she would slip off into the bedroom, sit down near the window, as if peering out into the darkness, and cry quietly to herself till bed-time; then, with bitter sobs, she would say “Our Father who art in heaven,”—her sense of earthly loneliness drawing the child nearer to her Father above for comfort. Often did she bewail to Elinor her small knowledge of religious things, as if Miss Mark were right and what Bidy had taught her was all wrong. What could she do? How learn better? and together they agreed to read over the prayer-book and try to do the best they could, and so perhaps God would forgive their sins and take them to heaven when they died.

At last Miss Rich, who was really kind-hearted, drew to Miss Mark's notice Bertha's pining, weakly state; and that lady, fearing the child might die before her mother's return, sent for the doctor, who prescribed tonics, fresh air and nourishing food, and came himself to help carry out his prescriptions by taking her for a drive now and then, or fetching her to spend the day with his own little girls. Her uncle also came and gave her a drive several times.

Bertha's best tonic, however, was the last news from England of the birth of a little sister, which had taken place shortly after her mother had landed, and that they would all soon be on their way back to Canada again. Hope revived her and she grew stronger and better once more.

For some time after this things went on in much their usual course, till one morning Elinor came running into the dormi-

tory calling out, "Bertha, here is Bid-
downstairs wanting you. She has a little
boy with her I think must be your brother
—go and see."

Bertha needed no second telling but
rushed off, and, catching the banister by the
top, with a spring and a swing, landed her-
self at Bid-
downstairs feet, greatly to that good
woman's surprise.

"Bless us, child, where did ye come
from? I never see stairs got down in that
fashion before. Does Miss Mark teach ye
them tricks to break your backs with?"

"No, indeed," said Bertha laughing and
hugging her little brother; "I come down
that way sometimes when I am in a hurry,
and to please myself. Miss Mark knows
nothing about it; but, Bid-
downstairs, is mamma
home, and am I to go and see her?"

"Troth, and its just that I am come for,
so go and tell Miss Mark; but be aisy,
child, and come down the stairs like a
Christian, my dear."

The meeting between Bertha and her
mother was a sad one; the loss of the dear
husband and kind father was painfully pre-
sent to both, and for some time they were
locked in each others arms mingling their
tears and caresses.

"How tall you are, my child," was Mrs.
Price's first remark. You must have out-
grown your strength, you look so thin and
delicate."

"Perhaps I have," was Bertha's reply;
"I know I have outgrown my dresses.
Miss Mark says I must have a tuck let out
of everything; but, mamma where is the
baby; I am longing to see her?"

Mrs. Price moved to a shaded part of the
room, and, lifting from a little crib a lovely
baby of three months old, placed her in
Bertha's arms, saying, in a voice broken
by emotion, "There, my child, I give
her to you, she is yours; I shall
not live long enough to bring her
up; you must fill my place and be a
mother to her;" and Bertha, as her
tears fell over the smiling infant, solemnly
accepted the sacred trust; and years after
when that dear mother's prophecy proved
correct, and she lay mouldering in her
grave, the memory of that morning would
come before her and quicken her to try to
do for that little one as her mother would

have done, had she been alive to care for
her darling herself.

Was Bertha to go back to Miss Mark's,
was the question which for some days per-
plexed Mrs. Price; not that she had any
idea of keeping the child there perman-
ently; she saw that justice had not been
done her; that Miss Mark had been unfaith-
ful to her trust, and made up her mind not
to leave her in her care; but, for the pre-
sent, her plans were so unsettled, she did not
know what to do. Sadly did the lonely widow
miss the wise advice she had been wont to
seek for direction; hard it seemed to lift
and carry singly, a burden hitherto shared
by strong and willing help. Can we wonder
that our dear Queen felt crushed by the
load which fell upon her by the removal of
her stay and support, Prince Albert! No!
rather should we marvel at that grace of
God which enabled her to rise from the
ruin, take up the broken thread of her life,
and bravely to continue to unwind the
tangled skein alone.

Mrs. Price's perplexities finally ended in
the decision that Bertha should finish the
quarter already begun at school, arrang-
ing, however, that she should come home
every Friday afternoon and stay till Mon-
day morning—a plan which delighted her
little girl. Eagerly were the Fridays looked
for; they were the "red letter" days of her
life just then; the change was so charm-
ing from Miss Mark's to "Home sweet
Home;" doubly so, now, that there was
little baby to nurse; sweet baby, whose
prettiest smiles and loudest crows were for
Bertha; the first word she learnt to lip—
her name; 'twas she who first taught her to
walk, and afterwards to spell out little
words, treasuring up each penny of pocket-
money to buy little books for the child.
Oh, large was the place which the little one
took in Bertha's heart. So large, indeed,
that dolls, toys and playthings no longer
found room there; they were crowded out.

Monday mornings were not, however,
the trial days Bertha expected them to be;
for, mounted in a high *caleche*, she was
started off comfortably stocked with sweet
rolls, fresh butter and other little delicacies,
which, according to her mother's directions,
were always brought to table and shared
with all the boarders alike. Our heroine

did not forget her plans for Elinor. Mrs. Price was not acquainted with Mr. Lake, but she promised as soon as her affairs were settled and she had time, to find him out and give him a hint to have his little daughter made more happy. In the meantime, Miss Mark, in a fit of good humor, or from policy, allowed her to accept an invitation to go home with Bertha on Friday. Great was the joy of both little girls at the prospect. Elinor showed hers in the quiet happiness which beamed from her pale sad face. Bertha was more demonstrative; she skipped and jumped and hugged everybody, from greasy old Rose in the kitchen up to Miss Mark's factotum and her own persecutor—Betsey Paltry herself.

The day was fine and the children's enjoyment heightened by a drive into town in a donkey cart, which a kind boy, a day scholar, gave them. Elinor was very happy; she nursed the baby, was petted by Biddy, and sat in Bertha's place on Mrs. Price's knee, which she liked best of all. The two days were sunny spots in the short, dark landscape of the child's life, spots which Bertha's memory loved often after to stop at and dwell upon. And now, just at this time, an incident occurred, which, small in itself and hardly worthy of record, yet was to influence all Bertha's future life; for the small seed was to be sown which was long after to germinate into growth; the first link, we may say, forged in a chain of events, which, like a silver thread, would afterwards weave itself into and brighten the whole web and woof of the material; and when all that is material is no more, are we not justified in supposing that the falling of the blossoms of earth will result in the perfect fruit of eternity?

Bertha, on her Friday journeys home often shortened the way by crossing a field and climbing a fence which separated it from the road. On the day in question she was skipping along gaily, swinging in each hand a bird cage, forgetful of the poor frightened occupants that fluttered with fear within, till she reached the fence. There she stopped short—taken aback. Climb it she could very well—rather an adept at that sort of thing, as Biddy could testify, from the number of tears and

rents she had to darn,—but climb it with hands full she could not. She must leave her cages behind, and how could she get them then? To reach them was impossible. Pondering and wondering she stood a moment, then ruefully taking up the cages again she sighed and turned to retrace her steps and go all round by the road.

"Stop a bit," said a kind voice, while the benevolent face of a middle-aged gentleman looked over the fence. "Give me the cages; now then, jump! There you are on the right side of the fence, are you not? birds and all."

Bertha looked up and nodding assent, said, "Thank you, sir; I'll carry that cage now."

"We'll take them one apiece and steady them," said the gentleman. "There, take my hand now, and tell me where you are going and what is your name?"

"My name is Bertha Price, and I am going home," was the rather shy reply, as she glanced up in his face to have a better look at him before she gave her hand. Reassured, however, by the kind, friendly eyes which met hers, and the suppressed smile which twitched the corners of his mouth, she laid the little thin fingers inside of the gentleman's gloved hand and walked on with him. Soon she forgot her shyness and distrust, and gave him her entire confidence, talking merrily about all her concerns—the birds, baby and Elinor.

"Have you ever been to Sunday-school?" asked her new friend.

"No, indeed," was the laughing reply, "I think I have enough of school all the week, not to go on Sundays, too; I shouldn't want to."

"Not even to learn about Heaven and Jesus—that dear Jesus who said, 'Suffer little children to come unto me?'"

"Oh! is that what they learn at Sunday-school? I thought it was lessons and that sort of thing. Elinor and I want to learn how to get to Heaven badly enough, for we might die soon, you know. My dear papa died and children die too. But it's a great puzzle to us all about it. Biddy says if we pray to the saints and Virgin and be very good they will take us there at last. But Miss Mark says that is all wrong, and Popish stuff, and I must not pray to the

saints or the Virgin at all, but learn my catechism, go to church, say my prayers and mind what church teaches us, and then I'll be taken to heaven when I have done my best for Christ's sake. But I never feel as if I should know when I have done enough to save me, or what is meant by obeying the Church. Elinor and I looked all over the prayer-book, and all we could find was that place where you are told you must not marry your grandfather, and we thought that couldn't mean us, as we haven't got any; so we shut up the book and I promised Elinor I should ask mamma to-day all about it. Perhaps you can tell me," continued the child, looking up into her companion's face with questioning look.

"Bertha," said her hearer, gravely, "do you know that you are a sinner?"

"Yes," was the reply, "I know we are all sinners, miserable sinners, the prayer book says, and Biddy says so too,"

"Well, then, will you try to remember that Jesus Christ came to save sinners, and he will save you if you ask him. Saints and the Virgin cannot hear you, for they were only mortals like ourselves. All the good works in the world cannot save you, or that would be buying salvation, while it is a free gift. There is no other way under heaven you can be saved but by Jesus and Jesus only. Will you remember this, my child!"

"I will try," was the earnest reply. "I shall go to Sunday-school, too, to hear some more about it, if mamma allows me; and you will tell me where it is."

The necessary instructions were given, and Bertha and her new friend, Mr. Hall, parted, he ringing the door bell, and shaking her hand warmly as he did so.

Next Sunday and the following, Bertha went to Mr. Hall's Sunday school, repeating to her much interested friend, Elinor, as much as she could remember of what she had heard there. Then came a long break in the visits, and many things were to happen ere she saw Sunday-school again. That week Bertha complained of feeling ill—headache and sore throat—but as she still kept about, no notice was taken of it. Early one morning, however, Miss Rich coming

into the bedroom, found the child tossing restlessly in high fever.

"Oh! Miss Rich," she exclaimed, "I am very ill, my throat is almost closed up, and I am so hot, I wish mamma knew how sick I am."

Much alarmed, Miss Rich went down for Miss Mark. As soon as that lady saw the bright red color of the bare arms tossed restlessly over the coverlid, she said:

"Gracious me! that child has the scarlet fever! she must be sent home at once. Get all the young ladies as quickly as possible out of this dormitory, Miss Rich, and get Miss Price up and dressed as soon as you can. I shall send for a covered cab to take her into town."

Miss Rich ventured a gentle remonstrance as to the risk there would be of sending a child out in that state, but her superior shut her up immediately, saying:

"You don't suppose I am going to run the risk of keeping the fever here, and having to nurse all those children, The room shall be well ventilated, that bedding taken away and then Rose shall come up and scrub it out, so that I hope it may not spread. This is the fruit of going home on Friday. I suppose she has caught it passing through the street, or at that wretched Sunday-school, a place only fit for pauper children, who have no one to teach them at home."

Thus delivering herself Miss Mark left the room to order the cab. Wrapped up in a large shawl by the pitying Miss Rich, without any breakfast, for she could swallow none, Bertha was hurried into a cab, not being allowed—such were Miss Mark's orders—to bid her schoolfellows good-bye. Elinor daringly made a rush to the door, and looking lovingly and tenderly after her called out:

"Good-bye, Bertha! dear Bertha, be quick and get well. I shall be so lonesome till you come back."

The sick girl faintly smiled a response upon her friend and the door closed, Elinor being drawn quickly back by a hand from within. It was the last time Bertha Price and Elinor Lake ever saw each other. The dark river of death was soon to roll a terrible wall of separation between them. How Bertha got into town, she could never

distinctly tell; she remembered falling upon the steps of her mother's door, and being carried up-stairs tenderly by Bidy and the cabman. After that, delirium set in and she remembered nothing. Much alarmed and justly angry was Mrs. Price at having her daughter left at her door in that state, without even a servant to take charge of her on the way in. The doctor was immediately sent for, who pronounced the case very critical, from the exposure of the drive in raw morning air, with a throat in the state hers was; and so it turned out, for days and days passed, and she still hovered between life and death. One evening, old Rose, Miss Mark's cook, called to enquire after the child. Bidy opened the door.

"How is Miss Bertha?" enquired the visitor, in a whisper.

"How, indeed? Why dying of course; how could she be else, turned upon the street like a dog as she was. If ever a body is hung for murder it ought to be Miss Mark, and you may tell her so from me. May never a prayer be said to take her out of Purgatory, the hard-hearted crathur that she is."

"She don't know I'm coming here," deprecated Rose, "I'll lose my place if she finds it out. She forbid us all for fear of infection; but I felt bad about the child myself; and Miss Elinor, she's in a dreadful state of worry and coaxed me so, I had to come. Poor Miss Bertha, many's the cakes and good things she has wanted to give me. She was kind-hearted, so she was; and now, you say she's dying, poor dear! How am I to go home and tell that, I wonder?"

"Yes," sobbed Bidy, her hardness melting before the softening effect of Rose's sympathy, "the doctor says there is very little hope. I am obliged to you, Mrs. Rose, for coming; and I shall not tell you've been here, to injure you. Wait till I catch Miss Mark, though, may be I won't take the ugly wig from her head."

Bertha did not die. Her young, vigorous constitution proved equal to the strain laid upon it; yet it was weeks before she could walk about the house; and as her brother and sister took the fever after her, no communication was held with the

school. Often did she weary to hear from Elinor. At last she fretted so for news that Mrs. Price ordered a carriage to give her an airing, intending to drive out by Miss Mark's and inquire for them all at the same time. After dressing her little daughter she handed her the morning paper to amuse herself with, while she left her to get herself ready. A few minutes after, fancying she heard a fall, Mrs. Price ran into the room, and found Bertha lying insensible on the floor. Wondering what could have caused so sudden a weakness, she lifted her upon the sofa and took the newspaper from her clenched hand. As she did so her eye fell upon the following paragraph:—

"Died, yesterday, of asthma, at Miss Mark's seminary, Elinor Lake, the only daughter of John Lake, Esq., aged 12 years."

(To be continued.)

DUNIE AND THE ICE.

I believe only six of the Pardoe children went to church that day,—though it may have been seven. But, if I am not accurate as to numbers, the story of their adventure is perfectly true.

They lived on an island in the middle of the river, in a little world by themselves. It was early spring time. The earth appeared to be covered with a patchwork quilt of whitey-brown and grayish-green. Under this ragged old quilt the forces of nature were hard at work. The dry grass was undergoing thorough repairs, and the "sod" would "turn to violets" one of these days. All in due time; but just now things look dismal enough. The trees were only sketched in outline, and even the willows showed as yet no little vapory touches of green. The roads were full of holes, and, as Grandpa Pardoe said, it was "dreadful travelling *underfoot*." Overhead it was scarcely better. It seemed as if the "upper deep" had tipped over, and was pouring itself into the lap of the earth.

But on this particular Sunday the dripping clouds were ready for a day of rest. The wee bit girlie of the house, Dunie Pardoe, looked out of the window, and said with intense surprise, "Why, mamma, mamma, tisen't yainin'! There's a little bit o' sun ou' doors. I sawed it!"

"She's a precious baby to tell the news," cried Brother Phil, smothering her with kisses. "I've a great mind to take her to Sabbath-school. May I, mother? She

wants to see things as much as anybody else."

"Well, if you take her, Philip, you must be responsible for her," replied the busy Mrs. Pardoe, who was at that moment tying the shoestrings of the next to the youngest. Perhaps, with so much to do, her mind had slipped into a hard knot; it seems to me, if she had had full possession of her faculties, she would never have consented to let Miss Julia go out when the roads were scarcely navigable except for boys' boots.

Dunie clapped her hands.

"O, will they let me in?" she asked, "for, when I go to the school, then somebody comes that's a teacher, and tells me 'go home,' and says I musn't stay."

Dunie was three years old, and the "committee-men," overlooking her peculiar merits, had not considered her a scholar. But this was only a Sabbath-school; nobody would object to her going just for one day.

Then there was a scramble to get her ready; but when she was fairly enveloped in her Rob Roy cloak and red-quilted hood a murmur of admiration ran round the room. Who so beautiful as our Dunie? Such a splendid, "adust complexion," such wonderful "Indian-red" eyes, shaded by the blackest of lashes! She was a little sister to be proud of. Not one of the other ten had ever been so cunning or so fat.

Well, they took her to church, and, in order to get there, they had to cross a bridge. They looked over the railing, and saw around the piers a few logs floating in the high water, though they could not move far, being locked in with ice.

"I shouldn't think," said Mary, with mock gravity, "'twas proper for logs to go swimming on Sunday."

"Nor I either," said Phil; "they ought to be 'taken up' for it. But come let's hurry; we're late."

"Hurry!" echoed four childish voices,—
"hurry with Dunie!"

"My shoes *won't* walk," said the little one, by way of apology. It was her feet which were at fault. They were not large enough to carry her plump little body; and though she had now enlarged them with mud, that did not seem to help the matter at all. There was no way for it but to carry her in arms, "for fear they might lose her in one of the holes."

They reached the main-land at last, and the church; and I believe Dunie only spoke in meeting once, and then she said "I so tired." Phil observed that afterward the clergyman preached faster—from sheer pity, he presumed.

Dunie practised gymnastics just a little, and now and then opened her rosy mouth, inlaid with pearl, and very gently yawned. But soon the "spirit of deep sleep" fell upon

her, and she lost the Sabbath-school exercise which followed the sermon. This would hereafter be a subject of regret to Dunie; but it was just now a real relief to her five "responsible" brothers and sisters.

After their lessons had been repeated, and school was out, the six Pardoes started for home. But a change had come over weather. The wind had started up from the south sleep, and was blowing as if all the people in the world were deaf, and must be made to hear.

"Never mind," said the eldest sister, cheerily, "It will blow us home. Dunie, what *made* you talk in church?"

"I never," replied the young culprit, rubbing her eyes. "But," added she, indignantly, "that man up in the box, *he kep' a talkin' all the time.*"

"But what made you go to sleep, dear, and lose the Sabbath school?" said Moses, who was next younger than Phil, and, though kindly disposed, had a peculiar talent for making little ones cry.

"I went to sleep in Sabber-school?" sobbed Dunie, completely discouraged,—
"in Sabber-school? Where'd they put it? I never sawed it."

"There, don't you tease her, Moses," said the youngest but two. "We've got as much as *we* can do to get her home,—for I begin to believe she's chip-footed,—I do."

The next to the oldest was about to correct his brother, and say "*club* footed," when a frightful noise was heard,—not thunder, it was too prolonged for that. It was a deep sullen roar, heard above the wail of the wind like the boom of a cataract.

The ice was going out.

There is always more or less excitement to New England children in such an event. This was an unusually imposing spectacle, for the ice was very strong, and the freshet was hurling it down stream with great force.

The white blocks, incrustated with snow, were as blue at heart as turquoise, and they tumbled and crowded one another like an immense company of living things. The powerful tide was crushing them between vast masses of logs, or heaving them upwards to fall headlong and sideways, and crumble themselves into smaller fragments.

The sun came out of a cloud, and shone on the creamy, frozen waves in their mad dance. Then they sparkled and quivered as if the river had thrown up from its unquiet bed a mine of diamonds.

"How splendid!" exclaimed the children lost in rapture.

"But it makes me scared," said little Dunie, falling, face downward, into a mud puddle.

"Why, what are you afraid of?" said Moses, picking her up and partially cleans-

ing her with his pocket handkerchief.
 "The ice can't touch us."

"Hullo there!" screamed the toll-gatherer, appearing at the door of his small house with both arms raised above his head.
 "Children, children, stop! Don't go near the bridge for your lives!"

"O, it's going off, it's going off!" screamed the five Pardoes in concert, joined by the terrified Dunie, who did not know *what* was "going off," but thought likely it was the whole world and part of the sky.

The children forgot to admire any longer the magnificent white flood. The ice might be glorious in beauty, but, alas! it was terrible in strength. How could they get home? What would become of them? They saw their father's house in the distance; but when and how were they to reach it? It might as well have been leagues away.

"Twill be days and days," cried Mary, "before ever we'll be able to cross this river in boats. What will be done with us? for we can't sleep on the ground."

"And nothing to eat," wailed hungry Moses, tortured with a fleeting vision of apple-pie and doughnuts.

"It is a hard case," said the toll-gatherer, compassionately, "but you don't want to risk lives. Look at them blocks crowding up ag'inst the piers; hear what a thunder they make; and the logs coming down in booms. You step into our house, children; and my wife and the neighbors, we'll contrive to stow you away somewhere."

Crowds of people were collecting on the bank, watching the ice "go out." The Pardoes stood irresolute; when suddenly there was a shout from the other end of the bridge, as loud and shrill as a fog-bell, "Children, come—HOME!"

It was Mr. Pardoe's voice.

"What shall we do? what shall we do?" said Philip, running round and round.

"Twont do to risk it, neighbor Pardoe," screamed the toll-keeper.

"Children — run — there's — time!" answered the father hoarsely.

It was Mary who replied, "Yes, father, we'll come."

"He knows," thought she. "If he tells us to do it, it's right."

Firm in obedience and faith, she stepped upon the shaking bridge. For an instant Philip hesitated, looked up stream and then down stream, then followed cautiously with Dunie. After him the three other children in all stages of fright, with white lips, trembling limbs, and eyes dilated with fear.

"Quick! quick!" screamed Mr. Pardoe. "Run for your lives!" shouted the people on the bank.

The roaring torrent and the high wind together were rocking the bridge like a

cradle. If it had not been for Dunie! All the rest could run. It seemed as if there was lead in the child's shoes. She hung a dead weight, between Philip and Mary, who pulled her forward without letting her little toddling feet touch the ground.

The small procession of six! How eagerly everybody watched "what speed they made, with their graves so nigh." Only a few brittle planks between them and destruction! More than one man was on the point of rushing after the little pedestrians, and drawing them back from their doom. Yet all the anxiety of the multitude could not have equalled the agonizing suspense in that one father's heart. He thought he knew the strength of the piers, and the length of time they could resist the attack of the ice. But what if he had made a mistake? What if his precious children were about to fall a sacrifice to their obedience? Every moment seemed an age to the frantic father, while the little creatures ran for their lives. But it was over at last; the bridge was crossed, the children were safe!

The people on the opposite bank set up a shout; but Mr. Pardoe was speechless. He caught Dunie and held her close to his heart, as if, in her little person, he embraced the whole six.

"O father!" cried Philip, "If you could know how we trembled! 'Twas like walking over an earthquake!"

"With Dunie, to drag every step!" added Moses.

"I'll tell you what I thought," said Mary catching her breath.—"I thought my father was a stone-mason, and ought to know more than a toll-keeper about bridges. But anyway, if he'd been nothing but a lawyer or a doctor, I'd have done what he said."

"Bravo for my Mary!" said Mr. Pardoe, wiping his eyes.

Five minutes after this the bridge was snapped asunder. The main body of it went reeling down stream, the sport of the ice. Mr. Pardoe closed his eyes, shuddered at the fancy of what might have been.

Everybody fell to kissing Dunie, for this had long been a family habit whenever there arose any feeling which was beyond the power of expression.

"I'm glad we got all home," gasped Dunie, her eyes expanding with a perfectly new idea, as she watched the ruins from the window. "That b'idge is goin' way off! The ice caught it! How I did yun on that b'idge, so the ice wouldn't catch me! But added the little innocent, with a sudden play of fancy, "I wasn't 'fward, mamma, for I looked up to the sky, and then God sended some booful clouds, and I FOUGHT I saw two little angels yidin' on 'em.—
Sophie May in Our Young Folks.

CLIFFORD'S CAP.

BY FRANCIS LEE.

"Willy and I are going out to grandma Denise's to-day; but I suppose you can't go with us, general?"

Clifford looked up quickly from the ship he was drawing.

"Why not? You *know* I have been wanting to go out there for a month," said he. "Why can't I go?"

"Oh! we are *going* in about five minutes, and it isn't likely you can find your cap in that time. Peter Shangle is here with his old donkey, and we are going to ride over, but he won't wait," answered Fred.

"My cap!" cried Clifford, starting up in great confusion. "Ma, where is my cap?"

"I don't know, my son," replied Mrs. Gabriel, with a discouraged sigh.

She had been asked that same question so many, many times!

"Where do you *think* it is? Where do you guess *maybe* it is, perhaps?" persisted Clifford, looking helplessly around the room.

"Clifford dear, don't you remember I told you this morning that you must find your things for yourself hereafter?" returned his mother.

"But just only for this once, ma! The boys won't wait; there is Peter now! Begin to-morrow with me, and then I'll put my things in their places, and know just where they are every time," Clifford pleaded.

But Mrs. Gabriel shook her head with that quick little shake she never took back.

"All aboard, General Disorder!" called out Fred from the doorstep.

"Lucy, don't you know where my cap is?" cried Clifford, half distracted. "Boys, do wait one minute."

"You must not go away and leave your paints and paper scattered over the table," answered Mrs. Gabriel, looking very indifferent, but wishing with her whole heart it was best to help him, "but just only for this once."

"Time's up!" shouted Fred from the tail of Peter's cart.

"Go!" cried Peter, flapping the bits of rope he used for reins, and touching up the donkey with a grapevine branch.

Clifford rushed in a dark closet under the hall stairs, and lying down on a trunk cried out his disappointment; and when he came from his closet the first thing he saw was his cap on the floor behind the hall door, that, standing open, had hidden it before.

"Here is my cap, ma, I hadn't lost it," said he, going in the sitting-room looking pink and subdued like a rose after a shower. But his tone suddenly changed to one of

horror. "Why, baby Gabriel! Ma, just see what she has done!" he cried.

"*M-m-m!*" answered the baby, shutting her eyes tight and shaking her curly head.

"Grandpa's beautiful ship, ma. It was almost finished, and now see here! Baby has wrinkled and spit on it, and torn it and spoiled it. Why didn't somebody see to her and take it away? I can't possibly do another before grandpa's birthday."

"She couldn't have got the picture if it had been in its place," replied Mrs. Gabriel, calmly. "It was nothing to me."

Clifford felt very unhappy, but he had cried out his tears; so he sat down by the window and looked so sorry that his mother's heart ached for him. But she did not say anything, for talking had not cured him and she thought it best to try another way, and let him see what would happen if nobody did the work that belonged to him to do.

"I suppose Fred and Willy are out to Grandma's by this time pretty near. I shouldn't wonder if they are under the peach tree eating peaches this very minute—like enough, perhaps," thought Clifford, mournfully. "And grandma always, 'most, makes me a little pie and gives me some maple sugar when I go there, and all the milk I can drink possibly."

Then he took out his watch to see if there had been time enough for his brothers to be really enjoying these delights already. "Mother!" cried he, when he looked at it, "my watch has stopped! I didn't wind it this morning. What shall I do? Now Aunt Elizabeth won't give me the chain!"

"I suppose not; I am sorry," said his mother quietly.

Poor Clifford! He felt as though every misfortune was happening at once, for when Aunt Elizabeth gave him the watch on his birth-day she had promised him a chain for it if he would not let it run down for three months. Two months had passed, and this was the first time he had forgotten it; but he knew very well it was also the first time his mother had not asked if he had wound it.

Presently Lucy broke in upon his melancholy thoughts.

"Clifford!" she cried from the garden, "come out here, quick! Hurry!"

Clifford jumped through the low, open window upon the piazza.

"What is it, Lucy? Where?" he asked.

"Willy's rabbits! They are gone! Somebody left the door open," answered Lucy, "and we can't find them—Benny and I. We've been looking every place. We supposed you had gone to grandma Denise's."

Clifford's heart choked him. He remembered leaving the door of the pen unfastened while he went for a cabbage leaf; and



INFANT SAMUEL.

then the oysterman came, and running to see if his mother wished any, he forgot to go back.

"It is the fault of that lazy oysterman this time," thought he, trying, like his grandfather Adam, to excuse himself. "If he had gone to the kitchen door, as the way was for him, and not called me, I shouldn't have forgotten the rabbits. And Willy might have stayed at home and seen to them himself."

But these excuses did not satisfy his conscience as he looked behind every shrub and clump of flowers in vain search for the lost pets. At last he gave them up, and went back toward the house.

"Who broke Fred's shovel?" said he, suddenly stopping short.

"I," answered Benny, complacently, "I was pounding for my *catafellow* to come and it broke. It wa' good for nothing."

"Yes, Benny broke it trying to make a caterpillar come out from under the doorstep," said Lucy.

"How came Benny to have it?" asked Clifford, fiercely. "Father doesn't allow any of you little ones in the tool-house; you know he don't."

Benny nodded: "I didn't. It was right here, and it broke. It wa' good for nothing," he repeated.

Clifford did not say a word more. It was he who had taken the shovel from the tool-house and dropped it carelessly on the walk. He went to his mother in despair.

"Ma," said he, "would as many things as this happen every day if you didn't pick up after me?"

"Yes, you haven't left your things about to-day any more than usual," she replied. "God has put certain things for each of us to do, and if we shirk them, somebody has *our* work as well as their own, or else it goes undone. It is always so."

"Do you really suppose, ma, hanging up my cap is part of God's work for me?" asked Clifford, doubtfully.

"I am sure of it. And it is as much your duty to do that as it is the duty of your father to preach Christ's Gospel and visit the sick. This is what Jesus himself says about it: "He that is faithful in that which is least is faithful also in much."

This was not all new to Clifford, and yet he seemed to hear it for the first time. He had never really felt before the trouble his disorderly habits made for others.. So he sat looking very sober for a long time. Then he drew a deep breath and said cheerfully,

"I guess I can break myself if I try real hard, and I have made up my mind I will, too."—*Children's Hour.*

AMUSEMENT FOR WINTER EVENINGS.

The first game we have to propose this month is entitled

"FOLLOW YOUR LEADER."

It is a good one to begin with in an evening party, where there is any danger of silence and stiffness among the guests. It is played as follows:—

A, having obtained a promise from the rest to repeat whatever she says, begins as follows:—"A good fat hen, and about she goes." B immediately says the same, C, D, E quickly repeat it, and so on, round the circle in rapid succession. When all have in turn uttered the mysterious words, A leads off again with "Two ducks, a good fat hen, and about she goes," and this must also be repeated by all, after which "Three plump partridges, two ducks, a good fat hen," &c., becomes the formula. The fourth time it begins with "Four screaming wild geese, three plump partridges," &c.; and so on, one new sentence being prefixed by the leader at each round, and repeated by all the rest. At the twelfth circuit (should the patience and memory of the party endure so long) the formula has grown to this length:—"Twelve Californian catamounts, cautiously careering over Corinthian columns, closely contiguous to a Catholic cemetery; eleven belted and booted, bewhiskered bravadoes, biting a bit of bitter butternut before a better breakfast; ten aspiring allopathic Abyssinian acrobats, ambling after anacondas on Arabian antelopes; nine pragmatical, double-and-twisted left-handed physicalians; eight ships sailing from Orinoco to Madagascar on Prince Gilgal's wedding-day; seven bones of a Macedonian horse; six Limerick oysters; five pairs of Don Alfonso's pincers; four screaming wild geese; three plump partridges; two ducks; a good fat hen and about she goes."

The boys and girls who are not pretty thoroughly roused and enlivened by this farrago of fun and nonsense must be dull indeed. With very young children the last three or four sentences might be omitted.

"CRITICISM."

Another interesting game and one in which younger children take part, is "Criticism." Let A leave the room for a few minutes, and in her absence let each one of the company make some remark about her, which B (who is previously furnished with pencil and paper) shall record. A is then called in, and the list of criticisms read aloud to her by B, somewhat as follows: Somebody says you are the light of the house; somebody says you are a terrible tease; somebody says you play croquet

well; some one says you are very fond of ginger-snaps; some one says you have fascinating dimples; and so on, compliments teasing, and personal allusions mingled together. After each remark A must guess its author, and much fun results from her mistakes. The first person whose criticism she guesses correctly must be the one to go out next time. If any one should offer a harsh comment, or make any allusion which would wound the feelings of the absentee, the recorder is at liberty to refuse it; for the object of the game is to make all happy who take part in it.

When the party grows tired of games much amusement may be derived from

"A MYSTERIOUS PACKET."

The following account of which has been sent by a friend:—

"Perhaps you will not dislike to hear of a merry party that met together one evening in winter. I happened to call at the time, and, being in too cheerful a mood to refuse the invitation which was given me, I sat down among the light-hearted and laughing group. It is not my business to tell of the nice things prepared for the young people, nor of the various amusements of the evening. All that I can undertake is to tell you of a 'mysterious packet' which excited much wonder and furnished us all with much amusement.

"Though there were a few grown persons present, the party was formed for the amusement of the young people. After tea various pleasant and innocent games had been enjoyed; but these were all over and they were seated round a table well supplied with cheese cakes, tarts, and confectionery, in front of a cheerful fire, when a sharp rap was heard at the door. Soon after this, the servant appeared with a packet directed to one of the company.

"Every eye was turned to the packet, for the young person to whom it was addressed thought it very odd, that a parcel should be sent from home to her, and who else but those at her own house could tell where she was?

"One thought, perhaps, she might have forgotten something; and another supposed it might have something to do with the whole party; but she herself was evidently more surprised than any of them.

"When the cover was removed from the parcel, on an under cover, the packet was addressed to another person. In this way cover after cover was removed, and direction after direction read, till the packet had found its way into the hands of every one of the party. All began to laugh heartily, for every one wondered what the packet could contain.

"On opening it a little farther, they came

to a label, on which was written, 'Mind not to break the bottle.' Here the greatest care was taken in unwrapping the next cover—when another label was found, 'Take care of your clothes.' And now every one kept at a distance, lest a bottle of aquafortis, or something of the kind, might be contained in the packet; though this was by no means likely. Again it went round from one to another, according to the different directions given on the covers, and the party had nearly recovered their fright about the aquafortis, when another alarm spread among them, for they came to the inscription, 'Keep at a distance from the lamp.' 'Oh,' cried one, half in jest and half in earnest, 'perhaps it is gunpowder!' You may be sure there was a general scuffle! The lamp was put away, and the packet was laid by itself on the table, no one venturing at the moment to proceed farther into its contents.

"By this time so many covers had been removed, that the packet had become considerably less. The wonder, however, what could be found inside of it, had considerably increased. Those who have never been present at the opening of so mysterious a packet, will hardly be able to judge of the interest called forth.

"After a while all were as busy as before, in unsealing the different covers, which were inscribed with some kind-hearted wish or cheerful message to every one of the mirthful circle. Good humor and laughter prevailed among them, until they came to the very last cover. The packet at first was of a tolerable size, but it had gradually dwindled away till it was no larger than a sixpence. This being addressed to the oldest and the gravest of the party, he stood up, and taking out of it a small piece of paper, read very distinctly the following lines:

"And now from the husk-like
And useless external,
Let us see my good friends
If we can't get a kernel.

"This packet so huge,
As blown up by the blast,
Has turned out, as you see,
But a cipher at last.

Yet if it should teach us,
Both early and late,
Disappointment to bear,
Whether little or great;

We shall never regret
Our mirth, laughter, and racket.
Nor the pains it has cost us
To open the packet."

"This impressive and unexpected ending, had a salutary influence, for it gave a value to what would otherwise have been mere amusement. Every one seemed to feel that the whole had been turned to a useful purpose, and I do think, that every one on that very account felt the better satisfied."

The following experiments do not sound difficult, and will probably prove successful if tried with due care:—

ELECTRICAL SHOCK FROM A SHEET OF PAPER.

Place an iron japanned tea-tray on a dry, clean, beaker glass; then take a sheet of foolscap writing-paper, and hold it close to the fire until all its hygrometric moisture is dissipated, but not so as to scorch it; in this state it is one of the finest electrics we have. Hold one end down on a table with the finger and thumb, and give it about a dozen strokes with a large piece of India-rubber from the left to the right, beginning at the top. Now take it up by two of the corners and bring it over the tray, and it will fall down on it like a stone; if one finger be now brought under the tray, a sensible shock will be felt. Now lay a needle on the tray with its point projecting outwards, remove the paper, and a star sign of the negative electricity will be seen; return the paper, and the positive brush will appear. In fact, it forms a very extemporaneous electrophorus, which will give a spark an inch long, and strong enough to set fire to some combustible bodies, and to exhibit all the electrical phenomena not requiring coated surfaces. If four beaker glasses are placed on the floor and a book laid on them, a person may stand on them insulated; if he then holds the tray vertically, the paper will adhere strongly to it, and sparks may be drawn from any part of his body; or he may draw sparks from any other person, as the case may be; or he may set fire to some inflammable bodies, by touching them with a piece of ice.

CHINESE JUGGLER'S TRICK: L'EAU DORMANT.

Half fill a mug with water, place it in a sling, and you may whirl it round you without spilling a drop; for the water tends more away from the centre of motion towards the bottom of the mug than toward the earth by gravity.

While the boys are trying these experiments, here is some work for the little girls who we think will be glad to know how to make some pretty presents for their friends:—

HAIR-PIN HOLDERS.

You know the kind of round pasteboard boxes in which paper collars come? Remove the cover of one of these, and in its place baste tightly over the top a round piece of worsted or silk crochet work (like a small mat of ordinary tight crochet-stitch made of shaded material and without a border). Then take mohair dress-braid or narrow ribbon of any bright color that will look well with the top, and box-pleat it. This pleating must then be sewed around the box in two rows, so as to cover the side completely and hide the edge of the crocheted top. This completes the holder. The

hair-pins are stuck in the top, just as pins are put in a pin-cushion, only they are pushed but half-way in. It is a very useful little affair, and is quite an ornament to the toilet-table. The cost is about twelve cents. Measure *seven times* around the box to find out the quantity of ribbon or braid required for two rows. If you do not know how to do the ordinary crochet-stitch, you may use a bright colored piece of flannel with strong lace stretched over it; and if you cannot get braid or ribbons for the sides, you may cover around the side of the box with the flannel, and hang over it a full frill of lace or muslin to match the top.

A friend in Peterborough sends the following letter to this department:—

“Will you permit me to offer, for the consideration of your Juvenile readers, a small philosophical question. My object in offering it, is to invite discussion upon it with a view to obtaining a solution. The question is:—

“If a pair of bellows were placed in the stern of a boat, of sufficient dimensions, when worked, to blow a good breeze against the sail, would the boat be moved forward thereby?”

“I would like to have the answer to this question, and good philosophical reasons therefor.”

IVAN O'BERNE, Jun.

Who will send the best answer to this question, and who can make out the twenty-two fish hinted at in the following:

PUZZLE—(THE FISHERMAN'S.)

I once went out a-fishing,
A-fishing in the sea,
And a very odd lot of fish I got,
As you will shortly see.

For first I caught a sunbeam,
And a portion of a shoe,
With a piece of moorland heather,
And a pretty lassie too.

I caught a situation
To which I had an eye,
And a prickly hinder portion
That floated gently by.

I caught a cooking apple,
And a wildling sour as well,
A toll-gate from the king's highway,
And a past tease of a smell.

An insect on a streamlet,
And a verb that disagrees,
A crooked letter listening,
And the signet of the seas.

A shoe for icy weather,
A thing to roast your meat,
Some lime-wash for your ceiling,
And a feathered creature's seat.

I caught a woman's jewel,
A letter on a card,
And the hirsute one of ocean,
Who was shod with an extra yard.

The last thing I caught was a tumble,
And that was enough for me;
So that was the end of my fishing
In the wonderful deep blue sea.

The answers to the riddles in our last are
1. Honeymoon. 2. Type. 3. Slumber,
Lumber.

The Bridge.

THE BRIDGE.

Words by H. W. LONGFELLOW.
Moderato.

Music by JOHN BLOCKLEY

The musical score is presented in five systems, each with a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C). The tempo is marked *Moderato*. The score begins with a piano introduction in the bass clef, consisting of a steady eighth-note accompaniment. The melody in the treble clef starts with a quarter note, followed by eighth notes and quarter notes. The piece concludes with a final cadence in the treble clef, marked with a double bar line and repeat dots, and a final bass clef accompaniment ending with a quarter note.

The Bridge.

I stood on the bridge at mid - night, As the

p

This system contains the first three staves of music. The top staff is the vocal line, the middle staff is the right-hand piano accompaniment, and the bottom staff is the left-hand piano accompaniment. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 3/4. The piano part features a rhythmic accompaniment of eighth notes and chords, with a dynamic marking of *p* (piano).

clocks were strik - ing the hour, And the

This system contains the next three staves of music. The vocal line continues with the lyrics "clocks were strik - ing the hour, And the". The piano accompaniment continues with similar rhythmic patterns.

moon rose o'er the ci - ty Be - hind the dark church

This system contains the final three staves of music on the page. The vocal line concludes with the lyrics "moon rose o'er the ci - ty Be - hind the dark church". The piano accompaniment provides a harmonic and rhythmic foundation for the vocal line.

The Bridge.

tower. I saw her bright re - flection In the

This system contains the first three staves of music. The top staff is the vocal line, starting with a treble clef and a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). The lyrics are "tower. I saw her bright re - flection In the". The middle and bottom staves are piano accompaniment, with the middle staff in treble clef and the bottom staff in bass clef, both sharing the two-sharp key signature.

wa-ters un - der me, Like a gold - en gob - let

This system contains the next three staves of music. The vocal line continues with the lyrics "wa-ters un - der me, Like a gold - en gob - let". The piano accompaniment continues in the same key signature and style as the first system.

fall - ing, And sink - ing in the Sea. How

This system contains the final three staves of music on the page. The vocal line concludes with the lyrics "fall - ing, And sink - ing in the Sea. How". The piano accompaniment concludes with a final cadence in the two-sharp key signature.

The Bridge.

of - ten, O, how of - ten, In the

pp *cresc.*

days that had gone by, I had stood on that bridge at

dim e ral.

mid - night, And gazed on that wave and sky!

I see the long procession
 Still passing to and fro,
 The young heart hot and restless,
 And the old subdued and slow!
 And for ever, and for ever,
 As long as the river flows,

As long as the heart has passions,
 As long as life has woes;
 The moon and its broken reflection,
 And its shadows shall appear,
 As the symbol of love in heaven,
 And its wavering image here.

The Fashions.

FASHIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

The severity of our Canadian climate forbids much variety in our winter fashions from year to year. The prettiest novelty we have seen this year is a square knitted kerchief, worn doubled over the back of the head, point downwards, the corners being pinned under the chin with a brooch. This handsome and comfortable wrap will, we think, except in the coldest weather, be much used as a substitute for the less elegant cloud. The fashion of bare ears is a fruitful source of neuralgia and other troubles; and as it is by many young ladies not now considered stylish to cover the head with the cloud, we hope that this may in some measure fill the place which the latter occupied some years ago, when it first superseded the ungraceful cap ears. It may of course be made into all variety of patterns. If any of our lady readers would send us in at once directions for making one, we would be glad to give them in our next number.

A new style of caps has come out this year, but we have not seen many of them in use among the ladies of Montreal. The shape is very much that of half an egg cut lengthwise, only they are the same size at both ends. We do not think them quite so becoming to most faces as the old style.

The latest accounts from Paris say that velveteen will be much worn this winter, both for costumes and for sashes and trimmings. The colors most in vogue for all materials are the faded leaf, myrtle-green, Florentine bronze and deep violet. Black is still very *distingué*.

Open bodies, cut square, are worn for dinner dress. High chemisettes of lace and

fichus a la paysanne are much in vogue. Frills of lace are also worn round the edge of the body. Robes de chambre play an important part in a lady's toilette, and should be chosen with great care. They should be warm and well cut, but, above all, of a becoming shade; blue, mauve and pearl grey for blondes; white, red or violet for brunettes. Flannel, Scotch plaid, wadded cashmere, and poplin, are the most suitable materials.

DESCRIPTION OF FASHION PLATE.

Fig 1. Indoor Dress, loose gored (Prince's) robe with train in grey woollen rep.. The trimming is of narrow black velvet with a white edge. The dress is confined at the waist by a band of the stuff with long ends, which is simply looped once at the side. A quilled muslin frill, edged with lace makes the collar and front; cuffs to match. Muslin cap with lace and colored ribbon.

Fig. 2. Calling Dress in brown and black checked woollen poplin, with silk stripes in maize yellow. This dress is just short enough to show the foot, and is trimmed with a wide flounce headed by two narrow gathered frills. The seam is covered by a fold of the same material as the tunic, waist and sash, which are in brown woollen rep. The turned back parts of the tunic sleeves, and the flounces and sash edge are of the checked material, and fastened throughout by folds of the plain. The tunic, shaped like an apron in front, is closed at the side under the facing. The puffs are made by three bands of the stuff put on in the inside. Black velvet bonnet trimmed with lace, black silk bows and a tuft of roses of the same color as the tunic; cuffs and Stuart frill in muslin, trimmed with lace, the frill fastened with a black silk bow in front; boots and gloves to match the tunic.

Fig. 3. Child's Frock in grey alpaca. A bias strip of red plaid two and three-quarter inches wide, simulates the under-skirt, the joining being hidden by a grey quilling an inch and a half wide, which is carried up in front to imitate a tunic. The braces on the plain body, the sleeve facings, band and sash-ends are in plaid, with a grey quilling and bows, as shown in the illustration.



FASHIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

Domestic Economy.



OUR BAY-WINDOW.

Commend me to a bay-window. When I build that model house which is in the pleasant perspective of every housekeeper, I shall stipulate for a bay-window. It shall not be placed on the list of fancy embellishments, to be added or omitted as the purse holds out, but it shall be reckoned among the prime necessities, with chimneys, closets and pantries.

I am sitting in my bay-window now. It was made for such a day as this. The warm summer rain comes tinkling on the roof with that resonant patter which used to lull me to sleep in the chamber "under the eaves," in the New England home. The great drops come swirling, eddying against the panes, then dimpling down the clear glass, till I seem enveloped in a luxurious bath. Outside, the prone grass-blades are drunk with dew, and many tender leaves have turned their water-proof sides to the rain; but I notice that the stout-hearted clover-blossoms hold their heads erect, resolute and defiant of weather. The whole apartment is suffused with an atmosphere of vivid, tender green, such as exists only during and just after a summer rain.

Now, had I seated myself in any other room, the dim air of a semi-twilight would have driven me into a dismal maudlin mood. Of one thing I am certain: Longfellow never wrote

"The day is cold, and dark and dreary"
It rains, and the wind is never weary,"

sitting in a bay-window. It is a mental, or rather a nervous impossibility.

My favorite window is the complement of the verandah. The latter (if there be but one) should be on the north side of the house. It is for hot, sultry days, when every breath parches the throat like a simoon, till it has been sifted through shadow and leafy foliage. Build its roof and floor broad and generous, curtain it with climbing vines, and then bring out the work-table and the lounge, the grandmother's chair and the baby's cradle. Muffle the hot bay-window with green curtains, barricade it with shutters in these dog-days. It has no uses now, and may take its siesta, while the family keep their feast of tabernacles under the vine-trellises, and try to prison any stray zephyrs from northern hills.

But when summer heats are gone, and winds whistle around the corners, you will

unswathe the bay-window; you will polish each pane till it disappears in its own purity and lets in the bright autumnal landscape, the nodding dahlias, the flame-tipped maples, and the apple-orchard, whose wealth the coy leaves half uncover, half conceal. Then you will wheel grandfather's chair into its sunniest angle, so that the gentle warmth may fall on his rheumatic shoulder, while he pleases himself with the illusion that he is still out among the fields that his young strength redeemed from the forest. You will spread a rug on the half-hexagon of floor which your window encloses, that the baby may catch the sunbeams in his fat hands, and make futile dashes at gay blossoms that creep up outside to look at him. So spacious is your window, that you will not grudge its upper panes a hanging basket or two, brimming over with trailing moneywort, blue-eyed lobelia or fragrant geranium. Perhaps there will be space for a bird-cage; and so you will have perfume and music and greenness all through the waning year.

We love our window because it is so hospitable. The old-fashioned sort seem to interpose a protective tariff against God's sunlight. Not only were they cramped and niggardly in size, but crossed and recrossed with bars, to shut out every struggling beam under high pains and penalties. In dark November days, one, or at most two, would they entertain with due courtesy, while to all others in the room the light was so "sicklied o'er" as to give them a very "pale cast" of countenance, if not of thought, and by four o'clock they were all in "disastrous eclipse." But *our* window, with its three broad exposures, east, south and west, lets in the first kindlings of the morning, delivers a great broadside of light at noon, and gathers the last rays of sunset for our use. It gives us the *whole* day, from horizon to horizon, just as God made it. It says to the entire family:—"Pursue your work and your play as you list—I am responsible for the light."

But it has its poetic as well as economic value. When the evening has well set in, and work has extorted its last farthing from hand and brain, we love to remove our St. Germain lamp to another room, fling high the curtains, and see what the night has to say to us through our window. Then the stars, as they rise singly and clustered, from the east, have each a tender secret, with a

central heart of aspiration to whisper in our ear, or the moon, turned artist, photographs the clear panes in long silvern panels on the floor.

And then, do you not see what brave sport there will be next winter, with the Christmas logs burning within, and the snow-gods battling without? Shall we not watch the whole fray from our transparent citadel, exulting when Winter wins, and puts his own spotless uniform on every withered twig, a plumed helmet on each blackened post, and hangs out his banner from every gable and archway? Then Auster will blow softly, the wind and the sun raise high in insurrection, toppling over parapets and undermining bastions, and we shall watch that too.

"But ugh!" shivers *materfamilias*. "I'm afraid that fine window of yours will be a mighty breezy place in winter."

"Not so, good mother," we reply. "Let us put in double sashes then, closely fitted, and we shall have a great warm air chamber interposed between us and the outer cold."

"All very fine talk," growls *paterfamilias*, "but I've a notion that these new-fangled things are terribly expensive."

"That is just as you elect," we answer. "They may cost any where from twenty-five to five hundred dollars; but all the *real comfort* of one may be had for fifty dollars as well as any higher sum. The rest goes for cupids, cornices, and carvings."

When we think of the great remedial agency of sunlight—an agency more relied on by the medical faculty every year—we wish every house in the land had a bay-window in its family room, with a generous southern exposure. We wish every pale, sickly woman, condemned to sit all day "plying needle and thread," and every puny, scrofulous child, might have a seat in its sunniest corner.—*Hearth and Home*.

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

BY MISS BEECHER.

In using *the whites of eggs*, it is found, that various combinations are much lighter when they are cut to a froth, and put in *the last thing*. This is so in batter puddings, and several other receipts. It seems, therefore, probable that in all cases, cake and pies, and puddings that will allow it, will be lighter by adding the cut whites of the eggs *the last minute before cooking*. Sponge cake especially would most probably be most easily made light by this method.

In using alkalis with acids to raise mixtures, the poorest is pearlash, the next best is saleratus; bicarbonate of soda is still better, and sal volatile is best of all.

But one thing must be remembered in reference to sal volatile, and that is, that the lightness made by it is owing to the disengagement of the gas by heat. It is mixed with the flour, and when set in the oven, the heat volatilizes and expels the gas, and thus the lightness is induced. Of course *hot* water must not be used to dissolve it, as it would expel much of the gas. Sal volatile must be kept powdered, and closely confined in glass bottles with ground glass stoppers. It is certain to make any mixture light that can be raised by anything.

Cream tartar is best bought in lumps, and then pulverized and kept corked.

When saleratus is used with sour milk or buttermilk, the flour should be wet up with the sour milk, and then the alkali dissolved, and worked in. This makes the effervescence take place *in the mixture*; whereas, if the alkali is put into the sour liquid, much of the carbonic acid generated is lost before it reaches the flour.

In all cases, then, where saleratus is used with acid wetting, it would seem best to wet up the flour with at least a part of the sour liquid, before putting in the alkali.

When the alkali is a light powder, it may sometimes be mixed thoroughly with the flour, and then the sour liquid mixed in. The experiment can be made by any who like to learn the result. A lady who understands chemistry may often improve her receipts by applying chemical principles. All the lightness made by an acid and an alkali is owing to the disengagement of carbonic acid, which is retained by the gluten of the flour. Of course, then, that mode is best which secures most effectually all the carbonic acid generated by the combination.

Cooking is often much improved by a judicious use of *sugar or molasses*. Thus, in soups, a very little sugar, say half a teaspoonful to the quart, gives *body* to the soup, and just about as much sweetness as is found in juices of the best and sweetest kinds of meat. It is very good when the meats used are of inferior kind, and destitute of sweetness. So in preparing vegetables that are destitute of sweetness, a little sugar is a great improvement. Mashed turnips, squash, and pumpkin, are all of them much improved by extracting all the water, and adding a little sugar, especially so when they are poor.

A little molasses always improves all bread or cakes made of unbolted wheat or rye.

A little lard or butter always improves cakes made of Indian meal, as it makes them light and tender.

The careful use of *salt* is very important in cooking. Everything is better to have the salt cooked in it, but there should always be a *little less salt* than most would

like, as it is easy for those who wish more to add it, but none can subtract it.

When the shortening is butter, no salt is needed in cakes and puddings, but in all combinations that have no salt in shortening, it must be added. A little salt in sponge cake, custards, and the articles used for dessert, made of gelatine, rice, sago, and tapioca, is a great improvement, giving both *body* and flavor.

SELECTED RECIPES.

BRISKET OF BEEF STUFFED.—A piece weighing eight pounds requires about five or six hours to boil. Make a dressing of bread-crumbs, pepper, salt, sweet herbs, a little mace, and one onion, chopped fine and mixed with an egg. Put the dressing between the fat and the lean of the beef, and sew it up tight; flour the cloth, pin the beef up very tight in it, and boil it five or six hours. When it is done, take the cloth off, and press it until it is cold. This is to be cut in thin slices and eaten cold.

BEEF KIDNEYS STEWED.—Cut two beef kidneys in slices, and lay them in a stewpan; put in two ounces of butter, and cut into very thin slices four large onions; add them with pepper and salt, stew about an hour; add a cupful of rich gravy to that extracted from the kidney; stew five minutes, strain it, and thicken the gravy with flour and butter; give it a boil up. Serve with the gravy in the dish.

MINCED MUTTON.—This is a very useful preparation of cold mutton, and will be found excellent for a change. Cut slices of a cold roasted leg of mutton, and mince them very fine; brown some flour in butter, and moisten it with some gravy; salt and pepper to taste, and let it simmer about ten or fifteen minutes, to take off the raw taste of the flour; add another lot of butter and some parsley, chopped fine, then add the minced meat, and let it simmer slowly, but not boil, or the meat will be hard.

VENISON-STEAKS.—Cut them from the neck; season them with pepper and salt. When the gridiron has been well heated over a bed of bright coals, grease the bars, and lay the steaks upon it. Broil them well, turning them once, and taking care to save as much of the gravy as possible. Serve them up with some currant-jelly laid on each steak.

SASAAGES.—The proper seasoning is salt, pepper, sage, summer savory, or thyme; they should be one-third fat, the remainder lean, finely-chopped, and the seasonings well mixed and proportioned, so that one herb may not predominate over the others. If skins are used, they cannot be prepared with too much care; but they are about as well made into cakes; spread the cakes on a clean, white wood board, and keep them in a dry, cool place; fry them long and gently.

COTTAGE PLUM PUDDING (TIME, FIVE HOURS.)—A pound and a half of flour, four or five eggs, a pinch of salt, a little nutmeg, one pound of raisins, half a

pound of currants, sugar to taste, and a little milk. Make a thick batter with five well-beaten eggs, a pound and a half of flour, and a sufficient quantity of milk. Then add the currants, washed and picked, the raisins stoned, a little nutmeg and sugar to taste. Mix all well together, and boil it in basin or floured cloth for quite five hours. The peel of a lemon grated, and a few pieces of citron cut thin, may be added.

APPLE-PUDDING.—Pare four or five large tart apples, grate them fine; then make the following custard, into which stir the grated apple: Flour, four tablespoonfuls; one pint of milk, five eggs, and a little grated orange-peel. After you have these ingredients well mixed, pour them into your pudding-dish, and bake about one hour and a quarter.

RICE AND MILK.—To every quart of good milk allow two ounces of rice; wash it well in several waters; put it with the milk into a closely-covered sauce-pan, and set it over a slow fire; when it boils, take it off; let it stand till it is cold, and simmer it about an hour and a quarter before sending it to table, and serve it in a tureen.

PUFF CAKE.—Three cups of flour, two and a half cups of sugar, one of milk, three eggs, piece of butter large as an egg, one teaspoonful cream of tartar, half a teaspoonful of soda, half a teaspoonful of salt.

NICE DISHES FOR INVALIDS.—APPLE WATER Roast three or four good apples, carefully preserving all the juice; then put them in a pitcher and pour on a quart of boiling water. Drink when cold.

JELLIED RICE.—Put a teacup of rice to three pints of milk, add a little salt, cover close and let it simmer three hours. Beat well, put into moulds and eat as blanc mange, with sugar and cream.

OATMEAL GRUEL.—Put a cup of raisins in a pot of water and boil half hour. Mix two tablespoonfuls of oatmeal, with a little cold water and salt, and stir it with the raisins. Let it boil up and skim it well Sweeten with white sugar and add a little nutmeg. This is very nourishing.

TOAST WATER.—Two slices of stale bread toasted a nice brown, pour over a pint of water, and a few teaspoonfuls of good vinegar; add sugar and a little nutmeg to suit taste.

BEEF TEA.—Cut a piece of lean, juicy beef into small pieces, put them into a wide mouthed bottle in a kettle of cold water, and boil it for an hour and a half. Season with salt,

BARLEY WATER.—Wash two tablespoonfuls of pearl barley and add one quart of water and a little salt. Simmer slowly for an hour. Half a cup of raisins make it richer. When cool add lemon juice and sugar.

PANADA.—Set a pint of water on the stove and add a little sugar, nutmeg and lemon; crumb up some stale white bread, and as soon as the water boils stir in the bread, letting it boil fast a few minutes. Add a small bit of butter, if allowable.

OATMEAL MUSH.—Have a pint of water boiling hot, and stir in slowly three tablespoonfuls of oatmeal; add a little salt and boil half an hour. Eat with milk, molasses, or sugar.

Notices.

SIR WILLIAM LOGAN AND OUR GEOLOGICAL SURVEY.

BY A CANADIAN.

On the occasion of Sir William Logan's late retirement from the Directorship of the Geological Survey, each of the members of his staff being desirous of obtaining his portrait, requested him to sit for a photograph. Mr. Notman has succeeded in producing a capital likeness, from which the accompanying woodcut has been executed. Those who have not seen Sir William for a year will notice the striking change which has come over the once familiar face, by the growth of a flowing beard of silvery whiteness, reminding one of the ideal patriarch of old.

Sir William E. Logan is now about seventy-two years of age, having been born at Montreal in 1798. He commenced the Geological Survey of Canada in 1842 and retired from it in 1869, a period of twenty-seven years. Most Canadians are already aware of the principal circumstances in the past life of their illustrious countryman, and of his great achievements in the cause of science. We shall, therefore, only endeavor to give our readers a short sketch of the man himself and of his labors in connection with the Geological Survey of Canada.

The object of a geological survey is often very much misunderstood, many supposing that it consists merely in a promiscuous search after individual mines. While the discovery of economical minerals is constantly kept in view, as the ultimate object of such a survey, this result can be arrived at soonest by ascertaining the age and geographical distribution of the rocks of a country, and thereby pointing out the regions in which any particular mineral may be looked for with success. This explains a fact well known to those who have studied the geological reports, namely, that scarcely any mineralogical discovery of importance

has been made in the regions so far examined, which had not been foreshadowed by the Geological Survey.

When Sir William Logan commenced the Geological Survey, but few useful minerals were known to occur in the Province, whereas Canada is now rapidly becoming a mining country. It has been demonstrated that there is scarcely a mineral or metal of importance which we do not possess in abundance within our own borders. The failure to find coal in Canada (as it was proved a matter of great disappointment; but what nature had not done for our country, the politicians have, by including Nova Scotia under the same name, so that it can now no longer be said that there is "no coal in Canada.")

The Geological Survey has been of great service to the country, not only in pointing out where minerals *are* to be found, but where they *are not* to be looked for; and thus it has been the means of saving much time and money from being lost in useless search in regions, or under circumstances, which offered no probability of success. More money has perhaps been saved to the public in this way than would defray the whole cost of the survey from the beginning.

Good topographical maps are essential to geological work, and a great part of Canada being unsurveyed—indeed, almost unexplored—the members of the staff have been obliged to make their own maps as they went along. The Crown Lands Department have admitted that the Geological Survey has done more towards elucidating the geographical features of Canada than their own department, and the cost has been incomparably smaller. The admirable system followed by our geologists might be advantageously copied by other surveyors and explorers. Accuracy has always been Sir William's motto, and the surveys which have been made by himself or under his supervision, will prove of lasting value.

and have enabled him to construct a map of the country, which will be useful for all time to come. These surveys have also been of much use already, and will continue to be of great benefit in the future, in laying off and dividing up new lands for settlement, for defining timber limits, and even for the purposes of the fisheries, as well as in locating roads, railways and canals. An instance of the last occurred in the case of the proposed ship canal by way of the Ottawa; the upper parts of this river and its branches, as well as Lake Nipissing and the French River, having been first surveyed by our geologists.

We are indebted to Sir William Logan for the first good map ever published of all Canada and the adjacent regions. On this beautiful topographical plan, which has just been issued, he has carefully delineated the geology of Canada so far as it has been ascertained, and shewn the relations of our rock formations to those of the United States. The geology of the various States having been investigated by many separate authorities, all having different views in regard to the classification of the formations, Sir William was obliged to sift the whole of their work, and to bring order and uniformity out of chaos. His map will therefore also be of great service to the Americans. This arduous undertaking, as well as the condensation of the results of the survey up to 1863 in the large volume known as the *Geology of Canada*, bears the impress of Sir William's unwearying skill and care.

Canada, in addition to her obligations to Sir William Logan for his eminent services as a geologist, owes him a debt of gratitude for the very creditable manner in which he represented her at the various great international exhibitions, all of which have been held during his official career. In regard to this subject we cannot do better than copy the following paragraph which appeared in the *London Times* in the summer of 1862:—

“Canada is most worthily represented in Class I, thanks to the Director of the Canadian Geological Survey, Sir William Logan. Justice compels us to deviate from the course we have hitherto pursued, and bestow more than a passing notice on this

indefatigable geologist. Unaided, he commenced, in 1831, a geological survey of the great South Welsh coalfield, extending from Owm Avon to Carmarthen Bay, and completed it in seven years, at no small pecuniary sacrifice. Such was the estimate of the accuracy and value of this survey by the Director of the Geological Survey of Great Britain, Sir Henry De La Roche, that, with Sir William Logan's consent, it was adopted as a part of the national work. In 1842 Sir William went to Canada, where he has ever since resided, devoting his life with a singleness and earnestness of purpose truly remarkable, to the exploration of the structure and mineral resources of that vast territory. Not having the advantage of an accurate map of the country, such as has been supplied to our home geologists by the Ordinance Survey, he has been obliged to make a topographical survey *pari passu* with a geological one. Few persons can imagine the arduous nature of this work. Our indomitable geologist is often compelled to penetrate the trackless primeval forest, to force his way across the tangled cedar swamp, and brave the dangers of Canadian rapids in a frail canoe; and to these difficulties we may add that his passage is obstructed at every step by the most relentless and invincible foes with which man in these regions has to contend—countless hosts of mosquitoes and black flies. Very different is the comparatively light and gentlemanlike occupation of our home geologists, who have no such hardships to encounter, and after the pleasant ramble of the day, never fail to enjoy the luxury of an English cottage. Sir William Logan has sought neither wealth nor honors, but has quietly and honestly pursued the one great object of his life, with a devotion as rare as it is praiseworthy. Let it not be supposed that this eulogium is prompted by any feeling of personal regard. It is a just tribute and no more, to a man who has striven, during many years, to develop the vast mineral resources of Canada, not with a view to his own advancement, but from pure love of his work.”

In conducting the Geological Survey, Sir William has had other difficulties to contend against besides those of a mere physical character. The small salaries which he has been able to allow his assistants out of the Government grant (taking none at all himself) together with the uncertainty of the continuation of the Survey, especially in its earlier history, rendered it difficult to secure and retain properly qualified men. Before the advantages of the Survey itself were sufficiently well understood, it is believed that Sir

William's personal popularity alone often saved it from being discontinued.

Sir William was not long in perceiving that Canada is pre-eminently the country of the ancient formations, and soon commenced the difficult task of working out the laws governing their structure and arrangement; and he has succeeded in giving life and interest to these drier of the bones with which geologists have to deal. The name *Laurentian* which he gave to the oldest of these systems, has been adopted by the geologists of Europe and America, and applied to rocks of a corresponding age in all countries. His achievements in this connection will probably take the foremost place amongst the numerous important discoveries which have entitled him to be universally regarded as one of the first, if not *the* first among the geologists of the world.

His latest labors on the Geological Survey have been of the same nature as those in Wales, which first brought him prominently into notice, and led to his appointment in Canada. He has, we believe just completed a survey of the Pictou Coal Field, which will be of great commercial importance.

By giving full credit to everyone employed upon the Survey for all he might do, as well as by his great tact and judgment in the management of affairs—to say nothing of his kindly treatment of his assistants—Sir William has always enjoyed the respect and esteem of all connected with the Department.

The arduous duties from which he has just retired have been to him a labor of love. The salary allowed him by Government, had he accepted it, would have been a totally inadequate remuneration for a man of his ability and standing. But he has not only worked for little or no pecuniary reward, but has frequently been obliged to advance his private means to a considerable extent, in order to keep up the regular working of the Survey. Had a large salary been an object, he might have accepted a tempting offer which was made him to undertake a geological survey of India. His object in refusing it could only have been disinterested patriotism. The foundation of a knowledge of the geology of this

country had then been well laid, and the Canadian Survey was so far advanced, that his name would have been permanently associated with the geology of Canada; and by accepting the India appointment it might have been handed down to posterity in connection with *both* of the greatest dependencies of the British Crown.

The subject of our sketch has not only received special marks of Royal favor in testimony of his labors for the national good, but the learned societies of Europe have shown their appreciation of his valuable services in science, by conferring their highest honors upon him. Many of the citizens of both Montreal and Toronto have, on past occasions, availed themselves of united means of publicly expressing their sense of the value of some of these services. Ten or twelve years ago the King of Italy applied to him for advice in establishing a geological survey of his kingdom.

To say that Sir William Logan is simply a very popular man would not be doing him sufficient justice. The feeling of all classes towards him would be better expressed by saying that he is a favorite of the public. Now that he has retired from the cares of the management of the Survey, we only repeat the universal sentiment, when we say we trust he may live long to witness the further growth and progress of the department which he has so long and so ably conducted.

In taking leave of his responsible office, he does so without having a single enemy, which we imagine cannot be said of any other public man in Canada. In the memory of the present generation his name will be associated with none but the most pleasant recollections, and in future the names of Canada and Logan will always go together. We can boast of at least one noble example of patriotic devotion to our country's interests—of one who is admitted by common consent to be a man of sterling worth. If "sermons from stones" produce such results as these, we need no better preachers.

Sir William is succeeded by Mr. Selwyn, the well known geologist, who has for some years been engaged in making a geological survey of Victoria, Australia.

To the Editors of THE NEW DOMINION MONTHLY.

THE REMAINS OF FATHER ENNE-MOND MASSE.

GENTLEMEN,—The picturesque parish of Sillery, near Quebec, has just become quite lively from the concourse of antiquarians, students and visitors of every description, attracted there to view the remains of one of the most devoted and the first Jesuit missionary of France in Canada, whose bones were found in the ruins of the old Sillery church of St. Michel, built about 1645.

Ennemond Masse had preached the Gospel in the wilds of Canada many years before the time of his death, which happened on the 12th of May, 1646. The discovery of his remains was made on the 2nd of October last by the Rev. Abbes Casgrain and Laverdure, two young priests of Quebec—the first well known as an agreeable writer; the second for the last four years engaged in editing a new edition of "Champlain's Voyages." These indefatigable antiquarians, by dint of comparing old texts of the *Jesuits' Journal and Relations*, came to the conclusion that the good missionary had been buried at Sillery Cove, in a church built in the earliest times of Canada. After a protracted search the men they employed to dig, hit on the coffin of the reverend father. The skeleton was in a good state of preservation, considering it had been there some 223 years. It would be difficult to depict the enthusiasm which took possession of the inhabitants of Sillery Cove and other adjoining Coves, when the news of the discovery was made known. A rosewood coffin was at once procured by subscription; shortly after a solid fire-brick vault was built over the spot to protect the remains from the effects of wind and weather. Some one having incautiously mooted the idea of transferring the bones to the R. C. parish of St. Colombe of Sillery, was met with universal reprobation—"The rest of the 'dead must not be violated.'" "The *saint*," to use their expression, "has lain two 'centuries in the consecrated ground, over 'which his own well-beloved church was 'built by Brulart de Sillery, the founder of 'the settlement, in 1637—who will now dis-'turb him?" A handsome monument is in course of preparation, which will on one side commemorate the memory of the first Jesuit missionary in New France; and on the other, the name of the illustrious founder of the church and settlement—Noel Brulart de Sillery, a Knight of Malta. An iron railing will also inclose the ground on which the church foundations now rest. The monument, which will be seen from the deck of the steamers on their up and down trips from Quebec to Montreal, will be quite an ornament to this portion of the Cove, on which stands, probably, the oldest

dwelling-house in Canada—the residency of the Jesuit Fathers, built in 1637—now a comfortable, though massive, modern dwelling, occupied by Thos. Beckett, Esq., manager in Canada for the extensive Liverpool house of R. R. Dobell & Co. The old residency, which is known as the "manor house," has walls more than three feet thick, with gloomy, subterranean passages for cellars. It served as a kind of fort during the Iroquois incursions. Some of the good fathers were massacred in the vicinity by these merciless foes, a couple of centuries ago. During storms the roar of the waves on the beach which adjoins, strikes the ear in these grim, dungeon-like subterranean corridors with awful portent. The historical ruins of the Sillery settlement of 1637 are fully and reliably described in the third series of the *Maple Leaves*, to be found at Messrs. Dawson Brothers, Montreal, to which I shall refer the curious generally. In August, 1868, Francis Parkman, the historian, Professor F. A. H. Larue, of the Laval University, and myself, while spending a pleasant hour in visiting the antiquities of Sillery, examined the ruins of the old chapel, now level with the soil, and clothed with green sward. Little did we think that a few feet from where we then stood slept in peace, on the banks of the majestic river of his adopted country, Ennemond Masse, the devoted missionary.

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE PRIMEVAL WORLD OF HEBREW TRADITION, by Frederick Henry Hedge. Boston: Roberts Bros., 1870. For sale by Dawson Bros., Montreal.

This author, regarding the Book of Genesis as mere human tradition, selects texts from it and moralizes upon them with some show of learning but with not very brilliant results. He boldly asserts that it is a mistake to attempt to reconcile Scripture and science, for, "morally and spiritually it is not of the slightest consequence that they should be reconciled." Premising this, he feels, of course, at liberty to make what interpretation he pleases of the sacred words, and one only wonders that he takes the trouble to explain them at all, since they are of so little value in his eyes. He considers that the "very point" of the Biblical theory of the Fall is lost by regarding it as resulting from an extra human evil power instead of originating in the constitution of man, and explains that the serpent typifies fleshly wisdom as opposed to the spiritual. Also, we are not to think that there is anything hereditary in the Fall. That is a mere fancy for which there is no foundation. The story is entirely allegorical. "We," he says, "are Adam and Eve. Adam is here to-day in every home into which an infant is born, and the old trial with like results with every child that comes into the world." But it is unnecessary to go further; unnecessary to state that Mr. Hedge considers that the real cause of dissension between Cain and Abel, was a "disputed title to lands

reserved for agricultural uses." That it was impossible for any one to live 669 years, because his "brain would sink beneath the load, collapse into idiocy or explode in madness." And that the first experiment in human nature was unsuccessful, because sufficient *moral capital* had not been accumulated to counterbalance the activity of lawless passion. It is sufficient to say that we do not think any one will be the wiser for having read the book, except as to the extent of man's liability to err when he once despises the authority of the Word of God. The book consists of 283 pages, of which fortunately nearly half of each page is margin.

VICK'S ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE AND FLORAL GUIDE FOR 1870. James Vick, Rochester, N. Y. Price, ten cents.

In the old country it is the custom to surround every garden with a high stone wall, effectually hiding the interior from the view of passers-by. This is considered necessary in order to secure privacy to the family. If an Englishman or a Scotchman were suddenly set down in some suburban street of a Western city, his prejudices might at first be shocked; but he would probably find it pleasanter to walk between flower borders and green lawns, separated from the street only by a light ornamental railing or a grass bank, than between stone walls, with, at most, a branch of ivy or the topmost twigs of a wall-tree peeping over the coping to tell of the gardens beyond. And if he should see a lady here and there gathering seeds, or even kneeling on the grass, with her little hands half buried in the earth, transplanting her seedlings, he might think it strange, but he would acknowledge it a pretty picture, and she would have no reason to blush for her occupation.

Streets, such as these, where every step reveals new delight, are to be met with in all American cities, especially in the West. Canada holds a sort of intermediate place in the matter. High board fences, even more monotonous and uninteresting than masonry, or, worse still, unsightly, staring, brick walls, line our suburban streets and hide the presumable wealth of beauty within from hungry eyes outside. Here and there, however, we see an attempt to cultivate flowers in view of the street, and such attempts deserve praise and encouragement; but, unfortunately, disappointment is often the result. There are persons so low that they take delight in breaking and destroying flowers wherever they can lay their hands on them. If, however, their cultivation in public view were more general, it would probably gradually superinduce a more healthy public opinion on the subject; and in the case of gardens, a high open railing, where it can be afforded, would be as effectual a protection as a close board fence, and certainly much more ornamental. "Vick's Illustrated Catalogue," which lies on our table, contains so much of beauty and interest; the pictures and descriptions of the various kinds of flowers are so inviting; the instructions to beginners on the preparation of hotbeds, sowing and transplanting, arrangement of color and form, etc., are so clear that few who examine it will not be tempted to invest something in seeds, and try their hands at gardening for one season at least. A great deal can be done with very small means. A shallow box on the window-sill, provided

with a hand-glass or bell-glass, to start the plants, and a larger box hung outside, into which to transplant them when the warm weather comes, will afford a great deal of enjoyment where no more space can be obtained. A small plot of ground will give almost every facility that can be desired, while those that have a large space at their disposal can have no difficulty in filling it.

A little care bestowed on flowers brings a rich reward, besides being in itself a pleasure, only appreciated by those who have tried it. Flowers are like children; the more care and trouble we give to them the more we learn to love them. The taste for gardening grows more rapidly perhaps than any with most persons. A beginning is all that is needed to make them enthusiasts in the work; and those who, like Mr. Vick and others, both in the States and Canada, are doing what they can to foster and cultivate the taste of the people, deserve the people's thanks and encouragement.

The likeness of Sir Wm. Logan, which forms the frontispiece of the present number, is engraved from a very striking photograph by Notman, by one of the well-known Dalziel family of wood engravers, who has made Montreal his headquarters. The child Samuel, in the Young Folk's department, is from an exquisite picture by Sant.

Walter McDonald, Esq., of Rockton, Ontario, writes:—

"I herewith enclose nine dollars, for which you will please send the *NEW DOMINION MONTHLY* to the address of the persons named in the accompanying list. As the *NEW DOMINION MONTHLY* is the only magazine of the kind in Canada, I would like to see it succeed; therefore, I have taken a little trouble to obtain some subscribers for it. With what I sent before, this will make fifteen dollars from me. If a few others would exert themselves a little, the *DOMINION* might soon have a large circulation. I have in my list some subscribers at different offices. These are parties from a distance that were in my office, and I called their attention to the list, and showed them a sample number, and, by so doing, got them to subscribe."

Mr. McDonald has our hearty thanks for his kind interest and the good example which he has set to our friends elsewhere. He suggests that the contents of each month should be inside as well as outside, for the sake of those who bind the magazine,—a plan which we shall adopt next month. Those who bind can now begin with any month; but if they bind each year's numbers together they will have less difficulty in putting a proper title on the back, thus: *NEW DOMINION MONTHLY, 1870.*

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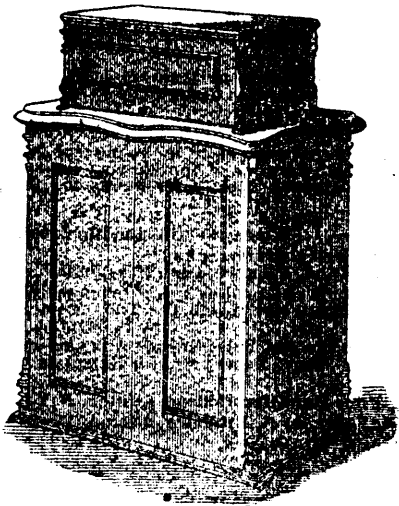
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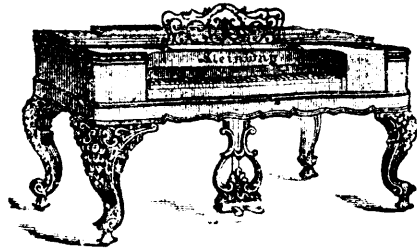
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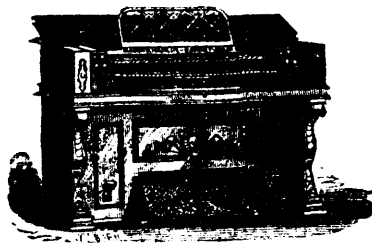
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