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THE LIFE BOAT:

A Juvenile Temperance Magazine,

Vol. IV.

MONTREAL, AUGUST, 1855.

No. 8.

THE ENGLISH MERCHANT AND SARACEN LADY.



IN the reign of Henry the First of England, called *Beaucerc*, or *Fine Scholar*, for he was actually so learned that he could write his own name—a great attainment for a king in those days,—there lived in London a rich young man named Gilbert a Becket.

In that simple old time the wonders of science and art, among which we walk and live just as if they had always been—like the trees, the flowers, the sky and the stars—were never thought of or dreamed of, except by the great poets, who, may be, with their prophet eyes, looked away into the far future, and saw them looming up above the coming ages like mountain peaks in a distance of a landscape. Then the great ocean could heave and swell, and roar, and rage, and toss their mad frothing waves up at the sky, as if to defy the great God—and then obedient to His will, grow quiet and smooth again, year after

year, without one single ship venturing over their vast expanse—to be made afraid of their violence, or flattered by their calm—and all the commerce of the world was scarcely equal to that of the smallest and poorest kingdoms of our times. Then going to sea was considered more perilous than going to battle; voyagers never failed to make their will and set their worldly affairs in order, before they weighed anchor and set sail for foreign parts. To be sure, it has lately seemed very much as if we were fast going back to these old doubtful, dangerous times—those dark ages of navigation, and that after all our wonderful improvements and discoveries, we can count very little upon safe and prosperous voyages.

But to return to Gilbert a Becket. He was thought a brave and adventurous man when he left his comfortable English home, and sailed for the Holy Land, to trade with the rich Syrians for satins, velvet and gems, which he meant to bring to England and sell at a great profit. He probably calculated to double his fortune, and perhaps be able to buy a title and so become one of the nobles of the land, and live in a brave castle, where he would receive the king

and court, and entertain them in princely style. But alas! titles and royal guests were not for him, and all the castle he was ever to lay claim to was such one "in the air," as any one of us may build. He was taken prisoner by the Turks, robbed of his ship, sold as a slave, fettered and set at work in the palace gardens of Mahmoud, a terrible, fierce-eyed, black-bearded, big-turbaned Saracen chief.

It was a very hard fortune, that of poor Gilbert. He was obliged to toil from morning till night, digging or spading, planting and weeding, and all the while with the disadvantage of not knowing much about the gardening business, and of having a heavy chain dragging and clinking at his ancles. You may depend that he felt that if he could get safe back to England he would never more aspire to castles and titles, nor trouble himself if the king and court never should eat a good dinner or shake their heels at a ball again.

But often out of our greatest misfortune comes our best good and happiness—and hope and joy often follow times of fear and sorrow, as beautiful rainbows are made out of storms that have just darkened the sky and beaten down the flowers. One evening, just as the muezzin was calling all pious Musselmen to prayers, Gilbert a Becket stood leaning against a palm tree, resting a little from his daily toil and thinking longing of his country and home. Just then, a young Saracen lady of marvellous beauty, called Zarina, chanced that way on her evening walk, and was very much struck by the appearance of the stranger. In truth, as Gilbert stood there leaning so gracefully against the palm, with his pale face cast down, and his soft auburn hair half veiling his sad eyes—to say nothing of his

long golden eye-lashes, and his curling, silken mustache, he was a very handsome and interesting young man, and in spite of that gardener's dress and that slavish chain, looked as proud and noble as a prince.

Zarina thought so, and though very modest and timid, drew near to speak a few kind words to him. He looked up at the sound of her light step, and, for the first time in many months, he smiled, gladdened by the sight of her beautiful innocent face.

The ballad does not tell just how these two became acquainted, but it is certain that they soon grew to be excellent friends, and managed to meet often, and have long walks and talks in the shaded bowers of Mahmoud's gardens. They first talked of the birds and flowers, then of the stars and the moonlight, then of love, then of God. Gilbert told Zarina of the Christian's blessed faith, and related all the beautiful and marvellous stories of our Lord Jesus, and Zarina wondered and wept and believed.

Gilbert had learned the Saracean language and spoke it very well, but Zarina did not understand the English at all. The first word of that she ever spoke was "yes," which Gilbert taught her to say when he asked her to be his wife, whenever he could gain his freedom.—But month after month, a whole year went by, and Gilbert was still a captive.

One day, when Zarina met her lover in a shady garden walk, she said in a low, gentle voice, and with her tender eyes cast down, "I am a Christian now, dear Gilbert; I pray to God morning and night. Thou knowest I am an orphan. I love no one in the world but thee; then why should I stay here? why shouldst thou linger in bondage? Let us fly to England?"

God will guide us safely over the dark waters, for we are Christians, and need not fear anything. I will meet thee to night on the sea shore, and bring gold and jewels enough to purchase a vessel and hire a skillful crew—and when, O, my Gilbert, we are afloat on the broad blue sea, sailing towards thy home, thou wilt bless me and love me—wilt thou not?”

The merchant kissed the maiden's hand, and promised to meet her on the strand at the appointed hour. And he did not fail—but he walked the lonely shore and no light-footed Zarina came flitting the deep night shadows and stealing to his side. North, south, east, and west, he looked—but all in vain. The night was clear, the winds whispered low, the little waves slid on the shining shore and seemed to invite him to sail away over them to the great seas beyond—but the stars overhead twinkled so merrily and winked so knowingly that he had almost fancied they had betrayed the story of his Zarina's love and intended flight. At length he heard a quick, light step, and sprang forward with a joyful cry. Alas, it was not Zarina, but her faithful nurse Safie, who came to tell him that Zarina's love had been discovered, and that her kinsman had confined her in a strong, guarded tower, and that he must escape alone. She sent him a casket of gold, with a promise that as soon as possible she would make her escape and come to him in London.

There really was nothing for Gilbert a Becket to do but to accept Zarina's casket of jewels and follow her advice; so, after sending her many loving farewell messages by Safie, he went.

He had a prosperous voyage and reached London in safety, where he gave his friends a joyful sur-

prise, for they had given him up for dead.

Year after year went by, and he saw nothing, of his noble Saracen love, Zarina, and at last he grew to think of her very sorrowful and tenderly as of one dead. But Zarina lived, and lived for him whom she loved and had taught her to love God. For years she was kept imprisoned in that lonely guarded tower near the sea—where she could only put her sorrow in mournful songs, and sigh her love out on the winds that blew toward England, and gaze up at the bright, kindly stars and pray for Gilbert. But one night, while the guard slept, the brave Zarina stole out on the parapet, and leaped down many feet to the ground below. She soon sprang up unharmed and made her way to the strand, when she took passage on a foreign vessel for Stamboul. Now, all the English that this poor girl remembered were the words “Gilbert” and “London.” These she said in sad, pleading, inquiring tones to every one she met!—but nobody understood what she meant by them.

From Stamboul she went on her weary wandering way, from port to port and from city to city, till she had journeyed through many strange countries, repeating everywhere these two words of English—but all in vain, for though everybody had heard of London, none knew Gilbert. Yet the people were very kind and gave her food and shelter, out of pity for her sad face and in return for the sweet songs which she sung.

At length after many months of lonely and toilsome wandering she reached England, and found herself amidst the busy, hurrying throng of London. She gazed about her bewildered and almost despairing at finding it so large a

place—it would be so much harder to find him. Yet still, patiently and wearily up and down the long streets she went—through market-place and square—past churches and palaces, singing her mournful songs, speaking softly and more and more sadly the one beloved word—"Gilbert."

One evening as Gilbert a Becket, the rich merchant, sat at the banquet table in his splendid London house, entertaining a gay company of rich and noble guests, a servant brought him word that a beautiful Saracen maiden, pale and sorrowful looking, stood in the square without, singing sad songs and repeating his name over and over. In a moment Gilbert thought of his beloved Zarina, and springing up from the table he rushed out of his brilliant hall into the street where poor Zarina stood, with her long, dark hair glistening with the chill night dew, and her sweet face looking very white and tearful in the moonlight.

He knew her at a glance, though she was sadly changed from the fair young girl he had left in the gardens of Mahmoud, as gay-hearted as the birds and as blooming as the flowers. He called her name—he caught her in his arms—and the next time she spoke the dear word—"Gilbert," she murmured it against his heart, while his lips pressed his cheeks and his eyes dropped happy, loving tears upon her brow.

He took her into his princely house, and it became her home from that hour. She was baptised and took the Christian name of Matilda, but Gilbert always called her "Zarina," for he said he loved that best.

The faithful lovers were married and lived together for many years, happy, honored and beloved. Their oldest son, Thomas a Becket,

was a powerful and renowned archbishop in the reign of Henry the Second.

And so ends the true story of the English Merchant and the Saracen Lady.—*By Grace Greenwood.*

A FAITHFUL GIRL.



CASE of woman's devotion has recently been brought to our knowledge which certainly equals anything that we have ever met

with in the realms of romance. The circumstances occurred in this city, and are perfectly well authenticated.

While the small pox was raging here a few weeks ago, a young man employed in a store on Lake street, was seized with the disease. It was, of course, improper for him to remain there, and the people with whom he lived, who were distant relatives of his, refused to permit him to stay in their house. The result was, that he was taken to the pest-house.

It so happened that he was engaged to be married to a most estimable and amiable young lady. No sooner did she hear of his condition than she determined at once that she would nurse him. She underwent vaccination, and then went where they had taken her betrothed to the pest-house. Here she found him, alone, sick, wretched, deserted by all the world. And here she remained, like a ministering angel, waiting beside his bed of pain, soothing his distresses and attending to his wants. He died.

But how consoling must have been his last moments.

Though all the world had forsaken him, she, whom he loved better than all the world, remained faithful to the last. Her hand it was that smoothed his pillow; her eyes still beamed upon him with mournful but unabated affection; into her ear he poured his last words of love, of sorrow and hopes that in this world might never be fulfilled.

It recalled to our mind, when we heard it, the words that Bulwer puts in the mouth of one of his characters:—"To be watched and tended by the one we love, who could not walk blind and barefooted over the world."—*Chicago Tribune*.

LITTLE NANNIE.

BY LUCY LARCOM.

FAWN-FOOTED Nannie,
Where have you been?"
Chasing a sunbeam
Into the glen;
Plunging through silver lakes
After the moon,
Tracking o'er meadows
The footsteps of June.

"Sunny-eyed Nannie,
What did you see?"
Saw the fays sewing
Green leaves on a tree;
Saw the waves counting
The eyes of the stars;
Saw cloud-lamps sleeping
By sunset's red bars.

"Tuneful-tared Nannie,
What did you hear?"
Heard the rain asking
A rose to appear;
Heard the woods tell
When the woods whistled wrong;
Heard the streams flow
Where the bird drinks his song.

"Nannie, dear Nannie,
O take me with you,
To run and to listen,
And see as you do?"
Nay, nay—lest you borrow
My ear and my eye;
The music you'll hear not,
The beauty will die.

"I CAN'T."



ON'T say you can't—go and try." The old man—we knew him well in childhood—spoke earnestly. His old frame straightened and his dim eyes kindled as it looked into our own. We see him now as he stood then. He had taken his well-worn glasses from his nose, and stood with compressed lip towering above us. To us, boy as we were,

there was something of awe in his voice and manner. A blush crept up over our cheeks and brow, and we felt ashamed of the word—sorry we had spoken it in his hearing. "Can't do it! Why, boy, I could do it, as old as I am, and so can you."

The late frosts had cut down the young corn blades and the old man whose words we have quoted, wanted the dead parts clipped off with shears. It was afternoon, our comrades were ready with their fish-poles and bait, and we looked upon the job as Herculean. But we wanted fishing tackle, and we knew not where to obtain the shilling or two—a great sum at that particular juncture—necessary to buy the articles. With a sigh we took the shears and commenced. At first the lip quivered—we thought the old man stern and unfeeling. But as we entered into the work, his many acts of kindness came up, and the toil became a pleasure.

The grass did not grow under our feet that day. We were earning money; there was fishing tackle in the store; and our com-

rades were by the stream where trout were plenty. Backwards and forward we went. We were astonished at our progress, became encouraged, and put on more steam.

While the sun was high up in the west, we clipped our last row of corn, and wiped the steaming sweat from our heated face. Without a thought for the bent and aching back, we entered the old man's office and stood by his chair. Turning his eye over his glasses, he recognised us, and a shade of disappointment shaded his features. "What!" he had indignantly exclaimed, "backed out so quick? Well, well, young man, you'll never get through the world 'in this way.'" Pushing his glasses violently back upon his nose, he resumed his writing.

"The corn is finished," we at last ventured to say. "What's that?" and he turned quickly to where we stood. "The corn is all clipped," we replied. "All clipped, sir." "Nobly done, my boy, nobly done. Now you are a man again, and I honor you. Here is your money." He held our blistered fingers in his palm and looked thrillingly down to our very souls, as he with his other hand dropped a half dollar into our hat. "Now, sir, go and take your comfort with your well-earned money, and always remember not to say 'I can't.' That's a cowardly word, boy. Always TRY, and you'll succeed." The throat was full, for pride, joy and gratitude was swelling up. We felt reliant—felt manly—felt wealthy. When a few moments afterwards we stood at the counter and called for fish-hooks and lines, we felt that chaps of our means and station did not often trade at the store. We felt that the finest trout would honor

our hook, and that such boys were scarce.

We never have forgotten the words of the old man. They have been a trumpet blast when life's battle waged fiercely. "Can't" will never help us through a difficulty; "I'LL TRY" has overcome the most threatening ones. It is cowardly to despair; it is brave and manly to try. There is sorcery in that iron will which dares. It leaps into the arena against any odds, and gives resolute battle to all obstacles. "We must flog 'em boys, or Molly Stark is a widow to-night," was the cry of the intrepid Green Mountaineer. That spirit, into the hardy riflemen of the mountains, saved their homes from brand and blade. "I'll try," was the sublime language of Miller, as he moved calmly through the battle-storm of hissing iron. "It was worse with me at Arcola," scornfully replied Bonaparte as he was urged to flee from the Chamber of Deputies.

We like that spirit. Many is the time our heart has been pained and indignant when we have heard the faint-hearted ones whimper in the reform strife. "It's of no use—we can't do it!" We always feel like trying. If we fail even, in the contest, the Right still lives and the work is bequeathed from sire to son. It is only the trial which can secure the triumph.—*Cayuga Chief.*

BEAUTIFUL SENTIMENT.

ONE of the finest passages in the play of "Richelieu" is this:

Richelieu—Young man, be blithe, for note me, from the hour I grasp that packet, think your guardian star rains fortune on you.

Francois—If I fail?

Richelieu—Fail! fail! In the bright lexicon of youth which fate

reserves for a glorious manhood,
there is no such word as fail!

Why should a young man fail?
If he be honest, if he be honorable,
if he be ardent, if he be energetic,
if he be gifted with mental power,
if he be right in soul and strength,
he should never fail. And if any
alluring temptation whispers in his
ear words that would make him
turn aside, let him revert to that
"bright lexicon," and never fail!

THE INTEMPERATE.

BY J. O. ROCHWELL.

PRAY, Mr. Dram Drinker? how do
you do?

What in predition's the matter with
you?
How do you come by that bruise on the
head?

Why are your eyes so infernally red?
Why do you mutter that infidel hymn?
Why do you tremble in every limb?
Who has done this? let the reason be
shown
And let the offender be pelted with stone!
And the Dram Drinker said, 'If you listen
to me,
You shall hear what you hear, and see
what you see.

"I had a father, the grave is his bed.
I had a mother, she sleeps with the dead.
Freely I wept when they left me alone—
But I shed all my tears on their grave and
their stone.
I planted a willow—I planted a yew—
And I left them to sleep till the last trump-
pet blew.

"Fortune was mine, and I mounted her
car:
Pleasure from virtue had beckoned me
far,
Onward I went, as an avalanche down,
And the sunshine of fortune was changed
to a frown!

"Fortune was gone—and I took to my
side
A young and a lovely and beautiful bride!
Her I treated with coldness and scorn,
Tarrying back till the break of the morn;
Slighting her kindness, and mocking her
fears—
Casting a blight on her tenderest years:
Sad and neglected, and weary I left her—
Sorrow and care of reason bereft her—
Till, like a star, when it falls from its pride,
She sunk in the bosom of misery and died!

"I had a child, and it grew like a vine:
Fair as the rose of Damascus was mine;
Fair—and I watched o'er her innocent
youth,
As an angel from Heaven would watch
over truth,
She grew like her mother in feature and
form—
Her blue eyes was languid—her cheek was
too warm.
Seventeen summers had shone on her
brow—
The seventeenth winter beheld her laid
low!
Yonder they sleep in their grave side by
side—
A father—a mother—a daughter—a bride!

"When they had left me, I stood here
alone—
None of my race or my kindred was
known:
Friends all forsaken, and hope all depart-
ed—
Sad, and desponding, and desolated heart-
ed—
Feeling no kindness for aught that was hu-
man—
Hated by man, and detested by woman—
Bankrupt in fortune, and ruined in name—
Onward I kept in the pathway of shame;
And till this hour, since my daughter went
down,
My brow has but known a continual
frown!

"Go to your children, and tell them the
tale:
Tell them his cheek, too, was lividly pale;
Tell them his eye was all bloodshot and
cold—
Tell them his purse was a stranger to gold—
Tell them he passed through the world they
are in,
The victim of sorrow, and misery, and sin!
Tell them, when life's shameful conflicts were
past,
In horror and anguish he perished at last."

WHERE ARE THE LOST?



UCIAN relates a
story of Diagoras,
the sceptic, who
was taken into a
temple of Neptune
and shown a long
gallery of portraits
of persons who had
escaped from ship-
wreck, and was asked how he
could doubt the efficacy of votive
offerings to the gods, after seeing

such evidence of their fruits. "Aye," replied the old philosopher, "but where are they that were drowned?"

In like manner the devotees of the rum-fiend frequently refer to some isolated case of an old man who has been in the habit of tipping, or of taking occasional sprees during the greater part of his life, in proof that liquor-drinking does not diminish longevity. Such apparent immunity sometimes occurs, just as men now and then escape drowning when shipwrecked in the middle of the ocean. But in the one case, as in the other, how great is the hazard! Of the tens of thousands wrecked at sea, few, comparatively, are saved from sinking by holding to floating fragments of the ship. And of the hundreds of thousands addicted habitually to dram drinking, scarcely a greater proportion do not go down prematurely to the graveyard.—There is hardly a family in the community that can not count among its relations, victims to the dreadful scourge of intemperance! There are but few citizens in society who can not point out, among their kindred, some who has fatally suffered from it!

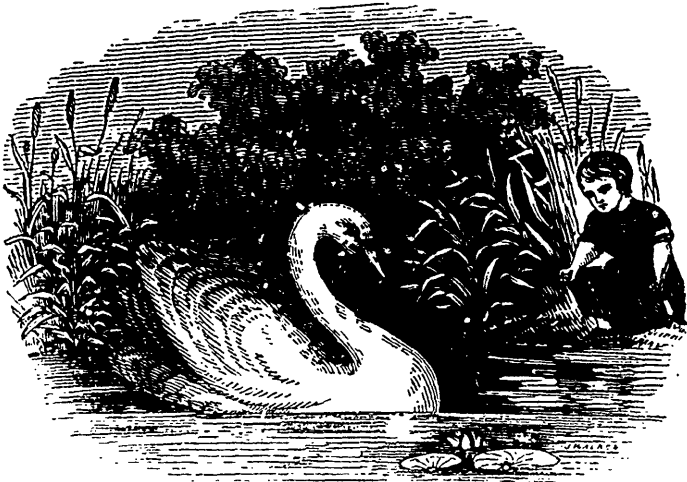
It is not legitimate to infer that rum-drinking does not shorten life, because some aged man has been able, through idiosyncrasy of constitution, or the greater power of resistance of his vital forces, to outlive the effects of years of poisoning, any more than it would be to pretend that it is perfectly safe to be wrecked at sea because some hardy sailor has been known to get ashore on a plank. The thousands who perish in either case is the rule; the individuals who escape are the exceptions.

ROOM-ATTIC PANES.—These belong to a garret window.

A DESIRABLE PROVISION.

THE Guardian Angel in Paris is a man whose duty it is to visit the drinking shops, and the moment a man gets tipsy to take him under his protection, to accompany him home and to put him to bed. The individuals practising this profession are picked men, who never drink themselves, who have the necessary moral authority to force obedience from the drunken creature they are conveying home, who can defend him against attack, and more than all who can prevent him from drinking at the shops they pass on their way. The price for this service is ten sous; and there is not an instance on record of an individual thus protected home and put to bed, have failed to discharge this debt of honor. It is a rule at the drinking shops that when a man cannot stand he must be taken off, and the Angel is straightway called. The Angels are kindly treated by the shop-keepers, whose interest is to see that no one of his customers come to harm. They receive the odds and ends of the dinner, and are recommended to the neighbors when a reliable man for some confidential errand is wanted. Their honesty is proverbial, and a Bacchanalian with a hundred francs in his pocket, who is confided to their charge, is morally sure of finding his hundred francs where he left them when he wakes the next morning. To those acquainted with the character of the native Parisians, it is unnecessary to observe that the Guardian Angel relies for custom principally on the English and other foreigners, who have not learned to use wine without abusing it.

A COBDEN PROVERB.—A man may hold a candle to enlighten the people, so as to burn his own fingers.



THE SWAN.

THIS graceful bird is found on all the large streams and lakes, in almost every country of Europe, and is also common as far north as Siberia. Like most other water-fowl, the Swan is migratory, though when the winter is not very severe, great numbers remain in the more temperate latitudes, and find shelter from the cold about the dams and outlets of the rivers, where the water does not freeze. The plumage of this bird throughout, is of the purest white. The neck is not more remarkable for its great length than for its majestic beauty, which gives it, when in the water, so graceful an appearance. The bill is slightly hooked at the point, and of a red color edged with black; the base is surmounted by a large protuberance of deep black; the legs also are black with a tinge of red. It is by far the largest of the web-footed water-fowl, the male being upwards of five feet in length and more than eight from tip to tip of its expanded wings; its usual weight averages from twenty to twenty-five pounds, and sometimes

it has been known to reach thirty; the female is smaller in size.

In former days, Swans, as well as Peacocks were served up at the tables of the great, and considered dainties; but the common barn-yard fowl, is so much superior both in delicacy and flavor, that these stately birds are now kept only for ornament, and there is nothing that more enhances the beauty of a lovely lake or river, than one or two snow white Swans, sailing majestically over the smooth surface. It builds its nest in the most solitary places on the water's edge, of twigs and reeds in the rudest manner, but lines it comfortably with feathers, plucked from its own breast. It lays six or eight greenish colored eggs, and sits for five weeks. It is very attentive to its young, both parents devoting themselves to their education, bearing them on their backs and teaching them to swim, or placing them beneath their wings to shelter them from danger, nor do they cease their attentions, till the prospects of a new brood claims their care, when the little ones

first hatched, are left to shift for themselves.

The Swan is a very long lived bird, and supposed by some to attain the age of a hundred years, others assign it only a term of fifty, which we imagine to be nearer the truth.

The wild Swan is more common than the domesticated species, being found as far north as the borders of the Arctic circle, and extending south to Egypt and Barbary. In America, too, it ranges from Hudson's Bay to Louisiana and the Carolinas. It is about the same size as the tame Swan, and its plumage has the same snowy whiteness; the bill, however, differs in color, being of a bright yellow, and is without any protuberance at its base. It differs also in its capability of emitting coarse and disagreeable sounds, while the other is perhaps the mutest of all birds. Their habits are similar, but the wild Swan flies with incredible swiftness; it is said, at the rate of a hundred miles an hour before the wind, thus wonderfully outstripping the speed of the swiftest rail-car. On this account, it is frequently necessary in shooting them, to take sight ten or twelve feet before their bills.

They arrive in Hudson's Bay about March and are shot by the natives in great numbers. In Iceland they are hunted at moulting time by dogs, which as they are then unable to fly, run them down, and seize them by the neck. The female lays from five to seven eggs, of an olive-green color, and so large, that one of them is a sufficient meal for a man, even without bread.

There is also the black Swan, which the ancients considered the rarest bird upon earth, but great numbers have since been discovered in New South Wales, from

whence they have been brought to England, where they thrive so well that they are no longer looked upon as a rarity. They are precisely in form, like the other kinds above described, but differ in plumage, which is entirely black, and are smaller in size. Nor is it without a certain degree of beauty, as its bright red bill contrasts well with the inky color of its feathers, and in the elegance of its attitudes upon the water, and the gracefulness of its motions, it is not inferior to its white and more celebrated cousins.

We may add that the Swan is a royal bird, and often figured in the princely pleasures of former kings of England. In Edward the fourth's time, none were permitted to keep Swans, except the king's son, unless they possessed a freehold of a certain yearly value; and by an act of Henry the seventh, persons convicted of taking a Swan's egg, were liable to a year's imprisonment, and a fine imposed by the Sovereign.

In proof of the high estimation in which these birds were held in ancient times, we may mention that in 1570, a tract was published called "The Order of Swanne's," the first article of which we extract in the quaint language in which it was expressed.—It is as follows:—

"First—Ye shall enquire if there be any person that doth possess any Swannes, and hath not compounded with the king's majesty, for his marke (that is to say) six shillings eight pence, for his marke during his life; if you know any such, you shall present them, that all such Swanne's and Signets, may be seized to the king."

Every one who owned Swans, was obliged to affix to them a certain mark, for which he paid yearly for each one four-pence, to the

master of the game ; and by another article of the singular order quoted above, " It is ordained, that if any person doe raze out, counterfeit, or alter the marke, of any Swanne, to the hindering or loss of any man's game, and any such offender, duly proved before the king's majesties commissioner's of Swannes, shall suffer one year's imprisonment, and pay three pounds six shillings eight pence to the king."

There was formerly an annual excursion made by the mayor and members of the corporation of London to the swans, on the Thames ; it was called swan-hopping or upping, it should be, which signified the duties of the official visitors, who went in a gilded barge with music and gay streamers, to take up the swans and mark them. This task, however, it is said, was rather difficult to perform, since the swans being exceedingly strong scuffling with them among the tangles of the river was rather dangerous, and recourse was obliged to be had to certain strong crooks, shaped like those which the arcadian shepherds have been described as using.

The ancients believed that the swan when about to die, poured forth its last breath in the most enchanting strains. This melody, they said, was often heard at the dawn of day, when all nature was still and calm ; and no fable of antiquity has been more generally received, or is esteemed more beautiful. Even now, when we hear repeated the parting words of the great and the gifted, we borrow from it a touching metaphor, and say " they are the last notes of the expiring swan."

Exquisitely does Milton, the bard of Paradise, describe in a few brief lines, this stately bird.

" The swan with arched neck

Between her white wings mantling, proudly rows
Her state with oary feet, y^et oft they quit
The bank, and rising on stiff pennons tour
The mid aerial sky."

But we cannot conclude our imperfect sketch of this favorite bird better, than by transcribing a part of Mrs. Howitt's beautiful lines to—

THE WILD SWAN.


Fair flows the river,
Smoothly gliding on ;
Green grow the bulrushes
Around the stately swan.
What an isle of beauty
The noble bird hath formed,
The greenest trees and stateliest,
Grow all the isle around.

Low bend the branches
In the water bright,
Up comes the Swan sailing,
Plummy all and white.
Like a ship at anchor,
Now he lies at rest,
And little waves seem daintily
To play about his breast.

Wild bird of beauty,
Strong, and glad, and free!
Dwelling on these waters,
How pleasant it must be!
Like a gleam of sunshine
In shadow passing on,
Like a wreath of snow, thou art,
Wild and graceful swan!

Thick grow the flowers
'Neath the chestnut shade ;
Green grow the bulrushes
Where thy nest is made ;
Lovely ye, and loving too,
The mother birds and thee,
Watching o'er your cygnet brood,
Beneath the river tree.

THE " CROSS OF THE SOUTH."

 HIS constellation, which shines with such magnificence in the southern hemisphere, and which has called forth the admiration of all beholders from the earliest period of navigation, is seen in about 185 degrees of longitude ; its south-polar distance being only about 39 degrees, it cannot be seen in the northern parts of Europe.

Humboldt, the great scientific traveller, thus eloquently describes the cross as he observed it in traversing the oceans and countries of the South :

“ The lower regions of the air were loaded with vapors for some days. We saw distinctly, for the first time, the Cross of the South, only in the night of the 4th and 5th of July, in the sixteenth degree of latitude. It was strongly inclined, and appeared from time to time between the clouds, the center of which, furrowed by uncondensed lightnings, reflected a silver light. The pleasure felt on discovering the Southern Cross, was warmly shared by such of the crew as had lived in the Colonies. In the solitude of the seas, we hail a star as a friend from whom we have been long separated. Among the Portuguese and the Spaniards, peculiar motives seem to increase this feeling ; a religious sentiment attaches them to a constellation, the form of which recalls the sign of the faith planted by their ancestors in the deserts of the new world.

“ The two great stars which mark the summit and the foot of the Cross, having nearly the same right ascension, it follows that the constellation is almost vertical at the moment when it passes the meridian. This circumstance is known to every nation that lives beyond the tropics, or in the southern hemisphere. It is known at what hour of the night, in different seasons, the Southern Cross is erect, or inclined. It is a time-piece that advances very regularly nearly four minutes a day ; and no other group of stars exhibits to the naked eye an observation of time so easily made. How often have we heard our guides exclaim, in the Savannas of Venezuela, or in the desert extending from Lima to Truxillo,

“ mid-night is past, the Cross begins to bend !” How often these words reminded us of that affecting scene, where Paul and Virginia, seated near the source of the river Lataniers, conversed together for the last time ; and when the old man, at the sight of the Southern Cross, warns them that it is time to separate !”

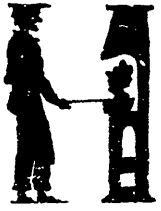
THE BUTTON.

“ THIS beautiful ornament,” says Mr. Hutton, the historian of Birmingham, “ appears with infinite variation, and though the original date is rather uncertain, yet we will remember the long coats of our grandfathers covered with half a gross of high tops, and the cloaks of our grandmothers, ornamented with a horn button nearly the size of a crown piece, a watch, or a John-apple, curiously wrought, as having passed through the Birmingham press. Though the common round button keeps on with the steady pace of the day, yet we sometimes see the oval, the square, the pea, the concave and the pyramid, flash into existence. In some branches of traffic the wearer calls loudly for new fashions ; but in this, the fashions tread upon each other, and crowd upon the wearer. The consumption of this article is astonishing : the value in 1781 was from three pence a gross, to one hundred and forty guineas.

In 1818, the art of gilding buttons was arrived at such a degree of refinement, that three pennyworth of gold was made to cover a gross of buttons : these were sold at a price proportionably low. The experiment has been tried to produce *gilt* buttons *without any gold*, but it was found not to answer, the manufacturer losing more in the consumption than he saved in the material. There seems,” adds Mr.

Hutton, "to be hidden treasures couched within this magic circle, known only to a few, who have extracted prodigious fortunes out of this useful toy."

WORKING GIRLS.



APPY girls! who cannot love them? with cheeks like the rose, bright eyes, and elastic step, how cheerful they go to work.

Our reputation for it, such girls will make excellent wives. Blessed indeed will those men be who secure such prizes. Contrast those who do nothing but sigh all day, and live to follow the fashions; who never earn the bread they eat, or the shoes they wear; who are languid and lazy from one week's end to the other. Who but a simpleton and a popinjay would prefer one of the latter, if he were looking for a companion. Give us the working girls. They are worth their weight in gold. You never see them mincing along, or jump a dozen feet to steer clear of a spider or fly; they have no affectation, or silly airs about them. When they meet you, they speak without putting on a dozen silly airs, or trying to show off to better advantage, and you feel as if you were talking to a human being, and not to a painted or fallen angel. If girls knew how sadly they miss it, while they endeavor to show off their delicate hands and unsoiled skins, and put on a thousand airs, they would give worlds for the situation of the working ladies who are so far above them in intelligence, in honor, in every thing, as the heavens are above the earth. Be wise then, you who have made cols of yourselves through life. Turn over a new leaf, and begin,

though late, to live and act as human beings; as companions to immortal men, and not as play things and dolls. In no other way can you be happy and subserve the designs of your existence.—*Pittsfield Culturist.*

POPPING THE QUESTION.



EDEDIAH Hodge was in love with the beautiful Sally Hammon, but owing to an unconquerable feeling of diffidence, he had never been able to

screw up his courage to the sticking point requisite to enable him to inform her of his predilection. Three several times he had dressed up in his "Sunday-go-to-meetin'-fixins," and made his way to her father's house, determined this time to do or die. But, unluckily, his courage oozed away, and became small by degrees, and beautifully less, as the politicians say, till, when he was fairly in her presence, he was barely able to remark that it was a warm evening. Sally got tired at length of this oft reiterated observation, and resolved to help him out of this predicament, for, like a true woman, she had not failed to perceive what Jedediah was trying to come at, but couldn't. For the fourth time Jedediah came, but did not succeed any better than before. Sally commenced her attack by informing him that Mary Somers, an intimate friend, was going to be married.

"You don't say so," said Jedediah, that being the only idea that occurred to him, except one, and that he didn't dare give utterance to.

"Yes," said Sally, "She's going to be married next week. It seems rather queer that she should be

married before me, considering she is a year younger."

Jedediah's heart leaped up into his throat, but he didn't venture to say any thing.

There was a pause.

"Jedediah," resumed Sally, after a little hesitation, "I'll tell you something, if you will promise certainly that you will never tell anybody."

"No I won't," said Jedediah stoutly proud of the confidence reposed in him.

"It isn't much, after all, only a dream, and I don't know whether I ought to tell you after all, though to be sure there was something about you in it," casting down her eyes.

"O yes, do tell me," pleaded Jedediah, his curiosity overcoming his bashfulness in a degree.

"But I'm afraid you'll tell after all."

"No I won't, certainly, truly."

"Then—don't look at me, or I can't tell it—I dreamed that you and I—I never shall be able to tell it—were going to be married the day before Mary Somers!"

Jedediah started as if struck by a galvanic battery.

"So we will, if you'll only say the word," said he enthusiastically.

Of course Sally was astonished at this sudden application of her dream and could not believe he was in earnest. At length she yielded her consent, and her dream was verified at the altar in less than a week.

A WELCOME PRESCRIPTION.



HIGHLANDER, who had all his life drank of the pure unexhausted "mountain" as freely as though it had been the water of Loch Oich, was lately, in an evil hour of inebriety, induced to take the teetotal pledge. Next

day, the first effort of his voice was an imperious demand for his "morning." He was reminded, however, of what he had done, which, on the protestation of a cloud of witnesses, he succeeded in believing. "Well, well," said Donald, with a dejected, heart-broken countenance, "if she tid ta apominable sing, hersel' will keep her wort, and she'll na be break it though her tongue be oot at her sheek for a dram." Donald did keep his word like a true Highlander. At last, his cheek grew pale; his nose, instead of a fiery red, assumed a morbid blue; his appetite failed; he became seriously ill; and a doctor being called, prescribed an ounce of whisky per day.

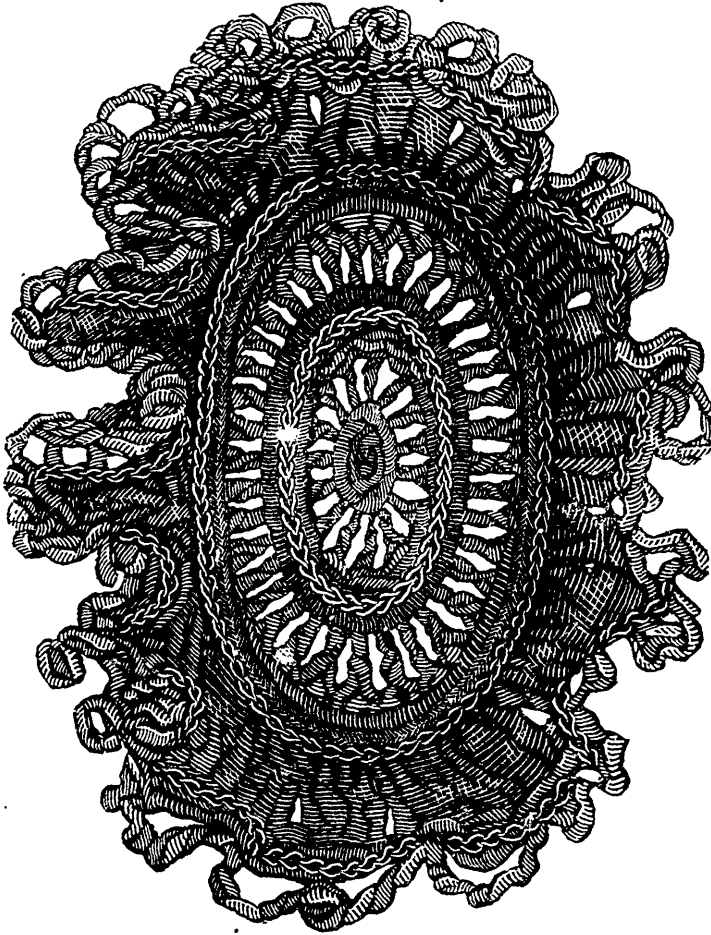
The patient had all his life drank whisky without measure, but he had no notion of what his share would be when it came to be weighed; so he asked his son, a boy at school, how much went to an ounce? The young referee, taking down an old sooty *Gray's Arithmetic*, turned up the table and read—sixteen drachms, one ounce. "Hurrah!" shouted Donald, in ecstasy, "Go for Ian Mor, Shon Roy, and Tugald Grant, and hersel' will have a night before she'll tie!"

MIRACULOUS CURE.—The recovery of a bad debt.

THE ROAD DOWN HILL.—All vice stands upon a precipice. To engage in any sinful course is to run down hill.

THE WORSE FOR KEEPING.—A husband said to a vixen wife, in one of her passions, "Pray, my dear, keep your temper." She replied, "keep my temper! I don't like it so well. I wonder you should."

THE stepping-stone to fortune is not to be found in a jeweller's shop.



CROCHET.

CHENILLE AND SILVER VASE-STAND.

Material—Steel Needle No. 16; four shades of blue chenille, two reels of silver twist.

With the second shade of chenille make a chain of 3 stitches, unite the ends, and work 1 round in plain double crochet, making 1 chain stitch between each double.

2nd round.—Work 2 long stitches into each stitch in the preceding round, making a chain stitch between each long stitch.

3rd round.—Plain double crochet.

4th round.—Join on the silver twist, and work 1 round in plain double crochet, taking the loop at the back of the preceding

round, which will leave the chenille chain perfect and raised from the centre.

5th round.—Join on the third shade of chenille, and loosely work the round in double crochet, taking the loops at the back, so as to make the silver chain correspond with the preceding chenille.

6th round.—1 long stitch into every loop, taken at the back in the preceding round, making 1 chain stitch between each long. The two chenille chains and the silver will now have the appearance of being raised from the other part of the work.

7th round.—Plain double crochet.

8th round.—Silver twist. Plain double

crochet, taking the loops at the back as before directed.

9th round.—Darkest shade of chenille. Double crochet worked as before.

10th round.—1 long stitch into every loop at the back of preceding round, making 1 chain stitch between each long.

11th round.—Second shade of chenille. 2 long stitches into each loop formed by the chain stitch in preceding round; making 1 chain stitch between each long.

12th round.—Plain double crochet.

13th round.—Silver twist. Plain double crochet, taking the loops at the back.

14th round.—Lightest shade of chenille. Make a chain of 6, and work the seventh in single crochet into the fifth loop at the back of the silver chain; repeat.

NEVER GIVE UP.

NEVER give up!" 'Tis the secret of glory;
Nothing so wise can philosophy preach,

Think of the names that are written in story;

"Never give up," is the lesson they teach.
How have men compassed immortal achievements,

How have they moulded the world to their will?

'Tis that 'midst dangers, and woes, and bereavements,

"Never give up," was the principle still.

"Never give up!" though o'erladen with sorrow;

Shake not the yoke—'twill more bitterly gall;

"Never give up!" for there cometh a morrow

Fraught with delight to compensate all.

"Never give up!" Bear your faith with serenity;

Crouch not ignobly, like slaves in the dust;
Life's a rough passage to realms of amenity;

Dark is the journey, but travel we must.

"Never give up!" It can last but a season,

Will you, because a cloud bursts on your way,

Barely surrender your manhood and reason,
Weeping for grief that may end in a day?

What though the tempest around you be raving,

Soon you'll have emptied life's rancorous cup;

Soundly you'll sleep where the willows are waving;

Thunder won't wake you—"Never give up!"

"Never give up!" It were impious to dream of it.

Keen though your anguish be, never forget

That there are fortunes [Oh, raptures to dream of it,]

Bright and immortal in store for you yet,
Ere the night fall, if by virtue a meritor,
May you not, mourner, in Paradise sleep,
Compeer of angels, and heaven's inheritor,
Think of your destiny—"Never give up!"

CHARADES.

DESERTED lay the battle field,
The trodden turf and blood-red clay,
The bleeding dead, the broken shield,
Sad tokens of the desperate fray,
Where late the hostile battle line
Marred the fair fields of Palestine.

A mail-clad warrior bravely fought
Amid the thickest of the fight,
My *first* upon his bosom wrought,
Proclaiming him a Christian Knight
Who 'gainst the Moslem came to war,
And free the holy sepulchre.

My *second* through the blood-stained field,
Death's messenger; unerring sped,
And many a knight who would not yield,
Was numbered with the fallen dead;
And many a proud and beaming eye
Was dimmed with the last agony.

My *first* the hope of peace hath brought
To many a weary aching breast;
My *second* tells of battles fought
When warriors scorned dull ease and rest;
My *whole* an implement of strife,
Ere nations learned the arts of Life.

E. M. C.

I am a word of letters.

My *first* occurs not in most men,

But yet is found in all!

My *second* is my neighbor when

I address him personal.

My *third* in good men has a place,

In sinful ones as well,

My fourth 's a name that cheers the fall

Of curlers, I can tell.

And my *whole* 's a near relation

Of every one of you,

In whatsoever station;

And a busy insect too!

A. T. C.

When is a man not a man? When he turns a bed-post.

Printed by H. & G. M. Rose, and published by them on the first of every month, at their Office, 44 Great St. James street, Montreal. All orders and communications to be addressed to the Publishers.