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# NEW DOMINION MONTHLY.

SEPT.,

1870.

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# The New Dominion Monthly,



COUNT VON BISMARCK.

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S E P T E M B E R , 1870.

# NEW DOMINION MONTHLY.

SEPTEMBER, 1870.

## AGNES VINING—A CANADIAN TALE.

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

### CHAPTER I.

#### INTRODUCTORY.

*My Dear Sister,*

I received your letter two days ago, and if I have allowed forty-eight hours to elapse before answering it, was that I might not scold you too much for considering it necessary to ask the question it contained. I have, however, reflected that all you do is wise and right, and take for granted you are so in this instance; and therefore answer you in one word: *yes*. Where should you find a home, but with your brother? Alone in the world as we are, and attached to each other as we have always been, I shall be but too happy to have my sister to share the home I have contrived to make for myself. Therefore I only add, come, and come at once.

I postpone all discussion on your letter until we meet. My poor father! He was a kind and indulgent parent to me while no one came between us. I know he loved me in spite of all; and deeply do I mourn his loss.

You say you have money enough for your present needs; but I know how fast it disappears, and enclose you all I can spare; it is but little, for you know I am a poor man, Agnes, and if you come to me you will find but a poor home. All I can offer you is a heartfelt welcome, and the freedom and independence you cannot enjoy in England now; but, if I know my sister, she values the one more than she fears the other.

I suppose you will not leave Mrs. Vining until her plans are formed; but when those are arranged, I shall expect you as soon after as you can come. It is an easy voyage to make. You know I was never much of a hand at long letters, and having said all in the word "Come," will leave off.

Ever your affectionate brother,

PHILIP VINING.

The murky light of a dull February

morning struggled through the clouded casement, and fell on the black dress and bent head of the girl who read this letter. A few tears had fallen on the page, but there were none now in the eyes that still scanned the words, though their sense had long been mastered. Agnes Vining was not one to bestow much time on evidences of emotion; quick to feel for others, she had not much sympathy to spare for her own griefs. She had brushed away the drops hastily, as if ashamed of the weakness they showed; and her face was calm and resolute as she raised the paper affectionately to her lips, with the low-spoken words, "Dear Philip! I might have known that he would help and comfort me."

It was a comfortless abode for one who two months before had enjoyed every luxury of life, and who, all her life long, had never known a wish unfulfilled which wealth could gratify. The parlor of a poor lodging house in a poor street in a country town is not in general a cheerful place, and the room in which Agnes Vining sat was no exception to the rule. The meagre curtains at the windows, the gaudy paper on the walls, the poor and scanty furniture, formed a painful contrast to the splendid home that had been hers so lately; but it was not of that Agnes was thinking. It was the remembrance of the far deeper, the irreparable loss, of which the black seal and her own black dress reminded her, that had drawn the rare tears from her eyes. She

had loved her father with engrossing affection, and would have cared little for any distress or poverty could she still have been by his side.

She sat in deep thought for some time, apparently occupied in gazing into the street, though the prospect was not such as was likely to engage her attention. At that early hour there were but few passengers, and a housemaid, deep in a flirtation with the milkman, and the grocer's boy, lazily taking down the shutters of the shop opposite, were the only people at present to be seen. To leave England! She could not at a moment's notice decide on such a step. She had hoped that before Philip's letter came, she should have had no need to do so. To Philip it seemed simply the most natural course for her to take; but then he was ignorant of the one hope, the one tie, that bound her to her native land. She had never told him of her assurance that she was dear to Arthur Kendal, and should be asked to be his wife. Philip knew that she had rejected other suitors. Agnes had never hesitated to tell him of those who had wooed in vain; but of him who had not wooed openly, but who had in every other way given her to understand that he loved her, she had never spoken. Did he care for her still? He had been away, she knew, since the misfortune that had come upon her; but he must have heard the tidings, and why had he not been the first to seek her and offer the comfort he knew it was in his power to bestow? She could not think he could be unworthy; she could not believe that her loss of wealth could so change one whom she had imagined all that was high and noble. Had he been poor, she would have been the first to offer to release him from a tie which might have been a burden; but he possessed wealth which made her fortune, large as it was to have been, a matter of slight consequence. No. She must wait, for a time at least, before she accepted Philip's invitation. *He* would yet be true.

She was roused from her reverie by a sound in the room above. She folded up the letter, and taking in her hand a cup of tea which had been standing by the fire,

went upstairs. The room she entered was as comfortless as the one below, but possessed an ornament in its inhabitant, a most lovely woman, who, in her delicate beauty and rich dress, seemed strangely out of place amid the sordid surroundings. She lay tossing restlessly on the pillows, over which streamed a mass of fair, bright hair, only partially confined by a silver comb. Her eyes were bright and her cheek flushed, and the picture was rendered still more brilliant by the gay colors of the silk dressing-gown she wore. Two or three letters lay scattered on the counterpane before her, and she was looking impatiently towards the door when Agnes entered.

"I thought you were never coming," she said, as Agnes set the cup down by her side, "and I am dying with thirst."

"How do you feel this morning?" asked Agnes.

"Much as usual. I don't suppose I shall ever be better. My heart beats as if I should choke, and Tantalus never suffered the torments of thirst that I do."

Agnes did not reply. Perhaps she was used to these or similar complainings. She only re-arranged the pillows, and held the cup to the lips of the invalid.

"What abominable tea!" said the latter, as she finished it. "But it is no matter what I have now, I suppose."

There was a pause.

"I want to talk to you this morning, if you feel well enough," said Agnes at last, "and to ask if you have thought of what we are to do. I have very little money left, and we ought to decide."

"What can I do? How can I help myself? Do you think I can go back to Miss Maitland's and be governess again, after seven years of comfort and happiness? I would rather die. I am dying."

"I hope not. I hope you take too dark a view of your illness, and that you will soon be well and strong again."

"If you had lost a husband as good and kind as mine, you would know how to sympathize with me. And to be left without a farthing in the world too! It is very hard. He should have made some settlement on me that could not be touched, whatever happened."

A flush rose to Agnes' cheek. "Do not blame my father," she said. "He could do nothing but what was right. He gave up all he possessed in the world, rather than defraud any one of sixpence; and we ought to be thankful that he never ventured, as many do, too far."

"What do you mean, Agnes?"

"That he was upright enough never to owe more than he could pay. He was unfortunate; but, at least, his ruin entailed none upon others."

"I don't see that it makes much difference to us. We could not be more than penniless, had he owed a hundred thousand pounds."

Agnes saw that she was not understood, and was silent.

"I had some letters this morning," said Mrs. Vining, taking one up. "It's wonderful how cold-hearted people are! There is not one person who answers my letters with more than common civility, sometimes hardly even that."

"It is the way of the world I believe," said Agnes, with a sigh. "We cannot expect much civility now."

"There is not one who even asks me to go and stay for a time, though, of course, all my friends know I am left without a home. I don't think I could go anywhere with such coarse common mourning as I have, but at least they might ask me."

Agnes could scarcely restrain a smile at these weak and frivolous complaints, though she knew her stepmother far too well to be surprised. Louisa Morris had been governess-pupil at the school where Agnes had been placed, at fourteen, to be "finished," as the phrase is. Her wonderful beauty attracted the admiration of the wealthy merchant, Mr. Vining, on one of his visits to his daughter; and after a few weeks he made her an offer of his hand, which she was only too ready to accept. She had no prospect in life but that of a governess. She had no parents, and the expense of her education had been defrayed, and she had been supplied with a small sum for pocket-money, by a cousin of her fathers, her only relative. This had ceased when she was eighteen; from that time she was to be dependent on her own exertions for her

bread; and she esteemed herself very happy when at nineteen she married Mr. Vining, and became the mistress of a large fortune and a splendid establishment. She had never, while considering herself the darling of fortune, contemplated the possibility that, by a sudden caprice of the same fickle goddess, she might again be reduced to the same dependent position from which she had been raised. People wondered a little at Mr. Vining's choice. He, a grave man of middle age, with a son grown up, and a daughter nearly so; but in the latter fact he found his excuse. He must have a mistress for his house, and a chaperon for Agnes when she came home, and where could he have found one better fitted for both offices? And those who knew Mrs. Vining, admitted the plea.

The first result of the marriage was a desperate quarrel between Mrs. Vining and his son, a youth of Louisa's own age. He never liked her, and the bickerings that soon began ended at last in serious disagreements. Mr. Vining interfered and made matters worse, for he took his wife's side, and Philip thought himself unjustly treated. Words ran high, and at last father and son parted in anger—Philip declaring that as his father preferred a stranger to his own children, he would no longer remain beneath his roof. He had been brought up in idleness, and was unfit for any profession. He possessed one thousand pounds of his own, a legacy from an uncle of his mother's, the only relative he had ever known; and the greater part of another thousand, a gift from his father on his last birthday; and with this sum, and refusing the assistance which Mr. Vining would have rendered him, he left home and went to Canada.

Time softened the feelings of both father and son, and at last letters came to be interchanged between them, expressed with mutual good will. Philip succeeded; he was steady and industrious beyond his years, husbanded his slender means, and took pride in supporting himself without help, as he had said he would do. Mr. Vining grew proud of his son, and determined in a few years to bring him back to England, and make him still the heir to

the large fortune he intended to leave; but that time never came. One venture failed after another, till Mr. Vining grew embarrassed; his ships were lost, his debtors railed, and at last, in the vain hope of retrieving his losses, he embarked in mining speculations to a large extent,—and lost all. No one suffered through him. He satisfied his creditors to the last farthing, and found himself with one hundred pounds in the world. He sought a situation; but, before he entered on it, his health gave way, and after three weeks' illness he died.

The same sum had been left to Agnes as to her brother, and on the income it yielded, forty pounds a year, she and Mrs. Vining were to subsist, until some means could be provided by which to support themselves. Agnes, it is true, believed in the worth of her admirer, and trusted, with a girl's confiding faith, that he would shelter her from the rough world as gladly, now she was penniless, as when she was the reputed heiress to a large fortune. But so long a time had elapsed since her father's death that her heart had grown sick with hope deferred, and her courage had almost begun to fail when Philip's letter gave her new strength.

She had an affection for her stepmother, who had always been kind to her, in spite of her frivolity and fretfulness. She pitied her weakness and inability to bear misfortune, and, as far as she could, shielded her from annoyance. All the distressing duties of their situation were performed by Agnes, who was, indeed, far more fitted by nature for them than Mrs. Vining. Agnes, had a strong will to perform whatever she undertook; a mind to devise, and a hand to execute. Her disposition, though gentle, was firm and decided, and the sad experience and duties of the last two months had developed these qualities to the full.

Mrs. Vining was still turning over her letters. "There is one here from Lydia Gray. She is at Thorpe, with a large party. She says they are enjoying such a delightful visit, and to think that we were to have been there! However, she tells me one piece of news that surprises me. Did you know that Arthur Kendal was intimate at Thorpe?"

"Yes, I knew he visited there."

"Well, Lydia says—wait, I will read you the passage: 'Perhaps you will be surprised to hear that Arthur Kendal is to be really married at last. With all his flirtations no one has ever thought him a marrying man; but since he came here he has been very attentive to Lilian Ward, and it has ended in a regular engagement. I remember his once saying that he must have either much money or great beauty. Miss Ward has but a small fortune, but she is very pretty, and he seems very devoted.' Now is not that sudden, Agnes? I really thought he admired you, and I am sure you liked him."

Agnes had listened in silence to the words that destroyed her hopes, and levelled her faith to the ground. Her feelings almost overcame her, but she thrust them back, and answered, with the smile which most women can assume to cover a heartache: "There is not much to admire in my dark face and grey eyes.. If it had been you now—"

The compliment restored Louisa's humor, and Agnes, taking advantage of the opportunity, produced her letter.

"I heard from Philip this morning. He wishes to know if we have formed any plans for the future."

"I wish you would not talk about plans, Agnes. I hate the very sound."

"I would not talk about them, indeed, if I could help it; but you know it is quite impossible that you and I can live on forty pounds a year, and as we have nothing else, and no friends to help us, we must decide on something before our money is all spent."

"Well don't ask me to decide. I leave it to you altogether."

Agnes' patience almost failed. "I can decide for myself," she said in a somewhat less gentle tone than usual, "but that does not help you. My own course is settled. I am going to Canada to Philip."

Mrs. Vining opened wide her lovely eyes. "To Canada!" she said. "I quite forgot Philip was there. How nice! And am I to go too?"

Agnes was much embarrassed. Philip had not hinted at his stepmother's being welcome, and Agnes well knew that she

was the last guest that he would desire; but it was not easy to say so.

"Philip speaks of my going as soon as you have settled what you are going to do, and I can leave you. He takes for granted that you would not like to leave England."

"I'm sure I don't know why I should stay here," said Mrs. Vining.

"I do not think the life would suit you," said Agnes.

"Why not? Nothing could be worse than staying here to be governess or companion. I would much rather go. I will go."

With much hesitation Agnes tried to hint that perhaps Philip might not like an uninvited guest; but at the first word Mrs. Vining grew indignant. "I do not think so ill of Philip as to imagine that he would refuse an asylum to his father's widow. If he does not wish me to remain in his house I can work as well in Canada as in England, and will leave it; but, at all events, he will give me a temporary home."

"He tells me that home is but a poor one for those who have lived as we have, and I fear you will not like it."

"Well, I can but try. I am not so fastidious as you seem to suppose."

Agnes gave up the point. She could not imagine how Louisa could persist, or think of presenting herself where she was not asked, and evidently not desired; but she saw it was no use to combat the fancy which had taken firm hold of her mind. She therefore put aside her misgivings as to what Philip would think, and set herself to consider ways and means.

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## CHAPTER II.

### NEW SCENES AND IDEAS.

Philip Vining's house stood in a pretty spot enough. It faced to the west, and overlooked a broad sheet of water—an inlet of one of the great lakes. What is so beautiful as water? Who that has dwelt upon its shores and delighted in its ever-varying aspect, now lashed to storm by the fury of the winds, now blue and sparkling and dimpled into smiles by some passing zephyr, or again placid and peaceful as the face of a child asleep?—who that has watched a

Canadian sunset, when every glorious tint of the clouds above is reflected with added brilliancy in the smooth flood below, or has seen the sinking of a young moon, whose rays cast a diamond path over the dark water?—who, accustomed to such a feature in the landscape, will allow that any scenery can be complete without it, or refuse to admit that its presence will compensate for many absent charms?

The house stood at some little distance from the road, which wound along the shore and round the base of a steep crag or bluff of limestone rock, which, in one part, broken into natural steps, and overgrown with evergreens, invited ascent. On arriving at the top, the climber came out on a wide plain, covered with a dense scrub of spruce and juniper, which would have been quite impenetrable had it not been trodden into numerous little paths by sheep. The view from the edge rewarded the trouble taken in attaining it. You looked over the wide bay with its steep wooded islands; over the curves of the shore, here jagged with rock, and overhung with tufts of spruce and cedar, there meeting the water in a graceful sweep of gray pebbles and yellow sand; over a distant marsh, in summer gay with many blossomed water-plants, in autumn bright with golden rice-beds, and resonant with wild fowl; and over the far opposite shore, dotted with farm-houses and orchards, and a solitary spire.

The house itself was long and low, with a verandah in front. It was of wood, and had originally been painted of a pale yellow color, with verandah and shutters of bright green; but time had toned down—not to say faded—its brightness, and in several places the paint had peeled off from exposure to the sun. A noble elm tree stood before it, a silver poplar shaded the southern end, an orchard extended for some distance behind it, and a gravel path led through the grass from the steps of the verandah to the gate that opened on the road. The internal arrangements were much like those of most other houses of the kind—the type is a common one. A passage ran through the house from front to back, from which opened four rooms. The

two front ones were of tolerable size, and one did duty as Philip's sitting-room; the other was unfurnished. Of the others one served as Philip's bedroom, and the other was the private sanctum of Mrs. McFarlane, his "help." Immediately facing the front door, a flight of stairs ascended to the floor above.

It was an April evening, soft and spring-like. A gentle breeze, which had been brisk at midday, but was dying with the daylight, scarcely stirred the twigs of the leafless trees, or ruffled the surface of the water that lay in little shining pools along the roadside. It had been a late winter, and, though it was now the twelfth of April, the snow still lay in patches under the fences and where it had drifted deep,—snow so solid, so soiled and dingy, that it was difficult to recognize it as the light, feathery substance, the emblem of purity, that falls in such dazzling whiteness from the clouds; but most had disappeared, leaving its traces in the cascades that tumbled down the sides of the bluff, in the floods in the low grounds, and especially in the deep mud upon the roads. To a foreign eye it might perhaps have been a dreary scene; but to those accustomed to the climate and the place, the half melted snow, the running water, the green and broken ice in the bay, the hoarse cry of the crows, as they gathered in a tree that overhung the rock, preparatory to flying off together to a distant roost—all, even the lowering gray clouds on the horizon, spoke a welcome language, for they told of departed winter and of coming spring.

To Mrs. Vining it was all dreary and desolate, as she stood by the window from which she had watched the sun go down. Agnes and her brother were pacing the veranda together, forgetful of her in the happiness of being again together after their long separation; each with a thousand questions to ask, and endless doings and thoughts to tell. The first meeting had been painful to both; their altered circumstances, and the remembrance of their recent loss, had naturally come with fresh bitterness to their minds; but this feeling had worn off, and when Agnes had been a week in Philip's home she seemed

to understand and to have fallen in with her new way of life. Mrs. Vining partly envied and partly despised her for the indifference she showed with regard to those luxuries to which they had both been always accustomed. Philip's household, a bachelor's establishment, presided over by a "house-keeper," the sight of whom, as such, almost made Louisa's hair stand on end, was, as might have been expected, something very different from what she had ever seen. She had looked with astonishment at the house, both inside and outside, and even on the first night of her arrival had cried herself to sleep. "Such a comfortless room!" she had said; but Agnes, who perceived from her brother's manner that he thought he had done much to make them comfortable, expressed perfect satisfaction, and had her reward in the pleasure he showed at seeing she was pleased.

For the first few days, she certainly effected some changes, and introduced some new ideas with regard to order and cleanliness into Mrs. McFarlane's mind. With the aid of a needle and a few yards of chintz and muslin, procured at the store at Philipsburg, she altered the appearance of the room she shared with Louisa somewhat more to the satisfaction of the latter, and the various womanly appliances and tokens of female industry and amusement that soon filled the sitting-room, gave it a more cheerful and homelike aspect; but here the alterations must stop. Philip could afford none important or expensive, and his sister would have been the last to ask him to do so on her account had he been able. What she could do she did. If she had hitherto been idle, it was more from want of opportunity of being useful than from lack of inclination or ability. Nor was she without some experience; many a cottage in England had been the scene of her labors in the cause of order, industry and thrift; many a garment had her fingers fashioned for the children of those who had neither time nor money to bestow on them themselves; and in her intercourse with the poor, she had not wanted opportunity to relieve the sick and comfort the distressed.

Louisa was essentially different. Seven

years of enjoyment of all that wealth could bestow, had entirely unfitted her to bear any of the roughs of life, and adversity, when it came, found her totally unprepared and unable to meet it. She repined at the loss of her accustomed comforts and luxuries; she fretted at the want of respect shown her by Philip's one domestic, and made herself and those round her as uncomfortable as possible—without intending it, it is true, for with all her weakness she was not ill-natured; but it was none the less the case.

"Will you not take cold in this evening air?" said Philip to his sister. "Shall we go in?"

"Oh not yet; it is pleasant here. I could not see the sky with as much pleasure from the window. I never saw such peculiar clouds as those with the red edges. How far does your land go?"

"Come to the end of the house and you will see. There—that line of trees dark against the sky; some of those are on my land."

"It is all yours now, is it not?"

"Very nearly. I have paid off almost all the price of it now. It has been uphill work these five years, Agnes."

"We do not mind how steep the ascent has been, if we reach the top."

"Ay, if we do; but many have not courage or patience for it. I have worked hard and lived hard. There are many who have more comforts round them, who have no more right to them than I have; but I began with a determination never to go in debt, and I do without."

"It is the best way," she said, softly.

"I think it is the best way everywhere, and certainly here, where there is so much facility for getting into debt. The credit system offers opportunity to every man, and but too many take advantage of it. They are tempted; they think they shall surely be able to pay when so much time is allowed them, and so they venture into a slough of despond that but few ever escape from."

"But you have avoided it?"

"Yes. I inherited the dread of debt from my father, and when I came here I saw enough examples of the effects of a

different way of thinking to confirm me in the right path. I am almost free now of the only debt that was inevitable—that of my land."

"I am afraid Mrs. Vining and I shall be a great drag upon you."

"Not at all. What you contribute to the housekeeping may altogether set your mind at ease on that point; and for the rest, your being with me will be the greatest pleasure I could enjoy; *your* society will far outweigh the infliction of Mrs. Vining's."

"I was afraid you would not like her coming; but, of course, you could not refuse to receive her."

"Of course not. Whatever else she may be, she is my father's widow."

The last light had died out of the western sky before Agnes and her brother entered the house. At the threshold Agnes paused to look once more at the black clouds edged with red, and the broken, heaved-up ice, now black and gloomy in the twilight. "Philip, I like this place," she said. "I mean to be very happy here."

"I hope you will, dear," was his reply. "I will *do* my best to make you so."

They found Mrs. Vining waiting tea for them, with a long story to tell of Mrs. McFarlane's impertinence. It seemed that Johnny had been fretful just at tea-time, and his mother had asked Mrs. Vining to put the tea-things on the table, while she rocked him to sleep. "Just as if it was a matter of course," said Louisa, "that I was to do her work, while she was attending to that dirty, nasty child!"

"Most likely she did think it a matter of course," said Philip. "She often asks me to boil eggs or make toast, or things of that kind, if she is busy."

"And do you mean to say you do them? What are servants for?"

"Oh they are very different here from the servants you have been accustomed to. Here you must put up with a thousand things, be content to help them with their work, and excuse deficiencies, and above all, treat them as human beings, with the same likes and dislikes, pleasures, pains and faults as yourself, and never suppose

they can be drilled into machines, as they are in England."

"Well I shall never be able to treat a servant as if she were my equal," said Louisa, "and I will not."

"You need not do that," said Philip, "there is a medium. Mrs. McFarlane does not think me at all the less a gentleman because I sometimes make my own toast."

"Mrs. McFarlane is a sensible woman," observed Agnes.

"And the same thing holds good," continued Philip, "with the generality of the people here with whom those who live as we do must, to a certain degree, associate. I have heard those of our own standing say that they felt as if they were lowering themselves by the association, and that their pride rebelled against it. I have never felt so. I think there is much to be liked in the people of this country. I have always found them ready to oblige, and am ready to give help in return, on occasion."

"I did not think you had so little pride," said Agnes, smiling.

"Perhaps, instead of less, I have more than you imagine. I have so good an opinion of myself that I believe I could not easily fall to a lower level; and I am sure that there must always be such a difference between me and those round me, and that they will always be so perfectly aware of it, that there is no danger of their presuming on any politeness I may offer them when chance brings me into their company."

"You do not, I presume, *like* the society of common people?" said Louisa.

"It depends upon what you call common people. I assure you, you will get into trouble if you class some of your neighbors under that name,"

"I mean all the people round about here," said Mrs. Vining.

"Some of them are rough specimens, I grant, but they would not approve of your classing them all together; there are as distinct sets as in any society in a country town. People like the Valleaus place themselves on a much higher level than the Ashtons, who have the store; the Ashtons look down on Mrs. Givins who keeps the tavern, who in her turn considers herself not one but several cuts above Bill White the blacksmith, or old Mrs. Croon."

"How perfectly absurd."

"I do not see why. The best of these people are those who live independent lives on their own property, who drive their carriages, and send their children to boarding-schools for those advantages of education which they never enjoyed themselves. You have been here but a short time, and have not had much opportunity of judging; wait, then, till you know more of them, particularly some of the younger portion, and I think when you hear a young man talk of Homer and pronounce French accurately, and find young ladies who play the piano, and excel in fancy work to an alarming extent, that you will not call them 'common people.'"

"I did not mean to offend you by that expression," said Louisa, laughing. "It's all very strange to me, but I dare say it's all right. Don't talk about them any more now, please, for I want to read."

Agnes rather wondered at the earnestness with which Philip had spoken; however, she agreed with so far as she understood him, and kept the information against the time when she should need it.

(*To be continued.*)

## TRIFLES FROM MY DIARY.

"GENERAL WOLFE'S CORNER," PALACE STREET, QUEBEC.

*By the author of "Maple Leaves."*

Olim truncus eram,.....inutile lignum,  
Quem faber incertus scannum faceretne \* \*  
Maluit esse Deum.

Horace—Satire, VIII.—Lib. I.

Henry Ward Beecher begins an amusing sketch of our city, with the words, "Queer old Quebec,—of all the cities on the Continent of America, the quaintest." He concludes his humorous picture by expressing the wish that it may remain so without being disturbed by all the new-fangled notions of the day. Some one has observed that its walls, streets, public places, churches and old monasteries, with the memories of three centuries clinging to them, gave you, when you entered under its massive gates, hoary with age, the idea of an "old curiosity shop," or, as the same Henry Ward Beecher well expresses it, "a picture-book, turning over a new leaf at each street." It is not then surprising that the inhabitants should have resorted not only to the pen of the historian to preserve evergreen and fragrant the historical ivy which clings to its battlements, but even to that cheap process, in use in other countries, to immortalize heroes—signboards and statues—a process recommended by high authority. We read in that curiously-interesting book, "History of Signboards":—

"The Greeks honored their great men and successful commanders by erecting statues to them; the Romans rewarded their popular favorites with triumphal entries and ovations; modern nations make the portraits of their celebrities serve as signs for public-houses.

Vernon, the Butcher Cumberland, Wolfe, Hawke, Prince Ferdinand, Granby, Burgoyne, Keppel, Howe, Evil and good have had their tithe of talk, And filled their signpost then, like Wellesley now."

If Wolfe served as a signboard recently

in Britain, he has filled the same office now close on a century in Canada, and still continues to do so. He has defied wind and weather ever since the day when the Cholette Brothers affixed to the house at the north-west corner of St. John and Palace streets a rough statue of the gallant young soldier in the year 1771, with one arm extended in the attitude of command, and pointing towards the Falls of Montmorency.

Nor has Mr. De Gaspe, the author of the "Canadians of Old," thought it beneath his pen to indite an able disquisition on its origin—full of material for our antiquaries, and a great deal more practical in its bearing than even Jonathan Oldbuck's great Essay on Castrametation. A Three Rivers antiquarian had attempted to establish that it was Ives Cholette who had been the sculptor of the statue in question, but our old friend (through the church registers—and through ancient and irrefutable records) showed it could neither be Ives Cholette, aged, in 1771, 10 years, nor his younger brother Hyacinthe, aged then but 8 years, who had designed this great work of art, but Cholettes of another ilk.

In those halcyon days of old Quebec, free from municipal taxes and Fenian scares, when the practical jokers (1) and *mauvais sujets*, bent on a lark, would occasionally take possession, after night-fall, of some of the chief city thoroughfares, and organize a masquerade, battering unmercifully with

(1) The quips, pranks and *bon mots* of this jolly corps would fill a small volume. The Bar was represented by the witty Vallieres, the fun-loving Ogden, afterwards Attorney-General, and recently Judge of the Isle of Wight, and the Army by a choice spirit of the 71st too well known for it to be necessary to name him, &c., &c.

their heavy lanterns Captain Pinguet's (2) *hommes du guet*,—the night patrol—long before Lord Durham's blue-coated “peelers” were thought of, the historic statue would disappear sometimes for days together; and after having headed a noisy procession, decorated with a *bonnet rouge* and one of those antique camletteen cloaks which our forefathers used to rejoice in, it would be found in the morning grotesquely propped up, either in the centre of the Upper Town market, or in the old Picote cemetery in Couillard street, in that fanciful costume (a three-storied *sombrero*, with eye-glass and diadem) which renders so *piquant* some of the vignettes on the Union Bank notes. I can yet recall as one of the most stirring memories of my childhood, the concern, nay vexation, of Quebecers generally, when the “General” was missing on the 16th July, 1838, from his niche in Palace street, and was the following year triumphantly replaced by the grateful citizens,—rejuvenated, repainted, revarnished, with the best materials Halifax could furnish, the “General” having been brought there by the youngsters of the “Inconstant” frigate, Captain Pring, from Quebec. It would appear the roystering middies, having sacrificed copiously to the rosy god, after rising from a masonic dinner party in the Albion Hotel, in Palace street, had noticed the “General,” by the pale moonlight, looking very seedy, and considering that a sea voyage would benefit him, had carried him on board. The General was driven down in a caleche by Colvin—a carter—through Palace Gate, standing erect—the sentry presenting arms, as if he were saluting the officer of the night. He was safely introduced through a port-hole, the seaman of the watch shaking his head knowingly, saying—“One of our swells pretty tight, I guess.” From Halifax General Wolfe sailed for Bermuda—thence to Portsmouth, at both of which places he was jauntily set up as a signboard, and a short time after he was re-shipped to Halifax packed in a box, with his extended arm

sawn off lying by his side. Fearing, however, the anger of the Quebec authorities, the “General” was painted afresh and returned by the “Unicorn” steamer, which plied between the Lower Ports,—with the “Inconstants” best regards to their Quebec friends, and best wishes for the General’s health and safety.

The following extract from the Journal of the venerable Jas. Thompson, the last survivor of Wolfe’s army, who expired at the ripe age of 98 years—in 1830, throws light on this matter. This anecdote was reduced to writing, and by request forwarded by him to His Excellency the Earl of Dalhousie, through his A.D.C. and brother, Col. Ramsay. “We had a loyal fellow in Quebec, one George Hippis, a butcher, who owned that house at the corner of Palace and John streets, still called ‘Wolfe’s Corner,’ and as it happened to have a niche, probably for the figure of a saint, (3) he was very anxious to fill it up, and he thought he could have nothing better than a statue of General Wolfe; but he did not know how to set about getting one. At last, he finds out two French sculptors, who were brothers —of the name of Chaulette, and asked me if I thought I could direct them how to make a likeness of the General in wood. I said I would, at all events, have no objections to undertake it, and accordingly the Chaulettes tried to imitate several sketches I gave them; but they made but a poor job of it after all, for the front face is no likeness at all, and the profile is all that they could hit upon. The body gives but

(3) In this niche, at the time of the conquest, could be seen, just over the door of the house—a one-storey edifice—a statue of St John the Baptist. The inhabitants, fearing that the introduction of so many heretics in Sept., 1759, might subject the saint’s statue to be slighted, had it conveyed to the General Hospital nunnery, where, Mr. De Gaspe asserts, it is to this day. To fill its place, nothing occurred to the mind of the English as more suitable than the wooden image of their young hero, Wolfe. As there is a clause in the title deeds of this property making it incumbent on the owners to maintain constantly in repair “General Wolfe,” the “General,” it is to be hoped, will continue to flourish for many years yet—the only notable difference being that, by his elevation of late years, he appears closer to heaven than in the days of the Cholette Brothers, and therefore safer from the attacks of practical jokers, middies, &c.

(2) Capt. Pinguet’s lock-up and station was in the old tenement, facing the wall of Hope hill exactly to the east, and back of Mr. Boswell’s “large Malt House and Bottling Establishment.”

a poor idea of the General, who was tall and straight as a rush. So that after my best endeavors to describe his person, and I knew it well, and for which purpose I attended every day at their workshop, which was in that house in St. Louis street where the Misses Napier are now (1828) residing, (4) and which is somewhat retired from the line of the street, the shop itself being in the projecting wing—I say we made but a poor General Wolfe of it. It has been several times—the house being then only one storey high—pulled down by mischievous persons and broken, and as often repaired by the several owners of the house; and, much to their

(4) Where the Music-Hall, Louis street, has since been erected. The first meeting of the Quebec City Corporation took place about 1834 in the same house which Miss Napier had rented for this object.

credit be it spoken, it still keeps its ground, and I hope it may do so until *the* monument (5) is finished.

"I suppose that the original parts of the statue must now be as rotten as a pear, and would be mouldered away if it was not for their being kept so bedaubed with paint."

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(5) Wolfe and Montcalm's monument in process of being built in 1828, was recently restored, thanks to the efforts of Hy. Fry, Esq., and a few other public-spirited citizens.

**NOTE.**—Officers of H. B. M.' frigate "Inconstant," Capt. Pring: 1st Lieut. Hope; Lieutenants and other officers,—Sinclair, Erskine, Curtis, Connolly, Dunbar, McCreight, Sharpe, Stevens, Hankey, Shore, Barnard, West, Tonge, Prevost, Amphlett, Haggard, Tottenham, Maxfield, Paget, Kerr, Herbert, Jones, Montgomery. Mr. James was purser. Lt. de Tessier Prevost is now high in command, having distinguished himself in the Indian seas, capturing pirates. West is an admiral.

### SPEAK GENTLY TO THE FALLEN.

BY FLORINE.

Speak gently to the fallen, perchance temptation's power,  
Came o'er them when they feared it least, in some unguarded hour;  
Yet in that hour of mingled strife, of conscience, and of pain,  
They lost their all, that more than life, they scarcely can regain.

Speak gently to the fallen—God's strength we all much need;  
The surest staff on which we lean may prove a hollow reed;  
The dearest friends our hearts now know may cause those hearts to break;  
And let them shiver 'neath the blow, with anguish nought can speak.

Speak gently to the fallen, nor think they cannot feel The crime, the sin, by which they fell—thou need'st not raise the veil;  
Respect that hidden, bleeding heart, nor deem its good is past;  
Nay, hurl not thou a single dart—too many will be cast.

Speak gently to the fallen—speak gently, do not blame;  
They've fallen from their high estate, but thou may'st do the same;  
Firm as we now may seem to be, we've stumbled, or we may;  
Temptations lie around and we may fall as low as they.

Think gently of the fallen, aye, though they erred and fell;  
But few can walk through life unscathed, can suffer, and do well;  
How few can bear the burning heat, the noon-day's scorching sun,  
Nor turn aside to pleasant paths before the work is done.

Deal gently with the fallen, there is One above us all Before whose glance, in shame and fear, we all of us must fall;  
Leave them to Him, we ought, we must, for He is judge alone,  
There is none of us, though seeming just, has power to raise a stone.

## RECOLLECTIONS OF A SEWING-MACHINE.

BY ALICIA, AUTHORESS OF "THE CRUCIBLE,"

(Concluded.)

## CHAPTER VIII.

And where was Reginald all this time? I used to wonder as much as you do, my reader. Mabel, after that conversation with her mother, seemed half afraid even of herself. I used to wish she would take me with her when she went up, sadly and wearily, at night to her own room; but, instead, she would place me carefully on the table, and wrap me up in an old silk handkerchief as tenderly as if I were her child, and she were tucking me up for the night; and when the weather was cold, she would add some warmer covering, as if to spare me all exposure. Ah! she was a kind and gentle mistress. Perhaps none knew as well as I how she would love and cherish that scapegrace Reginald Leigh, if God answered her prayers and gave him to her. But the day of hopes fulfilled seemed rather to fade farther into the future than to be hastened by the quickly rolling days and months. Sometimes Reginald came to the house, but Mrs. Merton would never see him, and his visits seemed always to pain Mabel. I think she liked better to talk to him under the old elms that shaded the road for a mile or so beyond the little cottage; she felt freer under God's heaven than under her mother's roof. I think, too, from the sad yet hopeful look on her sweet face, and from words that broke from her now and again, when she had left him and come in to me, that when out under the blue sky and the shelter of those grand old trees, she could better plead with him to forsake his old ways, to try and live a noble life for his own sake and for hers.

Summer faded once more—the second summer I had been Mabel's, and autumn was reigning over the earth. He had, it is true,

arrayed himself for a time in richest robes of varied tints, from faintest buff to deepest scarlet, but with ruthless hand he was stripping off his fair garments, and often now the cold, leaden sky looked down on almost leafless trees, dim and gray in the drizzling rain.

It had been one of the dull days, "cold, and dark, and dreary," and Mabel had been sad and restless all day, often leaving her work to gaze out of the window, watching the rain beat against the panes, and the leafless vine that still clung to the verandah in a sort of desperation, swing backwards in the wind, a picture of dreary desolation. About five o'clock it cleared up, and the sun came struggling out as if half ashamed of his long retirement; his beams lay aslant the sloping meadow opposite the house (for the cottage was some little distance from the town), and peeped between the moss-grown trunks of the old elms.

Seeing it was somewhat finer, Mrs. Merton and Kate announced their intention of accepting an invitation they had received to take tea with some friends; but they could not induce Mabel to go—she was tired, she said, and besides had some work to do at home.

"That is always the way," exclaimed her mother. "If we are asked to visit people we can with propriety associate with, you will never go, Mabel; you always prefer taking up with the families of your poorest music scholars, or some such people."

Mabel turned sadly away, knowing the uselessness of replying; these hints she knew were aimed at her intimacy with Mrs. Owens, who had always been extremely kind to her, and whose friendship she truly valued. Mrs. Owens' father having been an architect, of course Mrs.

Merton did *not know her*; and often was Mabel mortified and grieved at the reception the lady met with on her first visits at the house. Of late, however, Mrs. Owens, out of kindness to Mabel, had ceased to come, not lessening, however, her kind attentions to Mabel herself. Mrs. Merton, more annoyed than ever at Mrs. Owens' conduct, never let an opportunity pass of saying something disagreeable with regard to her; but Mabel was wiser now, and seldom replied to such attacks—all this and much more she bore humbly and uncomplainingly.

When her mother and sister had gone, Mabel took her lonely meal, then drawing me forward, began her ceaseless work; but she seemed strangely restless, and started at every sound; and yet I think when the little gate opened and a moment afterwards Reginald's knock sounded, she was surprised; I don't think she expected him.

When Reginald came in, flushed with walking quickly, and looking brighter than usual, she glanced up proudly at him and smiled; he looked indeed handsome that night.

"How did you know I was alone?" she asked as he sat down.

"As I was going home I saw your mother and Kate going into the rectory, and so I thought you would be alone, and I was longing so much to see you, *ma belle*. But you are not going to begin that tiresome work again? Ah! not to-night," he pleaded, as she shook her head. "Come and talk to me just for to-night; you so seldom give me all your attention." So Mabel went, and as he drew her to him such a strange light shone in his dark eyes that she almost shrank back.

"Reginald, don't!" she said, half trembling. "You frighten me; I never saw you look so."

"Because," he replied, quickly, "you have always kept me back, always checked me; but, Mabel, I can't stand it any longer; are you not mine? never so much mine as now! So soon to be my very, very own! For I have really left that dull old office for ever, and I am going to begin a new life in a new world. I am going to Australia, Mabel." He watched her keenly, but

she did not move or speak. "I am going to be a different man, my darling. I am young and strong, and I shall soon build a home there, and Mabel"—he stopped, and his breath came short and fast. "Mabel, you will come with me! You will come and help and encourage me in my new life? Ah! my darling, I know you will." He bent over her, and I could see the damp drops like beads shining on his white forehead.

A terrible struggle seemed to pass over Mabel's frame. She clasped her hands tightly together, and bent her head so low he could not see her face.

"Reginald, I cannot!" she murmured at length; "oh, I cannot!"

"Mabel, darling," he said, tenderly raising her face between his hands, and trying to look into her eyes, but she closed the lids wearily, and her face looked strangely old and wan, "you do not think what you are saying, dearest. Don't say you cannot, you know you will—you know you love me too well to let me go alone exposed to so many temptations you alone can help me to resist. Ah! Belle, my darling, you know you will come!"

She bent her head again, shaking it slowly and still murmuring:—

"I cannot! oh, I cannot!" then she opened her sad, heavy eyes and looked up at Reginald, and he saw there her decision.

"You say you cannot; do you not mean you *will not*?" he exclaimed, almost shaking her off in his excitement. "Was it to cast me off thus you made me love you so truly, so deeply, that to be repulsed in this way almost drives me mad?" But, seeing she was trembling violently, and looked so pale and ill that she could scarcely support herself, he folded his arms around her. "Ah! my little Mabel," he pleaded, "you could not do without me! My Belle would be so lonely—she would fade away like a drooping flower! Ah! you are mine; no one can separate us. Don't drive me wild by making me think so!"

For a moment Mabel let her head rest wearily on his shoulder, then, gently disengaging herself, she said in a voice that

was almost calm, if it was husky with emotion :—

"Reginald, you must not speak so. Is it not enough that I shall be left behind, that you must break my heart with your passionate words? For many reasons I cannot go with you. I could not leave my mother now, dependent as she is upon me; nor, Reginald, could I go with you as you now are. Until you could find some employment I would not only be an additional expense, but an actual hindrance to you. You know," she continued, with a sad attempt at a smile, which faded ere it was half formed, "you would not do much if you had me to take care of. So you must go without me and just wait in patience."

While she had been speaking such a change came over Reginald Leigh that in those few moments he seemed to grow years older. Slowly the clock ticked the flight of time, but neither spoke; one hundred and fifty times the pendulum slowly moved backwards and forwards, then Reginald rose, staggering like some old man.

"Well, Mabel," he said, hoarsely, "good-bye. I little thought to leave you thus when I came to you so full of hope this evening. I suppose," he continued, almost bitterly, "you will not even write to me?"

"Reginald, when you can truly feel that your life is what it ought to be—when you can truthfully, honestly tell me that the hope I have is yours too—that my God is your God—then, Reginald, write to me, and, if God has spared me to that time, I will come to you wherever you may be. I think you are right in going; but you know how I would advise you without my writing letters to tell you—to whom I would bid you look for strength in the warfare you must fight—for grace to come off more than conqueror. You know, Reginald, that I love you truly, faithfully—will ever, ever love you. God bless you! oh! God bless and keep you, my darling!" She threw her arms round his neck—with one long, gasping sob he strained her to his breast, and kissed her again and again, then, without one word, he turned and left her.

#### CHAPTER IX.

Oh! the weary days that ensued for Mabel Merton when Reginald had left—the days that slowly crept into weeks, the weeks that dragged themselves into months! It was hard to live so without a word or sign from Reginald—to think of the dangers that might surround him, the lonely death he might meet, and she, perhaps, never know of it! To think that this uncertainty might continue for years—that dreary watching, waiting, listening, which is harder to bear than the certainty of the saddest evil! And then, worst of all, the feeling that it might have been so different, that whatever trials or hardships Reginald was undergoing, she might have shared them with him; that, perchance, she might have saved him from some, and comforted him in all.

But then Mabel had acted for the best and it was not always these sad thoughts came; at a bitter, bitter cost to herself she had done what she thought would be for Reginald's good, and why should she regret the step she had taken?

I had learnt to read my dear mistress' face like the pages of a book; only Annie Miller beside myself knew what a terrible struggle Mabel had undergone, for to Annie she confided much that even Kate did not know. Thus a year, almost two years, glided away, and still not a word from Reginald; the letter did not come that Mabel longed and prayed for, and believed some day would come, even if it should be when she was a grey old woman.

Mabel's life was much the same as before Reginald had left her; but his—ah! to what dangers might he not be subject! what a strange wild life he might be leading!

But a change was to come over my mistress' quiet life; and as it is so often the case that important events do not come singly, so it proved in this case. Almost at the same time two unexpected changes came which produced a complete revolution in the little cottage.

The first was a partial fulfilment of Mrs. Merton's prophecy, in the form of an offer of a house for herself by some distant

cousin in England. "The dear old Admiral!" Mrs. Merton called him, and as such only I knew of him.

Mrs. Merton seemed never to hesitate in accepting her cousin's offer, and at once began preparations for her long journey, apparently without thought of her daughters, who had not even been mentioned by "the dear old Admiral." The only time the mother ever spoke of those she was going to leave behind was one day at dinner, when, finding on her plate some delicacy Mabel's thoughtfulness had provided, she said, "I am glad for your sakes I am going to England; I know I have been nothing but a burden to you."

Kate cried, "Oh, mamma, don't say so;" but Mabel sat quietly, with her eyes looking out of the window, as she so often did, and did not say a word.

It was but a few days after Mrs. Merton had announced her sudden intentions, that Kate told Mabel she and Charlie Seaforth were to be married before Mrs. Merton left. Mabel was surprised, and for one moment I could see the color leave her face and her lips tremble; but it was soon over, and she kissed her sister, and told her she was very, very glad to hear it; she knew Charlie was so good.

Whether the young gentleman owed the fulfilment of his long-cherished hopes to Mrs. Merton's strange move, I could never ascertain. I had my doubts on the subject.

And so Kate was married, and she and Charlie saw Mrs. Merton off on her Atlantic voyage, and Mabel sold the scanty remains of furniture, and rented the little house, and then she packed what few possessions she had, and we moved into a quiet little town street, and had two cosy little rooms, much better than Reginald Leigh's were.

To do Mrs. Merton justice, I believe she fully expected Mabel would go with Kate to her new home, and it was Kate's wish she should do so; but if Charlie's persuasions, which indeed rose to entreaties, failed, little wonder that Kate could not succeed. Mabel was firm; she said it was better not, that she would be quite happy by herself, and could, with ease, earn her own living, and I agreed with her, and felt no doubt about her getting on. Then,

too, there was a great attraction to Mabel in these town lodgings, for they were close to Annie Miller's home, and the two friends helped each other a great deal.

So we were very happy in our little room, though my mistress had shed a good many tears when she had dismantled the old home, and bid it a last farewell.

Charlie and Kate often came to see us, and they seemed very happy, as I suppose all newly-married people are, or ought to be; but I did not trouble myself much about them—my own dear mistress took up all my thoughts and attention.

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#### CHAPTER X.

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Though Mabel was seldom depressed, never really melancholy, the winter in the little room in Maple street, was a long one; indeed, I doubted not, winters and summers passed slowly enough to my patient, waiting mistress. She had not, it is true, to work so hard as in the old home, but she had more time to think; and though neither Kate nor her mother had ever been true companions, I am sure Mabel often felt lonely in the long winter evenings.

But they passed at last, and spring came again, making the heart involuntarily light and gay, whatever cause it might have for sadness, and Mabel caught the infection and sang like the birds, and smiled like the flowers, and one day she came home with something brighter than sunshine in her eyes, and something sweeter than were the songs of birds on her lips. I looked at her one moment almost wonderfully; but then I wondered no longer, I knew that the long looked for, earnestly prayed for letter had come at last!

Winter was indeed over for Mabel Merton, and the joyous springtime had come. All that letter contained I do not know, nor would I tell even you my kind reader if I did. Such confessions as Reginald Leigh must have made, such thoughts as he penned, were but for one eye to scan—one heart to rejoice over, and that one alone could fully comprehend all.

All the evening Mabel moved gently about, collecting her few valuables, and packing them in the old black trunk that

had once been her father's. More than once she murmured "he *wondered* if I would go to him!" and a bright smile would play about her mouth, and a quick flush steal over her cheek.

It did me good to see her as she flitted about, even though I knew all this spoke to me but of separation; but I was content when I thought of her happiness,—so highly prized because so long waited for.

Mabel's packing up did not take her very long. No delay in her journey was necessary, for she had few preparations. I used to think before, and I knew then, that she had tried always to be ready, so if the summons came she might go at once. Well, it had come now! When all was done my mistress came and sat down by me, and collected all that belonged to me together; then she began to talk softly to me, calling me "Poor Dickey!" she had given me that name, and often talked to me as if I was some pet of hers.

"Ah, Dickey," she said, "I am sorry to leave you, so sorry! But then I know Annie needs you so much, and when I am with *him* I shall not need you to make me think of his great love for me, as you have so often done; and Annie will make you a

good mistress, Dickey. I know she will." She laid me tenderly down, and went to her own room, turning at the door to look round and see she had forgotten nothing.

She was up early next morning, and went to bid Kate good-bye before breakfast, that she might be sure of seeing Charlie; then she came back to me for the last time, and, wrapping me up, took me to Annie, and gave me to her as a parting gift. I shall never forget the last look I had of my sweet mistress as she stood at Annie's door, in her simple travelling dress; her face glowing and her eyes shining through the tears that would come at parting with her friend.

It seemed as if all the sunshine had suddenly been shut out of my life when the closing door hid Mabel Merton for ever from my sight.

Yet I grew to be contented with my new mistress, though my greatest joy was in Mabel's letters, which came regularly, and which Annie loved to read to her old father; such sweet content and happiness they breathed, they always made me rejoice, though Mabel's gain had indeed been my loss.

## LOST ELEANORE.

BY TERENCE TYRWHITTE.

I sit by the water's edge, where wild the waves are  
beating

In everlasting anger 'gainst the shore;

• I sit there lonely, wearily repeating  
The name of the lost fair one Eleanore.

But she, the fair, the lovely Eleanore

Hath passed away, and will return no more.

I look out to the water, and I hear the song of seamen

As they reef their flapping sails before the sun is set,

How they sing to one another the jovial songs of  
freemen;

Their mirth but makes my grief the deeper, sorer, yet;  
For *she*, too, loved their music, the gay songs of the  
sea,

Now she is gone from all, but chiefly gone from me.

The wind comes o'er the rock, and o'erhead the sea-  
gull screameth,

Flapping his heavy wing, and seaward takes his way;

I sit there long, at last the moon outbeameth—

I never mark the closing of the day.

I sit there and I weep, on the dreary rocky shore:  
Weep for the dear and lost, the peerless Eleanore.

## TO SAN FRANCISCO THROUGH THE TROPICS.

BY A MONTREALER.

On a cold, bright afternoon in September, 1868, the good steamer "Henry Chauncey" steamed down New York Bay, with her living freight of over 900 souls, bound for Aspinwall, and ultimately for San Francisco. The usual confusion incident on starting on a long sea voyage was everywhere apparent,—trunks, valises, babies, hat-boxes, etc., were indiscriminately mixed together in the state-rooms, and every one was most blissfully uncomfortable. We passed Staten Island, lying there in all its autumn beauty, and at dinner-time were off Sandy Hook.

Alick Burrows' usual joviality and flow of spirits were considerably heightened as we sat down to dinner, at seeing one after the other of our neighbors at table suddenly rush fiercely on deck with the most intensified horror depicted on their faces—they were "sea-sick." Alick found a golden opportunity to indulge in an avalanche of puns, and was in the midst of them when he suddenly discovered that his soup was not at all nice. At the mere question of the steward, whether he wished some fish, his face assumed somewhat the expression of those "land-lubbers" who he thought "should have had a little practice in their cradles to accustom them to the rolling of the ship." This increased at the mention of several dishes of meat, and culminated at the sight of a plate of rice pudding, when he suddenly became aware that he was not hungry, and he thought he would take a stroll on deck. Jack Wallace and I exchanged a smile—a very knowing smile, as we saw Alick, who had at first sauntered slowly to the door, suddenly impart an impetus to his legs that was perfectly wonderful,—Jack and I were "old salts," and could well afford to laugh.

On coming on deck after dinner, we

found most of the passengers apparently intensely interested in watching the foam at the sides of the ship,—among these was our friend Burrows. "Alick," I said, "are you watching for mermaids?" His answer was a look full of the most bitter reproach and deepest agony. "Alick," I continued, in the way of torture, "will you smoke?" "No!" he yelled. "Alick, if I were you I wouldn't hang my head so much over the side of the ship; people will think that you are sick." A groan, which appeared to come from the innermost depths of his soul, was his only response. Ten minutes later he lay in his berth moaning, "Oh! why didn't I go overland?" The vessel presented a most pitiable sight by this time; here and there a family was huddled together, pale, shivering, with hair dishevelled and sunken eyes—the very picture of abject misery.

It blew pretty hard, and at dark, when we had lost sight of land, it increased to a gale. The huge ship plunged and staggered and rolled, now climbing up some mountainous waves, now sweeping down a watery precipice, occasionally rushing through a head wave, deluging her bows, and bringing a shower of spray right over the ship, or careening over so from side to side that the ends of the lower yard-arms were often buried in the hissing waters. The sky was as black as the sea, and that was as black as ink, with the exception of here and there where the huge waves dashed themselves into foam. The snatches of the sailors' song, which could be heard amid the roaring of the wind and waves, as they were shortening sail, sounded wild and weird; and the bell on the forecastle, telling the hours, had, when it rang, something solemn in its tone that appeared to be quite in keeping with the storm. The many-colored glasses on the racks in the large

cabin jingled drearily, the lamps swung to and fro monotonously, and the heavy ship groaned and creaked in every seam. Jack and I kept walking up and down on deck long after all the rest had "turned in," watching the increasing fury of the gale, now clinging to the rigging, now having hair-breadth escapes from being jerked overboard,—till a heartless wave, sweeping on deck, drenched us; then we also "turned in." The next morning was cold and raw, yet the wind had abated a little; but the waves went fearfully high, tossing and piling themselves up into the most grotesque shapes. One moment it would appear as though it was all up with us, as a huge wave, far higher than the masts of the ship, came rushing on as though it would crush us like a toy; the next moment it would lift us so high up that it almost made one dizzy to look down into the watery valley at the stern. Sometimes we passed a ship in the far distance, looking like some weird spectre as it sped along; then the passengers, such as had ventured out of their berths, would crowd to the side of the steamer and watch the distant ship as the waves were playing a wild game with it, tossing it about as though it were no heavier than paper, now apparently burying it for moments at a time, now laying it on its beam ends. Poor Alick was terribly out of sorts; we had brought him so far as to confess that he *was* sick, which we considered quite a triumph on our part. He had pluck enough to come and sit down on deck, where we propped him up with any quantity of pillows and great-coats. The only good thing he said, during the day, was to call us "heartless," when we told him that some salt-cod and molasses would do him good; besides this he occasionally muttered something about never going to sea again.

The nasty raw day wore itself drearily away, and we were all glad when night came. The next day opened bright and cheery, the wind had died away, and the sea was almost smooth; the weather had also become quite warm, so that the decks were crowded with passengers, in whom the warm sunshine created new life and energy.

But now that the novelty of sea-life had passed away, the monotony became very tedious; for four days we saw nothing but the ocean and the bright blue sky, the former so smooth and mirror-like that almost every rope and spar on the ship were reflected in it. It grew hotter and hotter as we neared the Equator, till at last the heat was almost unbearable to us who had just come from a cool Canadian autumn. We used to get some "small boys" from the steerage to fan us for five cents the hour, whilst we lay reading, smoking, or snoozing. My diary reads as follows for one of these days: Got up at 9 o'clock; thermometer 102° in shade; read, slept and sweated,—small boys "strike" for higher wages—Alick, Jack and I hold indignation meeting, and resolve, amidst great enthusiasm, not to give in. This noble resolve remains good for one short half-hour. Moral: in hot weather labor is apt to triumph over capital. Small boys jubilant. Jack ironically sings "A life on the ocean wave"—Alick and I earnestly beseech him to keep quiet till we get to cooler latitudes. The dreariness of the daytime was agreeably relieved by the fun and frolic in the cool evenings,—the passengers would all crowd on deck, and what with singing and acting charades we had quite a good time of it. We had also a company of "bell-ringers" on board who added considerably to the general amusement. Occasionally we had a dance too, but the consequent perspiring and fanning interfered rather with that branch of our amusements.

At last, one morning, the fifth day after our departure from New York, we all got very much excited at the report that there was land in sight, and many who had not been out of their berths since the ship started, found their way out now. The land in sight was one of the Bahama Islands. Maps and telescopes were brought into requisition, and speculation ran high as to what island it was. Some suggested that it was Mariguana Island, others insisted that it was Catlin's Island, while others were just as positive that it was Long Island; the captain rather confused us by saying that it was St. Helena. At noon we were abreast

of the island, about ten miles distant; it turned out to be Mariguana. With the aid of telescopes we were able to discern some tall, waving palm trees on the mountains, and our American friends indulged in a good deal of "guessing" as to whether certain white objects on the shore were houses or rocks. In the course of the day we passed several other islands, but all at a great distance. Next morning, shortly after sunrise, the excitement of the previous day was repeated when we sighted Cuba; we passed quite close by Cape Maysi; we could see the lighthouses, some cottages, and boats on shore with naked eyes, and with the aid of telescopes some plantations far inland. But what interested us most and made us for the time quite forget the heat, was the magnificent natural scenery. As far as the eye could reach, a noble mountain range stretched itself into the blue distance, covered with every variety of tropical verdure, reflected with wonderful accuracy in the placid sea at its base; occasionally the coast was indented by a graceful little bay or inlet, heightening the variety and beauty of the scene. We also caught a glimpse of Hayti, and at night saw some lights on Jamaica. The next day we sailed through the Caribbean Sea, and were out of sight of land all day. The porpoises played around us in gay style, appearing in shoals of many hundreds, and created a great deal of merriment on board by their strange antics, by the big leaps they took, and by the many apparently hair-breadth escapes they had from being run down by the ship. Schools of flying fish would also now and then rise, shooting over the surface of the water like silvery darts. In the evening we saw a sight for which the Caribbean sea is famous, and which can, perhaps, not be surpassed anywhere: it was a sunset—so sublime and awe-inspiring that none of us who witnessed it will ever forget it. Towards evening huge black clouds commenced to pile themselves up on the western horizon, with the edges a broad band of dazzling gold; gradually and slowly this band expanded, tinging its inner edges with a slight roseate hue; broader and broader the band grew, suffused with the softest tints from a bright

gold to a deep crimson, whilst its confines were clouds either so light and puffy that they looked like spectres, or so inky black as to make one shudder when looking at them; higher and higher the wonderful clouds towered, and piled themselves into the most grotesque and fantastic shapes. From moment to moment the scene grew more beautiful, more awful; the passengers stood as if spell-bound, inspired by the solemn yet fearful grandeur of this tropical sunset. The clouds did not remain in the same position for two minutes at a time; now they would build themselves up into castles, fortresses and domes; the next moment this whole airy architecture would fall into ruins, scattering its portions with the wildest confusion, amongst which blue patches of sky would appear, giving one an appalling idea of the immensity of space; then the ruins would form themselves into long, transparent streaks, dazzling with brightness and glory; then a landscape like dreamland would appear, where the seas and lakes were seas and lakes of fire. Sometimes a thick black cloud would thrust itself amongst all that glory; it would look like an intruder, but by its contrast increase the surrounding splendour. The red and gold of the clouds was also reflected in the mirror-like sea, and added considerably to the gorgeousness of the scene. Oh, that sunset! it made us all feel so small, so insignificant beside the immeasurable greatness and glory of God's beautiful nature, and filled our hearts more with reverence and admiration of His Almighty power than a dozen of the best sermons could have done. I believe many prayed that night who had not prayed for many years past. In the tropics the twilight is of very short duration—scarcely has the sun disappeared beneath the horizon before all is dark. Before day-break next morning we arrived in the bay off the entrance to the harbor of Aspinwall, and lay there for some hours waiting for the day. All on board were up packing their hand-luggage amidst the greatest enthusiasm. There are few sensations pleasanter than preparing to go ashore after a long sea voyage. All was bustle and excitement; those who had not shown their

faces during the whole trip appeared now, looking very haggard and emaciated; but even they indulged in some smiles and jokes at the prospect of one day's rest from the motion of the vessel. Gradually, as it became light, we could discern a long, low stretch of coast with a high ridge of mountains in the background. After a while, Aspinwall itself could be seen, lying in a beautiful little bay; and, at last, after a hasty breakfast, we steamed up and were soon moored to the wharf. Alick, Jack, and I had previously arranged to stay a week on the Isthmus, catch the next steamer to Acapulco, stay a week there, and go thence to San Francisco. The rest of the passengers went direct to San Francisco.

But to resume. On the wharf were a number of steamboat and railroad officials in suits of spotless white, and broad-brimmed hats, smoking their cigaritas, gesticulating wildly and cursing the natives. Of these latter there were also a great number, of a delightful copper-color, chattering, grinning, and rolling their glistening eyes. The first thing that struck me in these natives was the dirt—the men were clad in dirt, and a pair of short pants; the women, who were generally very stout, in dirt, and a loose gown, not to forget, however, a gorgeous bandanna handkerchief wound round their woolly heads (which seemed to be the pride of their hearts); the children were clad only in dirt. Immediately on landing we were besieged by an army of these worthies, who fought and struggled lustily amongst themselves for the privilege of carrying our hand-luggage to the hotel. Alick wouldn't give up his valise; he declared he would give it to no one who was not "washed and dressed like a Christian," as he wanted to encourage decency. In the end he had to give way, as such a one as he wanted was not to be found. We were very much terrified at seeing some native soldiers standing sentry at a guard-house near the gate of the wharf; they were part of the grand army of the United States of Colombia, numbering altogether about 200. These sentries looked very fierce; their uniforms consisted of a thin blue blouse, any pants,

any hat the owner might choose to wear, a piece of rope round their waists, at which hung an old broken bayonet scabbard, and in their hands an old and very rusty flint-lock gun. It is needless to say that they were dirty, and that they were innocent of shoes, as these are shunned as much as the dirt is courted. The *tout ensemble* presented a magnificence calculated to strike dumb the stranger and awe the disaffected. The guard gloried in an officer, who was a very big swell, wore an eye-glass and swaggered out of the guard-house with a lazy grace worthy of a British officer; as he appeared the sentries shut their eyes, spread wide their legs and presented arms.

The "city" of Aspinwall consists of one row of houses along the beach, chiefly "bars" and billiard rooms, a number of sheds belonging to the Panama Railroad Company, and the various steamship lines, some native huts, and a great amount of dirt. The town is of quite recent existence, having been built since the commencement of the construction of the Panama R.R., and, consequently, boasts of some degree of modern civilization; the number of billiard-rooms and hotels proved this rather pointedly. The hotel at which we put up was certainly no credit to civilization; it seemed to be conducted on the principle that dirt was the greatest boon of mankind; our rooms were close to suffocation, a mixed smell of seaweed and whiskey pervaded the whole house; the meals were gotten up in feeble and miserable imitation of European style, and the whole air of the place induced us to stay no longer than the next day in Aspinwall.

But I am anticipating. The broad street between the row of houses and the beach now presented a lively scene. The 920 passengers who had been cooped up for so long in the ship, strolled along in a blissful state of contentedness, gorging themselves with tropical fruits; big, fat native women, looking very oily and disagreeable, held large baskets on their heads filled with bananas, oranges, pineapples, cocoanuts and all kinds of tropical fruits, which they sold at ridiculously low prices to the eager passengers; others were selling hard-boiled eggs and fresh milk, others had

parrots, monkeys, shells, pieces of coral, &c., for sale; here and there gambling booths had been hastily improvised, and appeared to be doing a good business. About three hours after landing, the passengers left for Panama by the cars, where they would take another steamer for San Francisco. We saw them off, indulged in a great deal of handshaking and promises to write, and felt very lonely when the distant rumbling of the departing train had died away. After investing in the most heathenish-looking cork-hats, and some white umbrellas, we had a long walk along the beach, where we picked up some of the most wonderful specimens of shells and pieces of coral, which are strewed there in great profusion. There is a large swamp behind Aspinwall, reeking with the worst kind of malaria; so our walks were limited to the shore, and even there cut short by the excessive heat. We, therefore, spent the rest of the day in resting, sleeping, and laughing at the sentries at the wharf-gate, who were occasionally relieved with much pomp.

In the evening there was a great row in front of our hotel. It was what the natives called "music and songs," and drove us and the other whites almost to desperation. The music consisted of hammering on a species of kettle-drum and sawing mercilessly on an instrument which a maniac might have considered an imitation of a fiddle. The singing consisted of an interminable series of shouts, yells and growls—so hideous and unearthly that I almost wished that the sea would rush in and sweep away those howling rogues. They danced, too,—some wild and heathenish dances, such as even a French *can-can* dancer would have blushed at. A number of reed torches threw a strange light on the whole odd scene.

Early next morning the Royal Mail steamer arrived from St. Thomas with a number of passengers, and with them we started by the cars for Panama. Hardly had we left Aspinwall before we entered into such a dense jungle as can only be found in Central America; it was a labyrinth of the most stately and most slender of tropical trees, with their boughs interwoven so

thickly that often the sunbeams could not struggle through. There were the lofty palm and cocoanut-trees waving their bushy tops gracefully in the breeze, the gigantic *lignumvitæ* tree, spreading its huge moss-overgrown limbs in a hundred different directions; here are tufts of feathery bamboo, and great ferns, and broad-leaved banana trees, interspersed with prickly bushes of thorns, and dark-leaved orange trees; tufted lianas hang like ropes from the high trees, and sway gently to and fro in the stifled breeze; parasitical creepers climb along the lofty branches of the *lignumvitæ* and lime trees, drop towards the ground and take root again, giving the trees an appearance as though they had a hundred trunks. Not an inch of ground, or branch, or bough of a tree but is covered with green leaves, or with the brightest and loveliest of flowers, of all sizes and all colors and shapes. The jungle is alive with myriads of birds, as gaudy and brilliant looking as the flowers. Alas, the gay birds are dumb, the lovely flowers are scentless. Yonder sparkling river with the feathery shadows and purple moss-overgrown rocks, is haunted by venomous fish and deadly water-serpents; that cool-looking grass is filled with poisonous insects, and that soft moss is a nest of snakes! The train goes thundering on, waking up all the echoes of the jungle; the parrot screeches affrightedly and flits hurriedly away, or a monkey swings himself from branch to branch and scampers off, with a terrified expression on his face, such as only monkeys can assume. We pass through several native villages, and thank Heaven that we are not natives. Alick thinks he would commit suicide if he were one, and had to live as they do. Their houses, which are of thatched straw and mud, are built on four poles, leaving an open space underneath about fourteen feet high, where the air can circulate and keep the upper abode cool; the insects and vermin are thus also prevented from getting into the "house." In this open space the family generally spend the daytime, the men sleep, the women smoke, and the children and hogs wallow in blissful harmony and filth.

There are a few other houses belonging to Europeans in these villages, which, with their air of comfort and elegance, formed a very great contrast to the natives huts. The houses of the natives, in towns like Panama and Bogota, are also widely different from the above described roosts. Sometimes, as we passed through a village, the inhabitants would turn out *en masse*, and greet us with dances somewhat after the fashion of those we had witnessed the night before at Aspinwall. We also saw about fifty women at their "annual wash;" their entire wardrobe consists generally of only one cotton gown and a bandanna handkerchief. Once a year (I don't believe

it is oftener) they go down to the banks of the Chagres River, wash these and lie down underneath the trees and sleep whilst their clothes are drying. We crossed the Chagres River several times, saw some very fine cascades, and when we entered the mountain range, the scenery was at times so mellow and calm, at times so wild and rugged, as to elicit frequent outbursts of admiration. After a ride of nearly three hours, which appeared to us like but half an hour, we arrived at the ancient and world-renowned city of Panama, and saw the Pacific Ocean for the first time.

(*To be continued.*)

## CHATEAUX D'ESPAGNE.

BY FAUSTINE.

I have stately castles with turrets and towers  
With lofty pillars and frescoed walls,  
With casements and balconies wreathed with flowers,  
With carven stairways and grand old halls.  
  
There are beautiful terraces bright with bloom;  
With tropical birds of most brilliant hues;  
And bowers where the vines cast a dreamy gloom  
O'er mossy couches where Dryads might muse.

And the billows beat 'gainst the walls of stone,  
Dashing their spray o'er my garden grounds,  
And the sea-gull's cry I hear when the moan  
Of the sad sea-waves on the soft air sounds.

No storms e'er break o'er the beautiful scene,  
The skies shine above it forever fair;  
The gem keeps forever its setting of green,  
For, ah me! my castles are built in air.

## THE DIFFERENCE.

Men send their ships, the eager things,  
To try their luck at sea,  
But none can tell by note or count  
How many there may be.  
One turneth east, another south—  
They never come again;  
And then we know they must have sunk,  
But neither how nor when.

God sends His happy birds abroad—  
"They're less than ships," say we,  
No moment passes but He knows  
How many there should be.  
One buildeth high, another low,  
With just a bird's light care—  
If only one, perchance, doth fall,  
God knoweth when and where,

## EARLY SCENES IN CANADIAN LIFE.

BY REV. THOMAS WEBSTER, NEWBURY, ONT.

(Continued.)

## CHAPTER XXXV.

THE BOY FOLLOWS THE COW-BELL BUT FINDS ONLY STRANGE CATTLE—TURNS TO GO HOME—LOSES HIS WAY—RUNS WILDLY—BECOMES MORE COLLECTED—CALLS TO MIND A PLAN HE HAS HEARD RECOMMENDED FOR KEEPING A DIRECT COURSE—TRIES IT—COMES OUT ON AN UNKNOWN PATH—FOLLOWS IT—NIGHT COMING ON—ARRIVES AT AN INDIAN ENCAMPMENT — FRIGHT — MEDITATES RETREAT—DISCOVERED—ADDRESSED—A FRIENDLY INDIAN—STILL SUSPICIOUS — UNAPPRECIATED HOSPITALITY — AN INDIAN'S REMEMBRANCE OF KINDNESS — A NIGHT AMONG THE INDIANS—THE GRATEFUL INDIAN GOES AFTER THE LOST COWS—GUIDES THE BOY BACK TO HIS HOME.

Little Wilson had, in compliance with his mother's directions, gone on into the woods, guided by the sound of the cow-bell, till he came nigh enough to the cattle to observe them. He then discovered that his father's cows were not there, and turned, as he thought, to go directly home again, as he had been bidden. After walking along unconcernedly for a considerable time, he began to wonder at not reaching the little shanty, nor seeing any clearing. Then he reflected that the distance he had walked since leaving the cows ought to have brought him home, if he had been proceeding in the right direction. Thinking that he might still be near home, though he could not see it, he called loudly and repeatedly; but receiving no answer, he became convinced that he was lost. The cow-bell was now out of hearing, else by following the cattle he could have found his way back to the settlement. In vain he looked on every side for some remembered

landmark, some clue to guide him; but every object was strange. Unable to form any idea of his whereabouts, and now fully realizing the dangers of his situation, he burst into tears. Then, impelled by terror, he began to run, not knowing whither.

Having continued his flight till weariness obliged him to slacken his pace, and his frenzy of grief and fear having the while somewhat subsided, he began to collect his thoughts. He then remembered that he had heard some of the men say that when persons who were lost in the woods supposed themselves to be advancing in a direct course, they were generally only travelling about in a sort of circle; that, in order to avoid doing so, an individual when lost should place himself beside a tree, and look straight before him till he had observed a certain number of trees standing in a direct line with the first; then, while going forward, keep his eye steadily fixed upon the line of trees, and after reaching the first tree, take in another at the farther end of the line; and by continuing to advance in that manner, always keep the same number of trees in the line, he would be able to keep a direct course.

The little fellow determined to adopt this plan, and by following it as exactly as he could, he at length came out on a path. Now he was perplexed to know which way to follow it. Scrutinize the surrounding objects carefully as he would, he could discover nothing familiar. He was quite certain that he had never seen that path before. Still, thinking that either way it must lead to some haunt of mankind, he turned into it with pleasanter feelings than he had experienced since the morning.

Despite hunger, weariness, and his uncertainty as to whither he was going, he

trudged on manfully till he observed with alarm that the sun was fast sinking toward the tree tops; and yet there was nothing to indicate the vicinity of a human habitation. The narrow path he trod was the only evidence that man had ever penetrated the wilds through which he was passing. The thoughts of the rapidly approaching night, and the pictures his excited imagination presented of the dangers that would encompass him if obliged to spend the hours of darkness alone in the dismal depths of the forest, quickened his lately flagging footsteps. His motion thus accelerated by fear, he ran forward with headlong speed; and just after the sun's last beams had faded in the western sky, he suddenly emerged from the woods.

The open space upon which he had entered proved to be a piece of flats on the Grand River, near a point now known as Middleport. There, to his increased terror, he discovered a large encampment of Indians. Many a winter's night had the boy, in his own home, listened with the fascination of horror to terrible recitals of Indian barbarities, perpetrated in the old settlements beyond the Lakes. These now flashed vividly into his mind. Was he to become the victim of similar cruelties; and was it to such a doom that he had all that long and weary day been hastening?

Consternation, for the moment, fixed him to the spot. Then came the impulse to rush back again into the now darkening woods, from which he had but a little while ago been so eager to escape. But would his chance of safety be increased by flight? Dangers seemed to beset him all around.

Even if he had still had strength to fly, it would have been attempted in vain. Already his presence had been observed, and a tall Indian was approaching him—not with uplifted tomahawk and murderous aspect, but with look and manner indicative of friendly purpose.

Addressing the child in broken English, he bade him not to be frightened, and endeavoring to assure him that he should not be hurt, invited him into his wigwam. Astonished at a greeting so different from that his fears had been suggesting, but still not knowing whether to believe its

pacific character sincere, or only a disguise assumed for some treacherous purpose, the bewildered boy made a great effort to appear brave, and said that "He must go home."

"What for, then, you come to the camp of the red men?" inquired the Indian with a smile.

Somewhat reassured by the manner of his interrogator, he explained that their cows having strayed away, and he having gone out in search of them, had got lost himself, and had been wandering in the woods all day.

Perceiving that the little stranger was weary, and in need of food, the Indian led the way, and conducted him into his wigwam. An Indian woman was within, to whom the Indian addressed a few words in their own language. Thereupon she produced a supply of corn-bread and venison, which she presented to their shy guest, and bade him eat. Notwithstanding the exertions of the day, and the many hours that had elapsed since he had tasted food, the excitement consequent upon his strange position, and the apprehensions with regard to its safety, from which he was not yet quite able to divest his mind, made the meal, much needed though it was, a scanty one.

The Indian, seeing that his guest was not disposed to do further honor to his hospitality, inquired where his father's camp was. As clearly as he could, the child made his host to understand its locality, and mentioned his father's name.

"Ugh," exclaimed the Indian, "me know. You not go now—dark. It berry long way. Bimebye sun come back; me take you home then."

The prospect of passing the night among the Indians was not a very agreeable one to the anxious and excited child; but there was no help for it, and he schooled his brave little heart to bear it with the best grace he could command.

His host, probably observing the shadow of his thoughts upon his countenance, resumed: "Good many moons gone me hunt deer; no catch him; turkey fly away; bear, ground-hog hide. Me catch him nothin. Me bery hungry, come to your father's camp. Your father good man;

him give Indian bread and meat. Me cold, tired, your father let Indian rest by his camp-fire. You sleep in Indian camp now. Indian good to good white man's papoose."

He then asked some questions about the cows; and when the boy had described them, he said that he had that day seen them a long distance further down the river, and added, "when light come me go bring him."

Now fully relieved from all fears for his own safety, and uneasy only because of the anxiety that he knew his mother would be enduring on his account, our little wanderer lay down upon the rude couch the Indian woman had prepared for him, and soon slept the refreshing sleep of tired childhood.

When he awoke next morning the sun was shining brightly, and darting its rays through the cracks in the bark wigwam athwart his face. Rising hastily, he found that his friend of the previous night was absent. Soon, however, he descried him returning, and driving the lost cows before him.

The bill of fare for breakfast was the same that had been for supper, and the now unfearing guest was better able to manifest his appreciation of its excellence.

After breakfast the Indian, with his gun on his shoulder, set out to conduct the boy with the cows that he had sought with so much peril to himself, back again to the mother, who had ceased caring for the cows in her anxiety for her child.

The revulsion of feeling in the heart of Mrs. Wilson, when she beheld the tall chief emerging from the woods accompanied by the beloved son for whom she was mourning, may not be described. She clasped her child in her arms, and pressing him to her bosom, wept aloud for joy—now caressing her recovered treasure, with all the mother's overflowing fondness; then, in the fullness of her thankfulness, invoking the choicest blessings of the Great Spirit upon his kind deliverer.

In the interval the husband and father had returned, bringing food for his family; and there was now abundance and rejoicing in the so lately destitute and sorrowing household.

#### CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE CAYUGAS STILL CHIEFLY PAGANS—  
SOME OF THE PROBABLE CAUSES—  
THEY STILL PERFORM THEIR PAGAN  
RITES—THE FEASTS REGULARLY CELE-  
BRATED—VISIT TO THE PAGAN TEMPLE  
ON THE GRAND RIVER—ITS SITUATION  
AND SURROUNDINGS — THE TEMPLE  
AND ITS APPOINTMENTS—SACERDOTAL  
PARAPHERNALIA, ETC.

The Cayuga Indians, though resident in a Christian country, are still chiefly pagans. That they have proved so little susceptible to the influence of the Gospel, is, to a very great degree, attributable to the immorality of the whites who have mingled among them. The Indians, regarding all white people as Christians, and finding so many of them guilty of swearing, stealing, lying, cheating, getting drunk, etc., judged the religion by the conduct of its nominal professors, and arrived at conclusions unfavorable to Christianity.

The Cayugas claim to be honester and more moral than the whites, or than those Indians who have become nominally Christian. They assert that they are so because they continue to worship the Great Spirit as he commanded their forefathers to worship him; and thence they argue that their religion is better than that of the white man. They still have their pagan temple, and celebrate their pagan rites after the manner of their fathers.

The pagans on the Grand River have several regular feasts, which they celebrate each year.

The first takes place on the ripening of the strawberries. The juice having been pressed from a quantity of the fruit into a large bowl, it is partaken of as a drink-offering.

The second is held in like manner, after the ripening of the other various kinds of berries. These feasts last one day and two nights.

The third feast is celebrated after the corn becomes fit for use. When all the fruits of the ground are ripe they hold a general feast, which lasts for a week. To this feast all are expected to bring—each a little—of every variety of the earth's pro-

ducts that they have raised. Then, with dancing and other manifestations of joy, the good things of the earth thus brought together are eaten at the temple as a thank-offering to the Great Spirit.

But the grand festival—the great dance of the year—is celebrated in February, when the “white dog” is burned. Additional feasts are also held to celebrate important or remarkable events; or when there is an unusual amount of sickness among the people.

Some years since, the writer visited a modern pagan temple on the Grand River. Having heard much of the feast of the white dog, and happening to be in the vicinity in the month of February, he determined, if possible, to witness the celebration. An interpreter being indispensable, some time was consumed in securing one; and when successful he was informed, to his great chagrin, that the feast was over. Still, resolved not to be altogether disappointed, he set out, accompanied by a Christian Indian, to see the temple.

While pursuing an Indian path that led out of the settlement, we were so fortunate as to meet the priest who had officiated at the recent festival. When he came near, the interpreter was directed to make him acquainted with our business. He was informed that this was a minister of the Christian religion, who had been desirous of attending the feast; but being too late to be present at its celebration, wished to be allowed to visit the temple in which his red brothers performed the rites of their religion.

The priest hesitated, and seemed to be considering the matter for a moment; then expressed his willingness that we should do so; and turning about, intimated that it would be necessary for him to accompany us. He led the way along the narrow path toward the desired spot, maintaining an unbroken silence, and we followed, walking in Indian file.

As already mentioned, it was winter. The day was cold and cloudy. There had been a heavy fall of snow, which had spread its shroud-like covering over everything, and hung like massive plumes upon the branches of the trees, and bowed the

bushes to the earth. No bird or beast crossed the line of vision to relieve the weary eye and break the monotony of the scene. No sound to be heard but the creaking of the snow beneath our footsteps. All was silent, solitary, and cheerless.

While tramping through the snow, the errand upon which we were bound, and the tall figure of the pagan priest striding on before, naturally led us to reflect upon the power which superstition and the prejudices and partialities of early training exert upon the human mind, whether civilized or uncivilized, and also to contrast the pertinacity with which mankind cling to the errors in which they have been educated, with their unfaithfulness to the truth. Then came the painful and humiliating thought that the poor Indians, enveloped in the darkness of paganism, were living here in the midst of a Christian country, with Christian churches and Christian people surrounding them upon every hand, but having their eyes and their ears closed, and their hearts hardened against the truth, through the inconsistencies and crimes of men called *Christians*.

Occupied with such thoughts we reached the bank of a stream, beside which the temple was situated. A few only of the trees had been removed from immediately about the building, and there it stood in the deep woods, far from the dwellings of the people, gloomy in its aspect and surroundings as the cause it represented.

The edifice, we should judge, was about thirty or thirty-five feet long, by twenty or twenty-two feet in width, built of hewn pine timber — what is usually called a hewed log-house—one storey high, and covered with a shingle roof. In one side of the building, near its east end, there was a door opening to the south. In each end was a fire-place, and in these remained two large kettles, since they had been used in cooking the recent feast. The floor was made of rough pine boards, and there was no ceiling, the building being open to the rafters. Midway between the ends of the house a beam extended from side to side, its ends resting on the plates. From the middle of this beam, the white dog is suspended on the first day of the feast. Upon

the beam was hanging a hank of deers' hoofs, strung together like beads upon a string. When the officiating priest is preparing himself to engage in the dance, he ties this string of hoofs about his right leg above the knee. During the dance, he holds in his hand, by the neck, a sort of rattle-box made of the shells of a mud-turtle.

In preparing this musical instrument the flesh is removed from between the upper and lower shell, without disturbing the neck, or that portion of the skin which connects the upper and the lower divisions of the shell. The neck is then stretched out, made firm with splints, and the whole thoroughly dried. A quantity of shot, or very small gravel stones, is then introduced into the cavity, the opening secured and the instrument is complete.

There were also a few dried pelts there, which we were informed were made to assist in supplying music, they being pounded with sticks—by way of drums, probably.

The motions of the priest while dancing kept the deers' hoofs continually rattling as they struck against each other, and the gravel stones within the turtle-shell jingling; these noises, with that produced by the pounding of the dried pelts, and the singing of a monotonous song, composing the musical part of the entertainment.

A very peculiar cap or head-dress also attracted our attention. It was formed of light wooden splinters, such as are used by the Indian women in the manufacture of their baskets; and was ornamented with a large feather, placed erect in its front. This head-dress is worn during the dance by the officiating priest, or the principal chief, we did not exactly understand which, and are not sure but what both offices were filled at that time by the same individual. The feather gracing the front of the head-dress was white on one side, and painted red on the other. As the person wearing it moved in the dance, the feather was constantly turning, as on a pivot, thus intimating to all beholders that the band was ready to accept either peace or war.

Whatever other observances or ceremonies distinguish the various feasts, dancing

is a prominent feature in all of them, and is kept up with great vigor in some of them, day after day, for several days together.

The performance of their religious rites, being combined with much that ministers to their sentiments of national pride and reverence for the customs handed down to them from their forefathers, have much of national assertion in them, and are scrupulously observed.

When any one of their pagan feasts is approaching, great efforts are made to provide everything necessary to make its celebration duly imposing. Especially is this the case with regard to the great February dance, or feast of the white dog, their grand annual festival.

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#### CHAPTER XXXVII.

PREPARATIONS FOR THE FEAST OF THE WHITE DOG—DOG STRANGLED AND SUSPENDED IN THE CENTRE OF THE TEMPLE—OFFERINGS TO THE DOG—THE FEAST—DANCING AND MUSIC—RECITAL OF DREAMS—LAST DAY OF THE FEAST—THE DOG CHARGED WITH MESSAGES TO THE GREAT SPIRIT AND BURNED WITH ALL THE OFFERINGS—EXHORTATION OF THE PRIEST—DEPORTMENT EXPECTED—THE PRIEST'S STATEMENT OF THE ORIGIN OF HIS RELIGION AND WHY OBLIGATORY UPON INDIANS—MAY NOT BE UPON WHITE MEN—DRUNKEN CHRISTIAN—UNWILLING TO RECOGNIZE DISTINCTION — REFLECTIONS.

When their great religious festival is drawing near, a white dog is procured and well fed that he may be in readiness for the occasion; and the people generally provide themselves with such things as they esteem suitable to be presented as thank-offerings to the Great Spirit.

That the feast may be observed as nearly as possible in the style of the olden times, before the palefaces had cut down the forests and frightened away the game, their most expert hunters go far back into the woods in quest of deer and other descriptions of game to supply the feast; but,

if unsuccessful in obtaining a sufficiency of these, they substitute beef, mutton, or even pork.

On the first day of the feast, the white dog is brought to the temple. Two men, appointed for that purpose, put a rope about its neck, then tying the rope in a single or half knot, and each man holding an end, they draw it tight and hold it firmly till the dog is strangled. He is then suspended, with his head downwards, from the beam already mentioned, as nearly as may be in the centre of the building. This done, the people come forward and decorate him with their various offerings, consisting of trinkets, ribbons, or whatever else their fancy may have dictated, but always being something that they themselves prize.

Meanwhile, fires are blazing in the fire-places at each end of the temple, and the huge kettles spoken of in a previous chapter are brought into requisition for cooking the provisions upon which the worshippers design to regale themselves. Flesh—whether of wild or domestic animals—corn, bread, vegetables, everything that goes to make up the feast, are sodden together in the same pot. When the savory mess is considered sufficiently done, it is dipped up with ladles into wooden trays, or such other vessels as they may happen to have, and eaten with spoons.

The worshippers dance round the white dog, accompanied by the rattling of the deers' hoofs which ornament the leg of the priest, the tinkling of the gravel stones within the turtle shell, which he swings in his hand, the drumming on the dried pelts, and their own monotonous song. The dancing is repeated at intervals throughout the feast, and is at times attended with wild excitement, which seems to be increased and intensified by the commingling of the strangely discordant sounds designed for music.

This wild tumult is kept up, with slight intermission, day and night till the night before the close. Usually, the greater part of that night is spent in relating to each other the dreams they have had during the year. And some of these, it is said, are strange tales indeed.

Very early in the morning of the last day of the feast, a huge fire is built outside of the temple, and at a convenient distance from it. Just before, or about the time of, the rising of the sun, the chief priest detaches the dog from the beam whence he has hung suspended throughout the festival. Taking the carcase in his arms, the priest proceeds slowly towards the fire, followed by all the people in solemn silence. The priest having advanced to the fire, the people dispose themselves in a circle round him and it. He then addresses the dead dog, which he still holds in his arms, recounting the various benefits enjoyed by his people during the past year, and requesting the spirit of the dog to convey to the Great Spirit the gratitude of the Indians for all these benefits, and for his great goodness to them in the preservation of their lives and health, for the abundance in which the earth has yielded to them its fruits, for the good luck they have had in hunting, etc., etc.

The message which the spirit of the dog is expected to bear to the Great Spirit having been delivered, the priest, with much solemnity of manner, casts the animal—still decorated with the offerings of the people—into the fire. While the flames are devouring the consecrated dog and his gay adornments, the officiating priest addresses the assemblage, who intently attentive, stand around in reverential silence. Or if any of them feel disposed to supplement their previous offerings, they are allowed to advance with slow and solemn step to the sacred fire, and drop in additional offerings. These may consist of tobacco, or any other article valued by the individual presenting it.

Meanwhile the priest exhorts them to be steadfast in their adherence to the religion and customs which they had received from their forefathers, presenting such inducements thereto as are adapted to the character of his audience; warning them against being influenced by the evil example of the whites, whose immoralities and dishonesty, it is said, he very pointedly particularizes as fruits of their religion; admonishing his hearers to beware of them, their customs, and their religion; and, finally,

advising his people to live in peace with each other, and to deal honestly with their neighbors.

The dog having been entirely consumed, the fire and ashes are scattered about, thus concluding the solemnities of the feast of the white dog.

The Indians are expected, while attending the feast, to refrain from intemperance, quarrelling, &c., &c., and to maintain, in every respect, deportment suited to the occasion.

After having examined the temple and its furniture, and learned what we could respecting the pagan worship, &c., we asked the priest, through the interpreter, if he had any objection to informing us why the Indians worshipped in that manner. He replied that he had no objection, and proceeded to say, in substance, as follows:—

"A very great while ago the Great Spirit made the world and all the trees, and then he made the Indians and the sun. He gave the Indians their religion, and at the same time he threw the sun up into the sky, above the clouds. He told the sun to keep going round and round in the sky, to make day and night, and he commanded the Indians to keep the religion he had given to them, and to worship him as he had told them, as long as the sun continued to go round. Our fathers heard the words of the Great Spirit and kept them, and told them to their children; and the Great Spirit was pleased with them, and gave them all these wide hunting-grounds, from the great waters where the sun comes up in the morning, to the other great waters where he goes down at night. He filled the streams and the lakes with fish, and the woods with moose and deer, turkeys and pheasants and all kinds of beasts and birds that have sweet flesh, soft fur and bright feathers. He showed them how to fashion the arrow and the bow, the spear and the battle-axe; he taught them how to hunt and fish, and made them wise in council, and brave in battle.

"Our fathers kept these feasts, and worshipped the Great Spirit as we do, because it is the way that he showed them, and they showed it to their children. The Great Spirit made our fathers strong and happy,

till they grew to be very many. The paths in the forests were worn deep with their feet, and their canoes were so many they were like great clouds on the lakes.

"But, after the white men came among us, many of our people drank of their fire-water, and learned to cheat and lie. Some of them listened to the white man's religion, and forgot to worship the Great Spirit, as Indians ought to worship him. Then the Great Spirit was angry with them, and let them melt away before the strangers. But a good many of our people have always worshipped the Great Spirit, as he told our fathers that the Indians must worship him, and we intend to continue to do so as long as we can see the sun going round in the sky, for so he told our fathers that we must do.

"The white man is not like the Indian; he was made different. He says the Great Spirit has given him a different religion. It may be a very good religion for the white man—we do not know. It is not a good religion for the Indian. We will keep the religion that the Great Spirit gave to our fathers."

After the priest had ceased speaking, we remarked that since he had so kindly given us his reasons for worshipping in his way, perhaps he would like to learn why Christians worship as they do. He signified his wish to be informed, and we gave a brief history of the creation, the fall of man, and of the redemption through Jesus Christ, to all of which he listened with grave and apparently thoughtful attention.

The writer then inquired "If I should be able to attend your feast next winter, would you have any objection to my presence?"

He replied, "We have no objections to white people attending our feasts if they do not act bad; but we do not wish to have drunken Christians at our feasts, because they act bad."

What a scathing rebuke to the conduct of so many who call themselves Christians! How humiliating the thought that the cause of Christ has been so dishonored in the eyes of the heathen by the misdeeds of those who are called after that sacred name, as to lead a pagan priest to form such an

estimate of what was to be expected from *Christians*!

We endeavored to convince him that all white people were not Christians; that those who were truly so would not be guilty of such conduct as he had particularized; that it was because such persons were not really Christians that they behaved so badly; but he did not seem at all disposed to recognize the distinction, and we were obliged to leave him unconvinced. Thanking him for his courteous attention, we shook hands and left him apparently pleased with the interest we had manifested in his people and their customs.

The persistency with which these tribes cling to paganism, after having been for such a great number of years surrounded by Gospel institutions, furnishes a melancholy theme for reflection. How shall the professedly Christian people, who have spread themselves over this beautiful continent, account to God for the influence for evil which they have exerted, and the influence for good which they have failed to exert upon its former possessors?

We must admit that there has been but very little to recommend Christianity to the

poor benighted pagans, in the example or in the treatment which they have received in the past from those calling themselves Christians. Heathens though they were, they have been demoralized by the vices introduced among them by civilized men, whom they regarded as Christians. Overreaching in the making of treaties, and faithlessness in their observance, has characterized our acquirement of territory almost from the first. Even in our own day, the record is not one creditable to the whites—witness the frauds practised upon them by Indian agents and others, both here and in the United States, and winked at by both governments; the trickery by which they have been ousted from, or induced to relinquish, their reservations, without receiving a fair equivalent;\* the proceedings respecting Manitoulin Island; the late transactions at Two Mountains; and last, and most infamously inhuman of all in modern times, the recent wholesale massacre, by United States troops, of sick men, women and children on their north-western frontier.

\* See "Indian Chief," by Rev. C. Van Dusen.

### WEDDED LOVE.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

And if the husband or the wife  
In home's strong life discovers  
Such slight defaults as failed to meet  
The blinded eyes of lovers:

Why need we care to ask? Who dreams  
Without their thorns of roses?  
Or wonders that the truest steel  
The readiest spark discloses?

For still in mutual sufferance lies  
The secret of true living;  
Love scarce is love that never knows  
The sweetness of forgiving.

### LIGHT AND SHADE.

Would home be home, were cares unknown?  
Would light be light, were darkness dead?  
Would wheat be wheat, were tares unsown?  
Or hope be hope, if doubts were fled?

Would heights be grand, were ways less steep?  
Would shores be blest, were seas untossed?  
Would smiles be fair, did we not weep?  
Our loved so dear, were loved unlost?

Oh, calm is deep, though storms are loud;  
And flowers are gay through winter's breadth;  
And stars more bright, where looms the cloud;  
Thank God for life, thank God for death!

## BLOOD MOUNTAIN.

Conspicuous among the lofty hills of the old "Granite State" may be seen the one which gives the title to this article.

Even when many miles distant it invites the admiring gaze of the tourist by its steep and jagged sides, and its bare summit, glistening in the sunlight, bare, except where covered by the cool and fleecy drapery which a New England winter furnishes.

Once—long ago—it was covered with trees and other forms of vegetable life; but a hunter who had spent the night at the foot of the hill, carelessly left the camp-fire burning. It was an unusually dry season; the thick undergrowth had become, in the intense heat of a July sun, one mass of kindling wood—it caught, and soon the mountain was one sheet of flame. With incredible haste and fury it climbed up—where nothing else could climb—the steep mountain slopes, and for days and weeks the work of destruction went on; all vegetable growth, green as well as dry, disappeared; and the flames were stayed only when there was nothing but the bare rock left.

In the far-off days, when this part of New England was first peopled, there occurred here an event of deep and tragic interest, unlike, in its details, anything else I ever heard.

It was told to me when a boy, by an old man who had listened to the story in the days of his boyhood, as he played in the shadow of the "big rock," and asked—"What for they called it 'Blood Mountain'?"

It will surprise no one to be told that at that remote period of which I write, the beasts of the forest were both numerous and bold; especially was this true of the bears, who, as well as the Indians, disputed the occupancy of the forest with the early settlers. One of the largest and boldest ever known had made his domicile in the fastnesses of this mountain, and at his convenience committed any amount of minor

depredations, such as ruining cornfields, and carrying off sheep and other domestic animals.

At last he was seen—and a dreadful sight it was—carrying off a little child to his rocky den. Repeated and desperate efforts were made by the frenzied father and his pitying neighbors to reach the monster's retreat; but the only route that could be discovered was one inaccessible to human feet. The brute, as cunning as he was ferocious, seemed to know that now a stronger feeling than dislike or hatred—vengeance—was awakened, and was unusually wary, so that for a long time he foiled the constant efforts of the bereaved father and others to ensnare him—the only practicable mode of destroying him, as he ceased to make his appearance in the daytime. Great, therefore, was the excitement one morning, as the news spread far and wide—"Old Satan's caught at last!"

The name had long since been given him, and he certainly had done his best to deserve it. The father of the lost child, Mr. Blood by name (the mountain was to receive from him a double baptism that day) was among the first to hear the stirring news. A grim smile—the first that had been seen there since poor Willie had been torn from him—lit up his haggard features, and catching up the old firelock, with too little thought as to its fitness for the work in hand, he pushed with eager, vengeful strides for the mountain. Others were coming; but he would not, could not, wait. He was sure Old Satan would reach his usual hiding-place if he could, and he felt that it must not be. The massive trap and chain, with its heavy wooden clog, sufficient to hold fast ordinary bears, or at least seriously retard their progress through the trees, would not, it was feared, prove any serious obstacle to him; so for a time it proved, for no sooner had the clog caught between two trees than he turned to see what was the matter, discovered the diffi-

culty, and removed it by gnawing the clog in two, although some four inches in diameter. The fierce avenger, as he came on after, took in the state of things at a glance, and, groaning in spirit, pressed on. A man will hurry to save his life; but no man ever ran through fear as he did for revenge. In an incredibly short time he had passed over to the opposite edge of the mountain summit, along which wound the path by which the den was reached: Old Satan had been there before him!

A half-uttered exclamation of mingled bitterness and regret escaped him, but he did not pause or hesitate. His neighbors, one and all, meant to kill the bear, if possible; he had resolved to do it without any reference whatever to contingencies. On, on he pressed, eagerly but warily, along the perilous track. At length turning a sharp angle in the rock, he beheld, at no great distance ahead, Old Satan *coming back!* He had reached the difficult point in the path, found it impossible, maimed and encumbered as he was, to proceed; had turned about, and was now posting back in order to reach some point where he could safely leave the path, and so avoid his pursuers. The man and beast saw each other at the same instant; neither faltered or sought to evade the coming struggle. One rejoiced in it, and the other clearly saw that it was inevitable. Still nearer they come to each other—only a few yards separated them—and Blood raised his gun to his shoulder. What was it he saw as he glanced along his trusty musket, that blanched his cheek and caused his heart to throb wildly, brave man that he was? The flint was gone!

Too little care had been taken in adjusting it, and in the hurried race through the bushes it had disappeared, and the gun was useless—no, not quite so bad as that.

Hastily retreating a few steps to where the path widened, forming a sort of shelf from whose edge there was a perpendicular descent of over three hundred feet, he clubbed his musket and waited the onset of Old Satan, who, with baleful eyes and fiercely gnashing teeth, seemed already to devour his prey. A few feet only divided them, when, in the twinkling of an eye, the

brute raised himself up, erect as a man, and with his fettered foot aimed a blow, so quick that it was evaded with the utmost difficulty, and so powerful that the heavy trap came down with a force that would have crushed him to a shapeless mass. Before the beast could rally, Blood dealt him a blow on the head, with all the force that human strength and desperation could give; it partially stunned, but by no means disabled him; the blow was quickly repeated, but the watchful brute, with his disengaged paw not only warded off the blow, but struck the descending weapon with such force as to send it over the precipice! It was now Old Satan's turn, and any attempt at defence seemed utterly unavailable and useless.

Already had the savage brute crowded the man to a spot where he could neither retreat nor step aside to the right hand or the left. Again the huge trap was raised and ready to descend. All was lost—no, not all! The man had self-possession and stern determination left still; there was just one thing he could do, and he did it. Drawing his hunting-knife from its sheath, quick as thought—yes, quicker, for he did not stop to think—he sprang forward and closed in a death struggle with his fiendish antagonist. His left hand grasped the shaggy side of Old Satan, while with his right he sheathed his knife again and again in the vitals of his hated foe. The life-blood was fast oozing from the deadly wounds; but the conflict was not yet over. Finding himself hopelessly worsted, with a brute's ferocity, and more than a brute's instinct of revenge, the bear, with a vengeful look that was never forgotten, caught Blood's left arm in his teeth, and with all the strength he had left, gave a fearful bound over the precipice! Even then the brave man did not give up all as lost. On the very brink of the precipice grew a tree, small but firmly rooted in the crevices of the rocks. Around this the falling man with one desperate effort threw his right arm, and clasped with such a grasp as the drowning man fastens on his would-be preserver.

The strain was brief but horrible. For a few moments the huge body of the beast was suspended over the precipice, sus-

tained alone by the arm on which his teeth were fastened with a death grip, and then the arm was drawn from the socket: but the man was saved! As his friends hastened to the spot he staggered towards them, striving to hide the shreds of the missing member, and with a grim smile of fierce exultation he exclaimed, "Old Satan's gone down to—where he belongs; and Willie—poor little Willie—is avenged at last!"

## DOROTHY IN THE GARRET.

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

In the low-raftered garret, stooping,  
Carefully over the creaking boards,  
Old Maid Dorothy goes a-groping  
Among its dusty and cobwebbed hoards;  
Seeking some bundle of patches, hid  
Far under the eaves, or bunch of sage,  
Or satchel hung on its nail, apid  
The heirlooms of a bygone age.

There is the ancient family chest,  
There the ancestral cards and hatchel;  
Dorothy, sighing, sinks down to rest,  
Forgetful of patches, sage, or satchel.  
Ghosts of faces peer from the gloom  
Of the chimney where, with swifts and reel,  
And the long-disused, dismantled loom,  
Stands the old-fashioned spinning-wheel.

She sees it back in the clean-swept kitchen,  
A part of her girlhood's little world;  
Her mother is there by the window, stitching;  
Spindle buzzes, and reel is whirled  
With many a click: on her little stool  
She sits, a child, by the open door,  
Watching, and dabbling her feet in the pool  
Of sunshine spilled on the gilded floor.

Her sisters are spinning all day long;  
To her wakening sense, the first sweet warning  
Of daylight come, is the cheerful song  
To the hum of the wheel, in the early morning.  
Benjie, the gentle, red-cheeked boy,  
On his way to school, peeps in at the gate;  
In neat white pinafore, pleased and coy,  
She reaches a hand to her bashful mate;

And under the elms, a prattling pair,  
Together they go, through glimmer and gloom:—  
It all comes back to her, dreaming there  
In the low-raftered garret-room;  
The hum of the wheel, and the summer weather,  
The heart's first trouble and love's beginning,  
Are all in her memory linked together;  
And now is it she herself that is spinning.

With the bloom of youth on cheek and lip  
Turning the spokes with the flashing pin,  
Twisting the thread from the spindle-tip,  
Stretching it out and winding it in.  
To and fro, with a blythesome tread,  
Singing she goes, and her heart is full,  
And many a long-drawn golden thread  
Of fancy is spun with the shining wool.

Her father sits in his favorite place,  
Puffing his pipe by the chimney-side;  
Through curling clouds his kindly face  
Glowes upon her with love and pride.  
Lulled by the wheel, in the old arm-chair  
Her mother is musing, cat in lap,  
With beautiful drooping head, and hair  
Whitening under her snow-white cap.

One by one, to the grave, to the bridal,  
They have followed her sisters from the door;  
Now they are old, and she is their idol:—  
It all comes back on her heart once more.  
In the autumn dusk the hearth beams brightly,  
The wheel is set by the shadowy wall,—  
A hand at the latch—'tis lifted lightly,  
And in walks Benjie, manly and tall.

His chair is placed; the old man tips  
The pitcher, and brings his choicest fruit;  
Benjie basks in the blaze, and sips,  
And tells his story, and joints his flute:  
O, sweet the tunes, the talk, the laughter!  
They fill the hour with a glowing tide;  
But sweeter the still, deep moments after,  
When she is alone by Benjie's side.

But once with angry words they part:  
O, then the weary, weary days!  
Ever with restless, wretched heart,  
Plying her task, she turns to gaze  
Far up the road; and early and late  
She harks for a footprint at the door,  
And starts at the gust that swings the gate,  
And prays for Benjie, who comes no more.

Her fault? O Benjie! and could you steel  
Your thoughts toward one who loved you so?—  
Solace she seeks in the whirling wheel,  
In duty and love that lighten woe;  
Striving with labor, not in vain,  
To drive away the dull day's dreariness,—  
Blessing the toil that blunts the pain  
Of a deeper grief in the body's weariness.

Proud, and petted, and spoiled was she:  
A word, and all her life is changed!  
His wavering love too easily  
In the great gay city grows estranged:  
One year: she sits in the old church pew;  
A rustle, a murmur,—O Dorothy! hide  
Your face and shut from your soul the view!  
'Tis Benjie leading a white-veiled bride!

## *Living Easy; or One Year in the City.*

Now father and mother have long been dead,  
And the bride sleeps under a churchyard stone,  
And a bent old man with grizzled head  
Walks up the long dim aisle alone.  
Years blur to a mist; and Dorothy  
Sits doubting betwixt the ghost she seems  
And the phantom of youth, more real than she,  
That meets her there in that haunt of dreams.  
  
Bright young Dorothy, idolized daughter,  
Sought by many a youthful admirer,  
Life, like a new-risen dawn on the water,  
Shining an endless vista before her!  
Old Maid Dorothy, wrinkled and gray,  
Groping under the farmhouse eaves,—  
And life is a brief November day  
That sets on a world of withered leaves!  
  
Yet faithfulness in the humblest part  
Is better at last than proud success,  
And patience and love in a chastened heart  
Are pearls more precious than happiness;  
And in that morning when she shall wake  
To the spring-time freshness of youth again,  
All trouble will seem but a flying flake,  
And lifelong sorrow a breath on the pane.

—*Atlantic Monthly.*

### LIVING EASY; OR, ONE YEAR IN THE CITY.

BY SARAH M. HARTOUGH.

Spring came at last; but spring in the city is very different from spring in the country. There everything sings a joyous welcome, from the boisterous child to the tiny blossom which lifts its head in beauty, and lends its breath of fragrance to the vernal morn.

"O mother!" said James, one beautiful morning early in May, "how grand the old place must look in the sunshine this morning. I wonder if the robin has built his nest in the sweet-apple tree by the barn yet, or if the swallows have harbored in the old hay-house yet? Wouldn't I like to be there this minute?"

"Well, I wouldn't," said William. "You don't get me back on a farm again."

"What will you do?" inquired James.

"I'll go to sea if I don't get anything else to do."

"I'm afraid you will never get anything to do, my son, loafing on the streets as you do," said his father, a little sternly. "I think there will be an opening in the shop soon."

"I do not want to learn the carpenter's trade," said William.

"What trade do you want to learn?" asked his father.

"None at all."

"Oh! he wants to be a merchant or a professor," said James.

"I do not want to be a 'country Jake'"

again, tending horses and cows. That work I'll leave for you, James."

"Well," answered James, "you may be the professor, I will be the farmer. Mother, wouldn't you like to be fixing up the garden, now?"

"Yes, James. And I should like to see the old place this morning. The orchard must be all in blossom now."

"Well, mother," said Nina, "I am sure you need not miss the garden, for you can get things as nice at the market."

"I do not know where I am to keep my butter and milk when the warm weather comes, without a cellar."

"It'll be very easy keeping the milk, mother, 'cause it's more than half water. Guess it won't thicken much," said James.

His mother smiled pleasantly, and all arose from the breakfast-table, each one going about his own work.

It was with many a sigh and tear that Mrs. Arnold watched the changing course of her oldest son. He took no pains to look for employment, but every night, when he could get enough money, found him at the theatre, and when he could get no money to pay his way there, he loafed about with whatever chums he could find.

Finally, one night he was brought home in a drunken state. What she had feared had, indeed, come upon her.

O mother! where now are thy fond hopes for thy first-born? Far less anguish would it be to know that he rested upon the hill-side in the country graveyard than lying before thee, sense and honor lost in the poisonous cup.

Mrs. Arnold helped her unconscious son up the stairs to his own room, and after seeing him in bed safely, she left the room, mentally determined that no one should know her boy's shame and her own disgrace. But we cannot always hide such things when we wish to. Other eyes than Mrs. Arnold's had seen William. Mrs. Taylor, the landlady, had heard the bustle at the door, and, as almost any other person would have done, she peeped out of her parlor door, and saw what was going on. "I am sorry for you," she said, as Mrs. Arnold came through the hall; "but young men will commit wrong acts sometimes."

Mrs. Arnold made no reply. She felt all the indelicacy of the proffered sympathy, and could not accept it.

"What was it, mother?" asked Nina and James in one breath, as their mother re-entered the sitting-room.

"Nothing that would interest you, my children," was the quiet reply.

Shortly after, James took a lamp, and went up to his room.

"Be careful not to disturb William," said his mother; "he is not very well tonight."

That was a night of mental anguish for Mrs. Arnold, the first that she had ever known, and oh! how bitter was the cup. There was a twinge of remorse, too, withal, for she thought if they had remained at the farm some of this might have been avoided. She could not help contrasting her life in the city to that in the country. She saw her mistake, and, noble woman as she was, confessed it to herself, and resolved to set herself to remedy it.

The next morning found William awake, and perfectly aware of the shame that he had brought upon himself and others. "How," thought he, "will I ever face my mother again? How could I have so far forgotten myself as to be led into such a thing?" He was aroused by a quiet knock at his room door. "Who's there?"

"I, my son. Do you want your breakfast now?"

"Not yet. I will come down presently."

The more he thought of what had happened, the more reluctance he felt at seeing his parents again. He determined to dress himself, slip out unseen, and go—he knew not where—but anywhere out of sight of those he knew. So, acting upon this sudden impulse, he arose and was soon dressed, and slipping down-stairs softly, opened the front door, and was gone.

Ah wayward boy! many will be thy heartaches and hardships ere thy mother's dear voice falls again on thy ear, and far deeper the sorrow of her true heart to know her boy is gone from her sight.

Mrs. Arnold waited long for William to come down-stairs, and finally ventured again to his room. She first knocked gently at the door. Receiving no answer, she called. Still no answer. Then she opened the door—the result the reader already knows, but words cannot express the anguish of the mother's heart, when she saw that her boy had gone. Nor can we attempt to describe how day after day she watched and waited for his return, or for some tidings of him. But none came. And thus weeks lengthened into months, and the summer was, indeed, upon them. The city had been tolerable during the winter, but now it was intolerable to the Arnolds. James, according as had been promised, had gone to the farm to work for Mr. Rawlings. Nina still continued at school, and Mrs. Arnold had several times noticed her daughter's languid step and pale face, and had questioned her as to her health. But Nina always said she was well.

"Nina studies too hard," said Mrs. Brown one day. "I think she needs rest. Vacation will soon come, then we will see her pick up again."

"I wish she was in the country," said her mother.

"I wish we were all there again," said

Mr. Arnold. "I tell you what it is, this city life is what is going to kill us all yet. I cannot rest nights on account of the heat in that little between bedroom, and I guess Jane don't get any more rest than I do."

"No, James, I do not rest. The heat is so oppressive—and my thoughts still more so," she added to herself.

"Well, I thought you were all contented," said Mrs. Brown, raising her brows. "Of course, that unfortunate affair about William might have happened in the country as well as here."

Mrs. Arnold gave her sister a warning look to keep silent, for as yet his father knew not the real cause of William's sudden departure.

One morning, Nina not coming down to breakfast as usual, Mrs. Arnold went to her room and called her to come down, as it was breakfast-time.

"Oh mother! I am so sick."

"What is the matter?" asked her mother in alarm. "Why, child, you have a burning fever!"

"I know it, mother. Oh! please let me stay in bed.

"You shall, my child."

"And, mother, need I go to school any more? It is so crowded there; and every time I go up those long stairs my heart beats, oh! so fast; and my head aches so that I can hardly see."

"No, my dear, you need not go to school; and I will send your father for the doctor, for you are very ill."

Mr. Arnold had not yet gone to the shop, so he was soon on his way for a doctor.

"Stop at Martha's, and she will tell you who to call in. Oh dear! what if I should call in a quack and he should kill my girl! I do wish I could see old Dr. Green. He would know just what to do," and Mrs. Arnold wrung her hands in despair.

In a very short time Mr. Arnold returned, bringing with him Aunt Martha and the doctor. Nina by this time had become delirious, and was running over her lessons, mixing up algebra and philosophy in a strange medley.

"O doctor! do you think she will die?" said Mrs. Arnold, in a voice of distress.

"She certainly is very sick," replied the doctor. "But with good nursing I think she will recover."

"What is her disease?" inquired Mrs. Brown.

"She is suffering from nervous fever, brought on, I think, by too close application to study and not enough physical exercise," replied the doctor, and, leaving some medicine and advice, he departed.

Mrs. Arnold was like some one almost bereft of reason itself. She had never had much sickness in the family that called for the services of a physician, and now her mind was so agitated that she could do

nothing at all for the sick girl. Mrs. Brown kindly stayed to assist.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, "all this comes from moving to this awful city. Why was I not content to remain where we were all so happy? I wish from my heart we were all there again."

"So do I, mother," said Mr. Arnold, earnestly. "This year has been enough for me."

Nina, in a moment of semi-consciousness, had heard enough to know what was going on, and gave her parents such a look of satisfaction, that they knew how to interpret it.

"O mother!" she exclaimed, "do go back to the old place."

Then her mind again wandered, and she was roaming through the old woods, listening to the wild-birds' song, calling them by their own names, and begging each one not to let her go to school up those long stairs any more; then she would be dabbling her hands in the clear brook, and attempting to jump into its cool waters. "I am so warm and tired," she would say.

"My poor birdie," said her father, "you shall go back to the country as soon as you are able."

"Yes," said Mrs. Brown, "I think if she was out of the city during the summer months it would do her good. I would let her go as soon as she is well enough."

"Yes, we will all go," said Mr. Arnold, firmly.

Nina grew worse day by day. One day the fever (which had gone to the brain) had reached its crisis. Nina slept the anxious sleep which so many have watched, and waited in an agonizing state of suspense. The house was as still as death. Mrs. Arnold sat on one side of the bed, while Mr. Arnold and the doctor, the latter with Nina's pulse 'neath his fingers and his watch in his hand, sat at the other side. Deep and regular came the breathing from the sufferer, until at last came one long, deep breath, as though the sick girl were taking a new hold on life, and then she slowly opened her eyes. A gentle moisture was perceptible about the lips and brow, and instead of the vacant stare that for days had dwelt in her eyes, there was the light of a clear intellect.

"She will live!" said the doctor in a subdued voice. "But she will need great care."

Neither Mr. nor Mrs. Arnold could speak. Their hearts were too full of joy. Now that the suspense was over, their own nerves were unbent, and both left the room in tears. Mrs. Brown and the doctor remained.

"Where am I?" said Nina, as she endeavored to turn her head to look about her.

"You are home, dear," said her aunt. "Your father and mother are in the next

room, and I am with you. But you must not think nor talk, for you are still very weak."

The sick girl looked at her aunt as if she comprehended her meaning, then closed her eyes wearily again.

But we will not linger around the sick-room too long. Nina, with good care, was soon convalescent. Her father had promised that she should go to the old home as soon as she was able, which greatly helped to increase her strength.

"Well, Martha," said Mr. Arnold to his sister-in-law, one day after Nina had almost recovered, "I think we have had enough of city life. Jane and I have made up our minds to go back to the country again. After all, the work there is nothing to the trouble here."

"But, James," persisted Mrs. Brown, "all this might have happened there. One is not exempt from sickness, you know, whether in country or city."

"I know that," said he. "But I am satisfied with city life. Let those who like it enjoy it if they can. And, as for work, why, Jane *never* had the weary, troubled look she wears now during our whole life at the farm; and I know," he said, tenderly, "that her heart never was so heavy as now."

"Ah!" sighed Mrs. Arnold, "I have suffered more mental anguish during the last six months than I ever thought it possible to endure. If I only could know where William is, I should be satisfied. Oh! I know that coming to the city was the ruination of that boy." And Mrs. Arnold rocked herself to and fro with grief.

"William never did like the farm," said Mrs. Brown; "and would have left it in a few years at the most."

"But not in disgrace, Martha."

"Disgrace!" exclaimed Mr. Arnold.

"Yes, disgrace," said his wife. "You did not know all about William, James; nor can I ever tell you."

Nina, pale and ghost-like, entered the room at this time, so the subject of William's conduct was dismissed.

"But James," said Mrs. Brown, "can you get your farm back again so soon?"

"Yes. I only rented it for one year; and I have notified Mr. Rawlings that at the end of that time I am coming back, so there will be no trouble on that score. I can buy stock and fixtures, and go back again into the old tracks."

"We shall all be so happy," said Nina.

"Yes, dear, if we can only bring back the roses to your cheeks," said her father, tenderly drawing her to him.

"And then if William would only come back," said Nina, softly—she always spoke William's name in a whisper—"because," she said, "it troubled mother to mention him."

And so the time passed on until the year had expired. Then came another moving-day. "But," as Mrs. Arnold said, "somehow it seemed different. James went about whistling in his old, cheerful way"—she had not heard him whistle since he moved to the city—"and everything went on all right." If the little woman only knew it, she was happier herself. Not a cloud obscured her vision on this moving-day, and there had been numerous clouds before.

At the farm all was in uproar. "James acted like a crazy boy," Mr. Rawlings said. But what cared James? Was not father and mother moving back? "Got enough of city life and Aunt Martha's notions!" he exclaimed, clapping his hands for joy.

Home again! For the past year, all had been so new and strange, that our friends had seemed as though they were some other persons in somebody else's home; but now there was no question about it. They were actually in their own home. Mr. Arnold partook of James' joy, and laughed, and whistled, and looked into every well-known place, and declared he felt ten years younger. Mrs. Arnold moved about in a silent, quiet manner, but the old light in her eye was gone, and in its place was a shade such as always follows days and months of mental anxiety. She was always looking with an anxious expression toward the road, as though she expected some one to come, and the table was never set without the plate for the absent one being placed upon it. "I feel sure he will come some day," she would say.

One evening, a few months after their return to the farm, they were all sitting beside the open fire, for the weather was yet cool, quietly talking about the affairs of the farm. Mrs. Arnold suddenly stooped forward in a listening attitude. The family were so accustomed to this that they hardly noticed it, until they heard a knock at the outer door.

"I will go," said Mr. Arnold.

He took up a lamp, and proceeded to open the door. A man in a sailor's costume stood before him.

"May I have lodgings here, sir?" he inquired.

Before Mr. Arnold could reply, Mrs. Arnold, who had followed her husband, exclaimed—"I knew he would come! William, my son, my son!"

It was indeed the absent one returned after so many months of silence. But we will draw a veil over that scene. Such happiness wants no spectators.

Our story is ended in a few words. The truant, after that night of dissipation, had been ashamed to meet his parents, so had gone to sea. But seafaring life he had found much more distasteful than city life, so had returned. He went immediately to

his Aunt Martha's, and found that his parents had removed to the country, and as quick as he could travel he had come to them.

"I will never leave the farm again, mother. It is, after all, the happiest and best place."

"Yes, William; and I have proved that mental trouble tells more on the constitution than physical labor."

"Dear mother, how you have suffered!" he replied, as he kissed away a tear that had fallen on her cheek.—*Home Magazine.*

## SATURDAY NIGHT.

The work-day week has cast its yoke  
Of troubous toil and careful quest;  
The lingering Twilight's saffron cloak  
Trails o'er the dusky West,  
And curfew clocks with measured stroke  
Chime in the hour of rest.

From fallow fields and woody dells  
The crickets chirp their pleasant lays;  
The kine come up, with tinkling bells,  
Through all the loomy ways;  
And buckets dip by busy wells,  
And ruddy ingles blaze.

His whirling wheel the miller stops,  
The smith his silent anvil leaves,  
His ringing axe the joiner drops,  
No more the weaver weaves:  
His loaded wain the peddler props  
Beneath the tavern eaves.

A happy hush, a tranquil balm,  
As if the week-day work and care  
Were lifted off and left us calm,  
Pervade the quiet air,—  
A sense as of a silent psalm,  
A feeling as of prayer.

For now the night with soft delay,  
Seems brooding like a tender dove,  
While the last hours of Saturday  
Shut in the hours of love,  
And the sweet Sabbath spans the way  
To holier homes above.

God help us all, since here below  
Few Saturdays are ours at best,  
And out of pain and earthly woe,  
Few days of Sabbath rest;  
God grant us that we yet may know  
The Sabbath of the blest.

# Young Folks.

## CHASED BY A PIRATE.

BY DAVID A. WUSSON.

"Uncle Dunbar! O, here's Uncle Dunbar!" And all four of us ran out to kiss him, and get hold of his hand, and lead him joyfully in.

Uncle Dunbar was a ship-master who came at the end of every voyage to my father's house. It was a happy day for us children when he arrived. What could be more pleasant than to sit on his knee, and hear about distant lands and about adventures at sea; or to make him speak in foreign tongues, and then tell what the strange words meant? What a good man he was! How much he had seen and learned. And how well do I, even to this day, though five-and-thirty years are gone, remember his benevolent old face, and his slow, gentle tones!

He stayed with us this time only a day and a night; and next morning, as I was sitting on his knee, he said, "Now, my dear little boy, I will tell you a story of my being chased by a pirate, and then I must go."

"O, a story about a pirate!" I shouted. "Samuel, Sarah, Willie, come! Uncle Dunbar was chased by a pirate, and he's going to tell about it."

How they did come running, and how they crowded together to listen! As soon as we were all still, he began.

### THE STORY.

"Twenty years ago I was master of the ship 'Atticus,' sailing out of Castine. She would be thought a small ship now, being but of three hundred and ten tons burden; but she was large for those days, and was the fastest ship that ever sailed out of Penobscot Bay. Well that she was so, my dear children, or I should not be here to-day.

"I was in the West India trade, and having taken in about one-third of a cargo at a Windward island, that is, one lying farthest to the east, was running down to a Leeward island, about six hundred miles, to fill up my ship. One-third of a cargo just made a perfect set of ballast for a very heavy wind, so that my ship could not have been in a condition to sail faster. And

this, too, was providential," said the good old man, piously, "as you will soon see; for had she been either fully laden or in light ballast we should have been overhauled and lost."

"At that time there were a great many pirates in the West Indian seas. They were merciless creatures, and killed all whom they captured."

"What did they want to kill them for?" I said; "it didn't make them any richer."

"O, if they had spared one, he might see them afterwards in Boston or New York, when they came there to spend their money, and so might bear witness against them, and cause them to be punished. In earlier years the pirates were more merciful, but when some had been convicted by chancing to meet persons whom they had spared, the others said, 'Dead men tell no tales,' and murdered all whom they took. People who begin to do wickedly almost always have to do another wicked thing to cover the first, and so can never find a stopping-place.

"One morning, when we were about half-way to our port, a fair wind was blowing very freshly indeed, and we were running under short sail. At sun-rise I came on deck, and took my glass, as I always did the first thing in the morning, to look around and see if any sail were in sight. And far away to the east, straight astern, I could barely discern a schooner standing to the north. I had just fairly made her out when her course was suddenly changed, and she began sailing directly after us. In a few minutes I saw more sail spread upon her. First a reef was taken out of the topsail, then the topgallant-sail was set, and then a great square-sail was let down from the fore-yard. Evidently she was chasing us."

"I did not like to alarm the crew; so I said nothing about the vessel astern, but called the mate and said, 'Mr. Mason, it's best to make the most of a fair wind; you may shake out the reefs from the topsails, and set the topgallant-sails.'

"'All hands aloft to make sail!' he shouted. Then coming up to me, looking a little pale, he said, 'What is it, Captain?' for he had noticed that I had kept the glass at my eye a good while.

"'Nothing of great consequence, I guess,' said I,

"Something, I'm certain," he said to himself, but went away.

"I didn't keep the secret long, for when the sailors had done making sail, one of them spied the schooner, and cried 'Sail, ho!' They all saw her, and knew in a moment what it meant. Coming down to the deck, they stood in a group, looking pretty anxious, but keeping quiet, and gazing at me as if I carried all their lives in my hands. Before long we could see the schooner plainly from the deck with the naked eye. How swiftly she came on! And we, too, were rushing forward at a great speed.

"Soon the mate came aft again. 'Captain Duhbar, we are ready to set more sail, if you say so.'

"'Not now,' I said; 'we'll see. The wind freshens fast, and I'm not sure we could carry more sail with safety.'

"In an hour more the pirate was only three or four miles astern. We could see her decks crowded with men. And presently up went the black flag.

"'There it is!' cried all the crew with one voice.

"Yes, there it was; and now if we could outsail the pirate, we lived; if not, we died.

"The wind had been freshening fast all the while, and was now a sharp gale. I had never in my life, perhaps, had so much canvas on in so heavy a blow, but we must spread more.

"'Set the courses.'

"You should have seen the men fly to obey. They had the courses on in about the time it commonly takes a seaman to shift his quid of tobacco from one cheek to the other!

"'Set the royals.' It was done almost as soon as said.

"I now waited to see if we were going fast enough; but soon perceived only too plainly, that the pirate still gained upon us, though slowly at last. I looked up to the masts. They were bending like coach-whips—that they did not go overboard seemed a miracle—and yet we must carry more sail.

"'Get on the studding-sails,' I said; 'we must trust God to make the ship bear it.'

"At any other time had I ordered the seamen aloft when the masts were threatening each moment to go by the board, they would have refused duty; and now they sprang up the shrouds like cats. Studding-sail after studding-sail was set; then we got the boats' sails, and spread them wherever they would catch a capful of wind. And still not a spar nor a yarn parted. It seemed to me that they were held only by the mighty power of God.

"There were a few moments of deep suspense. I stood turning my eye now aloft at the bending, groaning masts, then astern

at our fierce pursuer. 'Courage, boys!' I cried; 'She no longer gains.'

"What a hurrah! But next moment they were still as death again, for it did not seem possible that the top-hamper could hold out; and the snapping of one spar or rope would have doomed us.

"And so for an hour, that seemed a year. The ship flew, but the moments lagged—how they lagged! Still the wind increased. I could see that the pirate was ploughing terribly into the sea, and that if the wind went on increasing she must soon take in sail. Presently there was a puff of smoke at her bow, and a cannon-ball plunged into the sea a quarter of a mile astern. The men quailed a little, but I said, 'Good! boys; they begin to see that they cannot catch us.' Soon another ball, which went farther, but was wild. She kept firing for half an hour. Some of the balls would have struck, had they been well enough aimed; but the firing hindered her speed, and she lost ground considerably.

"It was now nine o'clock. By this time the gale was too much for her, and her great square-sail was taken in. She fell astern rapidly; at one o'clock her hull could no longer be seen, and she gave up the chase, hauling to and shortening sail. I now had the studding-sails and royals taken in, and ordered dinner, for as yet no man had tasted food. We soon left her out of sight. But if God didn't hold our masts in that day, I don't know what did."

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#### THE DOG WITH A CONSCIENCE AND THE DOG WITHOUT.

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BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX,  
GENTLEMAN."

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I am, I hope, a dog of some observation and discernment; at least, that is the character given of me by the family to whom I have the honor to belong; and they being a very clever and kindly family, whenever they do talk, of me or of anything else, I always make it a point to listen to them—listen and say nothing, except an occasional "Bow, wow." And the other day, when they thought me asleep on the hearth-rug, I overheard a conversation about the history, told by himself, of a certain dog named Johnny. A very silly little dog, it seemed to me; but young dogs always are silly, and have such an extraordinary good opinion of themselves. And it struck me that, if Johnny's history were worth printing—stupid little fellow as he is!—how much more interesting would be that of myself and my two companions; three large, respectable, middle-aged dogs, who live here together in the utmost harmony,

in company with four tame sparrows and two linnets—for we are a very zoological family. However, the birds are lesser considerations; we never mind them much, though they sometimes fly about our noses and perch on our backs. We, the dogs, the nobler animals, are the real stronghold of the house—a protection as well as an ornament—which is more than could be said for Johnny. And I believe the history of us and our ways would be quite as amusing as his, so I mean to write it. So many literary characters visit at our house, that it is enough to make even a dog take to scribbling.

I hear the first thing a gentleman does on presenting himself to strangers is to send in his card. I have no card; but sometimes people send their photographs; so I here offer mine, as well as that of my two friends. We were all taken, with great difficulty, and after a long struggle, by a talented photographer in our village, who I heard wish us all at "Jericho," wherever that may be. Still he photographed us. I, Nero (the biggest of the three), am the Newfoundland—with a dash of the St. Bernard breed—who lies on the floor, with his head between his paws. You may observe how wise and grave I look; indeed, gravity is my strongest characteristic, and most becomes a gentleman of my size and strength.

Rover, now, is much less dignified; and why he should have been represented watching those partridges I cannot conceive—unless it was because his mistress wished it. But he has no thought of his own personal appearance, and would do anything in the world—as I would too, for that matter—to please her. He is, you perceive, a black retriever—not remarkable in any way: never noticed half as much as our mutual companion, Athol,—a magnificent Scotch deer-hound, who, however, like many other beauties, comes out in photography so unfavorably that, if he saw his own likeness—as I hope he will—his vanity would never get over it. I have heard our master say he "wouldn't part with Athol for a hundred guineas" (I would, any day, or for a hundred shillings—and so would my mistress; but gentlemen are different).

It is of these two dogs—Rover and Athol—that I intend to write, being far too modest-minded a dog to dilate much upon myself; though, of course, I must include my own history in theirs. But then dogs, like men, are so much less clear-sighted as to themselves than their neighbors.

Rover was the first of us who came into the family. His coming was before my time, so I only know of it by hearsay. I believe he was brought from Ipswich; but Rover never speaks of his antecedents—indeed, he seldom talks about himself at all. I have overheard the family say that they

suspected he had had a very cruel master, and been much ill-treated; since when he first came he was quite cowed and frightened, as if he expected every body to ill-use him; but who had ill-used him, of course, he could not tell—which is the great safeguard of cruel men against us dumb animals. To me, his fellow, whom he might have told, he also said nothing—a reticence which, I am sure, would have been quite beyond me. But then, as our mistress often says, "Rover is such a gentleman!"

My first acquaintance with him was made late at night, the night I came from Cardiff—(having been born at St. Johns, Newfoundland, about two years before). Though young, I was so big that, when taken into the parlor to be looked at, I quite frightened the family—who consisted of a father and a mother, two growing-up young ladies, and a lot of little things whom I did not at first know one from another. They were so interested in me, and made so much fuss over me, that they alarmed me quite as much as I did them. I grew so nervous that it made me more awkward than ever. I tried hard to be amiable, and get as little in their way as possible. But what was I to do? I was as high as the table, and every wag of my tail knocked a book or something off it; and I was so big and strong, that if I only brushed past a chair it was sure to fall down. Then the little people who crowded round me—I admired them so much, they were such nice children; I would willingly have jumped up and put my two paws round their necks, but when I attempted that, they, too, were sure to tumble down. It was a most unfortunate position, and, though that evening is now long ago, I vividly remember it still. Not Rover: for, though I saw him, I scarcely noticed him at all. I only recollect his getting up from the hearth-rug, and walking off in a dignified manner to the farthest corner of the room, where he lay under a chair—observed everything, and did nothing. Said nothing likewise, not even to me: for which he afterward half-apologized, telling me "that we had not been properly introduced, and he never liked to intrude upon strangers."

So my first real knowledge of him was when I met with my first misfortune, which happened as early as next morning,

The father of the family thought he would take me out for a walk. He was afraid to let me run loose, in case I should run away; so he fastened a chain to my collar, and bade me "follow," thinking I should walk properly behind him, which I had no idea of doing. The air was so pleasant, the garden so nice, that I could not help bounding hither and thither, just for fun. And when we got out upon the moorland I could resist no longer, but

starting off at full speed, I dragged my poor master after me. Though very active, he was a little stout, and soon got out of breath. But he still held fast by the chain, and kept running on, calling for help on his affectionate family, who could not assist him for laughing. Besides, what was to be done? A man with a big dog at the end of his chain is almost as helpless as a little dog with a big man at the end of his.

We had a fearful scamper, my master and I, but I was determined to beat, and I did beat. When I got him quite tired out, with a sudden twist I dragged the chain out of his grasp, and then I was free. Off I started, even with the horrid chain clattering after me, raced over heather and fern, round gray stones, and across wet green bogs. The world was all before me, and at first I felt as if nothing could induce me ever to come back more. To have no kennel, no collar, no chain; to roam where I liked, and do what I pleased, what a glorious life it would be! I was such a young dog, you see, and I had been shut up, more or less, for three whole days.

It was just the merest chance, then and there, whether I had not been a vagabond of the moor, probably ending my days by being shot in mistake as game, or hanged intentionally for sheep-stealing, or become the respectable dog I am now, a credit to the family. This chance was decided by Rover.

Scampering hither and thither, round and round, at last I came upon the family standing all in a group, and eying me with the utmost despair; for, I flatter myself, they might as well have attempted to catch the wind as to catch me. Once or twice they made a "grab" at my chain, but I only ran the faster. At last they just stood and looked at me, Rover standing behind them and looking too; so I thought I would just look at him back again, and came a little nearer.

Now, if he had growled and turned up his nose at me, I should have run off at once; but he did neither. He only trotted forward in a cheerful and friendly manner, wagging his tail.

"Don't you think you had better come home, sir?" said he, quite civilly. "You'll find yourself rather hungry by nightfall; and, besides, these are very kind people, if you only knew them. See, there is one of the children crying."

So she was, for the little lady had taken a fancy to me. At the sight of her tears I was so overcome by remorse, to say nothing of a few more common-sense words which Rover said to me, "that I went back with him, and lying down in an humble manner at my mistress's feet (my master having gone home quite breathless and a little cross, as was not surprising), I suffered her to pat me on the head, and take

up the end of my chain in her pretty, kind hand.

"You naughty dog!" said she. "Why, did you think we meant to ill-use you? All dogs are fond of me, and I like them nearly as well as human beings. But I'll not scold you; you'll know better by-and-by. Now, come home."

I came home without my chain, which, seeing it annoyed me, she took off immediately, and I have been her special dog ever since, that is second to Rover. But I know she likes Rover best, and no wonder.

Rover and I became firm friends. Not in any demonstrative way—it would look silly for two big dogs to be fondling and caressing one another; but still we grew very amicable together. We took walks in company, and we held long conversations by the fire on things in general. And when, a few months after I came, he was sent to New York to be trained, being still a young dog, though so dependable for his years, I missed him extremely. The family did likewise, for to them he was devotedly attached. His last words to me were, "Whatever you do, stick to the family."

And so I did, as much as I could. But somehow the strangers that were always coming to the house often admired me, made much of me, and it is pleasant to be made much of. Of course I liked the family best, but I liked other people besides. Now, Rover never allowed a strange hand to touch him. No petting, no attentions, could win from him more than a civil stir of the tail, scarcely so much as a wag; and oft he trotted and hid himself in the school-room, or crept close behind the heels of the family. His mistress, especially, he followed from room to room, never happy if she were out of his sight. But I thought this constant fidelity rather dull work. I preferred a little change of society, and also I was not in continual favor like Rover. I sometimes did a wrong thing, and got into disgrace for days, which was not comfortable.

For my first serious offence, oh! what a whipping I did get. It happened thus: I was desperately hungry; indeed, what with my youth and size, and my incessant careering about on the moorland, I was always hungry, and there seemed to be no end of my powers of eating. It was dinner-time in the school-room, and I saw lying on the table a beautiful leg of lamb. Now, as the children were all present, I thought any theft would be so open and above-board that it could hardly be considered theft at all. They were all dining, and so was I. If I took the biggest share, why I was the biggest and wanted it most.

Thus I argued with myself, eying the joint of Jamb, till at last dog nature could stand it no longer. I bounded right on to the table, over Miss Connie's head, and

bounded back again, with the leg of lamb in my mouth.

Great was the consternation in the family. We dogs were allowed many liberties; still, this was a little too much. My mistress said not a word, but, running after me, took the meat clear out of my mouth. I was so astonished that I actually let it go. Then she sternly desired me to follow her, which I did with my tail between my legs. And she gave me, with her own hand such a whipping! I shall remember it to my dying day.

So the next time I stole I thought I would steal quietly, and not from my master but from other people. There was a butcher in the village to whose shop I often accompanied my mistress when she went to pay her bills. A delicious shop, with sheep's heads and bullocks' hearts all lying about, as if just to say, "Come and eat me!" and I was so hungry. Watching an opportunity while my mistress and the butcher were talking together, I seized a beautiful sheep's head by the ears, and off I ran.

Never was there such a run! I fancied half the village were behind me. Whether they were or not I cannot tell, as I rushed off direct to the moor, and never rested till I had hidden myself and my booty under a furze-bush, where I devoured my sheep's head in solitude, but so hastily that it did not taste half so nice as I had expected. Then, seeing my mistress walking quietly along the lower road, just as if nothing was amiss, I thought it would be best to make believe that nothing was amiss, so I went bounding to meet her in my usual lively way.

Can one steal a sheep's head without being found out? I was a foolish dog to believe so. Though I put on the most innocent countenance, the moment my mistress caught sight of me she drew back in dismay.

"Then it was our dog after all! Look, Connie, his nose is all bloodied and there is a bit of sheep's wool sticking in the corner of his mouth. Oh, Nero! you thief! you thief!"

"But he did not steal from us, mamma," pleaded the little lady, who is a great friend of mine, and cannot bear me to be punished. He only stole from the butcher, who will never find him out."

"It is all one, whether he steals from us or the butcher, and whether he is found out or not. He is still a thief, and must be punished. Nero! bad dog! if I don't punish you others will. Come and be whipped!"

And I was whipped—for the second and last time. After that I never stole again.

Rover came back from his training a very clever dog indeed. He had been sent to a circus man, who, besides his ordinary education, taught him to sit on a chair, to

smoke a pipe, and to make believe he was dead. Not that I think Rover much cared for these accomplishments, but he went through them as a matter of business, just to please the children. They excited so much admiration, and he had to go through his performance so often, that I, who had never been taught anything, got rather jealous and annoyed. Hence there arose a slight coolness between Rover and me; for during his absence I had become a huge favorite, in every sense, with the family, and was really very fond of them all, for they allowed me the run of the house, even in the drawing-room; and for no mischief that I did accidentally was I ever punished, only for what my mistress called "moral delinquencies," of which, she said, Rover was never guilty at all. In fact, he was so good that I got quite vexed with him, and determined to take the very first opportunity of showing it.

Now Rover—like most dogs—has his fancies and crotchets. One of them is, he cannot bear anybody to see him eating his dinner. He likes to enjoy it in a quiet and gentlemanly way by himself in the pantry; and in that his mistress always indulges him. (By "any body" I mean any dogs; he does not object to the children, whom he lets do anything with him—even to lifting a bone off his plate).

One day I took it into my head that it was a great shame for Rover to be such a favorite, and always to have his dinner alone, and first; so, when the children were standing around watching him, I pushed in at the pantry door, and made a bound forward as if I meant to snatch a piece out of his plate. Quiet-tempered dog as he is, Rover would not stand that; he flew at me, and we had an awful fight, for my blood was up too. I had been coaxing my wrath for a long time, and now I was determined to have it out. We rolled over and over, and bit and tore at one another till the blood was streaming from both of us. The children ran screaming away to tell their father, who walked in at the pantry door and walked out again. Then in came my mistress, breathless with running, and as white as a sheet.

How she managed to part us I don't know—nor probably does she; but somehow she did manage it—contrived to shut one inside the pantry and the other outside, then went into the parlor and had "a quiet, comfortable faint," as I heard her say, whatever that might be. I only know—as Rover told me afterward—that he thought she was dead, and went and licked her hand, and was so ashamed of himself, and so sorry.

He and I have not fought again; we agreed that it was "silly"—but I fancy we have never been quite such good friends since.

After this we were separated for several weeks, Rover being left behind while I was taken to Edinburgh with the family—not as a treat, but a punishment; for my mistress said "she could not trust the two dogs at home together." And a very heavy punishment it turned out to be. So that I never hear people speak of Edinburgh as a nice place without thinking, "For men, perhaps—not for dogs."

I had tried stealing once or twice for amusement; now I myself was stolen; and I found it no joke at all. They must be very clever people, the Scotch, for, during the six weeks I spent in Scotland, I was stolen no less than three times, big and sensible dog as I was! But what safeguard is size, or strength, or even sense, when just as one is trotting down the street at night, to see a little of the world on one's own account, a fellow comes behind one, claps a muzzle on one's nose, jerks one by the heels into a cab, and drives away? Or, as the second time, one sees something nice wrapped up in a handkerchief, and goes up and takes a sniff at it, and the handkerchief has a queer smell about it, and suddenly one goes to sleep and forgets everything, and then the wretches do exactly what they choose?

This was what befell me twice. But each time, being a dog of determination, I contrived to get off and slip away home before it was discovered that I was absent. The third time, however, my enemies were too much for me.

It happened thus—but no! the story is too horrible to tell. Excuse me. I had much rather forget it. Even now I sometimes dream it all over again on our warm, cozy hearth-rug, and start up with a howl, thinking I am once again in the hands of those cruel men, and they are forcing my collar off, locked as it was. No, I won't describe it, for it would wring my mistress to the heart. I have often heard her tell the story of what a miserable three days she spent, searching for me everywhere, and how the third day she had to go to an evening party, and dressed herself—with her own tears, as well as Miss Connie's, who had cried all day too, dropping on her pretty gown. And how, when she came home, having told everybody the story of her loss, and received no comfort, Edinburgh being the worst place in the world for dog-stealing—lo and behold, she found me lying, all wounded and bleeding and exhausted, in front of her bedroom fire!

I draw a veil over that scene. No dog of sensibility could possibly describe it.

That I had been stolen she had no doubt; for my collar, with her name on it, was gone, and I was badly hurt besides. She nursed me tenderly for several days, and afterwards she never again let me walk in Edinburgh streets alone. Consequently,

my life was rather dull, and I was very glad to get back home—to our beautiful house among the moors, where we could run about as we liked, and nothing dreadful ever happened.

Indeed, nothing ever happened at all worth speaking of. Rover and I led the most monotonous life. Out of doors we sometimes chased a rabbit—at least I did—which I always conscientiously brought home and laid at my mistress's feet; but indoors we had nothing whatever to amuse us except the birds.

I must say a word or two about these birds which the family are so fond of. Not that we care about them, Rover and I. We think them very insignificant creatures, and the family need not be so dreadfully afraid of our harming them; we wouldn't condescend to touch a feather of their tails!

There are, or have been, a good many of them; Peter, Kitkin, Selina Arabella, and several younger ones, who all inhabit the school-room, flying about just as they please on the book-shelves, without any cage, which I shouldn't quite like if I were the mistress; but, as she lets us big dogs live in the drawing-room, what right have I to complain? Of these birds, decidedly the best is Peter. He is a house-sparrow who tumbled down the chimney about two years ago. The family called him Black Peter because he was all over soot; my mistress put him in a bath and washed him clean; then laid him in a basket to recover himself, and by the time he was well he was also quite tame. He would sit on the mistress's shoulder and feed out of her mouth. And he was very fond of Miss Mary, one of our elder girls. In winter I have often seen him creep into her hair—she has a great quantity of hair—and hide himself there the whole afternoon.

Peter used often to be getting in our way, and bringing us into disgrace lest we should hurt him. Once I found him bathing in our basin—the dogs' basin with a bit of brimstone in it. I merely snuffed at him, but my mistress thought I was going to eat him, and didn't she scold me! Another day, Peter, being an inquisitive bird, crept into a chamois leather bag that lay on the chimney-piece; it tumbled on the floor, where Rover just pawed it about a little, not supposing anything or anybody was inside it; and oh! didn't he catch it too!

After that we were neither of us allowed in the school-room, but we used to hear bits of gossip of it, how Peter and his friend Kitkin each took to themselves a wife, and how Peter determined to build himself a nest also. He built it on the top of the book-shelves, out of the wool of the hearth-rug, quills, pins, bits of newspapers, and leaves of books, anything he could lay hold of; and he would not let any other bird,

not even his companion Kitkin, come near it, but sat upon it every day till dusk quite alone. Mrs. Peter, who was a very ugly young sparrow, and looked as if she were always sitting on the end of her tail, did not seem to care much about it. She laid no eggs, and Peter sat in the nest till he was tired, and then pulled it to pieces. In doing so he fell behind the book-shelves, where he was lost for a whole day, until the mistress happening to call "Cheep, cheep," Peter faintly answered, and was pulled out in triumph—quite alive.

Kitkin, a green linnet, whom the mistress had reared herself, having bought him from a cruel boy, who had taken him callow out of his parents' nest, is also a clever bird, though not so clever as Peter. The two are great friends, though they fight occasionally, as Rover and I did once; but they are never happy unless together, even though quarrelling. At breakfast-time they perch one on each shoulder of the mistress, and feed out of her mouth by turns. But Peter bites, and Kitkin never; in fact I should say Kitkin was the most respectable bird of the two; and moreover he is bald, for last year he lost all the feathers from his head; and though I heard one of the children say they rubbed it with Rowland's Macassar Oil, poor Kitkin is bald still. His wife, like Mrs. Peter, is a very commonplace little sparrow; and he and Peter seem to enjoy one another's company much more than that of their respective spouses. Once, Kitkin was given a chance of liberty: taken into the wood and there left at large; but he kept flying about, looking so very forlorn and miserable that Miss Connie went out to him, carrying his seed-glass, and as soon as he saw it he flew down again in her hand, and was taken home again. The mistress has never turned away any of her birds since.

The prettiest of them all to my mind was another green linnet; I say "was," for alas! she is no more. She was named (after the grandmother and aunt of the family) Selina Arabella. She was the master's especial favorite. He would let her nestle in his hair when he went to sleep on the sofa, and indulged her in all sorts of ways. So did Rover and I. We allowed her to pitch on our backs, and fly about under our very noses, without giving so much as a snap at her. Indeed, altogether, she was the prettiest, most winning little bird, and the children were so fond of her.

But her life was only too short. One morning early Rover and I, roaming about the house, met our mistress coming out of the school-room, looking very sorrowful, with Selina Arabella in her hand—not perched in her ordinary perky way, ever ready with a "chirp, chirp"—but lying flat on her back, with her poor little legs sticking out straight. She was dying then:

she died in a minute afterward. Nobody knew how, as it happened during the night. My mistress laid her on a sofa-cushion, and all the family sat round her and cried. Then Miss Mary laid her out properly in a pocket-handkerchief case, with a white fold turned over her, and put her into a drawer until the afternoon, when she was buried under a rose-tree in the garden with due solemnity. Poor Selina Arabella!

I am telling all these stories about us because, as I said, we are a very zoological family, and noted far and near for the curious number of pets we have. But the biggest favorite of all—or what was expected to be such—was yet to come.

We heard of him long before he came—Rover and I. Athol was so extremely "valuable," being a dog of breed—one of a race which is fast dying out. A gentleman named Sir Walter Scott had one, my master said, and so had a few other celebrated people. There was a great fuss made about him, and a new kennel prepared for him; and when the huge hamper, in which he had travelled all the way from Dingwall in Scotland, was brought into the parlor, we and the family were in a state of the intensest expectation.

What do you think crept out of that hamper? A skinny, long-legged, ugly puppy, who ran about and howled, and hid himself under chairs, and behaved altogether in the most cowardly and discreditable manner. I turned to Rover—I, a respectable Newfoundland of the middle rank—and was about to observe to him that "if this was a specimen of the British aristocracy, I was glad I belonged to America," but Rover had disappeared. I found him lying disconsolately by himself outside the stable-door. Not a word did he say, not a complaint did he make; but his feelings had been wounded, and he could not get over it.

He did not enter the drawing-room for weeks. Sometimes he just passed by the door and looked in, saw Athol monopolizing the hearth-rug (which he did immediately, without saying "by your leave" to me or to anybody), and walked out again in dumb indignation. No persuasion of his mistress, no caresses of the children, could induce him to put his foot—I beg pardon, his paw—across the threshold.

One day, however, he looked in, and seeing nobody except his dear mistress sitting reading in front of the fire, he entered cautiously, but greatly relieved, wagging his tail with delight. His mistress spoke to him kindly, and told him she was glad he had come back at last, and that he was to lie down again in his old place on the hearth-rug, which he did, with great satisfaction, and was just dropping asleep, as he told me, when he saw a great gray paw stretched out from under his mistress's

gown. It was Athol's!—the lazy fellow, who always chose the warmest and snuggest place he could find, had crept under her woollen dress as she sat, and made himself quite at home there. The minute Rover saw him he got up, tired and sleepy as he was, and without a growl or a complaint walked backward out of the room, eying Athol sternly the whole way. When he reached the door, he turned tail indignantly, and for six weeks was scarcely seen in the house at all.

I myself should have picked many a quarrel with Athol; but then, I being more of an out-of-door dog, he did not come in my way so much; and, besides, he was too cowardly to fight. He was, and is, the biggest coward I ever knew—and the biggest thief. Talk of my stealing! it is nothing to compare to it: because Athol steals in such a mean way, looking so handsome and innocent all the time—a gentleman-thief, in short, which Rover declares is the worst of all.

For instance: One day he was left in the parlor alone with his master's supper—a slice or two of cold beef; for our master is an exceedingly moderate man. The mistress went to fetch a cork-screw to open his bottle of beer: when she came back she met Athol coming out of the room, looking as meek as a lamb, and, as he passed her, complacently wagging his tail. He went out, and she went in to the supper-table—but she found the meat all gone!

Another day we had a tea-party. Now Rover and I never think of eating anything except out of our own proper dish in the pantry. We have our regular good meals, and we scorn all tid-bits between whiles. But Athol is quite another sort of dog. He will help himself to anything nice whenever he sees it—that is, if nobody sees *him*. And so on this evening, when the tea-things were all laid, with a nice lot of beautiful butter swimming in a silver dish, I saw Athol creep slyly up, put his nose into it, and gobble it all up. And then, hearing a noise outside, off he jumped, and hid himself under the table.

"What can have become of the butter?" said the mistress when she entered; "I am sure the dish was full, and here are only two little pats left. Nobody but the dogs in the room, and dogs don't eat butter. Yes, they do! Oh! Athol, Athol!" —for he could not help surreptitiously licking his lips—"I know it's you! Get away, naughty dog! and don't come in again the whole night."

But though he sometimes got that, and even severer punishment, Athol was so good-looking, and of such good breed—such an aristocratic dog, in short—that at first he was a great pet, "Quite a picture to look at!" the master would say, as he took him out walking, and watched him

leap. For Athol is the most graceful leaper you ever saw. Then he swims admirably, and our river flows very swift and is rather dangerous. Even I, a Newfoundland, find it puts me on my mettle sometimes; but Athol is so muscular, wiry, and strong that he breasts it in the most graceful way. It is the one thing in which he is not a coward; but, as he told me, the place where he was born is quite surrounded by water—an island—where dogs and children both learn to swim like fishes as soon as they can walk—that accounts for it.

I sometimes try to converse with Athol when he and I follow the horses together—the only thing he ever does that I can see. But I find his conversation not very intelligent; indeed, as I overheard a lady visitor say, deer-hounds never have any brains, or any heart either. Like everybody else, this lady admired him extremely when first she came, thought him the handsomest dog in the world, and made very much of him; but soon she found out his little peculiarities: how, when he had been sidling up to her at dinner, laying his nose in her lap in the most affectionate manner—the minute she turned her head aside for anything he would pop up his mouth and steal the very meat from her plate.

"That is a dog without a conscience," she said one day, severely, after having told how, night after night, she had missed the bread-and-butter that was placed on her dressing-table, and could not imagine what had become of it, when one evening, coming suddenly into her room, she met Athol creeping stealthily out with a large piece of bread-and-butter in his mouth. "No," she added, "I am certain he has no conscience."

"And I am afraid there is not much affection in him either," said the mistress, dolefully, for she had liked him very much at first, and was very kind to him still; "he isn't a bit like Rover. Now, I might leave Rover in the parlor with all the dinner on the table, or a plateful of bones on the floor, and he would never touch either. Would you, Rover?"

And Rover, who was lying close at her feet in his old place, to which he had come back, having learned that good dogs have no need to be jealous of anybody, opened first one sleepy eye, and then another, and wagged his honest tail, as much as to say, "No, Mistress, that I wouldn't! Not for the world!"

It is a curious fact that though Athol is so handsome, and, by strangers, thought so much of, nobody in the house cares for him in the least. The children never play with him; the mistress I have heard many a time offer him half jestingly as a present to anybody who will have him; the ser-

vants dislike him excessively. The master alone refuses to part with him, for he says even if Athol be stupid, and sly, and mean, and ease-loving, anyone can see he is so very valuable.

And now that I have told you so many bad things of poor Athol, I owe it as a matter of justice to relate the one good deed of his life.

There was a black retriever puppy, named Hector, that ran about the stable-yard. It belonged to the gardener, who, though he was an ugly little wretch, was very kind to it. Rover and I took little notice of the creature; we don't like puppies—they are far beneath us grown-up dogs. But Athol, who, as I told you, has not much brains, rather made a pet of the little thing. He would play with it, and roll it over and over, and take it up in his mouth, carry it a yard or two, and lay it down again. I don't know if he was fond of it; Athol never was particularly fond of anybody except himself; but he said it amused him.

One day Athol and I were taking a walk in the garden together, by the gooseberry beds. I ought to say that we had one taste in common: we both liked gooseberries. We used, every day during the season, to go and eat them off the bushes, sometimes pricking our noses very much, but we enjoyed the fun of it. Rover never would go with us; he considered it stealing. I can't say I agreed with him, for the family often used to watch us doing it, and say what funny dogs we were; only Rover was so very particular in his behavior, and, besides, I did not care for gooseberries.

We were once in the middle of our feast, the young ladies standing by, laughing at us—for we had to open such wide mouths for such a very little gooseberry, and I daresay we looked rather foolish—when we heard a pitiful howling from the well near the greenhouse.

"What's all that?" said I.

"Oh, it's only the puppy," said Athol. Of course we spoke in the most under-toned and polite bow-wows.

"Bothering little wretch!" said I.

"To be sure it is," said Athol, who was too great a coward ever to contradict anybody. So we went on eating our gooseberries.

Hector howled again, more faintly than before.

"I think it is in the well," said I.

"Oh, indeed," said Athol, and still ate on at his gooseberries.

But I suppose he had a sneaking kindness for the puppy after all, and when he had finished all the gooseberries on his tree, he trotted off in a slow and deliberate manner to see what had become of it. I followed, not in any hurry, of course; and what did I see but poor Hector floating half-drowned on the top of the well, and Athol holding him up, by one of his ears!

which he did for ever so long, till I went and snapped at the gardener's coat-tails, which made him come that way and see what happened, and pull his little dog out. This good deed, for which he was exceedingly praised, will, I hope, cover a good many of Athol's bad ones.

He and Rover and I still are inmates of the same excellent family. We are not exactly young dogs now; indeed we are growing quite stout and middle-aged, and I hope we are growing wise also, but of that I am not so sure.

Our house is a paradise of dogs. We are allowed to roam about it just as we like, to lie all winter long on the hearth-rug—that is, Athol does, always choosing the best place, right in front of the fire, till I wonder his brains are not scorched up by this time. Our mistress seldom scolds him, but she takes very little notice of him now; she just puts up with him, she says, because the master likes him, but she does not really care for him one straw. And when the master praises his beauty and fleetness, and says he is such an ornament to the place, such an aristocratic-looking dog, she just smiles and pats Rover on the head, or me either, if I happen to be beside her, though I know I am not near such a favorite as he.

"Handsome is that handsome does," says she. "For my part, if I were a dog, I think I would rather be a dog with a conscience than a dog without."

So would I, too, beloved mistress.

#### A DROP OF OIL.

The sewing-machine went hard, and would not do its work well, despite all of sister Amy's efforts. She had oiled it thoroughly she thought, and all that; and still it was perverse,

Brother Will came and looked over her shoulder, and at last, turning back the machine, he glanced over the works and asked—"Did you oil it here, Amy?"

"Why, no, I never thought of that." A drop of oil was applied, and in another minute the slender needle was flying through the work like a fairy. No more hard work to turn the wheel. That one drop of oil on a dry spot in the machinery made all right.

There are many other places where a drop of oil works just as great wonders. When any one is angry and ready to do and say many rash things, just give them a "soft answer." You know what the Bible says about such answers.

All day long, as you mix with your little mates at school or at home, you will find plenty of chances for using this drop of oil; and oh, how it will cheer and brighten the way for yourself and all about you!—*The Child's World.*

## Domestic Economy.



### ETERNAL VIGILANCE IS THE PRICE OF LIBERTY; OR, WHAT CONSTITUTES A GOOD HOUSEKEEPER.

BY HESTER HARDFIGHT.

"Dear me, Mrs. Linton, how do you manage to get on in these days of bad servants? These are the very same knives that you had when you were married first, while my third set is nearly worn out; and your store-room is as neat as possible, though your servants go in and out of it all the time. I consider myself a good house-keeper; but I cannot get servants to take the least care of anything in spite of all I can say, and I just have to keep some things locked up, and let the rest go to wrack and ruin. Do tell me how you manage?"

The speaker, Mrs. Hargrave, was a neatly-dressed, middle-aged lady of intelligence and refinement. She had been married some ten years before to a widower with several children, and had set about the work of housekeeping with a determination to make things go right, and as she had a great deal of common sense, and had studied the subject carefully, there seemed no reason why she should not excel. If she had been in a position to do her own work, she would undoubtedly have proved a superior housekeeper; but with her large house, which was always filled with people (as they saw a good deal of company) she found it necessary to employ two or three servants; and though her housewifely instincts were continually outraged by the constant waste and breakage, yet, as we have seen, she saw no way to prevent it. Her friend, Mrs. Linton, to whom she thus appealed for instruction, lived in as large a house, and had as many to care for—some of these being her own young children—but, by some means, she seemed to make every-

thing run smoothly, and her friends wondered much what was the secret of her success. She answered the question of her friend by asking another:

"How much time do you give to your housekeeping duties?"

Oh, well, it seems to me as if I never got through. I have to be continually running down stairs to give directions, or to make some nice dish, or to preserve fruit, for my servants scarcely ever stay long enough to learn my ways. By the way, do you manage to keep a good one when you have got her?"

"No; I have long since come to the conclusion that for a servant to stay more than a year in a place is a thing of the past, and also that truth-telling and honesty are almost forgotten virtues among girls. There may be good girls to be had, but I seldom come across them; and if at times I get one decidedly above the average, she will leave at a moment's notice as readily as any one."

"Well, we may spend all the afternoon discussing the difficulties of the servant question without being any the wiser. I only wish the Chinese were here; but do give me a glimpse of your system."

"In that word *system* you have the whole secret of any superior powers of managing which I may have, though I have always known that I came far short of my ideal of housekeeping. For a long time I contented myself with giving directions and seeing that everything was occasionally cleaned up and put in order. And in the intervals of weeks or months, as the case might be, between one cleaning and another, I

scolded about some things and shut my eyes to the rest, and hoped that the next servant would be more careful, and longed in vain for a small house where I could do my own work, and keep every thing in beautiful order,"

"Oh!" said Mrs. Hargrave, eagerly, "that is just what I do now. What plan did you adopt?"

"Well, I soon found out that it was not sufficient to inspect things monthly, or even weekly; and that the only way was to look into every corner of the kitchen, and store-room, and pantry—into every bucket and tub and cupboard daily."

"But you do not really mean to say that you do that. It would be impossible to do anything else all day, I should think."

"Oh, no; it does not take so long as you fancy. I first got everything put right. It was somewhat expensive, to be sure, and took a good deal of time and trouble to arrange things as I wanted them. But after that the subsequent trouble was nothing to speak of, and the expense has been saved many times over."

"What expense do you mean? I do not quite understand."

"Why, for instance, I bought a sufficient number of nice covered jars of different sizes to hold the rice, flour, sugar, Indian meal, &c., and placed them on the shelves of the store-room; then I gummed on each a label with the name of the article and the number of pounds of it which the jar would contain, so that in ordering it from the grocer's, I can always order just the right quantity."

"I never thought of labels," interrupted Mrs. Hargrave. "I have a good many jars; but I generally have to look through them all before I find the thing I want. But please go on."

"Then I put all the spices into bottles, and label them."

"Excuse my interruption; but where did you get the bottles?"

"I use old pickle bottles."

"Oh, my cook always throws those away I suppose; I never see them."

"Then I, with the help of a carpenter, contrived places for everything. For instance: instead of having the broom

behind the door, and the dust-pan and brush in the dust-box, and the dusters missing, I got the carpenter to make a neat but cheap cupboard with hooks and shelves, where everything of this kind might have its place. In the same way I had a shelf devoted to flat-irons and iron-stands, with nails underneath for iron-holders, a cupboard for the pots, a row of nails for the tins, &c., and then—and this is the most important point—I marked on each place, in plain letters, the name of the thing that belonged there."

"Well, but did the servants put them away. I'm sure mine never would."

"Neither would mine if they had had their own way; but in the ten minutes which I spend every morning in this work, I look into everything, and if anything is not clean or is not in its right place, I see that it is immediately attended to. This tour of inspection I take pains to make at the same time every day, just after the breakfast-things are washed up, and before anything is used for dinner."

"Well, that is a plan that seems as if it ought to work; I shall certainly try it when I get home. But how about the kitchen and pantry towels, knives, forks, spoons, dishes and all these things that disappear so rapidly and completely with careless servants?"

"When I began to reform I found these the most difficult things to keep track of. After much reflection I decided to make lists of all such things. Inside the silver drawer is gummed a list of all the silver. In the cook's hands I deposit a list of all the things of which she has exclusive charge, as the number and description of common knives and forks, dishes, spoons, towels, &c., keeping, of course, a duplicate list myself, and the same with the table-maid."

"You do not count all these every day, do you?"

"No, I could not do that without spending more time than I have to spare; but every Friday morning, with these lists in my hand, I examine everything carefully, and if anything is lost, broken, or defaced I easily discover it."

"And do you make the servants pay for breakages?"

"No, I think that only makes them deceitful, and I find that the knowledge that I will inevitably discover the damage tends to make them very careful, and after a girl has been with me a short time I rarely have anything broken. Of course I encourage her to keep things nice by praising her for her success, and I try by every means to get her interested in doing her work well; but it is very up-hill work with some of them."

"But don't you find all this system very wearisome?"

"Yes, it is tiresome sometimes; but I don't think it is half so much so as the knowledge that everything is going wrong, and that more dollars are wasted in a year by carelessness than would suffice to keep a poor family in comfort."

"Well, good-bye, Mrs. Linton. I am much obliged to you for your kindness. When you come to Toronto you must be sure and come and see me, and rejoice in my successful housekeeping, for successful I'm sure I shall be, now that I know the plan on which to work. I wish I had thought of it before."

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#### A NEW SYSTEM OF HOUSEKEEPING—NOT CO-OPERATIVE.

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BY MRS. HELEN E. STARRET.

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One of the greatest complaints against the women of the period is that they are not "domestic" in their tastes and habits. This does not mean that they are not devoted wives and tender and careful mothers, but simply that they are not good housekeepers. They do not know how to cook, to bake, to wash and iron, or even understand the superintending of these household operations. It is a very common lament that girls are taught languages, mathematics, music and drawing, and yet left in utter ignorance of the operations of making bread, broiling beefsteak or making coffee. From lack of knowledge of these domestic arts result, we are told, domestic discomfort, disorderly homes, discontented husbands and indeed the most of the ills which domestic life is heir to.

The real difficulty, however, is not in the lack of domestic education and disposition on the part of women; and intelligent men and women are beginning to awake to this

truth. The cares and labors of a woman who is wife, mother and housekeeper are so complex, so exacting and cover such endless varieties of work that even a thorough knowledge of *how things ought to be done*, avails nothing to thousands of housekeepers. A woman may understand ever so thoroughly the arts of bread-making, coffee-making, preparing meats for the table, and laundry processes, yet being a mother with two or three young children about her knees, or a woman upon whose time society makes large demands, she will be compelled to leave these labors largely to servants. And then not the most pointed directions, not line upon line, nor precept upon precept will avail to spare her the mortification of ill-cooked food, badly set table, untidy kitchen, and half washed, half ironed and half starched household linen.

It has been proposed to remedy this domestic difficulty by establishing schools for training servants, and also by inducing a more intelligent class of girls to enter domestic service. Both of these plans are utterly impracticable. In the first place the wages of domestic service are not sufficient to induce any intelligent class of workers to enter it as a profession. Nor could the matter be remedied by raising the wages to a par with other mechanical occupations. The cost of living is now so high, with servants' wages at from ten to sixteen dollars a month, that many young people are deterred from marriage, and many who are married are deterred from housekeeping. If the wages of domestic service should become forty or sixty dollars a month, persons of limited incomes could not afford help at all. Again, kitchen work, even under the most favorable circumstances, is wearing, heating, disagreeable, repulsive work. This, in the main, is the reason why so many young girls prefer sewing, shop-tending—indeed almost any occupation to kitchen work. It requires a strength of muscle and sinew not often found in our delicately organized American girls. Then the young girl who sews or tends shop can gratify a certain womanly pride of neat dress, white collar and cuffs, jaunty apron and bit of bright ribbon; but how incongruous such a costume around a cooking stove or over a wash tub! No woman of refinement feels comfortable when flushed and over-heated and soiled as she will necessarily be in the kitchen; nor does she enjoy the sensation of hands swollen, reddened and hardened, with finger nails marred and broken as they will certainly be if she cooks, washes dishes, scours knives and scrubs floors.

Parker Pillsbury has told us that the true solution of the problem lies in a return to such simplicity of cooking and mode of living as will enable every family to perform

all its own work. I understand that he contemplates that men shall do their share. This would indeed return society to a very primitive style of living and dress; and it would be hard to tell whether men or women would most oppose it. Men would not like to resign the luxuries of the elaborately prepared and varied repast, and women would be loth to yield the beautiful adornments of costly fabrics, silks, laces, and jewels which skill and genius have wrought for them. But we all know that such a solution of the question is utterly at variance with the spirit of the age.

Varied, dainty and elaborately prepared food no less than the marvels of the loom, of embroidery, laces, jewels, are tokens of advancing civilization. House-keeping must be made to adapt its methods to the progress of the age; certainly the age will not be careful to adapt itself to our house-keeping.

Doubtless the key note to the true solution of the problem has been struck by those who declare that cooking, washing and ironing must be made distinct branches of business, and conducted in special establishments separate from our houses. There is no more reason why our cooking, washing and ironing should be done in our houses than that our shoes, our linen or our pins should be manufactured there. It is at once apparent to any person of ordinary business comprehension that the household work of, say one hundred families, performed in one hundred separate kitchens, with one hundred servants burning fuel in one hundred separate cooking stoves, must be wasteful and expensive in the extreme.

The kitchens attached to our houses are in fact but badly managed retail shops in charge of ignorant, wasteful, incompetent and careless servants. Aside from the extravagance of the system, kitchens are the plague spots of our houses. The neatest kitchen in the land, in common with the most untidy, will distribute all manner of steams, smoke and disagreeable odors through the house; will keep it in summer days at a gentle temperature of 95°; will attract flies, which will come into our dining rooms, kneading troughs and bed chambers. In short, the kitchen is the Pandora's box from whence countless and never ending vexations and annoyances issue to plague the hapless housekeeper.

Not long since a series of very remarkable articles upon Co-operative House Keeping, from the pen of Mrs. Pierce, of Cambridge, appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly*. Taking for granted that the present household arts belong exclusively to, and should be performed by women, the writer points out the disadvantages of our present individual kitchen system and proposes a plan by which housekeepers

could co-operate and carry on their household work on the same grand scale in which men carry on their industries. That such a great undertaking could be successfully carried out by *Associations of Housekeepers* is, as we think can be shown, impossible.

In the first place women generally control no capital and could not secure the necessary apparatus, such as suitable buildings, ovens, ranges, wagons for transporting meals to and from houses, steam apparatus, etc. Second, not being artisans or capable of performing the heavy mechanical work that would necessarily attend upon the system, they could not advantageously manage the machinery. But these considerations need not discourage us. A hundred years ago spinning and weaving were considered distinctly feminine occupations. Had some far-sighted woman then declared that men should and would one day do all the spinning and weaving by machinery she would doubtless have been regarded as a visionary enthusiast, an enemy to the interests of her sex. What in the world would women do if not spin and weave? It is interesting and instructive to notice how, one by one, the household occupations of women have passed into the hands of men. Probably the first that began to be performed by men was grinding the wheat and corn; the last feminine occupation that men have taken out of the hands of women is the manufacture of men's clothing; though to look a little closer men by their machinery are making our collars, cuffs and ruffles, and executing our embroideries at so cheap a price that it is sheer waste of time for women to make them. But let us not on this account endeavor to retain for ourselves the various arts of house keeping. Let us rather by directing the attention of men to the difficulties under which we labor, the expensive and unphilosophical mode in which we are compelled by circumstances to conduct our household affairs, induce them to come to our rescue. Since other feminine handicrafts have passed out of our hands let us send cooking, washing and ironing after them. Men, on account of their experience, control of capital and habits of co-operation, could bring about the reform in one tithe of the time it would require for associations of housekeepers.

And if a method of housekeeping could generally be adopted by which the washing and ironing could be sent out of our houses, and our meals promptly served and excellently cooked could be sent into them, thus retaining all the privacy and sanctity of the home and banishing the numerous causes of household discomfort, what a burden would be lifted from the head and heart of the wife and mother, who probably needs all her time to care for her children! Just here it may be objected that such a

plan would only benefit those who reside in cities; it would in no wise relieve the vast population of the country. To this I reply that people who live in the country are in no wise benefited by gas works or water works. Railroads do not afford transportation to people who live at a distance from them. Shall we, therefore, have no railroads, or gas and water works? Not so. Railroads and gas works are essential to the civilization and illumination of mankind; and those who live in the country must content themselves with tallow candles, lamps, ox carts, waggons, and carriages. Cities are the highest exponents of the civilization of any period, and whatever will benefit the population of the cities will ultimately benefit the country also. It will be further objected by some that food cooked in bulk would not be good; and that such great kitchens would probably be uncleanly, and the food of a very suspicious character. To refute this objection we have only to point to the fact that a great deal of our food is already largely prepared in great manufactories, and that the most perfect cleanliness is requisite to the production of a good article. Witness the manufacture of flour from wheat; of sugar and molasses; of corn starch. Notice the large scale on which fruits and vegetables are canned, and the delightful jellies and preserves that we can buy. Especially look at the scale of operations of the great dairies of New York and other States! When we observe the manner in which this most delicate of all processes, that of making good butter and cheese, is carried on in great establishments where milk vessels are cleansed and dried by steam, and a degree of purity is secured in every operation which would be utterly unattainable in small dairies, we need not doubt that food could be cooked in bulk in the most perfect manner. The only point remaining is to have meals conveyed hot and on time into our houses, but as this is already successfully accomplished in many cities, both in this and in foreign countries, we need not fear for its practicability. Tea and coffee could readily be made fresh in our houses over some dainty little spirit lamp apparatus, which some Yankee brain will be very ready to invent.

Such a system of housekeeping would solve for us many a perplexing social problem. First, it would forever dispose of the vexed "servant question," that remnant of serfdom of which Mrs. Pierce so truly remarks that it is utterly opposed to the spirit of the age, which rebels against the authority of the individual but submits freely to the despotism of an organization. If it be objected that it would throw thousands of working girls out of employment, I reply that this is the old cry of the laboring classes against the introduction of

machinery. The reform will not be so sudden as to cause any distress in this direction. Second, it would remove the most serious objections now urged against women fitting themselves for special occupations, thereby rendering themselves independent and self-supporting. For neither marriage nor maternity necessarily suspends altogether a woman's special occupation, but the superintendence of the preparation of three meals a day and of the weekly wash most assuredly will. What thousands of educated women, wives of men of limited means, could devote a few hours every day to some remunerative occupation, were they but relieved of the care of the kitchen; and what happiness would it bring to their hearts to know that they were aiding in the accumulation of a competence for themselves and their children, instead of being a burden and bill of expense. The reduction of the expense of family life would encourage and render prudent early marriages; would promote family comfort in every way; while for the wearied and perplexed housekeepers of to-day it would be the undoing of the yoke, and the unloosing of the burden.—*Chicago Advance.*

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#### PRESERVING FRUIT.

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Before the days of self-sealing jars, which are a comparatively modern invention, all fruits preserved for winter consumption were "done up" in an excess of sugar, so that it was extremely difficult, without the aid of sight, to tell one variety from another. Especially was this the case with those of delicate flavors—strawberries, raspberries, peaches, &c. These were boiled or simmered in their own weight of sugar, so that all flavor was lost, and a cloying conserve resulted, devoid alike of taste and sanitary qualities. The popular method of sealing summer fruits and vegetables, and preserving them comparatively fresh, by driving out the air with heat, is an improvement over the old plan; but every careful housekeeper must have noticed that there is a difference in the quality of her own, possibly, and those of some other person. There are no great difficulties in the way of sealing up fruits in jars not readily overcome by a little experience; and the object of this paper is to notice some matters that may have escaped attention hitherto.

In order to retain the natural flavor of the fruit, it must be heated as little as possible. Strawberries, for example, are very delicate—the flavor being volatilized or destroyed by long cooking, so that a mere jam is the result. They also contain a large proportion of water or juice, which is set free by heat; so that in order to can them successfully much care is necessary.

## How Flies Stick.

I have found good results to follow from the subjoined plan:—

A tin vessel is used by me, because it preserves the color and flavor better than brass, which is attacked by the acid juice, and much of the flavor lost. Berries cooked in brass have a reddish-brown color; while in tin (new tin) they are deep scarlet. The juice is to be *simmered*, not boiled, for the reason that sugar requires a very high heat to raise it to the boiling point, and also an even one to prevent it from burning, or, at all events, from caramelizing, which is an early stage of burning. Around the edges of the preserving kettle it is sure to overheat; and if this occurs the flavor is destroyed, and a molasses taste is given. Therefore, boil not at all, but simmer slowly; skim regularly, and pay attention to your task, if you wish to excel.

I have found the above method to give a much superior conserve to that obtained in putting up berries and juice just as it drains from them, or fiercely boiling the same down to reduce it.

Peaches must be peeled immediately, and canned immediately, or as fast as possible; otherwise they will oxidize or turn brown from exposure to the air and the action of the knife on them. It is better to use a silver knife, if possible, with all fruits that require peeling. Observe the same directions as to simmering the juice, and do not use more than half their weight in sugar. Many people put up fruit without any; but to what end? Fruits cannot be eaten in such a state; they are extremely acid, and a slow, vinous fermentation always sets in, which injures the flavor, however well they may have looked when turned out. They have to be sweetened before or after they come to the table, and they keep much better with less boiling for it. Pine-apples will bear rougher treatment, as they are so rich in flavor and so strong that it is almost impossible to destroy them. The red strawberry variety should be used.

Plums, as generally put up—green gages and others—lose their skins in the process, or else, with ragged and torn jackets, bob about in their watery jars objects of pity and commiseration—if one can sympathize with a plum under any condition.

I have had a great deal of trouble in keeping them with whole skins; but it can be done as follows: Take all the plums of one size, free from bruises and decay; have a large darning needle or fork—hair-pins are not allowed—and pierce them to the stone in three or four places. Put them in a warm place near the stove, where they will heat through slowly—very slowly. Have ready the sugar in a kettle, heated through or simmering, and as soon as the plums are ready put them in, and take them out again just as soon as you put them in. Leave them on a platter for an hour, and a

great deal of juice will have exuded. Keep the sugar hot; put this juice in, and then put the plums in, and remove them the same as before. If you leave them a moment too long the skins will burst and slip off. Now take the syrup off, but it away to cool down to a moderate heat; then pour it over the plums again and put them on a broad platter, to prevent their rubbing against each other, until the next day. Then repeat the same process, put them in the jars, reduce the syrup, and seal up.

I have seen green gages, preserved by this method, floating in a quivering sea of glorified, jellified juice, most appetizing to look at. In a dark room they made sunshine in a shady place, and not a sunbeam ever glinted through the tree whereon the plums grew but was released and repeated before the gaze of the enraptured preserver of them.

*Why am I to prick the Plums?*—Why should you prick them? Simply to let out the juice, and afford it a chance to escape when the heat expands it suddenly. It is not the plum's fault that it tears its skin. It is merely an unavoidable thing. The sugar is double the temperature at which the juice boils, and suddenly throwing the fruit in reduces the sugar in temperature, but raises that of the juice, and the plum bursts the skin because the steam in it cannot get out fast enough.

A few simple remarks will close this communication. Choose none but the best varieties to preserve, and do not buy them *too* ripe, certainly not over-ripe. Use new tin vessels, rather than brass; or, if you do choose the latter, scour it carefully with vinegar and salt before you use it. Also always heat the kettle before putting the fruit in, as the acid of it acts much more rapidly on the cold than hot metal. Keep the canned fruit in a dry place, not in a cellar. It matters not how warm the room is, but dampness induces must and mould. Examine it from time to time; and when cold turn the jars upside down for a moment. If you have failed to make them tight in screwing up, the defect will be manifest by their leaking.—*Harper's Bazaar.*

### HOW FLIES STICK.

If we examine the fly's foot we shall find it to be composed of a pair of pads with a pair of hooks above them and the pads clothed with a number of very fine short hairs. Each pad is hollow, with a little nipple projecting into it. Behind the nipple is a bag connected with it, filled with a very clear transparent gum. This gum, which is quite liquid, exudes from the nipple by the pressure of the insect in walking, and fills the hollow. The hairs are also hollow with trumpet-shaped

mouths; and these are thus filled with the gum. This gum becomes hard the moment it is exposed to the air, and will not dissolve in water. Thus at every step, the fly glues itself to the surface; and so tenacious is the gum that one foot is quite sufficient to bear the weight of the whole suspended body. If we examine the footprints of a fly on a window by a powerful magnifier, we shall find that each foot-mark consists of rows of dots corresponding to the hairs on the foot-pads; in fact the footprint is merely the traces of the gum that has been left behind. But how is it that the fly is not glued for life to the spot at the very first step it takes? It might be so, if it tried to lift up its foot directly in a perpendicular direction; but it draws it up gently in a slanting direction, detaching the hairs in single rows, just as we might remove a moist postage-stamp by beginning at one corner and gently drawing it back. When, however, the insect is diseased, the gum is very apt to harden, and at its death it at once becomes solid. Thus we may often see a dead fly firmly attached to the wall, or to a window-pane with a dull colored mark on the glass. This is caused by the fluid having glued the weak or sickly insect to its last resting place, and having then hardened, the fly is cemented to the spot till it decays away, leaving the legs behind. So very small are these trumpet-shaped hairs, that there are more than 1,000 on each footpad. We may add that moths, beetles, and all other insects have the same kind of gum secreted under their foot-pads."—*Good Words for the Young.*

**SCALDS AND BURNS.**—The best, most instantaneous, and most accessible remedy in the world is to thrust the injured part in cold water, send for a physician, and while he is coming, cover the part an inch thick or more deep with common flour. The water gives instantaneous relief by excluding the oxygen of the air; the flour does the same thing, but is preferable, because it can be kept more continuously applied with less inconvenience than by keeping the parts under water. As they get well the flour scales off, or is easily moistened and removed. If the injury is at all severe the patient should live mainly on tea and toast or gruels, and keep the bowels acting freely every day by eating raw apples, stewed fruits, and the like. No better or more certain cure for scalds and burns has ever been proposed.—*Journal of Health.*

#### SELECTED RECIPES.

**VEAL CAKE.**—This is a pretty, tasty dish for supper or breakfast, and uses up any cold veal which you may not care to mince. Take away the brown outside of your cold roast-veal, and cut the white meat into thin slices; have also a few thin slices of cold

the oven two to four hours. Of course, the strength will be in proportion to the time the beef cooks. Pour ham, and two hard-boiled eggs, which also slice, and two dessert spoonfuls of finely-chopped parsley. Take an earthenware mould, and lay veal, ham, eggs, and parsley, in alternate layers, with a little pepper between each, and a sprinkling of lemon on the veal. When the mould seems full, fill up with strong stock and bake for half an hour. Turn out when cold. If a proper shape be not at hand, the veal-cake looks very pretty made in a plain pie-dish. When turned out, garnish with a few sprigs of fresh parsley.

**SANDWICH CUCUMBERS.**—Fry veal-cutlets brown in butter, or nice drippings; pare the cucumbers, cut them lengthwise in slices a quarter of an inch thick, season with salt and pepper, and fry a deep brown, then lay the fried cucumbers between the cutlets, place in a covered dish, and set in the oven for five or ten minutes.

**TO PICKLE ONIONS.**—Take small round silver-button onions about the size of a hickory-nut. Remove the outer coat, and put into a stew-pan of boiling water. When they look clear, take from the water and roll up in a cloth several times folded. When quite dry, put them into stone jars and cover with hot pickle made thus: Of allspice, white pepper, horse-radish, and salt, an ounce each, one quart of best white-wine vinegar, scald all together and pour over the onions. Let them set two or three days by the fire, then tie a bladder wet with the pickle over them, and over that a piece of leather, or seal them up in cans.

**BREAD AND BUTTER PUDDING.**—Spread well with butter pieces of stale bread; over each layer slice very thin some raw apples. Beat three eggs to one quart of milk; add three large tablespoonfuls of brown sugar and pour over the bread. Grate nutmeg over the whole, and bake three-quarters of an hour. Make a sauce of cream and sugar. It is good the next day, either steamed or eaten cold.

**TOMATO JAM.**—Peel and seed the tomatoes. For every pound of fruit allow a pound of sugar and two lemons. The lemons should be boiled till soft, the seeds removed, the skin and pulp mashed fine and added to the tomatoes. Stir constantly while boiling until the jam is perfectly smooth and quite thick, then put in jelly-glasses or jars.

**TO PRESERVE QUINCES.**—Peel your quinces, cut them in quarters, core, halve the quarters, put them in your glass jars, add the syrup, made of ten ounces of sugar to a quart of water, about half a pint to each jar, set the jars in your boiler on strips of wood, and boil fifteen minutes. If the jars are not full when you get ready to seal them up, fill from one or two and seal.

**BEEF-TEA FOR INFANTS.**—Take one pound of the shin or any fleshy part of the beef, free it from fat and mince it as fine as possible when raw. Place it in a strong earthenware jar, with a pint and a half of soft water, or water that has been boiled. Tie a paper over the top of the jar, and let the beef cook gently in

the beef-tea away from the shreds, but do not strain. No flavoring or vegetables should be used for infants. A small quantity of salt may be given. One pound of meat ought to make tea for from four to six meals, according to age. It is well sometimes to alternate with mutton or chicken-tea made in the same way. These meat extracts can always be procured rapidly by using less water, and stirring on the fire for half an hour. "Mater" is advised to superintend the making of the beef-tea, and the cleanliness of the jar herself occasionally.

**CHARLOTTE DE RUSSE.**—Split two dozen lady fingers, and with them line a dish. Put a third of a box of gelatine in half a pint of milk, and place it where it will be warm enough to dissolve; whip three pints of cream to a froth, and keep it as cool as possible; three eggs, beat the yolks first, and mix with half a pound of pulverized sugar, then beat the whites very stiff and add to it; strain the gelatine upon these, stirring very quickly; then add the cream quickly; flavor with vanilla or lemon. Turn the above mixture into the dish previously lined with the cake.

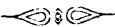
**MOLASSES CANDY.**—Two cups of good molasses one of white sugar, one tablespoonful of vinegar, a piece of butter the size of a walnut. Boil slowly for twenty minutes, stirring constantly. Then pour into an earthen dish, well buttered, and as soon as cool butter your hands and work rapidly, drawing it into such shapes as you please.

**SNOW-FLOAT.**—One-third of a package of gelatine two lemons, half a pint of white sugar, the whites of five eggs. Put the gelatine, rind and juice of the lemons and sugar in a bowl, pour over them a gill of cold water, and in an hour add three gills of boiling water, and stir till dissolved. Strain and add the whites of the eggs beaten to a stiff froth, and stir until it begins to thicken, then set it on ice or in a cool place. Then take the yolks, and with five tablespoonsfuls sugar and three pints of milk make a boiled custard; place the float on it just before serving. It is nicer when made the day before it is used.

**SOFT-SOAP.**—Three pounds of soda-soap shaved fine, two pounds sal-soda, three gallons of soft water. Thoroughly dissolve all together over the fire; turn into a tub or firkin with a close cover; when nearly cold, stir in two ounces spirits ammonia. A little of this soap mixed with the starch gives shirt-bosoms a fine polish.

**CORNSTARCH PUDDING.**—Three pints of milk, a quarter of a pound of cornstarch, a quarter of a pound of sugar, a quarter of a pound of almonds, pounded fine. Put the milk on the fire, and when it boils, stir in the cornstarch, sugar, and almonds, and then let all boil together for about five minutes. Beat the whites of nine eggs to a stiff froth, and stir it in among the other ingredients, over the fire; then pour the mixture into a mould, and let it remain until it becomes quite cold.

## *Literary Notices.*



### SCHOOL HISTORY OF CANADA.

Of all histories, those prepared for schools are the most important; for the statements and views embodied in them remain for life on the minds of all the generations which study them. One is written by Mr. T. S. Brown, who thinks himself unfairly dealt with, and the other by Mr. Lemoine, who takes a deep interest in the history of Canada. Both of these gentlemen have been esteemed contributors to the *NEW DOMINION MONTHLY*. Any injustice in a history that is written by a private and irresponsible individual, and bought and read by any who choose, and by no others, sinks into insignificance when compared with the same injustice in the work of a public officer, sanctioned by a public educational department, and which must be bought and read by the whole school-going population. Such being the importance of a book put forth by Mr. Miles, Assistant Superintendent of Education for Quebec, we make room for two reviews of it, taking pretty nearly opposite ground.

**A SCHOOL HISTORY OF CANADA.** Prepared for use in the Elementary and Model Schools. By Henry H. Miles, M.A., LL.D., D.C.L.

A book for model schools should be a model book; but were an author to take the manuscript of such a book as this to a publisher, he would say: "M.A., LL.D., D.C.L. represent the titles of a man of letters; but who do you expect will buy such scissor work? Some of my girls could execute one portion more artistically, and if any newspaper reporter made condensed paragraphs as meanly, his engagement would be declared forfeited."

If told it was good enough for children, and sanctioned by a "Council of Public Instruction," the publisher would consider those in luck who are in a position to force parents to pay for that which nobody under other circumstances would buy.

The adoption of this book for the use of schools is a scandal, disgraceful to those charged with public instruction, and its

continued use would be criminal. As the "Council of Public Instruction" is not composed of School Commissioners who sign their names with a cross, but of educated gentlemen, somewhat versed in literary composition, we must charitably suppose that in this instance they "sanctioned" without reading.

No books should be so carefully written as school-books, which implant upon the plastic minds of the rising generation those lessons of facts, and the best manner of expressing them, that should serve through life. The language, or choice of words, and grammatical arrangement, or sequence, should be perfect; and conciseness should be so combined with comprehensiveness that every paragraph may convey a positive and definite idea—in short, teach something; vagueness is one of the great curses in school-teaching. It is positively wicked to train up children to vague and indistinct ideas of things that we pretend to teach them.

Forgetful of this, the Council of Public Instruction has "sanctioned" a "history" that, apart from the scissor work, is replete with platitudes and barren generalities, condensed without comprehensiveness, in language slovenly and mean, and in many instances mere wind-bladder paragraphs.

The following, taken at random, are specimens of words, and style, and inaccuracies:—

Article 64, speaking of Champlain: "We have now, however, nearly done with him," 70. A new country, "having a rude climate." 95. Marie Guyart, "originally the daughter of a silk manufacturer at Lyons; she also was a widow." 100. The mother country put a "new face" upon the condition and prospects of Canada. Colbert "knew what was good." 112. The inhabitants "witnessed many shocks of earthquakes." 113. "There had not been so great a bustle in Quebec." 121. The laws governing property "were intended to be the same as those followed in the kingdom of France." 127. "The religious affairs of the colony were regulated on a footing, which, in regard to many essential points, has remained ever since." What elegance of diction on a Church establishment! "Lands were assigned or acquired for the use of the Seminary, which still exists." 128. In 1667 "the colony of New France had made a fair start." 133. Speaking of emigrants: "When scarcely any more came till after the year 1700." 139. "Such persons were styled voyageurs." 170. Frontenac put a better face on affairs." 193. Governor de Vaudreuil encouraged incursions into Vermont and New Hampshire." There was no Vermont till about three-quarters of a century later, nor inhabitants unless on the southern

part of its present territory. 202. "As many as 19 ships." 216. "The French had begun, previously to 1720, to colonize Cape Breton." 219. "The capture of Fort Necessity happened in June 28th, 1754." 226. "The New England Militia, under Washington, covered the retreat of Braddock's force." How is this? We have heard of Marylanders and Virginians, and two independent companies from New York at Braddock's defeat. Who can furnish a return of New Englanders? Nobody covered the retreat. 239. "A very popular minister named William Pitt." 258. "A narrow and very steep path up the bank, at a spot less than two miles above the city." Is this the best that could be said of Wolfe's Cove? 266. "Governor Vaudreuil." This is not exactly a polite designation. 274. "General Murray had scarcely 3,000 fitted for duty." 279. "General Amherst, who resumed his operations at Lake Champlain, moved by way of Lake Ontario, and down the St. Lawrence to Montreal." Was this possible? Haviland proceeded down from Lake Champlain to Longueuil, where he was joined by Murray. Amherst proceeded from Schenectady to Oswego, and thence down to Lachine. 282. "The inhabitants thus became legally subjects of the British Crown, the same as the people of the British Isles." 299. Governor Carleton "desired the ancient system to be restored in civil cases." A note to "system" merely says "*Coutume de Paris.*" How valuable such instruction for youth! 313. Haldimand, "a man of a very different character from that of Murray or Sir Guy Carleton," and more of him in paragraph 317. Why not have shown in a few words, that the Swiss Haldimand, a general officer in the British service, with no ideas of government beyond the government of a garrison, governed accordingly.

317, and note of *Habeas Corpus*.—"There was a statute or law of the time of Charles II." "It was then in force in England." Why not correctly say there *is* a law? 226. The interests of religion "as well as taxation and the tenure of land." 334. In 1796 the revenues used to be from £20,000 to upwards of £30,000." What precision! 339. "In Upper Canada as was also the case in Lower Canada, there was a body styled the Executive Council." In a note the schools are taught that the Ministry must now resign on an adverse vote of either House! 343. When Governor Milnes retired, Mr. Dunn, President of the Executive Council, "conducted the public business." It is presumed this means that he "run" the government. 347. The Assembly was busied about Judges and Jews, "but the Governor was displeased with all this." 349. "The war of 1812 was of vital consequence to Canada." "The Ameri-

cans believed, or pretended to do so, that the Canadians desired separation from England." 352. "A line of posts along the frontier was established between Yamaska and St. Regis." Where was this Yamaska? 360. We are told that the American troops sailed from Sackett's Harbor to attack York; but the capture of the capital of a Province is overlooked. 368. General Drummond blockaded Fort Erie until September 21st. Blockading is rather the work of sailors than soldiers. 372. "Between 1814 and 1841 six Lieutenant-Governors in Upper Canada, and fourteen Governors and Administrators in Lower Canada, conducted the public affairs." Why not say "run the machine?" to conform with so many other slang phrases. 273. "The jealousies of race were always showing themselves." \* \* \* \* "It happened that at first the people of Lower Canada elected persons of British descent; but they soon ceased to do that." 377. "A factious person named Gourlay." Surely at the end of half a century other mention could be made of one who first called attention to abuses afterwards remedied. "W. L. McKenzie, who was a member of the Assembly, did all he could to promote discord in the Legislature." Is this the language of history for Parliamentary opposition? 380. "Measures were openly proposed for establishing a republic by force." Can any man tell where this was done, under the "leadership of Papineau and Nelson?" Does the Council of Public Instruction sanction such teaching for the rising generation? 381. William the IV. died in June, 1837. "While a misguided people in Canada were in the act of rushing into an armed resistance to lawful authority." Another untruth sanctioned "for the use of schools!" 382. "A third held a strong position at St. Ours, in the County of St. Hyacinthe." Where in Canada is this St. Ours? No party ever held a strong position at any place of the name. Note on page 236. "Captain Weir." There was no Captain Weir. Where on the map can be found a "Yamaska," to which Mr. Papineau "removed?" Note 238. Mr. Jamieson, Governor of the State of Vermont." His name was Jennison. 384. "A man named Girod, &c." Is this complimentary to an enthusiastic Swiss who worked to introduce many improvements into his adopted home, where earnestly identified with the popular movement, his mind wandered, as was evidenced in his death? With some knowledge of tactics he was an instructor, but not a commander. 387. "Acquitted, in spite of clear evidence against the accused." Is it the intention of the Council of Public Instruction that the jury and their respected foreman, still a prominent citizen of Montreal, shall go down to posterity as perjured?

Before "sanctioning" a libel that is actionable, they might have referred to the charge of the Hon. Mr. Justice Pyke, who presided at the trial. 389. By the time when Lord Dunham left the country . . . "small parties of patriots at Chambly, &c., were overpowered." Where are the records and details of this Chambly affair to be found? 391. "A ship called the 'Caroline.'" We have before heard of a small steamer of that name, sent over the falls, but never of a ship. The chief leaders in these attacks were a person named Van Ransselaer (name misspelt) and another styled Bill Johnson." Johnson never appeared till the attack on the "Sir Robert Peel" in the following year. Note on page 247. "Some were executed." Would not "two," the exact number, be less slovenly? 392. Note. "He lived to regret his course of conduct." More slovenly. Where shall we find Mc Kenzie's confessions? 415. "The so-called Fenian invasion of 1865." The future antiquarian will get blind in searching for any other notice of a raid in 1865. 416. "Any one who could obtain the suffrages of electors could find his way into the Legislature." What news for the boys! 418. "Louis Papineau." Who was he? 422. "Mr. Papineau" was a member of Draper's ministry. As the brother, Denis Benjamin Papineau has never been mentioned, the boys will wonder at this promotion of the old orator. "A bill for the regulation of this business (the rebellion losses)." 423. We are told that Canada is left free "to deal with other nations, irrespectively of the commerce of England, on such terms as she pleased to concert with them." This is news for the "Independents," and must upset them entirely. 96. "In 1658 the foundation of the Nuns of the Congregation of Notre Dame de Montreal was completed, so as to be in full operation. It grew, in course of time, to be a very extensive undertaking, providing education for many thousand children."

Could not the "Council of Public Instruction" have struck out this wretched paragraph, and inserted that from the small beginning in 1658, the noble ladies of this order, have during two centuries spread their establishments from parish to parish throughout the district of Montreal, and parts beyond, providing for the primary education of females everywhere, and for the higher branches at particular points. To them alone have the Catholic girls of the district in time past been indebted for instruction in letters, while public men, in their wranglings, made no provision for schools to instruct and elevate the masses.

382. "The slaughter was great on the side of the patriots, of whom upwards of 150 were killed and about twice as many wounded." Their commander, a per-

son named Brown, left his unfortunate dupes to shift for themselves, and at the first discharge of fire-arms, fled for Vermont."

It is seldom that one can correct history from personal knowledge. Speaking from memory, I should say the Canadian loss was 33 killed (of wounded it is best to say nothing); but the names, which are all entered in the parish burial registers, now at our Court House, and published not long since in a St. Hyacinthe paper, fall short of even that number.

And is this the record sanctioned by the Council of Public Instruction for one who generously devoted himself to the cause of his country, a cause which triumphed in the freedom of every British Colony, and stood his ground manfully and openly to the last, when others were wavering or held back; and for one who for more than half a century has maintained steadily a position of honor, socially and publicly, with the most honorable and most prominent men in Canada!\*

At the end of thirty-three years—the life-time of a generation—facts may take the place of bulletins. Fortunately for the credit of humanity, pusillanimity in positions of responsibility is not a prevalent weakness of our race. I only left St. Charles when the people were scattering for their homes, and I was no longer wanted, to report myself to Dr. Nelson, the only man of authority in the district, then at St. Denis, nine miles distant. The next day Sunday, 27th November, I passed at St. Denis. On Monday I was with Doctor Nelson, the present Sir G. E. Cartier, and some others in the woods near by. On Tuesday I was again at St. Charles, from which I went to St. Denis, where I remained till the 2nd December, when the game being up, I left with Doctor Nelson and a few others, and reached Vermont on the 9th, or a fortnight after the affair at St. Charles. Across the lines I found prominent men from the south of the St. Lawrence and Montreal, who had been there in safety for three weeks. Instead of being the first only, I was the last.

On page 25 we have the usual *banal* relation of Indian pursuits, with no mention of their hardy and constant toil in

river navigation; nor is there anywhere mention of that great Fur Trading Company, the "North-West," with headquarters at Montreal, which, till about the year 1824, continued the trade then stretching to the Arctic Ocean, that had been commenced by the French before the cession, and employed thousands of *voyageurs*.

The queer drawing of a scalping-knife, which some imprisoned Indian seems to have converted into a saw, and some other pictorial, mere shadows of realities, are fit emblems of a book where so many stale and vague abstractions and misconceptions are trotted out for a new run.

The early concessions of land and seigniorial tenure; the Military Government of 1764; the Governor and Council of 1774; the Parliamentary Government of 1791. The somewhat "sharp practice" of Sir James Craig in 1810, and the contest between the people and the prerogative, from 1818 to 1837, which in many points of similarity equalled in grandeur of principle the struggle between Charles and James and their Parliaments, ending in 1788, which led to placing the present reigning family on the British Throne, are slurred over in vague, muddled paragraphs, mere aggregates of words, jumbled together with no appreciation of the principles involved, or analysis of their bearings. The whole might be made clear to children with far less words than are here used to mystify them. All that relates to battles and military movements of the two centuries might, for the use of schools, be compressed to near the compass of a dictionary of dates; but that which will give a clear conception of the constitutional experiences of the country should be extended, as an absolute necessity, for youth who are to be our men of the future.

For their use the Council of Public Instruction should provide a book, up to at least the ordinary literary standard, not simply correct in scissor work, printed as before printed, but correct by labor and research on points that require the scrutiny or investigation of our abundant official documents; and if it cannot be made here, let it be manufactured abroad, and imported like other objects of traffic. T. S. B.

\* This notice of myself requires an apology. I had purchased the book at Quebec, and read it on the cars on my way home. Stopping at St. Hilaire, I proceeded to St. Charles, to attend the funeral of a distinguished man. The cortège was formed upon, and walked over the very camp ground of 1837. There I met the principal men of the district, of all origins, prominent citizens from Montreal, official dignitaries, and living representatives of names that have been heroic from the first settlement of Canada. I was the guest of one whose family, among the earliest recorded in this history, has continued "noble." An equal, and honored in such company, I felt that proper respect for those with whom I associate demanded this much.

A SCHOOL HISTORY OF CANADA. Prepared for use in the Elementary and Model Schools. By Henry H. Miles, M.A., LL.D., D.C.L. Montreal: Dawson Brothers, 1870. Pp. 345.

THE CHILDREN'S HISTORY OF CANADA. By the same. Dawson Brothers, 1870. Pp. 141.

Such are the titles of two valuable school-books, recently compiled by Dr. Miles, of the Educational Bureau for the Province of

Quebec. In noticing these works, we feel that one of the most important requisites of education in this country has been supplied—a true, graphic and complete *tableau* of events, from the arrival of the great St. Malo mariner in 1534, down to the new political compact sealed by Canadian and Imperial statesmen in 1867. The instructive and delightful study of Canadian history had been sadly overlooked in our public schools and seminaries. There were, it is true, elaborate compilations, which had occupied the life-long existence of our *litterateurs*—Garneau, Ferland, Christie, Faillon; but there was for the young in our mixed communities, composed of Protestants and Roman Catholics, no textbook—no well of knowledge untainted by prejudice, religious or national. The esteemed Protestant head of the Educational Bureau has attempted, and we may say with entire success, to solve this question. Some passages of these volumes, by their graphic and brilliant tracings, remind you of Parkman's delightful writings. It is not a skeleton of Canadian history, opening with the advent of the English under Wolfe, in 1759, but a bright record, in which the early times of the colony—the "heroic era," as Lord Elgin called them in one of his despatches—shine with exceeding lustre. The plan of arranging facts and dates is clear, concise, and methodical, without being wearying. You feel at nearly every page unmistakable traces of laborious research, careful analyses of facts, conveyed in good idiomatic English. Historians of different views in politics, in religion, it is evident on all sides have been consulted. The numerous foot-notes, maps, and woodcuts scattered through the book will doubtless add to the interest of the narrative; some of the woodcuts, however, we would suggest being left out in the next edition—such as that of Sir A. T. Galt and Sir George Cartier—they are too rough, too unfinished by half. The map of New France and New England reflects credit on its authors and engravers. Jeffery's old plate of the siege operations in 1759 is particularly good; it was republished for the first time, we believe, in Canada in 1865, in Mr. Le Moine's "Maple Leaves." There are several misprints of names in the large History which require correction—thus, we find Cremahé instead of Cramahe, Venger instead of Vendör, &c.

Dr. Miles has added, by way of appendix, a chronological table of leading events in Canadian history, and an outline of the Constitution of the Dominion of Canada. Under all the foregoing circumstances it seems to have been to the writer an easy task to obtain for his books the sanction of the Protestant and that of the Roman Catholic Boards of Education in the Province of Quebec.

THE PROPHECY OF MERLIN, and other Poems. By John Reade. Montreal : published by Dawson Brothers, 1870.

Of the "Prophecy of Merlin," from which the book is named, though a poem of considerable power, we do not care to say much. The subject does not seem to be altogether happily conceived, and it is too much in the style of another to bring the author lasting fame. Still, some of the lines would not be unworthy of Tennyson. The description of Prince Albert, the "Blameless Prince," is particularly fine, as is also a passage describing the result of the wars that would come.

After peace

Which men had thought eternal.

We cannot forbear giving the passage complete :—

But when the fiery wave of war has washed  
The world, as gold from which the dross is burned,  
The nations shall rise purer, and men's hearts  
Shall fear the touch of wrong; the slave ashamed  
And angry once to see the pitiless sun  
Smile on his chains, shall leap and sing for joy.  
Free thought shall take the ancient shield of Truth,  
And make it bright, showing the artist's work  
Long hid by stains, and rust from longing eyes.  
And hoary ills shall die, and o'er their graves  
Shall bloom fair flowers, and trees of goodly fruit  
To gladden and make strong the heart of man.

The description of Prince Arthur, too, is good :—

And of the Good Queen and the Blameless Prince  
One son shall be named Arthur. Like the King  
For whom thy heart is sad, Sir Bedevire,  
He shall be true, and brave, and generous  
In speech and act to all of all degrees,  
And win the unsought guerdon of men's love.

Among the other poems, not one of which the reader will feel inclined to pass over, we may notice "Vashti," an impassioned remonstrance put into the mouth of that injured Queen. We would quote from it if it were not impossible in that way to do it any sort of justice, as it consists of a series of soliloquies, each representing a different phase of thought and feeling. "Balaam" is a poem of some length, in which is depicted, with a master hand, the struggle which must have taken place in the prophet's soul before he decided to yield to the wishes of Balak. It appeared originally in this magazine. The opening lines give an idea of its beauty :—

While sleep had set its seal on many eyes,  
Balaam the Seer was forth beneath the stars,  
Whose beauty glimmered in Euphrates' stream,  
Gemmimg the mournful willows' floating hair.  
Behind him were the mountains of the east,  
The dark-browed nurses of the blue-eyed founts,  
Whose lone hearts were the life of Pethor-land.  
Westward, beyond the river, was the waste,  
O'er which, this second time, with priceless gifts,  
Had come from Balak noble messengers;  
And westward were the eyes of Balaam turned,  
As one who waits for one who does not come.  
While wild things came and passed unheeded by  
And the night wind, as with an an'zel's harp,  
Played lullaby to all the dreaming flowers.

The soul-stirring strains in memory of the slaughtered McGee, entitled "In Memoriam" are strikingly beautiful. We give but a few lines:

Hardly strange doth it seem that the spring-time  
refuseth this morn to be gay,  
And covers her eyes with a veil, and putteth her  
garlands away;  
For she feels that the heart of a prophet of man and of  
nature is still,  
And she hideth her flowers in her bosom and cannot  
be gay if she will.  
Oh! Canada weep, 'twas for thee that he spoke the  
last words of his life!  
Weep Erin, his blood has been shed in healing of  
wounds of thy strife!  
Weep Scotia, no son of thy soil held thy mountains  
and valleys more dear!  
Weep England, thy brave honest eyes never glistened  
with worthier tear!

The latter part of the volume is occupied with Essays in Translation, principally passages from classical writers rendered in English blank verse. The readers of this Monthly will remember the "Pyramus and Thisbe," which was published first in its pages, beginning—

Fairest of many youths was Pyramus,  
And Thisbe beauteous among Eastern maidens.

It is translated from Ovid's "Metamorphoses," and forms a very good specimen of this class of poems. Besides the selections from the classics, Mr. Reade has given us very fine translations of Arnault's "Withered Leaf," Lamartine's "Lake," and Beranger's "Wandering Jew," with a paraphrase of André Chenier's "Death Song."

Did time and space permit we would like to point out at length the merits of several of the minor poems which are as fine as

anything we ever read in the same style; but this very inadequate notice of a volume which we regard as a very valuable contribution to Canadian literature will, we hope, suffice to bring it before the attention of many who might not otherwise hear of it, and who will never regret its purchase.

"THE FENIAN RAID OF 1870."—This brochure of eighty pages is through the press, and will be forwarded to canvassers immediately on receipt of their remittances. We believe there are more sold by them already than the first edition of a thousand will supply; but a second edition will be put to press at once. The contents are an account of the raid on the Missisquoi frontier, with a description of the fight of Eccles Hill near Cook's Corners; and a similar account of the raid on the Huntingdon frontier with a description of the battle of Trout River. The movements of our troops, names of their officers, &c., &c., are all given, and the whole will be found extremely interesting. This work is compiled by reporters from the WITNESS Office who were on the spot and saw much of what they describe, and no pains have been spared to make it accurate and reliable. It is illustrated with portraits of Gen. Lindsay, Col. Osborne Smith, Col. Chamberlin, Capt. Westover, and Lieut-Col. McEachern, with pictures of the engagements at Eccles Hill and Trout River, as also of the encampment at Holbrook's Corners, and a plan of the battle of Trout River. Price 30 cents, with usual discount to the trade; orders to be sent to WITNESS Office.

## Editorial Notices.

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### COUNT OTTO VON BISMARCK.

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This statesman, who is still in the prime of life, is unquestionably the greatest man of the age, and that without seeking greatness. Like Cromwell, a character with whom he has many points of similarity, he was descended from a good but obscure family in moderate circumstances, and was made a public man more by the force of circumstances and the inherent strength of his own will and intellect than by any ambitious efforts. So far from courting popularity he took the side of royalty when it was most unpopular, and overmastered the Prussian Legislature, just as he has

since overmastered Austria and France. It must be admitted, however, that all his policy and acts, however despotic, had one object in view, and that a most patriotic one. He saw the great German people divided and paralyzed under many petty rulers, who could not act together; and his first object was to strengthen their federal and customs union, the next to give the whole one leader. To this end he first contemplated the subordination of all the other German states, Prussia included, to Austria; but for some reason saw fit to change his policy, and sought to subordinate all to Prussia, with the exception of Austria, which, being too power-

ini to take a second place, he endeavored to exclude from the Germanic Confederation. In both of these objects he was successful, by means of the brief war of 1866, ending with the crowning victory of Sadowa.

Still, German unity was not sufficiently secure. France threatened to break it upon the first favorable opportunity by defeating Prussia, and inciting the princes of Germany to regain their independence of that power. Nothing would suit France better than the old divided condition of Germany, and Bismarck knew that she sought to restore it, and obtain as her share of the spoils the Prussian provinces on the left bank of the Rhine. Napoleon did all in his power to induce Prussia and other nations to disarm by professing his own intention to reduce the French army; but Bismarck continued to prepare all the time for the conflict which he knew was coming, and the constitution of the Prussian nation being essentially military he could at any time turn out the male population as his army, and also the heavy contingents of the South German Confederation, which still maintained a half independence of Prussia. To this end, however, it was necessary that the war, if it came, should be one of races, and that his opponent should be clearly the aggressor. These conditions have just been fulfilled. France declared war, with the avowed purpose of carrying it on in Germany and for the Rhenish Provinces. She also struck the first blow at Saarbrucken, and magnified a small success into a great victory. All this called out the full strength of the German people, and the result has been a series of victories on the part of Prussia unsurpassed by the most brilliant exploits of the first Napoleon.

Bismarck was a careless, sport-loving student at college, and seemed altogether a too brusque for a courtier. He was, however, thrown into company with Prince William, who, appreciating the strength of his mind, and the reliability of his character, called him into political life when he ascended the throne. Bismarck has never sought honors for himself, but was ready at any time to oppose either Sovereign or Legislature, if they stood in the way of

what he considered the best means for the unification and aggrandizement of Germany. He has, for a good while, been in rather precarious health; but seems, nevertheless, fully able to bear the immense load of responsibility which devolves upon him. His portrait, which we publish this month, indicates great decision and firmness of character.

#### MARSHAL BAZAINE

Was born February 13, 1811. He studied at the Polytechnic School in Paris, and entered the army in Africa when twenty years old. After six years of uninterrupted warfare against the Kabyles and other hostile tribes, he was assigned to the foreign legion, and sent into Spain in 1837 to suppress the Carlist movement in that country. He returned to Algeria in 1839, joined the expedition against Milianah and Morocco, and was for several years Governor of the Arabian subdivision of Tlemcen. During the Crimean war, where he was in command of a brigade of infantry, he is said to have distinguished himself by his bravery and by his talent for organization. When the Russians had evacuated Sebastopol, Bazaine was made Governor of the place. He took no part in the campaign against Austria in 1859, but was entrusted with the command of the expedition to Mexico in 1862. The Emperor Napoleon, taking advantage of the civil war then raging in the United States, conceived the idea of establishing a Latin empire on this continent. The attempt proved a failure. French pride was humiliated, and the army compelled to re-embark toward the close of 1866. As to the prominent part of Marshal Bazaine in this unlucky enterprise, it will be long remembered by the Mexican people. From the time of his landing at Vera Cruz until his hasty exit from the country of the Montezumas, he treated the Mexicans in arms against him with a cruelty unknown to civilized warfare.

In the present war Marshal Bazaine was appointed Commander-in-Chief of the armies of France, in order, it is believed, to supersede the Emperor and prevent his continued meddling with military affairs. Since then, however, he has met with nothing but defeat and disaster. The expedition which he commanded in Mexico was the commencement of Louis Napoleon's downfall, which has been apparently completed by the defeats sustained at Metz. In neither case, however, was Bazaine to blame for failure. The situations in which he was placed were hopeless blunders, and in the battles near Metz he has shown great courage and ability.



MARSHAL McMAHON.



## MARSHAL McMAHON.

We publish a likeness of the Duke of Magenta, better known as Marshal McMahon. He was born at Sully in 1808, and is descended from an Irish family, one of whom espousing the cause of James the Second in Ireland, and retiring to France on that cause being lost, became allied by marriage to the old French nobility. His descendant, the present Marshal, entered the army in 1825, distinguished himself in Algiers, took part in the operations against Antwerp in 1832, and rose through the several grades of the military hierarchy to be Commander of Division in the Crimea. To him was assigned the perilous task of assaulting the Malakoff. He also took a prominent part in the Italian campaign of 1859; was created a Marshal of France and Duke of Magenta, in commemoration of the victory of that name, to which his promptitude and skill so much contributed. On the breaking out of the present Prussian war he was appointed to the chief command on the Upper Rhine; but at Woerth seems to have been surprised and out-generaled. He was also the victim of a telegraph operator's mistake, whereby Gen. Faillly failed to come up to his support. The result was that the greater part of his corps was destroyed, and the remainder only after much suffering, difficulty and delay, effected a junction with the army at Chalons. The Marshal is considered to be one of the ablest as well as one of the bravest of the French Generals, and has a seat in the Senate.

## TO THE PUBLIC.

The Editors and Publishers of the NEW DOMINION MONTHLY, in soliciting the continued patronage of the public for the only monthly Magazine in the Dominion of a purely literary character, would point with gratitude and pride to the long list of talented contributors who have kindly favored it with articles and pieces during the three years of its existence. Among these may be instanced the late Hon. Darcy McGee, Dr. Dawson, President of McGill College;—J. G. Bourinot, Esq., Nova Scotia; Rev. Mr. Rand, Missionary to the Micmacs; Rev. Mr. Webster, of Ontario, whose sketches of the early history of the U. E. Loyalists are valuable contributions to the history of

Canada; and J. M. Lemoine, Esq., of Quebec, who has furnished similar sketches of the early history of French Canada. These names do not nearly exhaust the list of gentlemen who have sent interesting and important contributions to this Magazine, though they are among the most prominent and best known.

Of the ladies who have contributed valuable tales and sketches, "Alicia," of Kingston, author of "The Crucible," "Recollections of a Sewing Machine," and other tales; Mrs. Campbell, of Quebec, author of "Rough and Smooth," and many tales and sketches; Nell Gwynn, of Cobourg; Mrs. Rothwell, of Amherst Island; and others will be specially remembered with pleasure by the readers of the MONTHLY.

Nor are the poets less worthy of note than the prose writers of this Magazine. Heavysege, Reade, Calnek, Proctor, Withrow, are writers whose contributions would grace any periodical of Britain or America.

Neither is this stream of Canadian literary talent in the least exhausted. Almost every month sees a greater supply come to hand than there is room for, and there are many writers of talent in the different Provinces who have not yet written for the NEW DOMINION MONTHLY, some of whom it is hoped will do so in future.

With such a constituency of writers on the one hand, and such an ample field in which to obtain subscribers on the other, the question—Shall this magazine go down like all its predecessors in Canada? seems preposterous; and yet the publishers have been compelled to consider this very question annually on account of the awkward fact that it was not paying. The first year the circulation reached nearly 8,000; but the price was so low, and so much of it went for commissions, and the expenses of starting a magazine are so great, that there was less than no profit; and so for one cause or another with each succeeding year.

The NEW DOMINION MONTHLY is now, however, so well known throughout British North America, and the present season is so prosperous for all, or nearly all, the interests of the country, that the Magazine may be expected to share in the general prosperity; but to secure this end it will need the kind assistance of all its friends in the way of obtaining additional subscribers, as well as of its literary supporters in the way of contributing to the interest of its pages.

## TERMS.

The terms are unaltered; namely, \$1.50 per annum, or 15 cents per copy. Clubs of five for \$5, in all cases paid in advance. The postage on the MAGAZINE is paid by the publishers. Any old subscriber, remitting for his own renewal, and for a new subscriber at the same time, can have the two copies for two dollars, an inducement which should double our subscription list.

Subscriptions may begin at any time, as each number is paged and indexed by itself, and any six or twelve may be bound together in a volume; but as this is the last number of the year for a very considerable proportion of the whole number of subscribers, all of whom will, we trust, renew their subscriptions, it will be a good opportunity for getting up clubs of five, or remitting for new subscribers as above indicated.

There is one other way in which support may be appropriately given to the Magazine. Advertisements inserted in it, we have reason to know, attract the attention of a great number of readers, and the terms for advertising are moderate. The publishers, therefore, invite an increase of advertising patronage.

The fashion plate is omitted this month, as it is too late for summer styles, and fall fashions are not yet out.

By a singular mistake a small piece of poetry called "Wedded Love," which appeared last month, has slipped into our pages this month again.

**SPECIAL NOTICE.**—One dozen of choice mixed Tulip-bulbs from Mr. Dougall's collection, will be sent by mail, post paid, to each subscriber to the NEW DOMINION MONTHLY, who remits \$1.50 for one year's subscription before first October next. This offer does not apply to club-rates.

## (ADVERTISEMENT.)

The circulation of the DAILY WITNESS has been increasing at the rate of a thousand per week since the present war commenced, until it has now reached 13,000. This is chiefly in the city, but partly along the lines of railroad, where agents are furnished by express. Whilst, however, our circulation is advancing thus rapidly in this city and along the railroads, it is, we regret to say, not making similar progress in the country generally. Our mail lists are, it is true, steadily increasing, but we think a little kind assistance on the part of our friends all over the country would make the increase a great deal more rapid in these times of general prosperity at home, and intensely interesting news from abroad.

Friends and subscribers,—will you kindly help us in this matter by your good word with your neighbors? Should any one want daily news (and we may here state that our daily edition is the best value for the money of all the editions we publish), they may have the DAILY WITNESS instead of their present edition by remitting the difference.

The terms of the WITNESS are three dollars per annum for the daily, two dollars for the semi-weekly, and one dollar for the weekly, all strictly in advance. Any one remitting for eight subscribers to any one of these editions will be entitled to a gratis copy of it for himself, or any one remitting for a mixed list, amounting to \$8, will be entitled to the weekly for one year.

The CANADIAN MESSENGER, issued twice a month, is 40 cents a year for a single copy, and being a periodical the publishers have to prepay the postage. The DOMINION MONTHLY is \$1.50 per annum, also post paid.

Either or both of these publications may be included in mixed lists, and every eight dollars remitted by any person, will entitle him to one dollar's worth of our publications.

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# CHOICE TULIPS FOR SALE.

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