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FEBRUARY IN CANADA

The New Dominion Monthly.

VOL. I, No. 5. FEB., 1868.



Original.

CANADIAN SCENES AND HOMES.

BY MRS. A. CAMPBELL, OF QUEBEC.

"Jessie, would you like a walk upon the ice-bridge, after tea, to see tommy-cod fishing?"

"Yes, I should, very much, Willie."

"Well then, hurry up your operations, and we'll be off."

This short conversation took place between a brother and sister—the sole occupants, save a servant-maid, of a small house on L— street, Québec. The rest of the family lived at Montreal; but William G—, having been put in charge of a branch-business opened at Quebec, was obliged to look upon that place as his future abode; and his parents, rightly judging he would be happier and safer hedged in by home influences, had furnished the small house in which he now lived, and sent his sister to take charge of it for him. And such a neat, snug little home as it was, too—the envy of all his bachelor friends. Jessie, herself, was glad of the occupation, and the opportunity of being useful to her brother, for whom she had most affectionate admiration. And the feeling was mutual; for, as he looked upon her an hour later, equipped ready for the walk,—with short, seal-skin jacket, skirt neatly looped up over a warm, colored petticoat, tight-fitting moccasins, and saucy little cap perched on the top of a most luxuriant chignon,—not a Russian one, my friend, but her very own,—a sly little mink just coiling around her neck and gleaming his diamond-like eyes at you, and her sweet, sensible face, with gentle, womanly look, above all,—the reflection of a truly Christian heart,—he did not wonder that his friend and chum, young Dr. A—, popped in so often—very solicitous about his health, or anxious that he should be supplied with all the latest books and papers.

The winter of 18— had set in sharp and hard, and the magnificent river St. Lawrence, after vain struggles, had yielded at last to the icy grasp of the Winter King, and now lay covered with a windingsheet so hard, smooth, and still, that you could scarcely fancy life—angry, throbbing, tumultuous life—still ebbled and flowed in its bosom beneath. Our friend Jessie and her brother, as they walked along the street, felt the snow crisp and hard under their feet, every now and then giving out that loud, cracking sound peculiar to very cold nights. For a few moments, they paused upon Durham Terrace, overhanging the river and Lower-Town, struck with the beauty which a bird's-eye view of the scene presented. The broad St. Lawrence stretched wide and white before them, dotted over here and there with brilliantly-illuminated skating-rinks; the opposite shore of Levi with its home-lights peeping out, and the railway-train just rushing off into darkness; with the closer view of the town at their feet, the busy hum of life not yet stilled in it; and the soft rays of the moon casting shadows over the whole,—all made up a picture which they lingered over with delight, till warned by their numbed feet and stinging cheeks that it was time to move on. The ice-bridge was soon gained, the music of a band enticing them towards one of the largest of the open-air rinks, to see what was going on there. They found it was a fancy-ball, and the masked revellers were flying hither and thither upon their skates at great speed. One—dressed as a knight of old—knocked rather closely, and peered rather enviously, into the pretty face of Jessie; but a threatening grasp of his heavy stick, by Willie, was a hint which the valiant *incog.* was not slow to take, and he

spun off and caught up a Red Riding-Hood, whirling her away, seemingly quite contented, in his wolf-like clutches. Leaving a scene of which they could not approve, our friends soon reached a small *cabane*, near the junction of the River St. Charles, at the door of which they knocked, and were admitted by a boy of about sixteen, who courteously bade them welcome. The interior of the *cabane* was of the rudest temporary construction. A fire was burning upon some stones in a corner, the smoke partly finding its way through a stove-pipe in the roof above it, and partly dispersing itself about the hut. A few common cooking utensils, a buffalo robe, and a couple of blankets, with two three-legged stools, formed the sole furniture of the place. In the middle of the rude flooring a large space was left, and a hole cut through the deep ice underneath, into which two young men, the lad before spoken of, and another, older, were alternately dropping lines, and hauling up the small fish called tommy-cods, a heap of which lay piled on either side of them. The new comers were much interested in this primitive sort of fishing, and not less so in the young fishermen themselves. The bright, intelligent way they answered all Jessie's questions about their work and what they did with their tommy-cods, led her by a few kindly remarks to draw them on to tell their own little history, and why they were so employed. As they spoke in French, we will render their story into our own words for our readers.

Jacques and Louis Binet were two of three sons of a respectable though poor farmer, living on the Island of Orleans. Their eldest brother had, about eight months before, gone to Levis to sell some farm-produce; been enticed by two Yankees to take a drink, and was drugged and carried off by them over the lines. When he came to himself, he found he was in a strange place, and an enlisted soldier of the United States army. Poor fellow, he tried to represent his case, but it was useless, and he had to go off with his regiment down South, where he was still lying. A comrade

wrote, at his request, to the Curé of his parish, to inform his old father of his whereabouts. Time had gone on, and no more heard of him, till about two weeks before our story begins, when the surgeon of his regiment wrote to the Curé again, stating that Jean Baptiste Binet was lying wounded in hospital, and giving directions where he might be found if anybody wished to come on and nurse him. This the poor old father was anxious some one should do, and Jacques, the next eldest, was chosen as the most fit for the work and the long and hazardous journey,—but where was the money to come from? After all their scraping, and a kindly help from the pitying Curé, a large deficit yet remained. It was suggested by the younger boy that they should make it up by both going to Quebec and earning money by tommy-cod fishing. Taking leave of their father and sister, and with a plan and directions for the road from their pastor, the boys set off; and had already been working over two weeks, alternately buoyed up by hope, and cast down with disappointment,—as their trade prospered or failed,—when our friends found them. The most vigorous self-denial had been practised. Black bread, brought from home, and cut into the plain soup made by themselves, had sufficed for their wants, yet still five or six dollars ought to be got ere the journey was attempted, and it seemed an almost impossible sum for them to earn before the close of Lent, now not far off, when tommy-cods would no longer be in demand. It was beautiful to see the love and hope which lighted up their frank, honest faces as they modestly told their story, and their hearers were much touched by it. After giving them a large order for to-morrow's breakfast, they took their leave, and turned homewards with very thoughtful and subdued steps, as if they had just shouldered a load of care. Before reaching the brow of the hill, Jessie suddenly stopped and exclaimed, "Willie, I have thought of a plan to help those poor boys. Why could you not take the younger as office-servant,—you know you are looking

out for one? I can find room for him in the house, and by paying a month's wages in advance the elder brother could start on his mission of love at once. What do you say to it?"

"Why, my dear little enthusiast, would you have me take in a boy without any character, and pay five or six dollars in advance—when he might run off, and I never see him again? Not a very prudent step I think."

"Fie, Willie, your heart is not speaking now. The boy's character is in his face. Mamma never believes in written ones, nor do I, and French-Canadians fresh from the country are sure to be good: they are so simply and piously brought up that they know nothing of the bad ways of the town. Oh do try him!"

"Well, Miss Acadia, I'll dream over it, and see what A—— thinks of the plan. He found out the boys' *cabane* last night, when called upon to attend a skating accident down in that direction, and recommended me to bring you there, as all the fishing *cabanes* are not of the quiet, orderly character the Binets' is."

"Oh, don't wait for Dr. A.'s opinion; we don't want medical advice in the matter. Let us go back at once, and take the boy."

"Go back *now*, Jessie! why it's near ten o'clock."

"Never mind," was the reply, "what o'clock it is. Do come, dear Willie!"

That night Jessie slept contentedly and soundly:—what woman does not when she has gained her point?

Next day saw Jacques Binet started off in the train towards the States, with a good-sized basket of sick comforts—arrow-root, bottle-jelly, etc., packed by Jessie's fair hands—as travelling companions; and Louis, in his clean suit of *étouffe du pays*, looking all importance and happiness, installed as office-keeper to Willie, and general aid and assistant in Jessie's small domain.

The American war was over, peace had been proclaimed, and Lee had handed over his sword to Grant amid the cold sympathy

of a world which had stood still and looked on during the struggle,—brother to none of these. The unhappy South lay weltering in her blood, the last battle fought—save as here and there the battle for life was fought out singly and sorrowfully on hospital stretchers or lowly home beds. Our business is with the crowded hospital of ——— where, amid the sick and suffering, the living and dying, our friend, Jacques Binet, found his brother Jean,—one arm gone, and the crisis of hospital-fever just over; his vigorous constitution and simple habits of life having, with God's blessing, tided him through what carried numbers of others off. The meeting of the brothers had been a touching one, so as to draw tears from those whose language was foreign to their own; and many little acts of sympathy and help did the brothers get to set them on their way, from strangers poor as themselves. So it is that community of suffering forms a closer bond than that of country or tongue, and often smooths the way for the preaching of that blessed Gospel, which no other means could effect. The heart, feeling its own bitterness, and the unsatisfactory nature of everything earthly,—unable to do anything for itself,—turns gladly towards the healing balm of Gilead, and finds in Jesus—the Lamb slain for the sins of the world—a peace which the world could not give, and which it cannot take away.

More than a year has passed. Do our readers want to know how things look with our friends now? The writer wishes she could photograph a pretty rural picture from the Island of Orleans, to show them. They would see the rays of the setting sun falling upon a well-cultivated farm and old stone house, with high, steep roof, at the door of which sit an old man and a young one, contentedly smoking their pipes, while the latter, who has but one arm,—which is lovingly thrown around the small form of his sister's child, asleep upon his knee,—takes his pipe out every now and then and tells a story of war and horrors, and how much one tumbler of brandy cost them all,—for the

twentieth time,—to his still wondering listeners, his father and handsome brother Jacques, who stands with folded arms near by,—the support and comfort of the family. And where, it may be asked, is the young boy Louis now? Why, where we left him. He expects to be promoted to clerk in the office of G. & Son, and is the trusted and devoted servant of Jessie and William—of Jessie, did I say? well, not exactly *now*, as she has been for a week past the wife of Dr. A——, though Louis still considers himself as belonging to her, and ever will do so, should he rise to become the richest merchant in Quebec. He ever will remember with gratitude how she trusted and befriended his brother and himself, when they were in sorrow and friendless, and how she spent hours and hours in teaching him to read and write. And, now that she is expected home to-night, newly married, he is full of business, and keeps flying between her handsome little new house and the dear, snug old box in which he first knew her;—thinking that nothing can be right for Mademoiselle—ah! Madame, now—unless he sees to it himself.

Everybody was very sorry for poor Willie's lonely state, now that Jessie had gone and left him—particularly his young lady friends—till they heard a whisper that he did not intend to suffer the horrors of bachelorhood long, as he had arranged a sort of *quid pro quo* affair; and if he had given his sister to Dr. A——, he expected Dr. A——'s sister in return. Then, they no longer pitied such a horrid, mercantile creature,—why should they?

Original.

A WELCOME FROM THE NATIONS.

An Irregular Poem, dedicated to the Parliament meeting at Ottawa, Nov. 6, 1867.

BY QUIZ.

ENGLAND.

Time flies apace. As time is ever fleeting,
I would be first to send my child a greeting:
Give to mankind the boon of love;
And may thy country ever prove
A home for the homeless,
And for the weary rest;

Justice to the criminal,
Protection for th' oppress'd.
And when by trouble or foe thy strength is essayed,
Next to thy God, look to thy childhood's home for aid.

A nation happy, prosperous, firm, and mild,
O Father, grant this blessing to my child.

AMERICA.

How d'ye do, neighbor? Right happy to see
Some purh. 'mongst nations there's chance you may be;
Though, if you try the mighty dance
'Gainst Uncle Sam, there's not a chance.
But when you're inclined to quit the old throne,
We'll give you a hand to go it alone.

FRANCE.

As knowledge extends from land to land,
Great Britain and France go hand in hand;
Then may the weal of future ages
To posterity unfold
The earnest purpose that hath garnish'd
The second field of the cloth of gold.
In token of this bond to regions wild,
France sends greeting to Britain's child.

PRUSSIA.

Of one faith, and to one power allied,
We greet thee, Cousin, with a heartfelt pride.

RUSSIA.

Fair child of the North, we'd offer thee
A kindred love and sympathy.
Thy snow-clad fields shall ever be
Fit emblem of thy purity;
While the fruitful rock of the mother earth
Shall tell of thy inward strength and worth.

AUSTRIA.

In life's early morn, when hope and strength
Go with ambition to an unknown length,
We scarce dare pray that God would shed
Another blessing on thy head.

TURKEY.

Peace be thy lot to carve thyself a name,
While we to wondering nations shall proclaim,
In the far West, watched o'er by God, there
grows
The budding blossom of the full-blown Rose.

ITALY.

Nations stand by, and watch and bless the hour
That gives another free, unfettered power;
Stand and watch, with wistful eyes,
While to memory's thoughts arise
The glorious days when Rome was blessed,
The rising nation of th' out-spreading West.

SWITZERLAND.

A kindly greeting from over the sea,
Our gentle sister, is wafted to thee.
God has been good, surpassing good is He,
To grant, without one blow, this boon of liberty.
'Gainst it was raised no tyrant hand that fell
To rouse the vengeance of a noble Tell.
In all life's sorrows cast thy cares above,
And ne'er forget that this good God is love

SCOTLAND.

With greeting I send you a motto for life,
Hold fast what you have and risk not in strife.

IRELAND.

How are you, my hearty, this very fine weather?
I hear all the nations are putting together
To send you a greeting and welcoming letther;
Now as, on account of this great Fenian trouble,
My credit's not half and my debts are full double,
I can't lend you a hand, though I think it your
due;

But here are three cheers, now your happily
through,

And all I can say is, I wish I was you.

London, O., Nov., 1867.

MEMORY AND THE FINAL JUDGMENT.

*Extracts from an able and eloquent work entitled
"The Judgment Books," by Alexander Macleod, D.
D., Birkenhead.*

There is a remarkable passage in the Confessions of Augustine, so illustrative of the mystery of memory, and so little known to common readers, that I give two or three quotations from it here. Much in the same way that Sir William Hamilton represents *Consciousness* as the deep out of which all mental phenomena arise, Augustine represents *Memory*. It contains for him all knowledge and thought, all virtue and art, and even the knowledge and image of God. To God himself, indeed, he seems to acknowledge that he must "pass beyond this power of mine which is called memory; but then," he adds, "how shall I find Thee, if I remember Thee not?"

"I come to the fields and spacious places of my memory, where are the treasures of innumerable images, brought into it from things of all sorts perceived by the senses. There is stored up, whatsoever besides we think, either by enlarging or diminishing, or any other way varying those things which the sense hath come to; and whatever else hath been committed and laid up, which forgetfulness hath not yet swallowed up and buried. When I enter there I require what I will to be brought forth, and something instantly comes; others must be longer sought after, which are fetched, as it were, out of some inner receptacle; others rush out in troops, and while one thing is desired and required, they start forth, as who should say, 'Is it perchance I?' These I drive away with the hand of my heart, from the face of my remembrance, until what I wish for be unveiled, and appear in sight, out of its secret place. Other things come up readily, in unbroken order, as they are called for; those in front making way for the following; and as they

make way, they are hidden from sight, ready to come when I will. All which takes place when I repeat a thing by heart.

"There are all things preserved distinctly and under general heads, each having entered by its own avenue; as light, and all colors and forms of bodies, by the eyes; by the ears, all sorts of sounds; all smells by the avenue of the nostrils; all tastes by the mouth; and by the sensation of the whole body, what is hard or soft, hot or cold, smooth or rugged, heavy or light, either outwardly or inwardly to the body. All these doth that great harbor of the memory receive in her numberless secret and inexpressible windings, to be forthcoming and brought out at need; each entering in by his own gate, and there laid up. Nor yet do the things themselves enter in; only the images of the things perceived are there in readiness for thought to recall. Which images, how they are formed, who can tell, though it doth plainly appear by which sense each hath been brought in and stored up; for even while I dwell in darkness and silence, in my memory I can produce colors, if I will, and discern betwixt black and white, and what others I will: nor yet do sounds break in and disturb the image drawn in by her eyes, which I am reviewing, though they are also there, lying dormant and laid up, as it were, apart. For these, too, I call for, and forthwith they appear. And, though my tongue be still and my throat mute, so can I sing as much as I will; nor do those images of colors, which notwithstanding be there, intrude themselves and interrupt, when another store is called for which flowed in by the ears. So the other things piled in and up by the other senses I recall at my pleasure. Yea, I discern the breath of lilies from violets, though smelling nothing; and I prefer honey to sweet wine, smooth before rugged, at the time neither tasting nor handling, but remembering only.

"These things do I within, in that vast court of my memory. For there are present with me, heaven, earth, sea, and whatever I could think on therein, besides what I have forgotten. There also I meet with myself, and when, where, and what I have done, and under what feelings. There be all which I remember either on my own experience or others' credit. Out of the same store do I myself with the past continually combine fresh and fresh likenesses of things, which I have experienced or have believed; and thence again infer future actions, events, and hopes; and all these again I reflect on as present.

"Great is this force of memory, excessive great, O my God; a large and boundless chamber; who ever sounded the bottom thereof? Yet is this a power of mine, and belongs unto my nature; nor do I myself comprehend all that I am. . . . Men go abroad to admire the heights of mountains, the mighty billows of the sea, the broad tides of rivers, the compass of the ocean, and the circuits of the stars, and pass themselves by; nor wonder, that when I speak of all these things, I did not see them with mine eyes, yet could not have spoken of them, unless I then actually saw the mountains, billows, rivers, stars, which I had seen, and that ocean which I believed to be, inwardly in my memory, and that with the same vast spaces between as if I saw them abroad. . . ."

"Yet not these alone does the unmeasurable capacity of my memory retain. Here also is all learnt of the liberal sciences and as yet unforgotten; removed, as it were, to some inner place, which is yet no place: nor are they the images thereof, but the things themselves. For what is literature, what the art of disputing, how many kinds of questions there be? Whatsoever of these I know, in such manner exists in my memory, as that I have not taken in the image, and left out the thing, or that it should have sounded and passed away like a voice fixed on the ear by that impress, whereby it might be recalled, as if it sounded when it no longer sounded. . . . For those things are not transmitted into the memory, but their images only are, with an admirable swiftness, caught up and stored, as it were, in wondrous cabinets, and thence wonderfully by the act of remembering, brought forth."

* * * * *

No one will want any remark on this wonderful passage, or any further illustration of what memory contains; but as I have said, in proof of the fact that what it contains can be reproduced, "that the power of association bears the same relation to the contents of memory which the force of gravitation does to the heavenly bodies," I shall adduce, in confirmation, the following explanations, by Coleridge, of the law of association, as set forth by Aristototele:—

"The general law of association, or, more accurately, the common condition under which all exciting causes act and in which they may be generalized, according to Aristototele, is this: Ideas, by having been together, acquire a power of recalling each other; or, every partial representation

awakes the total representation of which it had been a part. In the practical determination of this common principle to particular recollections, he admits five agents or occasioning causes: 1st, *Connection in time*, whether simultaneous, preceding, or successive; 2nd, *Vicinity*, or connection, in space; 3rd, *Interdependence*, or necessary connection, as cause and effect; 4th, *Likeness*; 5th, *Contrast*. As an additional solution of the occasional seeming chasms in the continuity of reproduction, he proves that movements or ideas, possessing one or the other of these five characters, had passed through the mind as intermediate links, sufficiently clear to recall other parts of the same total impressions with which they had co-existed, though not vivid enough to excite that degree of attention which is requisite for distinct recollection, or, as we may aptly express it, after-consciousness. In association, then, consists the whole mechanism of the reproduction of impressions in the *Aristotelian Psychology*. It is the universal law of the passive fancy and mechanical memory; that which supplies to all other facilities their objects, to all thought the elements of its materials."—*Biographia Literaria*, vol. i., part i, chap. vi.

From the "contents" of memory I turn to its *imperishableness*. The illustrations are most interesting, and are, with one or two exceptions, the quotations by which the esteemed professor commended to his students, the view that memory might be the judgment-book. In the italicized sentence of the first quotation the germ of that view will be found:—

"A young woman of four or five and twenty, who could neither read nor write, was seized with a nervous fever, during which, according to the asseverations of all the priests and monks of the neighborhood, she became possessed, and, as it appeared, by a very learned devil. She continued incessantly talking Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, in very pompous tones, and with most distinct enunciation. . . . The case had attracted the particular attention of a young physician, and by his statement many eminent physiologists and psychologists visited the town and cross-examined the case on the spot. Sheets full of her ravings were taken down from her own mouth, and were found to consist of sentences, coherent and intelligible each for itself, but with little or no connection with each other. Of the Hebrew, a small portion only could be traced to the Bible; the remainder seemed to be in the Rabbinical dialect. All trick

or conspiracy was out of the question. Not only had the young woman ever been a harmless, simple creature, but she was evidently laboring under a nervous fever. In the town in which she had been resident for many years as a servant in different families, no solution presented itself. The young physician, however, determined to trace her past life step by step; for the patient herself was incapable of returning a rational answer. He at length succeeded in discovering . . . that the patient—an orphan at the time—had been charitably taken by an old Protestant pastor at nine years of age, and had remained with him some years, even till the old man's death. . . . Anxious inquiries were then, of course, made concerning the pastor's habits; and the solution of the phenomenon was soon obtained, for it appeared that it had been the old man's custom for years to walk up and down a passage of his house, into which the kitchen door opened, and to repeat to himself with a loud voice out of his favorite books. . . . He was a very learned man, and a great Hebraist. Among his books (discovered in a niece's possession) were found a collection of Rabbinical writings, together with several of the Greek and Latin fathers; and the physician succeeded in identifying so many passages with those taken down at the young woman's bedside, that no doubt could remain in any rational mind concerning the true origin of the impression made on her nervous system.

"This authenticated case furnishes both proof and instance, that reliques of sensation may exist for an indefinite time in a latent state, in the very same order in which they were originally impressed; and as we cannot rationally suppose the feverish state of the brain to act in any other way than as a stimulus, this fact (and it would not be difficult to adduce several of the same kind) contributes to make it even probable, that all thoughts are in themselves imperishable; and that if the intelligent faculty should be rendered more comprehensive, it would require only a different and apportioned organization—the body celestial instead of the body terrestrial—to bring before every human soul the collective experience of its whole past existence. And this—this—perchance is the dread book of judgment, in the mysterious hieroglyphics of which every idle word is recorded. Yea, in the very nature of a living spirit, it may be more possible that heaven and earth should pass away, than that a single act, a single thought, should be loosened or lost from that living chain of causes, with all the

links of which, conscious or unconscious, the free will, our only absolute self, is co-extensive and co-present."—COLERIDGE: *Biographia Literaria*, vol. i., First Part, chap. vi.

After the death of Professor John Wilson, Mr. Warren published an account of an interview he once had with the Professor, when Mr. De Quincey was present, and the conversation happened to turn on "forgetting."

"Is such a thing as forgetting possible to the human mind?" asked Mr. De Quincey. 'Does the mind ever actually lose anything for ever? Is not every impression it has once received reproducible? How often a thing is suddenly recollected that had happened many, many years before, but never been thought of since till that moment! Possibly a suddenly developed power of recollecting every act of a man's life, may constitute the great book to be opened before Him on the judgment-day.' I ventured to say, that I knew an instance of a gentleman who, in hastily jumping on board the "Excellent," . . . missed it, and fell into the water of Portsmouth harbor, sinking to a great depth. For a while he was supposed drowned. He afterwards said, that all he remembered, after plunging into the water, was a sense of freedom from pain, and a sudden recollection of all his past life, especially of guilty actions that he had long forgotten. Professor Wilson said, that if this were so, it was indeed very startling; and I think Mr. De Quincey said, that he also had heard of one, if not of two or three, such cases."—"Personal Recollections of Christopher North," *Blackwood's Magazine*, December, 1851.

This extract from Blackwood's Magazine may serve as an appropriate introduction to a passage from Mr. De Quincey's own writings—a passage which cannot fail to suggest what the subject which those quotations are intended to illustrate might have become in the hands of a master. It is from his well-known description of the *Palimpsest of the Brain*:—

"The fleeting accidents of man's life, and its external shows, may indeed be irrelative and incongruous; but the organizing principles which fuse into harmony, and gather about fixed predetermined centres, whatever heterogeneous elements life may have accumulated from without, will not permit the grandeur of human unity greatly to be violated, or its ultimate repose to be troubled in the retrospect from dying moments, or from other great convulsions. Such a convulsion is the struggle of gradual suffocation,

as in drowning; and in the original Opium Confessions, I mentioned a case of that nature communicated to me by a lady from her own childish experience. The lady is still living; and at the time of relating this incident, when already very old, she had become religious from scepticism. According to my present belief, she had completed her ninth year, when, playing by the side of a solitary brook, she fell into one of its deepest pools. Eventually, but after what lapse of time nobody ever knew, she was saved from death by a farmer, who, riding in some distant lane, had seen her rise to the surface; but not until she had descended within the abyss of death, and looked into its secrets, as far, perhaps, as ever human eye can have looked that had permission to return. At a certain stage of this descent, a blow seemed to strike her—phosphoric radiance sprang forth from her eyeballs; and immediately a mighty theatre expanded within the brain. In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, every act, every design of her past life lived again,—arraying themselves, not as successive, but as parts of a co-existence. Such a light fell upon the whole path of her life backwards into the shades of infancy, as the light, perhaps, which rapt the destined apostle on his road to Damascus. Yet that light blinded for a season; but hers poured celestial vision upon the brain, so that her consciousness became omnipresent at one moment to every feature in the infinite review. This anecdote was treated sceptically at the time by some critics. But, besides that it has since been confirmed by other experiences essentially the same, reported by other parties in the same circumstances who had never heard of each other, the true point for astonishment is not the simultaneity of arrangement under which the past events of life—though in fact successive—had formed their dread line of revelation. This was but a secondary phenomenon; the deeper lay in the resurrection itself, and the possibility of resurrection for what had so long slept in the dust. A pall, deep as oblivion, had been thrown by life over every trace of these experiences; and yet suddenly, at silent command, at the signal of a blazing rocket sent up from the brain, the pall draws up, and the whole depths of the theatre are exposed. Here was the greater mystery. Now this mystery is liable to no doubt; for it is repeated, and ten thousand times repeated, by opium, for those who are its martyrs. Yes, reader, countless are the mysterious handwritings of grief or joy which have inscribed themselves suc-

cessively upon the palimpsest of your brain; and like the annual leaves of aboriginal forests, or the undissolving snows on the Himalayas, or light falling upon light, the endless strata have covered up each other in forgetfulness. But by the hour of death, but by fever, but by the scorplings of opium, all these can revive in strength. They are not dead, but sleeping."

The case of drowning in Portsmouth harbor, referred to in the conversation at Professor Wilson's, is familiar enough to students of mental philosophy, but I give it here for the sake of the general reader. Apart from its value as an illustration of the imperishableness of thought, it is intrinsically worth repeating. The writer was Admiral Beaufort, and the narrative was drawn up (in 1825) at the request of Dr. Wollaston, to whom the substance of it had been communicated orally some time before. After giving the details of the falling into the water, and the preparations for rescuing him, the narrator states:—

"With the violent but vain attempts to make myself heard, I had swallowed much water; I was soon exhausted by my struggles, and before any relief reached me I had sunk below the surface: all hope had fled—all exertion ceased—and I felt I was drowning. So far, these facts were either partially remembered after my recovery, or supplied by those who had latterly witnessed the scene; for, during an interval of such agitation, a drowning person is too much occupied in catching at every passing straw, or too much absorbed by alternate hope and despair, to mark the succession of events very accurately.

"Not so, however, with the facts which immediately ensued: my mind had then undergone the sudden revolution which appeared to you so remarkable, and all the circumstances of which are now as vividly fresh in my memory as if they had occurred but yesterday. From the moment that all exertion had ceased, which I imagine was the immediate consequence of complete suffocation, a calm feeling of the most perfect tranquillity superseded the previous tumultuous sensations: it might be called apathy, certainly not resignation, for drowning no longer appeared to be an evil. I no longer thought of being rescued, nor was I in any bodily pain. On the contrary, my sensations were now of rather a pleasurable cast, partaking of that dull but contented sort of feeling which precedes the sleep produced by fatigue. Though the senses were thus deadened, not so the mind:

its activity seemed to be invigorated, in a ratio which defies all description; for thought rose after thought with a rapidity of succession that is not only indescribable, but probably inconceivable by any one who has not himself been in a similar situation. The course of those thoughts I can even now in a great measure retrace: the event which had just taken place—the awkwardness that had produced it—the bustle it must have occasioned (for I had observed two persons jump from the chains)—the effect it would have on a most affectionate father—the manner in which he would disclose it to the rest of the family—and a thousand other circumstances minutely associated with home, were the first series of reflections that occurred. They then took a wider range; our last cruise—a former voyage and shipwreck—my school, the progress I had made there, and the time I had misspent—and even all my boyish pursuits and adventures.

“Thus travelling backwards, every past incident of my life seemed to glance across my recollection in retrograde succession; not, however, in mere outline, as here stated, but the picture filled up with every minute and collateral feature; in short, the whole period of my existence seemed to be placed before me in a kind of panoramic review, and each act of it seemed to be accompanied by a consciousness of right or wrong, or by some reflection on its cause or its consequences; indeed, many trifling events which had been long forgotten then crowded into my imagination, and with the character of recent familiarity.

“May not all this be some indication of the almost infinite power of memory with which we may awaken in another world, and thus be compelled to contemplate our past lives? Or might it not in some degree warrant the inference that death is only a change or modification of our existence, in which there is no real pause or interruption? But, however that may be, one circumstance was highly remarkable: that the innumerable ideas which flashed into my mind were all retrospective. Yet I had been religiously brought up; my hopes and fears of the next world had lost nothing of their early strength, and at any other period intense interest and awful anxiety would have been excited by the mere probability that I was floating on the threshold of eternity; yet at that inexplicable moment, when I had a full conviction that I had already crossed that threshold, not a single thought wandered into the future: I was wrapt entirely in the past.

“The length of time that was occupied by this deluge of ideas, or rather the shortness of time into which they were condensed, I cannot now state with precision; yet certainly two minutes could not have elapsed from the moment of suffocation to that of my being hauled up.”—*Letter from Admiral Beaufort to Dr Wollaston, in Sir J. Barrow's Autobiography*, pp. 398—401.

Original.

A SNOW-SHOE EXCURSION.

BY G. S. P.

During a sojourn at Montreal, in the winter of 18—, I was induced to accept the proposal of a friend to accompany him on a mission to one of the Hudson Bay Company's posts, at Weymontachene, situated about two hundred and fifty miles from Three Rivers, near the head of the River St. Maurice. Having provided ourselves with an outfit of blanket-coats, leggings, maps, snow-shoes, guns and ammunition, etc., we started on our pedestrian tour on the thirteenth of February, taking the stage-road to Three Rivers, with our guns and snow-shoes slung across our shoulders.

We reached that place on the evening of the third day after our departure from Montreal, having walked thirty miles per day. After a brief rest, we set about providing the necessary equipments for our future voyage, consisting of *traineaux* or *tobogans*, provisions, etc.; and, with a trusty Canadian *voyageur*, we proceeded on our journey up the St. Maurice, arriving early in the evening at the Gros Rapids, where we were hospitably entertained at a comfortable log-cabin, by Mr. George Baptist, the proprietor of extensive mills and lumbering establishments, situated in a dense forest of tall pines, amidst wild and romantic scenery. In the morning, after partaking of a hearty breakfast of delicious lake-trout and moose steaks, we resumed our snow-shoe voyage, our company being now increased by a party of Indian hunters who were proceeding on their winter hunting excursion. Breasting a cold north-west wind, each drawing a heavily-loaded *traineau*, we pursued our

course on the frozen river, in single file, over an unbroken surface of snow, bounded by an impenetrable forest and lofty cliffs.

At mid-day, a convenient place was selected for a halt on the bank of the river, and preparations commenced for a meal. A blazing fire was soon kindled, over which camp-kettles of soup were shortly ready for our keen and longing appetites. Placing some branches of pine and *sapin* on the snow, we seated ourselves around the cheerful fire and partook heartily of our humble meal; some closing the repast with pipes of the fragrant weed. Again we started on our tramp, much invigorated and refreshed. The toil of dragging a heavily-laden *traineau* compels the *voyageur* to make a frequent halt for rest, the Indian term for which is "*Sag-ga-suagh*," or "*une pipe*," each one indulging in a few hurried puffs, suddenly interrupted by the significant shout of "ugh! ugh!" the Indian signal for continuing the journey.

The short period of daylight at this season of the year renders it necessary to make early preparations for the night encampments. Accordingly, about three p. m., the experienced eye of the *voyageur* may be seen glancing anxiously towards the banks of the river, for a suitable resting-place for the night encampment,—indicated by a grove of hard wood, interspersed with tall, decayed, dry pine-trees, the trunks of which afford ready kindling-material for lighting a fire. A spot being selected, our party climbed the steep bank of the river; and, having reached a sheltered position, a large space was dug out with our snow-shoes, to the depth of two or three feet, and lined with soft pine branches, forming a most comfortable couch on which to rest our weary limbs before the bright, warm, crackling fire, ready to partake of our evening repast. That being concluded, pipes and tobacco, with story-telling, occupied the greater part of the evening, till refreshing slumbers came to our relief.

The *tout ensemble* of this wild, winter, woodland scene,—with the group around the blazing fire, some engaged in their evening

devotion,—would have afforded a good subject for Kreighoff's pencil. The time for repose having arrived, we were soon wrapped in the ample folds of our blankets, a clear, bright, starry sky forming the only canopy over our heads. After a good night's rest, our slumbers were broken by the shrill cry of the *voyageur*, of "*petit jour*," or "early day,"—being the signal for continuing the journey.

On our arrival at Rat River, about one hundred miles distant from Three Rivers, we parted with our Indian companions, who pursued a different route on their winter hunt, reducing our party to three persons. On the third day of our journey from this point, an accident occurred to our guide. In reaching out his axe one night to replenish the fire, he buried it in his instep. His cry immediately awakened myself and companion, and we applied bandages to the wound, which proved so serious as to render him incapable of proceeding to the termination of our journey, now only about twenty-five miles distant. My friend, however, continued the journey alone, in order to obtain aid from the Hudson Bay Company's post, leaving me in charge of our wounded guide. On the second day of my friend's departure, I heard the gladdening sound of a distant shout resounding through the woods, soon followed by the entrance into the encampment of two stout *voyageurs*, with whose assistance my wounded companion was conveyed in a comfortable *traineau* to Weymontachene. The welcome sight of the Company's fort broke into view as we rounded a point of land, and I was welcomed on my arrival by the worthy Chief Trader, Mr. McLeod, and his son, the companion of my journey.

After a pleasant sojourn of a week at the post, engaged in various hunting excursions, I took leave of my kind friends and started on my return with a stout Canadian *voyageur*. We arrived at Rat River on the fifth day after our departure from Weymontachene, having made forced marches, so as to reach Three Rivers before the ice began to break up; but, on arriving at the "Grande

Mère" Falls, we found the river becoming insecure, and made a *detour* across the country, coming out at Champlain, on the St. Lawrence, a short distance from Three Rivers, where we arrived in the early part of the evening. On the following morning I took leave of my trusty *voyageur*, and reached Montreal on the twentieth of March, having been absent about one month, after performing a journey of upwards of five hundred miles, the chief part of which was on snow-shoes.

Original.

SIX SONNETS ON THE CLOUDS.

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

Scorn not the sonnet; critic you have frowned,
Mindless of its first honors; with this key
Shakespeare unlocked his heart.—*Wordsworth*.

I.

CLOUDS AT MORN.

Hail! glorious clouds that fringe the eastern
skies

At early dawn, ere yet the wings of day
Have brushed night's brooding shadows all
away.

The golden beams that from the orient rise,
Awake your forms to beauty that defies
All art to paint, all language to pourtray.
The aqueous drops your opaque bosoms bear,
They change to gems, and bid strange glory wear;
And Iris, beauteous as her colors are,
Withdraws her mild and meek magnificence,
As pales before the morn night's beacon-star.
When ye reflect the glowing rays intense
Of rising day—oh! ye do symbolize
All forms of beauty that the world supplies.

II.

NOON-DAY CLOUDS, IN SUMMER.

Oh! noon-day clouds, that rest so motionless
Upon the broad horizon, mass on mass,
In mount'nous shapes whose magnitudes sur-
pass

Earth's mighty Alps and Andes, I confess
I feel the soothing calm of happiness,
When'er with you the mid-day hours I pass
In silent study, tracing in your forms
The germs of distant or incipient storms;
Or seeking images of animals or towers,
Of olden castles rent by age or war,
With ivy clad, and twined about with flowers,
As if to hide the ruin they abhor.
Lo! beauty—in the battle with decay—
Is crowned a victor in your halls to-day.

III.

CLOUDS AT SUNSET.

Oh! peaceful clouds that at decline of day,
Along the occidental skies unfold
Your scrolls of purple, crimson, gray, and gold.

What homage to the passing hour ye pay,
As, slowly and serenely, "evening gray"

From out the east creeps silently! Untold,
Because unspeakable, the charms ye spread.
As we perceive the odors flowers have shed,
Yet cannot tell their essence, so ye pour
A sense of subtle influence and control,
Through your strange beauty, evermore,
Upon the poet's all-susceptive soul;
And tinge his dreams with tints as mixed and
rare,
As those your floating forms so sweetly wear.

IV.

CLOUDS BY MOONLIGHT.

Oh! moonlit clouds, I've gazed in ecstasy
Upon you in your pathway in mid-air,
And wondered what your mission could be
there,
At midnight's hour, alone with earth and me.
O'er Luna's disc ye glide all silently,
Her gentle rays eclipsing, everywhere
Your shadows casting on the world below;
And as I watch them quickly come and go,
Each urging each, as wave doth wave at sea,
Or memories of youth in hale old age;
I read the lesson they would leave with me,
As clearly as though written on Fate's page:
"Life cannot be all joy, for sorrow flings
Its shadows o'er it from its sable wings."

V.

STORM-CLOUDS.

Oh! wondrous clouds that ride upon the storm,
Vast, billowy masses, rent with lurid fires;
As ye ascend the heavens, Sol's light expires,
And trembling birds,—so full of song at morn,—
Of all their music by your presence shorn,
Keep silence while your awful voices roar.
All sound, save yours, in timid accents dies,
Until your Pandemonium strife is o'er;
E'en man, subdu'd, with awe surveys the skies,
When flashing lightnings from your blackness
pour
Their startling brilliance, mixed of many dyes,
And owns his weakness, now and evermore.
Ye are fit emblems, as in rage ye roll,
Of vengeful passions in the human soul.

VI.

RAIN-CLOUDS, IN SUMMER.

Hail! generous clouds of golden summer-tide,
With bosoms bursting with the gracious rain,
So gently drawn from river, lake, and main.
See, as ye quench the drouthy sunbeam's pride,
And spread your shadows o'er the earth again,
That earth which your long absence sighed,
Whose thirsty surface, lacking you, lost power
To nourish her fair children, fruit and flower;
See, how the sons of toil rejoice, as pour
Your healing waters o'er the drooping grain,
Restoring life and vigor by each shower,
And giving bloom where blight had fixed its
stain.
Oh! welcome clouds, to you the harvest owes,
Whate'er of good to man its hand bestows.

Original.

REMINISCENCES OF THE EARLY FUR-TRADE OF MONTREAL.

BY WM. HENDERSON, ESQ., HEMISON, QUEBEC.

The rise and progress of the fur-trade till 1800 has been so fully described in the introduction to Sir Alexr. MacKenzie's Travels, that any remarks of mine would be out of place. No other person could be better informed than the gentleman in question, and very few had such experience. For many years a resident in the Indian country, one of the chief partners in the Northwest Company, traversing in every direction the vast territory occupied by their trading-posts, celebrated as the discoverer of the river still known by his name, as well as his journey across half the continent, over the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific Ocean, a perilous undertaking,*—none could be better qualified to place before us the history of the Fur-Trade, and accurate descriptions of the Northwest territory and its aborigines, than Sir A. MacKenzie—who had few competitors, and but one rival, in the great Company. But that rival, Simon MacTavish, was worthy of him. Equally familiar with the commerce of the interior, the aborigines, their manners, languages, and wants—equally enterprising, as he was bold in execution—in the affairs of the Company, he could suffer no equal, far less any control. Consequently, when, some ten or twelve years subsequent to his travels to the Pacific, Sir Alexander returned to Montreal, a violent quarrel took place, and MacTavish, for forty thousand pounds, got rid of this rival. MacKenzie proceeded to England, published his "Travels" in 1801, was knighted, and returned to Canada to establish the Southwest, in opposition to the Northwest, Company. Trading chiefly in the territory of the United States, and opposed, as well by the newly-formed American Fur Company, under Astor, as by multitudes of private adventurers, the South-

west Company was not, I believe, very successful, nor of long duration.

The Southwest Company's trade was chiefly in the territory of the United States. That of the Northwest Company extended from the head waters of the Mississippi to the Icy Sea—from the River St. Maurice to the Pacific Ocean, and—as lessees of the King's Posts—eastward to the Atlantic; an immense dominion, claimed and held by Canada, from the earliest period of European occupation on this continent, as indisputably forming part of her territory.

As the general business of the Northwest Company was centred at Montreal, and conducted under the firm of McTavish, Frobisher,* & Co., the headquarters were considered to be at the "Grand Portage," on the northwest side of Lake Superior, where, annually, in the month of June or July, the partners from the interior met those from Canada, and—after examining the state of the Company's affairs, and concerting its future operations—presents were distributed among the Indian hunters; deserving servants suitably rewarded, and some weeks pleasantly spent, before some returned to their desks, and others to another dreary twelvemonth at the various isolated posts. Until later years, when the Company had sailing vessels on the upper lakes, the supplies for the fur-trade were conveyed to the "Grand Portage" by the way of the Ottawa river, Lake Nipissing, and the northern coasts of Lakes Huron and Superior, in large birch canoes of five or six tons burthen, navigated by numerous crews—and from the "Grand Portage" to the various distant posts in the interior by smaller birch canoes, called "North canoes," navigated by seven or eight men, who, from their hard fare, had the *soubriquet* of

* Although this gentleman allowed his name to continue in the firm, he had, like many other partners in the Company, retired from its business with an ample fortune, and settled at Montreal. Of these gentlemen it is only necessary to mention the names of Jacob Jordan, John Gregory, Toussaint Pothier, Nicolas Montour, Roderic and Henry MacKenzie, Norman McLeod, &c.

* "The most arduous, perhaps the most difficult, ever performed by man."—Macgregor; vol. 1, p. 517.

"*mangeurs de guerre*"—or *guerre*—a local term for "skin," in opposition to their better-favored rivals in the large canoes, who were nicknamed "*mangeurs de lard*."

The clerks, conductors of canoes, and other officers or *employés* of the Company, who by their conduct merited rewards, were, step by step, advanced to more important and lucrative situations, many of them ultimately to partnerships, and, consequently, independent fortunes.* Priests and schoolmasters were liberally provided for, at the Company's expense, and old or infirm persons and deserted children taken care of. Their vast territories were explored, and the position of the numerous lakes, rivers, and mountains ascertained and surveyed by their astronomer, Mr. Thompson, who was for many years employed in this service.

The straightforward, uncealed, humane, and patriotic proceedings of these truly merchant-princes—alike honorable to themselves and beneficial to their country—contrast strikingly with the sedulously concealed and selfish proceedings of their rivals, who, claiming proprietorship of immense regions, neither occupied it themselves nor would peaceably permit others.

The Hudson Bay Company arrogate to themselves, not only exclusive commercial monopoly, but also the right of soil, to half of the continent of North America, in virtue of the Royal charter granted by Charles II. to Prince Rupert and his associates, in the year 1669, under which they were invested with "the exclusive right of trade and navi-

* The greater part, if not all, of the partners, chief officers, and clerks of the Company, as well as many of their *employés*, while residing in the interior, had Indian wives. These faithful and affectionate creatures, devoted to their *quasi* husbands, were a surer protection than their forts and guns. But when the men to whom they had devoted their youth, returned to Canada, they—with their children—were almost invariably left behind. Some very few—with their children—followed their husbands to Montreal, and made their abode in some of the Indian villages in its vicinity; but I can only recollect one instance of this kind from personal knowledge, although it was not unusual to bring down one or more of the children.

gation, soil and government, to all lands lying within Hudson's Straits—countries, coasts, seas, bays, lakes, rivers, creeks, and sounds—not already possessed or claimed by any other Christian prince or State."

It is difficult to decide what in the above description is meant by the words, "lying within Hudson's Straits." If literally interpreted, it could extend no further than "countries, etc.," on either side,—that is, the northern coast of Labrador, and large islands north of it. Hudson's Bay was then well-known, and would have been mentioned, if intended, in the grant. While most of the charters on the eastern coast of America were limited to fifty or one hundred leagues in width, and as the whole area of the thirteen original States who effected their independence did not much exceed that of France and the British Islands, it is monstrous to suppose that even the profligate Charles could intentionally give away half of the continent of North America,—especially in such ambiguous terms, qualified as it was by the reservation of the rights of other Christian princes or States. When this charter was granted, the greater portion of the country that has been claimed under its provisions was then, and long before, claimed and possessed by France and the Indians who acknowledged her supremacy. In Hudson's Bay, itself, they had the forts of St. Louis, St. Anne, and Bourbon. In the Indian territories, the Jesuits and Indian traders had penetrated to and occupied stations in the Red River country, Saskatchewan, Arthabaska, Temiscaming, Lakes St. John and Misstagginis. It is hence clear that—if this and other royal charters had not been cancelled and declared illegal by the subsequent Bill of Rights—by the very words of this pretended charter it was null and void.

While the pensioned representatives of Louis XIV. disgraced the British throne, the encroachments on the French possessions were overlooked; but when the Stuarts were expelled, France resumed her posts in Hudson's Bay, and drove the English out, but finally, by the Treaty of Utrecht, in

1713, relinquished to England a part of it, and its southern boundary was defined and fixed at the ridge, on the 49th parallel of north latitude, which separates the waters falling into Hudson's Bay from those flowing to the St. Lawrence. This ridge exists, but not at the 49th degree of latitude. It is at the 50th degree—from 83° to 88° west longitude, where it turns to the southward, along the northwestern side of Lake Superior, terminating near the sources of the Mississippi. Another ridge of high land, separating the waters falling into Hudson's Bay, from the affluents of MacKenzie's river and Lake Winnipeg, commences at 51° north latitude, 91° west of Greenwich, on the northwest side of Lake Joseph, and thence is continued north-westerly, to latitude 62°, longitude 103°, where it turns to the northeast, and terminates at the Victoria Channel.

If the Company could establish any claim at all under their illegal charter, this ridge would most decidedly be their boundary towards Canada.

By the treaty with the United States, in 1794, the name of the Company is incidentally mentioned, without allusion to their rights; but this—as well as the former treaty—was a Royal Act, and could convey no corporate privileges whatever.

The only Act of Parliament in which the Hudson Bay Company is mentioned by name is that of George II., c. 17,—passed to encourage attempts to discover a north-west passage,—which stipulates that it shall not be so construed as to prejudice any right or privilege claimed by the adventurers trading to Hudson's Bay, but does not explain what those rights consisted of, or what the nature of their claims was. But this simple allusion to certain "adventurers," in which their corporate name is not even mentioned, could never be made to imply the recognition of a corporation declared to be illegal by the Bill of Rights.

I have already pointed out the illegality of their original charter,—as well by its own stipulations as by the law of the land; the nullity of the assumed boundary of the ridge at the 49 parallel of north latitude,

supposed to lie east and west, when in fact its course, after a short distance, is nearly north, and, at any rate, never legalized by any Act of the Imperial Parliament.

Upon what other foundation, therefore, do they claim for themselves the empire of half a continent? is it by right of prior discovery and occupation? In both of these the French preceded them for nearly half a century. Did the French, or their British successors in Canada, silently permit encroachment beyond the narrow limits prescribed by the treaty of Utrecht? Certainly not. Previous to Lord Selkirk's seizure of the Red River territory by an armed force, they never were permitted to establish themselves in the countries watered by the lakes, rivers, or streams falling into the MacKenzie river and Lake Winnipeg. Was it by their patriotic endeavors to explore and survey the vast territory they laid claim to, or in civilizing and improving the condition of the wretched aborigines? We have seen or heard of no indications of the latter, and of the former—if any such were made—that, with all other local information, was sedulously withheld from the public. There is the single exception of Mr. Hearne's journey to the Coppermine River, in 1772, in company with a large body of Indians, who, in defiance of Mr. Hearne's threats, and regardless of entreaties, surprised and massacred the inmates of five Esquimaux tents,—men, women, and children. Public opinion had severely censured the Company for their inertness and lack of public spirit, either to explore the country themselves, or permit others. The solitary effort made by Mr. Hearne affords very little information of any value, and seems to have been undertaken merely to satisfy the British public.

It is with entire impartiality that I state my reminiscences of these two great companies. I am indebted to no member of either of them for any favor; and cannot complain of any injury. If local or national prejudices may be noticed, it must be in favor of the Hudson Bay Company; the majority of their servants are, like myself,

natives of the northern isles of Scotland and Scandinavian in origin. The threatened considerable addition to the present formidable indebtedness of the Dominion—by the purchase of the Hudson Bay Company's illegal claim to a country which already belongs to Canada—alone impels me to state what I believe to be the truth.

It is but justice to admit that, whatever inertness and lack of public spirit may have been chargeable against this Company in former times, that can no longer be laid to their charge since their amalgamation with the Northwestern Company. Their liberal assistance to the overland explorers in the Arctic regions, besides fitting out several expeditions conducted by Dr. Rae and Mr. Dease, whose daring enterprise, scientific acquirements, and extensive discoveries have added so much to geographical knowledge, were acts worthy of a great Company whose prosperity is so necessary to the welfare—not to say even to the existence—of the feeble remnants of the red man.

But, admitting all that can be urged on this head, it by no means follows that we should silently acquiesce in the alienation of our territory. Great Britain, in her treaties with her revolted colonies,—in which Canada was neither consulted or represented,—despoiled her of her fairest provinces. Previous to the revolutionary war, all that extensive and valuable territory northward of the Ohio and east of the Mississippi, about half of the States of New York and Vermont, and the greater part of Maine, formed part and parcel of Canada,—or New France,—occupied by Canadians and their Indian allies long previous to that war, and even after it had ceased, and only finally bartered by a treaty in favor of British interests so late as 1795. It is too much to expect us to sit with folded arms while the best part of what was left is being lost.

Had Simon McTavish been spared to attain the ordinary term of human life, it is much more likely that the Hudson Bay Company would have found it sufficiently difficult to maintain their positions in the vicinity of the Bay itself, than have

been permitted to pass its natural boundary and possess themselves of the Red River territory.

At this time—1800-04—the universal belief was that the Hudson Bay Company had no exclusive privileges, no monopoly or territorial proprietorship, and no legal existence as a corporate body. Satisfied of these facts, the Northwest Company built, armed, and equipped the schooner "Beaver," 150 tons burthen, loaded her with provisions and other merchandise for Indian traffic—and sent her round to Hudson Bay, where, during the short summer-season, her supercargo traded with the Indians at the very door of their rivals, and under the guns of their forts. Loud complaints were indeed made by the Hudson Bay Company, of violation of their rights; but, these being unnoticed, no redress was obtained.

Mr. MacTavish, the prime mover and energetic director of the great Canada Fur Company, died, at a comparatively early period of life, in the summer of 1804,—a loss to the Northwest Company, to Montreal, and to all Canada, severely felt ever since. The Grand Portage, with a width of two degrees of latitude across the whole continent, would not have been shamefully delivered up to the United States, in violation of the boundary stipulated by the treaty of 1783. By this the line was to pass from the discharge of Lake Superior, through the centre, to the farthest extremity at the River St. Louis; and not, by coasting the northern shores, to leave its large islands, and nine-tenths of its surface, to Americans.

Although the business of the Northwest Company was, for several succeeding years, apparently carried on with the same success, future events proved that its decline and final dissolution may be attributed to the death of the only person capable of defending its interests against the pretensions of its powerful rival; pretensions which—after Lord Selkirk had joined them—were shortly to be backed by deeds of violence and bloodshed till their object was attained. That nobleman, after visiting the Highland colony he had conveyed to perish by fevers,

rattlesnakes, and mosquitoes, in the swamps of the western district, honored Montreal with his presence towards the end of the year 1804. The advent of a real, live lord had rarely, if ever, gladdened the eyes of Montrealers, and he was lionized and feasted accordingly,—especially by the partners of the Northwestern Company, from whom he had the address to obtain all the information he desired regarding the extent and value of their trade and mode of conducting it; information which, although not immediately acted upon, was not lost sight of. Gradual encroachments on the Northwest Company's trading-grounds were either surlily tolerated or feebly resisted, till—like the stealthy approaches of the tiger, ready to take the fatal leap—Lord Selkirk, soon after the close of the last American war, conveyed another colony of Highlanders to the Indian country, and by force established them at the Red River,—territory to which the Hudson Bay Company had no better claim than they had to the large tract silently yielded to Russia, or the colonies recently erected into provinces on the coast of the Pacific, without compensation, or reference whatever to their illegal claims.

Resistance or extermination being the only alternatives left to the Canada Company, a kind of civil war ensued. Hired ruffians, the scum of Southern Europe, discharged from foreign regiments in British pay, were by his Lordship's emissaries armed and dispatched to the Red River. Scenes of treachery, robbery, and murder,—unequaled by even the revengeful atrocities of savages,—became matters of daily occurrence, almost unnoticed by either the Colonial or Imperial authorities. A magistrate (the late Mr. Justice Fletcher) was, indeed, sent up, armed with guns, pistols, and proclamations, but he effected nothing. However well-inclined to crush out freedom in any shape, the oligarchy that had so long misruled Canada had no military means to assist the Hudson Bay Company; while Lords Liverpool and Castlereagh, fully occupied with popular commotions at home—on one side aware of the illegality of the

Hudson Bay Company's pretensions and proceedings, on the other side balanced by their Parliamentary interest—interfered on neither side.

After many years of open war and mutual destruction, the exhausted belligerents were glad to compromise by amalgamation.

Exclusive of the Northwest Company, most of the merchants and traders in Montreal were more or less engaged in the fur-trade, at that time the staple of Canada. Conspicuous among the merchants were the houses of Forsyth, Richardson, & Co.; James and Andrew McGill; Auldjo, Maitland, & Co.; John McGill; David David, and others less extensively. Their peltries were obtained from the northwest territory of the United States. Their agents were established at Michilimackinac or at Detroit, where the supplies for their Indian trade were stored, and thence dispatched in bark canoes to the various trading-posts along the lakes, or on the banks of the Rivers Miami, Illinois, Wabash, Renard, Wisconsin, and other great branches of the Mississippi. Most of the furs and peltries from these parts were, in the course of the month of October, annually disposed of at Teasdale's Coffee-house, Montreal, by auction, being chiefly purchased for New York and other places in the States. Teasdale's Coffee-house, the westernmost of three large three-story houses on the south side of Capital street, was situated on the high bank overlooking the Harbor. Some idea of the astonishing force of the ice may be imagined by what I have heard from an eye-witness, as a fact, that in one Spring, at the shoving of the ice, it was accumulated to such a height as to rise over the bank and up to the roofs of these houses, so as to send its fragments into the street behind.

In those days, when the labors of the day were over, the merchants and their clerks spent their evenings at Teasdale's, some to converse about business, others to play backgammon or draughts,—all smoking *popuay*,—an Indian weed used to mix with tobacco,—and imbibing cold gin-and-water—seldom

among the younger, and never by the elders, carried to excess. Such were the ordinary relaxations from toil in the olden time.

THE WILD HUNTSMAN.

Translated from the German of Buerger, for the New Dominion Monthly.

Loudly the Rhinegrave winds his horn:
 "Halloo! Halloo!" to serf and hind,
 His followers' shouts affright the morn,
 His neighing steed flies like the wind;
 The freed hounds bark and leap and double.
 O'er corn and thorn, and stones and stubble.

A stately church, with steeple high,
 O'er stillness of the Sabbath air,
 Sends forth its summons far and nigh,
 To call the Christian folk to prayer.
 And far and sweetly sound the praises
 The godly congregation raises

Across the hallowed path they ride,
 With wild huzza and tally-ho!
 See here! see there! on either side,
 The morning-beams a rider show;
 The right-hand steed of silvery whiteness,
 The left of lurid fiery brightness.

Who are these riders, left and right?
 I may not tell, though I can guess,
 A halo rich encircles, bright,
 The kindly, youthful, right-hand face.
 The left, as ghastly on he dashes,
 'Neath stormy brows, shoots angry flashes.

"Welcome, thrice welcome, is each one,
 Welcome to noble sport so rare;
 Is there in earth or heaven compare,
 A joy can with the chase compare?"
 He shouts, as he the pathway crosses,
 And high in air his cap he tosses.

"Ill blends thy horn's loud echoing noise,"
 The gentle, right-hand horseman said,
 "With chapel-bell and choral voice.
 Forbear, and let the chase be stayed;
 Oh, heed thy better angel's warning,
 With worthier works thy rank adorning."

"On with the chase, my baron brave!"
 Broke in the left with angry scorn,
 "Shall droning bell, or sing-song stave,
 Break up the pleasure of the morn?
 Come, I will teach thee princely bearing—
 Yon prater is beneath thy caring.

"Well spoken, stranger of the left;
 Thou art a hero to my taste;
 Let him who loves not hunting-craft
 Be left to sing, and pray, and fast.
 Out, fool! give o'er thy ghostly warning
 Nor spoil our sport this jovial morning."

And, hurry, hurry, forward swift,
 O'er field and fence, o'er hill and plain,
 Still ride the strangers, right and left,
 On either side, with might and main;
 And, as the echoing bugle ringeth,
 A sixteen-antlered stag up-springeth.

Louder, the chief his horn doth wind,
 Swifter they fly on foot and horse;
 See! now before, and now behind,
 To earth there falls a vassal's curse.
 "Ay, sink—sink down to hell unshriven,
 I will not from my sport be driven."

The stag now seeks a field of corn,
 Hoping to find a hiding-place;
 See there! a peasant, poor, forlorn,
 Presents himself, with anxious face:
 "Have mercy, noble baron, hear me,
 The fruit of all my labors spare me."

The right-hand horseman forward sprung,
 And pled the right in earnest tone;
 The left a proud defiance flung,
 And urged the wanton mischief on.
 The Rhinegrave scorns the gentle pleader,
 And chooses still the left-hand leader.

"Begone, you dog," in haughty wrath,
 He to the pleading peasant cried,
 "Hence, or I hunt thee from my path.
 Halloo! companions, forward ride.
 Let his ears feel your whips in token
 That I have sworn what I have spoken."

'Tis said, 'tis done, the horse-shoes flash,
 He clears the barrier at a bound,
 Behind, with clanging horn and clash,
 Follow him man and horse and hound;
 And hound and horse and man are sweeping
 O'er golden grain just ripe for reaping.

The breathless stag new refuge sought,
 O'er field and fence, o'er hill and plain,
 Till, still pursued, but yet uncaught,
 And sinking 'neath the fearful strain,
 He hears the gentle sheep-bells jingle,
 And with the flock he strives to mingle.

Now, here and there, through mead and bush,
 And, here and there, through bush and mead
 The hounds pursue, with crush and rush,
 Right through the flock the chase they lead.
 The shepherd hears the frightened bleating,
 And falls before his lord, entreating.

"Oh spare, my lord, my pleading heed;
 Let not your dogs my herds devour;
 Consider, noble lord, here feed
 The cows of many widows poor;
 Your hounds will soon to pieces tear them:
 Oh spare them, dearest master, spare them!"

Forward the right-hand horseman sprung,
 And pled the right with earnest tone;

The left a proud defiance flung,
 And urged the wanton mischief on.
 The Rhinegrave scorns the gentle pleader,
 And chooses still the left-hand leader.

"Halloo! companions, forward ride,
 Yo! Tally-ho. So-ho! huzza!
 And every dog, on every side,"
 Buries in quivering flesh his jaw.
 They tread the shepherd down with curses,
 Beneath their onward-hurrying horses.

Hardly the stag the bloody doom
 Escapes; with ever-weakening flight,
 Dripping with gore, and dashed with foam,
 He seeks the forest's darkest night;
 Deep in its depths he crouches lowly,
 Within the cell of hermit holly.

With cracking whips and reckless haste,
 With "tally-ho" and wild huzza,
 With yelp and clang and bugle-blast,
 More and more near the chase doth draw;
 And as the holy cell it neareth,
 The hermit at his door appeareth.

"Leave off this chase, nor dare invade
 God's holy place with mad intent,
 To heaven the creature cries for aid,
 And seeks from God thy punishment;
 Thy last chance take, let reason guide thee,
 Else onward to destruction ride thee."

Eager the right-hand horseman sprung.
 To plead the right with anxious tone;
 The left his proud defiance flung,
 And urged the wanton mischief on.
 Oh woe, despite that earnest pleader,
 He still obeys the left-hand leader.

"Destruction here, destruction there,
 That," cried he, "dread I not a whit,
 If this the heaven of heavens were,
 I should not fear to enter it;
 And though heaven's wrath and thine it bring-
 eth,
 Still through the wood my bugle ringeth."

He winds his horn, to urge the hunt,
 "Halloo! companions, forward ride!"
 Ha! vanish man and cell in front,
 And vanish horse and man beside.
 Clamor and clash and clang and rushing,
 Sudden in deathly silence hushing.

Frightened, the Rhinegrave gazes round,
 He winds his horn, no tone will come;
 He shouts, his lips give forth no sound;
 He cracks his whip, the air is dumb;
 He spurs, but wilder grows his terror,
 He cannot leave the place of horror.

Then, gradual darkness closes round,
 Dark as the darkness of a grave;
 And not a stir is heard, nor sound,
 Save from a distant, washing wave;
 Then,—terrified to late repentance,—
 He hears, in thunder-tones, his sentence.

Thou fiendish tyrant, ruler proud,
 Defying God and man and beast;
 The creature's cries and groanings loud
 To God, against thee, have not ceased.
 And now for judgment they are calling,
 Where sparks from vengeance' torch are falling.

Fly, sinner, fly; beneath heaven's frown
 Shalt thou ride on, till time shall end;
 By hell and Satan hunted down,
 That princes may thy fate attend,
 Lest they, their sinful lust pursuing,
 Scorn God and man, to their undoing.

Now lurid lightnings flashing down
 Between the leafy branches come,
 Fear thrills through marrow and through bone,
 He grows so hot, so damp, so numb;
 Around his way, cold horror hideth,
 Behind, the howling tempest rideth.

The horror breathes! whistles the storm!
 Now sudden from the ground there starts
 A great, black fist, of dreadful form,
 And to the flying huntsman darts.
 It opens wide, his head it clenches,
 His visage to the rear it wrenches.

All round, the flames flash fearfully,
 In tongues of red and blue and green;
 Beneath him boils a fiery sea
 Where swarming demon-shapes are seen;
 And thousand hell-hounds, hoarsely howling,
 Leap from the pit with grewsome growling.

Then forward he, through wood and mead,
 Howling in torment, takes his flight,
 And still the fiends behind him speed
 Over the world, both day and night;
 By day through dens and caverns dashing,
 At midnight, high in heavens flashing.

And still his haggard face looks back,
 And still his shadow-steed flies on,
 Still must he see the hellish pack,
 Cheered onward by the Evil One;
 Must see the grinding and the gnashing
 Of fiery jaws behind him flashing.

This is the fearful demon chase,
 Shall last until the Day of Doom,
 And oft before the sinner's face
 Flashes in midnight's silent gloom;
 But none have dared to tell the story,
 Fearing the flying huntsman's fury.

[The object of this new translation of a poem frequently translated before is to retain, as nearly as possible, the words, measure, and rhyme of the original, and to this end something has been sacrificed in the way of elegance and smoothness.]

Original.

JOTTINGS FROM CANADIAN HISTORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MAPLE LEAVES."

THE BELL OF ST. REGIS.

Whoever turns over the early annals of Canada will be struck with the romantic incidents which at every turn open on the view; feats of endurance—of cool bravery—christian heroism, in its grandest phases—acts of savage treachery, of the darkest dye—deeds of blood and revenge most appalling—adventurous escapes by forest, land, and flood, which would furnish material for fifty most fascinating romances. No greater error ever was than that of believing that few reliable records exist of the primitive times of Canada. Had we not the diaries of Jacques Cartier, Alphonse de Xamtoque, the voyages of Champlain, Charlevoix, Du Freux, Bressam, &c., we still would have that admirable *Journal* of the Jesuits, kept up, day by day, for so many years, containing such a minute record of every event which transpired in New France. The Jesuits' *Journal* is likely to remain the great fountain-head of Canadian History. One can readily enter into the meaning of one of our late Governors, the Earl of Elgin, who, in one of his despatches to the Home Government, in speaking of the early times of the colony, described them as "the heroic times of Canada;" the expression was as eloquent as it was beautiful. There is but little doubt that our descendants will be just as familiar with the beauties of Canadian history as the great bulk of the present generation are ignorant of them. The gradual diffusion of knowledge, the spirit of research to which everything tends in the Dominion, mark that period as not very far distant. D'Iberville, Mlle. De Verchère, Latour, Beauloi, Lambert, Closse, may yet, some day or other, under the magic wand of a Canadian Scott, be invested with the same bright halo of glory which surrounds, in the eyes of Scotia's sons, a Flora McIvor, a Jeannie Deans, a Claverhouse, or a Rob Roy. But

more on this theme hereafter. For the present, let us select an incident of our border warfare, and tell of the tribulations and peregrinations of the Bell of St. Regis.

We shall not do our readers the injustice to suppose that any one of them is not minutely conversant with all the particulars of the great Lachine massacre, perpetrated by the Iroquois (the allies of the New Englanders), on the 25th April, 1689, a few miles only from the centre of the spot where now stands the great city of Mount Royal. The scalping, burning, and disembowelling of some 200 men, women, and children, and the entire conflagration of their once happy homes, during a profound peace, and without a moment of warning, was certainly a crime to call down on the Indian tribes the fiercest retribution, especially when it became known that these hideous butcheries were to have been repeated at Quebec and Three Rivers, to please their English allies, —a consummation which a most merciful Providence alone averted. Marauding expeditions on both sides of the border were the order of the day. One of the most remarkable expeditions of those days was that of Rouville, undertaken shortly after the English had ravaged, by fire and sword, the country of the Abenakis Indians. M. De Vaudreuil sent, during the winter of 1704, 250 men, under the command of Hertel de Rouville, a Huguenot, who, followed by his four brothers, bade fair to replace his brave father, then too stricken in years to share the dangers of such a service. The expedition ascended Lake Champlain, and, by way of Onion river, soon reached Connecticut river, which it followed over the ice until it reached the habitation nearest to the Canadian border, Deerfield. This place was surrounded by some outer works of defence, which the snow covered, and Governor Dudley had placed there about 20 soldiers to assist the inhabitants in defending themselves. Rouville invested the place, unperceived, during the night of the 29th February. Guards had been patrolling the streets during that night, but had retired to rest

towards morning. Two hours before day-break, the French and their Indian allies, not hearing any stir, scaled the walls, and, descending into the settlement, surprised the inhabitants, still asleep. No resistance was offered. The place surrendered. Forty-seven persons were slaughtered, a large number of prisoners taken, and the settlement given to the flames. A few moments after sunrise, Rouville was retracing his steps towards the Canadian frontier, taking with him 112 prisoners. Pursuit was organized against the spoilers, but without success. Rouville escaped, with the loss of three Frenchmen and some savages, but he himself was wounded. The party was twenty-five days returning, and had for provisions merely the wild animals they killed in the chase. The Rev. Mr. Williams, Pastor of Deerfield, and his daughter, were amongst the prisoners brought to Canada. Several of the young girls were placed in the Ursuline Convent at Quebec, and at Three Rivers. Miss Eunice Williams, daughter to the Pastor of Deerfield, having subsequently married a christianized Iroquois, settled at Sault St. Louis.* Such are the outlines, furnished us by historians, of this memorable Canadian raid. But there are some unwritten particulars of interest handed down to us, chiefly by tradition,—such, for instance, as the peregrinations of the Bell of St. Regis, or rather of Sault St. Louis. We find this incident alluded to in a correspondence, in the *Erie Dispatch*, dated “Massena Springs, 24th July, 1865 :”—“St. Regis contains a small Roman Catholic Church, on the Canadian side of the line, built about the year 1700. When completed, the priest informed the Indians that a bell was highly important to their worship, and they were ordered to collect funds sufficient to purchase one. They obeyed, and the money was sent to France for the purpose. The French and English were then at war. The bell was shipped, but the vessel that conveyed it fell into the hands of the English, and was

taken to Salem in 1703. The bell was purchased for a small church at Deerfield, on the Connecticut river, the pastor of which was the Rev. Mr. Williams. The priest of St. Regis heard of the destination of his bell, and, as the Governor of Canada was about to send an expedition against the colonies of New England, he exhorted the Indians to accompany it, and get possession of the bell.” The particulars of the Rouville expedition are then given. “The only house left standing at Deerfield was that of Capt. Seldon, which the assailants themselves occupied in securing the prisoners. It was still standing near the centre of the village, in 1850. The bell was conveyed through the forest to Lake Champlain, to a spot where Burlington now stands, and there they buried it with the benedictions of Father Nicholas, the priest of St. Regis, who accompanied them. Thus far they had carried it by means of poles, upon their shoulders. They hastened home, and returned in early spring, with a horse and sledge, to convey the sacred bell to its destination. The Indians of the village had never heard the sound of a bell, and powerful was the impression on their minds, when its deep tones, louder and louder, broke the silence of the forest as it approached the village at evening, suspended upon a cross-piece of timber, and rung continually by the delighted carriers. It was hung in a frame tower, separate from the church, with solemn ceremonies. Some years after it was removed to the tower of the church. The old bell was cracked by some means, and last year it was sent to Troy, N. Y., and the material re-cast into the new one which they now have.”

To an inquiry, addressed by me to the Rev. R. C. clergyman of St. Regis anent the bell, in order to reply to a question submitted by a member of the Historical Society of Portland (Mr. Davis), I have received the following courteous answer:—

“ST. REGIS, 11th Nov., 1867.

“J. M. LEMOINE, Esq., Quebec.

“SIR,—The history of the aforesaid bell is correct, with the exception that it was

*Ferland's History of Canada.

brought back by the Indians of Sault St. Louis, for which mission it was destined, and not to St. Regis. Sault St. Louis is a village situate on the shore opposite to Lachine. The version in favor of St. Regis was propagated in the United States by a young lady who wrote a legend, in verse, on this famous bell. I have forgotten the name of the writer. The best proof that it could not be St. Regis is, that St. Regis was founded in 1759 by a Jesuit, with a party of Indians from Sault St. Louis; and that in 1704 it was but a wilderness where the Indians came to hunt; so that this bell was conveyed to its place of destination, Sault St. Louis—now known as Caughnawaga, which is a corruption for Kaknawaka, which means "The Rapids"—about 55 years before the first settlements at St. Regis.

"Yours truly,
" (Signed) FRs. MARCOUX, Ptre."

Original.

THE INVENTIONS OF THE FUTURE.

There can be no doubt that we have young mechanics, artisans, and students in the world at the present day, who will yet distinguish themselves as highly as the Watts, Arkwrights, Stephensons, and Morses of the past. Mankind are only, if we may so speak, beginning to discern the powers and treasures that are lying hid in the material world all around them.

The exhaustless supply of water in the ocean and rivers, for instance, is undoubtedly intended for more uses than have yet been discovered. The hydrogen which forms a large proportion of it could furnish the chief element, if the means of utilizing it were known, of all the light and heat required in the world for all time, without any sensible diminution of the supply.

In like manner, the clay of the earth could furnish, by some unknown means of separation, a sufficient supply of aluminum for all the purposes to which that metal is adapted. It is said to be as strong as iron, though only about a third of the weight, and as beautiful as silver, and, like

it, to be proof against rust. If this is the case, it would appear to have just the requisite properties for shipbuilding as soon as it is cheap enough for that use. Strong, light, handsome, permanent vessels are much wanted. We may add that, to furnish material for glass, pottery, &c., can scarcely be the only manufacturing use of that generally-diffused material, sand.

It is well known that heat and motion are in many respects convertible, and that the great secret of economy in driving steam-engines is in the first place to get the largest possible proportion of heat from the fuel, into the steam; and, in the second, to use the largest possible proportion of the power of the steam thus generated. The waste in these two processes by the methods hitherto devised is said to be enormous; say perhaps three-fourths of the whole. The application, therefore, of steam power evidently presents a wide and inviting field for improvement, and it is not strange that great discoveries in this line should be announced. If we only get 25 or 30 per cent of the motive power out of a given quantity of fuel now, a new method that would enable us to use 50 or 60 per cent. of it would save half the fuel.

Again, it has long been known that starch and sugar are chemically identical, or nearly so, and yet no process has been found, unless it be very recently, of converting the one into the other. Could this be freely and cheaply done, we should have exhaustless supplies of sugar from the grain and potatoes from which starch is now made. In point of fact it is stated that a French chemist who has been for some time engaged in the business of distillation, in Canada, has discovered a method by which he can convert Indian corn into sugar by a very cheap process. Samples purporting to be of this sugar were sent to the Paris Exhibition, and pronounced equal to the best refined sugar from the cane; and a sugar refiner of Portland has made an arrangement with the inventor, it is said, to use his patent; to which end he is building a great refinery at New

York. If all this be true, the revolution in the sugar business may be great.

Many useful results have been obtained of late years by the amalgamation of metals, and this is a field of experiment and study which is only beginning to be explored. If out of three original colors many hundreds of different shades may be produced, how many different amalgams might be obtained from the forty-nine metals already known, some of which might prove of very great utility?

Again, the applications of electricity, in its various forms and powers, will perhaps be much more extensive than can now be anticipated. We have of late years discovered the electric telegraph and the process of electro-plating, but who can say how many discoveries remain to be made in this field?

Light is one of the most extensively used and most powerful agents in vegetable chemistry—or rather in the chemistry of nature generally,—but how little has it been brought into the service of the arts. It has been long used in bleaching by a sort of natural process, and photography has utilized it in an artistic way, but these are almost the only successful attempts to introduce into manufactures an agent of immense power and boundless supply.

We need not go on with further specifications, though the theme is an inviting one; suffice it to say that the earth, with all its varied component parts—the air which surrounds our globe, the water which covers three-fourths of it, the electricity which pervades it, and the light which floods it,—are instinct with latent powers which only require to be discovered and used in order to raise human culture and comfort to a pitch of perfection that has never yet been thought of, even in the wildest dreams of Oriental imagination.

Fifty years ago, any one would have characterized the transmission of intelligence across the Atlantic, in a few seconds, as miraculous; and the question is, how many wonders of a similar kind remain to be discovered?

Original.

A CRIMEAN STORY.*

BY A RETIRED OFFICER.

Amid the ghastly array of death that met my eye, in the deep ditch of the Malakoff, on the 9th of September, 1855, my attention was arrested by one object,—not that I was insensible to the mass of gallant fellows who, piled heap upon heap, filled a memorable grave, and had nobly fallen in the hour of victory, in the service of their country and their Emperor, far from it; for, even while I gazed, my thoughts were far away amid the smiling homesteads of the country that proudly called them sons, and I keenly felt how many a venerable head would bow with grief, and many a smiling cheek be bathed in tears, when the fearful price of life paid for this now won battle should be known in those happy and distant hamlets. But there was one figure, conspicuous even among the hundreds that surrounded him, so slight, so frail, that even as I looked I wondered how one so youthful and delicate could have mingled with those veteran and bearded warriors in the deadly and mortal strife. I was strangely fascinated by this poor youth, a sort of nameless sympathy seemed to single him out from all the rest, and at length I found myself, almost unconsciously, threading my way amid the slain to the spot where he lay. At this point, not very far from the defences known as the "Little Redan," the fight had been most desperate, and the ground was covered with the dead, without an interval. At last I stood beside him. He lay, or rather knelt, as he had fallen—the body almost erect, and supported by one knee on which it rested, the other bent in the posture peculiar to riflemen when delivering their fire. One hand still retained the rifle; the other was firmly clasped in that of a fine-looking sergeant of Zouaves who lay dead at his side. They had evidently met their death-wounds at nearly the same moment. But it was the face of the youth that now

* Founded upon circumstances that came under the immediate observation of the author.

claimed all my attention—fair and oval, with features of faultless symmetry; the fine and beautifully-formed nose, the small mouth, partly open and displaying teeth of pearly whiteness, the fair hair, cut short, but silky as a girl's, and the hands—*such hands* to see on the battle-field—with fingers long and tapering, and the small, filbert-shaped nails, showing even amid their grim covering of dirt and powder. The legs, too, were bare to the knee, and a sculptor might have studied them for a model. A single moment showed me all this, and at the same time I conceived an idea which I hastened to act upon. His uniform was that of a private of Zouaves, and, kneeling down, I easily unfastened the neck of the loose jacket that formed his dress. It was no surprise. The truth had flashed upon me during my previous scrutiny—and yet was it possible? Now doubt was at rest. Yes, reader, the body before me was that of a young and lovely woman—shot through the heart! Around her neck was a small gold chain attached to a miniature, and, singular to relate, the same ball that had pierced her bosom had first gone through the portrait, shattering to atoms the lower part, but leaving untouched the face, which I instantly recognized as that of the manly form now dead beside her. Fastened in the same way, by a morsel of cord, was a small leather parcel, with a request that any one finding it would cause it to be delivered to her mother at L——, a small village in Normandy. Having secured both the relics, sorrowful in heart, I proceeded in search of a fatigue party. This I soon found, for the work of interment had already commenced. For a slight gratuity I induced the sergeant to join me, with four men, and then hurried back to the melancholy scene. They looked astonished that one in my dress should show an interest in two dead French soldiers; but, like all their nation, they were polite, and on my expressing a wish that they would carry them a short distance on the field and bury them side by side in one grave, they smiled but complied. I stood by while the sad work

was performed, and rewarded them liberally for their trouble. After their departure, I passed an hour in collecting stones and marking out the humble site, and then bent my steps to the camp, determined to use every effort in unravelling this mysterious and affecting adventure.

The afternoon of the following day found me undetailed for any duty, and I therefore set out to walk to the French camp. I had, throughout, endeavored to cultivate the acquaintance of the French officers, and numbered among my somewhat numerous friends the Colonel commanding the gallant Zouaves. You, reader, are in my confidence, and can readily understand that my visit on this occasion was to him. Passing the quarter-guard of the regiment, I easily distinguished his tent, by the sentinel on duty before it, and, addressing him, asked if his chief was within. "Yes," he replied, "but the Colonel was wounded in the assault, and is confined to his bed." "Come in, come in," called out the wounded man from beneath the canvas, "I ought to know that voice, and shall be glad to see you." "Ah, my friend, this is kind," he said, seizing my hand as I raised the door and entered. "Nothing at all, a mere scratch," he replied, as I hastened to express my sorrow at seeing him *hors de combat*. "The fact is, it is merely provoking, for I had gone all through the day without being touched when one of the last shots fired knocked me over. It is, however, but a flesh-wound through the thigh, and they tell me three weeks' repose will see me once more at the head of my regiment." We had much to talk about, the events of the last few days were fresh in our minds, and we hurried on from grave to gay,—from brief words of mourning on the loss of valued friends and hosts of gallant soldiers, to congratulations on success obtained and long-deferred hopes at last accomplished. A lull in the conversation at length presented my opportunity, and drawing out the broken miniature I placed it silently in his hand. He instantly recognized it. "Poor Henri," he said, "how came you

by this? He was indeed a brave soldier; even as you entered I was engaged writing about him. There, by your side, lies his grade of officer, sent me but yesterday by the General; and my report was to state it came only too late, for he also had fallen." Again he looked at the picture, then, turning to me, said: "You know the Zouaves—no finer troops—but I need not say so; their deeds speak for them. Well, sir, in all their ranks beat no more gallant heart than Henri La Croix. He joined, but a mere lad, just before we left old France. On the opening of the campaign, he soon attracted my notice, and I gave him his first stripe as non-commissioned officer. Subsequently, he never lost an opportunity of distinction, and his headstrong daring in every situation of danger even took by surprise his more veteran comrades. During that furious struggle at Inkerman he saved my life by his devotion; and, later in the day, was run through the body by a Russian bayonet. For many weeks he lay in hospital at Kamiest, almost without prospect of recovery, and, indeed, the Surgeon-General attributed his ultimate restoration to the unceasing attention of a young recruit, a brother of his own, who opportunely arrived from France at this time. The lad had enlisted as a drummer, and came out with a strong draft of conscripts. Once more restored to health, Henri returned to his company, and his first request to me was that his brother might assume the rifle instead of the drum, and serve with him in the ranks.* This, coming from him, I could not refuse, although Auguste was but an unformed strippling—a pretty boy—and looked more suited to measuring ribbons in the Rue St. Honoré than mounting picket in an enemy's country. Yet I never had cause to regret my decision. The tenement, indeed, was frail; but the spirit that ruled it was great and noble. On all occasions for the future, side by side fought the brothers; and, at last, in the assault on the 'Mamelon Vert,' so eminently conspicuous were they rendered by their achievements, that the General decorated them both, with his own hand, on the

field of battle. By-and-by came a day when I recommended Henri for his grade as officer; at the same time offering Auguste his first step in non-commissioned rank. This he gratefully but firmly declined, saying, 'when his brother was an officer, he only asked to be his servant.' Such, my friend, is the simple but touching history of these young men. They died as they had lived, side by side, and were seen to fall at the same moment in the ditch of the Malakoff."

There was a nervous trembling about the corners of his mouth as the fine old soldier finished his narrative, but it soon changed to a look of intense astonishment as I proceeded to relate the circumstances that had come under my notice on the day previous. Many were the exclamations of sorrow and surprise that passed his lips as my tale advanced, and, when I had brought it to a conclusion, he sank back on his pillow, with closed eyes, and appeared to pass in review all I had told him. Presently he said, "The Curé of L——, in Normandy, is one of my oldest and most valued friends. If you will entrust the packet and miniature to me, I will forward them by the earliest post, and I do not doubt a few weeks will put us in possession of all the incidents connected with this most painfully romantic story." Thus was it settled, and I took my leave.

It was nearly two months from that day, and autumn was fast merging into winter, when a summons from the old Colonel, to dine with him, reached me one morning. He had changed his tent for a more comfortable though rude dwelling of boards and mud, and he looked hale and hearty, though a limp in his walk still bade him remember the stormy scenes he had recently shared in. After we had disposed of our camp-fare, and taken up a position near the warm little stove, he produced a long letter from the pastor of L——.

It appeared that in the hamlet under his spiritual charge resided an elderly couple named Le Fonde. They and their ancestors had for many years tilled the same land,

and were ever regarded as among the most respected of his parishioners. The spring of 1854 found the old homestead occupied by a contented and happy group,—themselves, their only child and daughter, Armine, and the old man's ward, a fine young peasant, Henri La Croix, the affianced husband of the fair Armine. An orphan from an early age, Henri had found a happy home with the Le Fondes; and the farm left him by his parents had, under the old man's guardianship, advanced in value and resources. A bright future indeed seemed opening on the youthful pair, for their love truly had grown with their growth, and all their earthly affections were centred in each other.

It wanted but three months of Henri's coming of age, and that joyous day was to give him the maiden he loved best on earth. Already had the tenant removed from his land, and many of his hours were passed there in preparations for his young wife's reception. All promised well. No cloud appeared to obscure the horizon of their happiness, and naught but calm enjoyment found its resting-place beside their humble hearth, when, like the mighty burst of a tropical tempest,—sudden, unlooked-for, unexpected,—came the dread fiat for a four-fold conscription. Such an edict—unparalleled in its enormous requirements—no hand could stay. The young, the strong, the healthy, were swept away. Talk not to me of substitutes; the broadest acres in that hamlet could not have purchased one. And why? No man was left—all, all were gone.

The warm spring sun looked down on that sorrowing land, but on no home more lonely than that of the Le Fondes. The bright eye, the cheerful face, the ringing, merry laugh of one who had been their pride, their hope, the strong, abiding stay of their declining years, was gone for ever. Alas! where was he? Far, far away among the serried legions on their march of death.

Yet, here I cannot pause. Although sorrow, deep and painful, tore the bleeding hearts of the aged pair, still was their cup

not full. Their son was gone; but had they not yet their daughter? They had, but not for long. 'Tis true in person she was with them there; but her spirit-life was journeying with her soldier-lad. Thus months passed away, and then their daughter, too, had fled. No trace could be found. Their lengthened search proved vain. Those loving eyes shall never rest again upon a mother's face, and the old man's gray hairs shall never know the touch of that soft hand. Weep for her, stranger. In a foreign land she sleeps,—far, far away, by him she loved.

THE DEAD SOLDIER.

(From the German.)

Far on a foreign battle-field,
A poor dead soldier lay,
All uncounted and forgotten,
Tho' he'd bravely fought that day.

Proud Generals ride by him,
With orders covered o'er;
But unnoticed lies the soldier
Who again shall fight no more.

And maidens fair are weeping
O'er the rank that perished there;
But for the poor dead soldier
There is neither sigh nor tear.

But, far away, in his cottage-home,
His father's grief is sore,
Presaging that his brave young son
Shall bless his eyes no more.

And there sits his aged mother,
With a bowed and covered head,
For the clock has stopped and tells her
That her son sleeps with the dead.

Thro' the darkness looks a maiden,
With the tear-drop in her eye,
Sighing, "tho' thou'st gone and left us,
In my heart thou'lt never die."

And God looked down from Heaven,
For He the mourner cheers,
And He angels sent to gather,
In a little cloud, their tears.

And o'er the field of battle,
The cloud dissolved like rain,
That the soldier not unwept might be
On that distant foreign plain.

THISTLE.

Original.

R E A D I N G .

BY ANGUS M'KINNON, M.D., AILSA CRAIG, ONT.

The race for knowledge is an eager one. The competitors for literary and scientific laurels are numerous. At no period in the history of the world have mankind, generally, exhibited so much zeal in the pursuit of knowledge, as is witnessed in the present day. This zeal is not confined to a single community or country. Every civilized nation is constantly contributing something towards the building up of those grand literary and scientific structures which have already attained to a height and magnificence well calculated to excite amazement at the wonderful expansion of the human mind. This universal ardor, manifested in the unparalleled activity of the present day, is not the result of one cause alone, but may be fairly attributed to a combination of causes. Of these, let it suffice to mention one, viz., the discovery of the art of printing.

Although other causes may have contributed largely to the advent of this golden era of letters, yet it must be admitted that printed books have been mainly instrumental in bringing about this wonderful change. In this way, mind was readily and pleasantly brought in contact with mind. Men who, hitherto, by reason of the scarcity and expensiveness of written books, were denied the privilege of communing with the master-minds of their own age and past ages, now had opened to them a wide door to the whole range of literary and scientific knowledge then developed. The work of book-making rapidly advanced. A spirit of inquiry was at once excited, which has not yet in any way abated, but rather has been intensified by the march of time, the gradual unfolding of the physical sciences, and the development of the human intellect. The press created a spirit of inquiry, and, in obedience to a well-known law, that same spirit demanded of the press more books and

more newspapers. In this way, the work has gone on unceasingly, until now the number of books, and those who read them, alike exceed all computation.

Before the days of printed books, there were thinking men, it is true, but their number was very limited. It was not until men's printed thoughts were offered for sale, at a moderate cost, that the world, so to speak, began to think. Then followed the era in which little boys became wiser than their fathers, and the humbler classes put the higher orders to shame, by giving the world its greatest philosophers. It is to the age of printed books we are indebted for the discovery of many of the improvements which contribute so largely to our comfort and happiness. Most of these discoveries have been made by men belonging to a class who, inevitably, must have remained in ignorance but for the boon of printed books. To books, therefore, must fairly be attributed the wonderful degree of perfection to which art, science, and literature have attained. A poor illiterate boy, the future founder of a science, might, it is true, from curiosity, or some other motive, betake himself to the contemplation of rocky formations. Without books to read, however, he never could mature geology into a science. Soon he would find himself groping in the dark, without a single ray to light his path. Without guide or compass, save such as a mind incapable of tracing cause and effect could furnish, he would soon grow weary of his task, and give up in despair. But, with a mind already somewhat enlightened, and books to read, he would be much better qualified to explore an unknown field, and far more likely to come back with tidings calculated to astonish, as well as to confer lasting benefits on mankind. Books are of incalculable value, even when the subjects of them differ widely from that which is undergoing investigation. A preceding investigator, although in a totally different field, may give hints that will lead to important results. As iron sharpens iron, so does mind sharpen mind; and never can we

know how much we owe to the printed thoughts of other men.

Whilst we are not to neglect other methods of instruction, it is on reading we must depend for the attainment of a well-stored mind. Undoubtedly, it is a great privilege to sit at the feet of a venerable professor, and listen to him attentively, while he unfolds the mysteries of science or philosophy. To most young men who would make their mark in science or literature, a course of training, such as that afforded by an academy or college, is indispensable. But, after all, such a course is merely preparatory. The young man, as yet, has but learnt his alphabet. He has mastered the first principles,—has been made acquainted with the use of the tools, so to speak, and is now ready to strike out on his own account. It is only by a long continued course of systematic reading that high attainments can be acquired in any profession or department of learning. The majority of young men abandon their books as soon as they have finished an academical or university course. It is needless to say that this class are no acquisition to any profession, or any department of science or literature. They are left far in the rear by those who see and feel their own ignorance and need of more extended information; and who, impelled by a desire to drink deeper at the fount of learning, or to do good to their fellow-men, prosecute the work of self-improvement with renewed diligence. Innumerable are the instances in which men who in youth had but limited educational advantages, or no advantages at all, acquired fame as literary and scientific characters, among whom may be mentioned a Franklin and a Miller. How is this? The answer is plain and unmistakable. They were men who read; and the spirit which impelled them, in the first instance, under adverse circumstances, to learn the rudiments of their own language, continued its rule over them, and led them on, aided, perchance, by other and fresh incentives, to achievements which are this day considered among the greatest triumphs

of human skill and intellect. Man may think and not read, but his thinking is rude and unmethodical, and seldom can bear fruit that will be wholesome food for him who reads as well as thinks.

Bacon, that great philosopher and close observer of the faculties of the mind, long ago said that "reading makes a full man." It may be added that without reading man cannot be "full,"—cannot have a mind well stored with useful information. It is not, however, to be assumed that all who read become well informed. All readers are not, nor can be, equally well informed. The endowments of the human mind are as varied as the size, strength, and appearance of the body,—a beautiful illustration of the wonderful power and wisdom of the Creator of the universe. So manifest is this degree of variation in our intellectual powers, that one person may vainly labor, day and night, for years, to solve a problem which another can do in an hour. Yet, and what is stranger still, the person who thus makes a miserable failure in one department, may turn the tables completely on the other, in another department. We thus see how one reader may differ from another as to quality of information possessed, yet both be equally intelligent. Again: two persons may be endowed equally by nature as to powers of mind, yet, by the exercise of industry and patience, one becomes a shining star in the world of letters, while the other is never heard of beyond the neighborhood of his birth; and, even in that narrow sphere, gives but little proof of his latent talents. The one read and meditated patiently and systematically. He may, or may not, have had all the advantages desirable. In either case his achievements have been the result of close application. The other neglected his books,—perhaps not from the first, but at some subsequent period; probably at the end of a collegiate course. Having obtained a degree, or some other mark of distinction, he consoled himself with the thought of having done all that was necessary to insure success. This delusion

is constantly making shipwreck of the noblest talents bestowed by the beneficent Author of our being. The most splendid gifts of nature need cultivation, and he who neglects to read must expect to be excelled, not only by his equals in natural endowments of mind, but also by his inferiors in that respect.

Besides the causes already enumerated, two others, at least, operate powerfully to diminish the ratio between the amount of reading performed, and the actual amount of information derived from it,—first, the manner of reading; and, secondly, the matter read.

The reading of many persons, perhaps the majority, is of the most careless character, and ill calculated to lay up a fund of information. The one great object in beginning a book is, to reach the significant words "the end," in the shortest space of time possible. This class would appear to imagine that quantity is everything, and that to have read a few score of books is infallible proof of a well cultivated mind. Fatal delusion. Such reading does but little good; in fact, it may do much positive harm by the aversion which it tends to create to thoughtful and intelligent reading. It cannot confer much information; and certainly, it is not conducive to a correct and elegant style of reading and pronunciation, any more than to correct orthography. Those who are indebted to books for their information, read them in a manner quite different. If we would make reading profitable, we must grasp at the author's ideas, endeavor to comprehend them, and as much as possible make them our own. "Beware of the man of one book" said one who knew how reading should be done. But it is better to read and digest one book well, than to read a dozen books imperfectly.

The character of the books read, as already stated, must be considered in determining the amount of good derived from them. It is quite impossible to read every book. That our time may be spent to the best advantage possible, the choice of books becomes an important matter. It is, of

course, our first duty to make ourselves thoroughly acquainted with the best authors on subjects having a direct bearing on our individual calling or profession. In many cases, this involves much time and labor; but he who faithfully discharges this important obligation is certain to be rewarded by the satisfaction it will afford him, if in no other way. While our duty to the public, and to ourselves, demands that a great part of our reading shall be of a special character, it does not, by any means, follow that we are to read nothing else. Were we to pursue such a course, in this enlightened age, our society would be intolerable, and the invitations "to dine" would be few and far between. What would you think of the mathematician who should gravely confess that he never heard of the Duke of Wellington? Or what would you think of the physician who never had read the wonderful and interesting story of Moses and the Israelites? Both, I am sure, would suffer materially in your estimate of their abilities and worth.

An article on the subject of reading would be incomplete were it to close without an allusion to fictitious reading. About sixty-seven per cent. of the books called for at the library of the Young Men's Literary Association, in the city of Buffalo, are works of fiction. This affords another of the many proofs of the dangerous tendency of our day. Many of our young men prefer books which afford them amusement, or gratify some particular passion or fancy, to books of real merit and sound common sense. The young men are not alone in this. There is reason to fear that young women, also, are contaminated by this pernicious habit, even to a greater degree than young men. This evil tendency augurs badly for the future of our race. A practice so baneful in its results should receive the earnest opposition of all good men. Not, however, that we are to wage war on every work of fiction. Not by any means. *Pilgrim's Progress* is a book ever to be valued and read with profit. *Scott's Novels* are both entertaining and in-

structive. The same may be said of Dickens' works and many others. To proscribe these would be to rob literature of some of its most precious gems. Such works ought not, for a moment, to be classed with the abominable trash sown broadcast over the country, to corrupt the youthful mind. The former class has a moral, elevating tendency; the other leads to ruin. The common, infatuated novel reader is, nominally, a reader; but no sane man will pretend that such a reader is in search of truth, or that such a course of reading is, in any way, fitted to instruct. The young man who gives himself up to reading the trashy works of fiction, everywhere exposed for sale, may bid farewell to usefulness and happiness. Young man, "get wisdom, and, with all thy getting, get understanding;" but seek it not in the wild domain of fiction; for, if you do, disappointment and sorrow will be your doom.

It is the duty of every person to read. In this age of cheap education, cheap books, and cheap newspapers, ignorance is positively disgraceful. The odium attaching to culpable ignorance will become greater with the march of civilization. Let no one plead want of time. The excuse is stale, and based on a flimsy foundation. A large proportion of both sexes waste much valuable time. No time to read; but plenty of time for gossiping, smoking, and drinking! No time to read; but every day more or less time is uselessly spent, if in no other way, by sleeping overmuch. Most persons would be immensely benefited, both physically and mentally, were they to devote one hour of their accustomed hours of sleep to useful reading. One hour each day, for a year, devoted to reading, is equivalent to two months of six hours' reading per day. Suppose this course to be pursued for ten years,—which the hardest pressed for time can easily do,—the actual time thus spent in self-improvement would amount to one year and eight months,—a time sufficient to enable the most illiterate person, endowed with ordinary abilities, to become tolerably well informed. Let no one, then, despair

of becoming acquainted with common subjects, at least. "Why don't you hoe your corn, white man, weeds choke him dead?" said a red man of the forest to a careless farmer. "Have no time," was the reply. "You have all the time there is" was the sage rejoinder of the red man. Young man, middle-aged, and silver-locked, you have all the time there is. See to it. Husband it well, and you will accomplish wonders, even under the most adverse circumstances. But forget not to read the Book of books. Above all other books, it is the repository of knowledge and wisdom. In all your readings, forget not to read the Book Divine.

Original.

A NEW-YEAR'S-DAY IN CANADA

BY MRS. A. CAMPBELL, QUEBEC.

The snow was falling softly and silently, in beautiful large crystals, covering the earth with its warm, fleecy mantle, and hiding away the tiny snowdrop and crocus and lots of other pretty things, in its bosom, out of sight; and Mary Manning, as she stood at her cottage-door, with a shawl drawn over her head—forming a dark-lined setting to her sweet face—watched the quiet, noiseless transformation going on. The deep, rugged ruts in the lane were being filled up and smoothed over; the neat bit of white fence in front of her garden was looking positively dark and dirty from the contrast of the beautiful white edging it had upon it; the trees were shaking and bending beneath their soft, white load, and every now and then letting fall large masses which powdered down in showers upon the ground; while the dark, ugly stumps in the neighboring field had actually a sort of melancholy beauty as they stood, like so many tombstones in a graveyard, gleaming out. Every now and then, Mary, as she stood enjoying the picture before her, glanced up the road, as if expecting some one from that direction, till, hearing her mother's voice calling her, she shook the

snow from her shawl and turned into the house.

"I was afraid you would catch cold, my dear," was the greeting she got.

"Oh, there was no fear, mother, with this warm shawl on. I was watching for Hattie and Regie Baring; and the scene outside is so lovely I was almost bewitched by it, and would have been snow-gazing still had you not broken the charm by calling me."

"I am glad I did, Mary; but open the door again—there come your friends."

Mrs. Manning and Mary were the widow and only child of a retired officer, who settled upon a farm in Canada and died shortly afterwards; leaving his affairs in such entanglement that Mary was glad to accept the situation of schoolmistress in the village near them, to enable her mother to live comfortably. For a long time no purchaser could be found for their farm, and, consequently, no interest for the money laid out upon it, till within the last two months, when it had been sold to Mr. Baring, who, with his wife, son, and daughter, and one old servant, had come to live upon it. Mr. Baring had been a wealthy merchant in London; but a great commercial crisis had so involved him that failure had been the result. So bitterly did he feel his reverses, that—after giving up everything he could call his own, even to his plate—he turned his back upon the home of his lifetime, and sailed with his family to begin over again in Canada. A small income belonging to his wife enabled them to buy Mrs. Manning's farm, the advertisement of which caught his eye the day of his arrival at Quebec; and now they were settled, ready to begin operations in the spring, and perfectly unaware of the difficulties to be encountered even upon a cleared farm in Canada. The young people, whom we must introduce as they sit at Mrs. Manning's cosy tea-table, were respectively of the ages of sixteen and eighteen, and a fine, handsome pair, the blighting of whose prospects had been a bitter drop in the cup of their father's suffering. As they chatted

merrily with Mary and her mother, an occasional short sigh or passing cloud over the face was the only indication they gave of feeling the change which had come over their young lives; banishing them to Canada just as Hattie was about to "come out" in London society, with endless visions of conquests before her; and recalling Regie from college, without a hope of his getting the commission in the army so long promised by his father. They were, however, just at that stage of life when they view everything, as the French say, *couleur de rose*; and they hopefully shut their eyes upon what seemed dark in their prospects without, and entered with full enjoyment upon whatever seemed bright.

"I think, Miss Mary, your snow in Canada is whiter and prettier than ours was in England," said Hattie. "I suppose it is because there is more of it."

"Perhaps so, dear, or it may seem so because the ground is better prepared for it when it comes. In milder, warmer England, snow lasts only for a short time; it soon melts and gets mixed with the mud and earth beneath, and then looks very unlike itself, more like dirty, coarse salt, or brown sugar. In this country, where it is so needed to keep the earth warm and protect the plants, the surface of the ground is hard, and it falls in such quantities that it has the soft, white look so admired, and which is used in the Bible as an emblem of purity, you know, 'whiter than snow.'"

"It seems strange to us," remarked Regie, "to see snow so early in the season. Here, it is the 1st of December, and the ground is covered; at home, we were glad enough if we got it about Christmas, just to sprinkle the holly and ivy, and contrast its whiteness with the dark leaves and red berries. There is no holly here, I suppose; I shall hardly fancy it is Christmas without it."

"Please don't talk of Christmas or New-Year's, Regie," interrupted his sister, "I can't bear to think of that happy season, in this dreary place, away from home and friends, and poverty-stricken as we are. I

wish every night now, as it draws near, that we could skip over that time which we once looked forward to as the merriest and happiest of the year. I was to have had a set of turquoise from papa as my Christmas-box; and you, Regie,—but well, no matter for us;" and, turning to Mary, she continued, "we are young and therefore not to be pitied; but poor papa is. He seems so utterly broken in spirit that we cannot rouse him; and now he will have nothing to do but *think* all winter, and he led such an active life too. Our house looks so barren and comfortless, my heart often aches for him and mamma. It took so much money to buy necessaries, we had none left to buy comforts with; and so I can't even give them a present."

"Why not? Hattie."

"Why you have just heard me say, dear Miss Mary, my poverty; and, besides, if I had the money, the two poor shops here could not furnish anything fit for a present. I was wishing we had at least brought up from Montreal a couple of those nice little easy-chairs: they are not to be bought here I suppose."

"No, nor there either," was the laughing reply, "but you and Regie can make them for New-Year's gifts, if you like."

"Make them! What do you mean?"

"See here," said Mary, stooping down and lifting up a frill or valance which surrounded the chair, "they are only barrels—old, empty flour-barrels,—converted into chairs. Mother has two in the yard that you can try your hand upon if you like. The head is knocked out and fastened half-way down; the shape of the back and arms chalked out first, and then sawed carefully; after that some coarse canvas or old stuff is tacked loosely on, and stuffed with horse-hair or wool; a cushion made for the seat, of the same; and the whole covered with bright-colored chintz, and it finishes up a chair by no means to be despised."

"By no means," echoed Regie, "why I pop into this one every time I come here, and every time think it fits my back better and better: it's splendid. Let us try it,

Hattie; it would be a grand surprise. Could you get the stuff?"

"Yes, I could, I think. My mattress is too long, and could spare a lot of the hair,—only mother might not exactly approve of that plan, and find me out; but as to chintz I know she brought up a couple of pieces for curtains, and I could beg some without telling her what I wanted it for."

"You must not spoil your mattress, Hattie," said Mrs. Manning. "I have quantities of hair in my garret, which you are welcome to; and if you can get the chintz you might make mamma an hour-glass table, as well. See, this is only two round slabs, fastened at each end of the small post or leg, and covered with chintz. The pockets which hang round are so handy for spools of thread and working-materials. You are surely carpenter enough to try the wood-work, Regie."

"Yes," was the answer, "I always had a turn that way; but never thought I should be glad to put it to useful account till now. I wish I knew a little more of the really practical. I'm afraid my accomplishments will not be of much use here if I am to turn farmer."

"I do not know that," said Mary, "you can delight other people with them. Can you sketch?"

"Oh yes; and paint in water-colors too."

"Then why not ornament your sitting-room with sketches of home manufacture, like I have done mine, even to the frames?"

"You don't say you made the frames!" exclaimed Regie; "why they are beautiful. I never examined them closely; but from this distance I thought they were some sort of curious carving."

"Ah!" laughed Mary, "if you had taken a closer look you would have found out they were only pine-cones differently arranged, and varnished. I shall teach you how to make them, after you have finished the chairs and table, if you like. Come over here every evening you can be spared, and while we work, mother will read aloud to us, as she delights to do; and by New-

Year's we will see if you cannot alter the look of your parlor, and give your parents as much pleasure by your presents as you ever did with your richer gifts. You will soon find out how much can be done without money, and how happy you can be with only very little of it."

Mr. and Mrs. Baring were only too glad to encourage the intimacy of their children with the Mannings; for, besides their friendship being a boon where society was so limited, they were highly-cultivated ladies who had travelled a great deal during the lifetime of Major Manning; and Mary, though she was now only village-school-mistress, was a lovely, amiable girl, and had moved in society as good as the Barings had. The young people, therefore, progressed rapidly with their work, unquestioned. Regie had also found another friend, who was almost as interested in their proceedings as Mary was; namely, the young minister of the parish. His heart yearned over these new members of his flock,—so interesting and attractive as they all were, yet so blind as regarded the things which belonged to their everlasting peace; and many were the talks he had with Mary about them, and the plans he laid to combine instruction with their amusement. In visiting his distant parishioners, he often called for Regie to have a snow-shoe tramp with him; and the lad soon began to listen with interest to the loving teachings he then heard. It was Mr. Robinson who taught them to skate upon the lake, and to guide the swift toboggan safely down the hill, as they sat three—and sometimes four—upon it. He it was who made the best snowballs, and then allowed himself to be pelted by Hattie, most good-naturedly, with them; and as for his pony—the Barings never knew how often the rector walked his long journeys so that the pony and sleigh might be at their disposal, and take papa and mamma for an afternoon drive, and Hattie and Regie—and sometimes Mary—for a moonlight one. Often as he could, he accompanied them himself, and entered with full zest into their innocent gaiety—his

laugh being as ringing and joyous as their own. Don't start, and look shocked, gentle reader; our rector was a young man— young as many of you—and full of life, too, and yet a Christian man withal. Though he did not pull a long face about his religion, he joyed in the Lord, and rejoiced with a happy heart in the sense of sin forgiven and washed away; and it sweetened every blessing to him, and made him enjoy it the more—knowing that it came from the hand of a reconciled Father, in Christ Jesus, who honored his servant by making him a blessing to others. To the Barings he became as a second son, occupying a place which even Regie himself could not have filled; and every member of that household looked glad when his warm, hearty greeting was heard at the door, even to old Elsie, who declared his beat was not to be found in Canada, and she was sure he must have been born in the Old Country; though he laughingly assured her he was not. Sad indeed, and lonely, would have been their lot, had Mr. Robinson and the Mannings not been there, for they tried in every delicate manner possible to lighten the load of care pressing upon the old people. Towards the spring, Mrs. Baring's remittances not having arrived, the family were more pinched with poverty than any one could have suspected, save the rector. His quick eye detected what they vainly strove to conceal, and he managed to keep their table tolerably well-supplied with fish, game, and many other things, saying it was a charity of them to help a poor, lonely bachelor to get rid of the numerous gifts sent him by his parishioners.

But we must go back a little to our young folks and their work. The holiday season was drawing on, and yet Hattie did not now wish to skip over it, or long to go to bed, as she once did, and awake to find she had slept it through. Now she felt conscious of looking forward to the time with an expectation and anticipation which contrasted strongly with her former feelings. The delight of working for others, the pleasure of making them happy, was filling a heart

now being touched also by the Holy Spirit's influences; and Hattie no longer called Canada a dreary, desolate place. She bounded along, with a new enjoyment for everything, and a heart full of love for everybody,—easily satisfied, except with herself. Her one complaint to Mary was that she did not love God enough; till Mary set her at rest by replying, "Don't think, dear Hattie, of your loving God, at all,—dwell entirely upon *how He loves you.*"

Christmas-day had passed quietly and peacefully, the young people had been to the Communion-table for the first time, and the whole party—rector included—dined with Mrs. Manning in the evening. It was also the first time Mr. and Mrs. Baring had been induced to come out of their retirement; and Regie and Hattie felt that it was a break in the clouds of their father's gloom, and a look of rest seemed to steal over his face, as they joined in singing Christmas hymns and carols, very comforting to his children's hearts.

New-Year's-morning was the time chosen for the presents, and some little thought and stratagem had to be used to get possession of the sitting-room. Mary, being in everybody's confidence, managed the whole. Mrs. Baring had confided to her that her sitting-room curtains were finished, and she wished to put them up as a surprise, but did not know how to do it. Mary undertook that she and old Elsie should have full possession of the house—while Mr. Baring was, as usual, in bed early—and put them up for her. Regie and Hattie, as anxious to keep mamma out of the way, as mamma was to keep them, gladly availed themselves of the rector's pony again, and took her off for a drive. The key was given to the mother on her return, who, happy in the thought of her secret, allowed herself to be most officiously hurried off to bed. As she unlocked the door, next morning, others were on the watch for her, and ready to spring forward when they heard the exclamation of astonishment she gave, which had also the effect of drawing Mr. Baring from the last finishing touch he was giving to a new cravat,

put on in honor of the day, to see what had happened. Truly, the room looked as if a fairy's wand had been passed over it in the night, so changed was its appearance; and Mr. Baring rubbed his eyes, as if not fully sure that he was wide-awake. There, in graceful folds, hung the new curtains, looking all warmth and comfort; on each side of the large, wood fire-place, with its huge, blazing log—which Elsie had stolen the key to light up—were two cosy arm-chairs, most cleverly concealing their antecedents; an hour-glass table standing by the side of one of them, and a beautifully-executed water-color of their old home, framed in cone-work, hanging over the mantel-shelf; while a basket of the same material, filled with wax-flowers, bore the address, "Hattie, from Mary;" and a pretty, hanging book-shelf: "The best wishes of the New Year to Regie, from the Rector." Everybody's face showed surprise, then pleasure, and, finally, its next of kin, tears. A warm grasp of the hand, and ardent kiss, were the only outward utterance their overcharged hearts could give; till Mr. Baring, lifting a Bible from the table, said, "We have never before had family-worship:—let us begin from to-day. Another year has closed upon us, and gone up to God, to add its record to the volume of the past. Blotted and blurred, indeed, have been my life's pages; but I trust the blood of Jesus can wash them white, and I now, my children, no longer regret my lost money, my friends and my exile, since I have here found that better part which the world can neither give nor take away. Let us unite in praising God."

And now we must allow a period of six months to elapse before we look in upon our friends again. Things had not gone smoothly for the Barings; they could not farm. All the theory derived from carefully-studied books upon the subject, did not make practical farmers of them, and they felt it; and the old man would gladly have sought other occupation—at least for Regie—could he have seen how to do so. Their fine friends

at home seemed to have forgotten their existence, for few were the letters they received; but while they thus proved the heartless coldness of some they had honored with the name, they learned to rest more firmly upon that best Friend who would never fail them. An application had been made to Mr. Baring to sell his farm, from a young Canadian farmer who wished to marry and settle upon it, and he was seriously talking the matter over with the rector, when the way was made plain for him by a letter Regie received one morning at breakfast, from his godfather, Sir. G. C——, to this effect:

“MY DEAR REGIE:—

“I have not been forgetting you all this time, but I hate letter-writing, as you know; and it was no use writing till I had something worth writing about, so now I have to tell you that there is a commission waiting for you in the —th Regiment, which accept, my dear boy, as a small proof of my regard. You know I never gave you anything before but a cup when you were christened, and always intended making up for it in my will; but, as a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush, I thought you had better have it now, as it might not be worth waiting for. You will find placed to your account, at the M—— Bank, Montreal, a small sum for your outfit, which you must not be too proud to accept, as—coming from such a den of savages as Canada—you will of course not be fit to be seen. I have also forced an appointment out of that humbug, A——, for your father. He wanted my interest for his brother's election here, and so bought me with the bribe of a berth for your father, under the New Dominion of Canada, which goes into operation the 1st of July. He will have to live at Ottawa, which they say is a hole of a place; but as the salary is good that will not signify. Your regiment is stationed at W——,

ten miles from here, and you must join as soon as possible. The girls are on the *qui vive* to see what you look like now. Ellen is growing very handsome, and so of course will not look at a boor from Canada. Remember me to your father and mother, and believe me,

“Your affectionate godfather,

“G. C——.”

“P.S.—Tell your father that the creditors refused to touch his plate,—which, by-the-by, is now on its way to Canada,—as the assets covered all demands; and I hear a pretty handsome sum is to be presented to him when all is wound up, as a token of respect for his honest, honorable behavior to them,—the least they could do, say I. Tell my old enemy, Hattie, I hope she won't marry a Canadian. I wish I had a son for the little monkey. Give her a kiss for me as a token that I have forgiven her for calling me ‘Godfather Grumble.’

“G. C.”

Our readers will hardly expect us to carry them any further into the Barings' history,—seeing that the New Dominion has been so short a time in existence. If they would call upon the family, and make their acquaintance, at Ottawa—which we feel sure they will never regret, *if they can find them*—they may watch for themselves the further progress of their affairs. For us, it would seem like prying, to do so. We may, however, tell them that the last thing the *young* people did, before leaving the village of E——, was to act as bridesmaid and groomsmen at a very happy wedding indeed, namely, that of Mary Manning and the rector; and the first thing the *old* people did on their arrival at Ottawa, was to pack up and send off a large share of their handsome plate—which had just reached them—as a small offering of gratitude to the newly-married Mr. and Mrs. Robinson.

Original.

A FEW ARTISTIC METHODS OF KILLING WINDOW-PLANTS.

BY MR. JOHN PAXTON, QUEBEC.

There are various modes by which window-gardeners can effect the death of their favorites ; but the slow process is certainly best suited to those who desire to study vegetable physiology. Suppose you begin with a few nice, healthy plants in spring ; you place them in the window,—it is of no consequence whether the sun ever shines into it or not,—and let them remain in the same pots,—what is the use of giving them larger pots ? That would only spoil the treat you wish so much to enjoy. When they get pot-bound, and require plenty of water, don't be particular about giving them any. Should you feel an impulse to give them air, put them outside in a cold, cutting wind, with clouds of dust flying about ; and be careful you don't wet your fingers in sponging the dust off again,—it is a capital thing to clog the organs of respiration, which is carried on through the leaves. Some prudent people water their plants, whenever they become dry, with tepid water, and give air on every mild day ; but don't be so foolish,—water your plants with ice-water, and only admit air on cold days ; this is an effectual way of trying their metal. Plants are extremely sensitive of neglect, too ; so don't go near them for a week or so at a time, and it will astonish you how nicely they will pine away,—the blossom buds will drop off, and the leaves will fall, one by one.

A cat is an excellent thing to introduce among the plants. Let her amuse herself by sharpening her claws on the stems, and performing some of her peripatetic feats in the midst of them,—such as wheeling round in the fruitless endeavor to lay hold on her own tail, &c. This would afford you an admirable opportunity to study two sections of natural history,—viz., animal and vegetable.

You may give the plants a thimbleful of water, occasionally, to prolong their ex-

istence, and to afford yourself a better opportunity of watching the various phases of their decline.

Another method may be tried, with equal success, on a collection of winter-blooming plants, including cinerarias, primulas, cyclamens, hyacinths, tulips, jonquils, &c. If you find it necessary to pot any of them, don't use drainage ; or, if you do, don't pack it nicely in the bottom of the pot, but mix it with the soil, which will soon become marshy, and the roots will not be able to obtain from it the elements of nutrition. Then, as regards the proper degree of temperature, if you are inclined to give them an airing, put them outside when the thermometer ranges near freezing-point. When you take them in again, set them as near the stove as you can ; make up a roaring fire,—pile the wood on, and run the mercury up to 80 ° or 90 ° Fahrenheit,—it is only your cautious, slow-going folks who keep their plants in an equal temperature of about 55 °.

If you have a mind to water your plants during dull, damp weather, whether they be dry or not, go ahead,—let them have a deluge ; and be sure you let the water stand in the saucers, so as to keep the soil in the pot waterlogged, which will shorten their existence considerably. Should the Aphis or green-fly attack the plants, don't go to suffocate them with tobacco-smoke,—it causes a bad smell in the room ; and ladies, generally, prohibit its use. The green-fly is a first-rate test of their vitality ; for it gradually extracts the juice, which is the life, and acts in the same manner as small doses of poison do on the human system. Be careful, when you expect a severe frost,—say 30 ° below zero,—not to remove the plants out of the window into the interior of the room ; and you will be surprised next morning to find them as “dead a door-nails.”

If you decide on striking some slips, don't bother about shading them from the sun, or keeping the soil moist ; pull them up every other day to see if they are rooting ; it is very amusing to notice the broken

rootlets, and to see them wilting and wincing after you thrust them into the soil again,—particularly if you allow the soil to become dust-dry occasionally.

In the winter treatment of window-plants, be careful that you don't place an evaporating pan of water on the stove,—that would make the atmosphere of the room too healthy, and retard the torturing process. Continue to have them in a room, the atmosphere of which is strongly impregnated with sulphurous acid gas, generated in the combustion of coal in an open grate,—it helps to kill the leaves so nicely; and you have the satisfaction of knowing that you are murdering them on scientific principles.

There are other methods of killing plants, such as thrusting them into the fire, leaving them outside the window for half-an-hour with the temperature below zero, pouring boiling water on them, or administering ice-cold water to the roots and leaves. These methods, however expeditious, are neither artistic nor skilful, and are only adapted to those who possess none of the virtue for which Job was so celebrated.

Quebec, Jan., 1868.

Original.

THE NOVEMBER METEORS.

BY KATE SEYMOUR M'L.

Out of the dread eternities,—
The vast abyss of night,—

A glorious pageant rose and shone,
And passed from human sight.

We saw the glittering cavalcade,
And heard inwove through all,
Faint and afar, from star to star,
The sliding music fall.

With banners, and with torches,
And hoofs of glancing flame;
With helm, and sword, and pennon bright,
The long procession came.

And all the starry spaces,
Height above height, outshone,—
And the bickering clang of their armor rang
Down to the farthest zone.

As if some grand cathedral,
With towers of malachite,
And walls of more than crystal clear,
Rose out of the solid light.

And under its frowning gateway
Each morioned warrior slept;
And in radiant files down the ringing aisles,
The martial pageant swept.

They knelt before the altar,
Each mailed and visored knight,
And the censers swung as a voice outrung,—
"Now God defend the right!"
From out the oriel windows.
From vault, and spire, and dome,
And sparkling up from base to cope,
The light and glory clomb.

On casque, and brand, and corselet,
Fell the red gleam of Mars,
As forth from the minster gates they passed
To the battle of the stars.
Across moon-lighted depths of space,
And breadths of purple seas,
Their flying squadrons sailed in fleets
Of flying argosies.

Down lengths of shining rivers,—
Past golden-sanded bars,—
And nebulous isles of amethyst,
They dropt like falling stars.
Till on a scarp'd, and wrinkled coast,
Washed by dark waves below,
They came upon the glittering tents,—
The city of the foe.

Then rushed they to the battle;
Their bright hair blazed behind,
As deadlier than the bolt they fell,
And swifter than the wind.
And all the stellar continents,
With that fierce hail thick sown,
Recoiled with fear, from sphere to sphere,
To Saturn's ancient throne.

The blind old king, in ermine wrapt,
And immemorial cold,
Awoke, and rais'd his aged hands,
And shook his rings of gold.
Down toppled plume, and pennon bright,
In endless ruin hurled;
Their blades of light struck fire from night,—
Their splendors lit the world.

And rolling down the hollow spheres,
The mighty chords, the Seven
Clanged on from orb to orb, and smote
Orion in mid-heaven.
Along the ground the white tents lay;
And faint along the fields,
The foes' swart hosts, like glimmering ghosts,
Followed his chariot wheels.

With banners, and with torches,
And armor all aflame,
The victors and the vanquished went,—
Departing as they came.
With here and there a rocket sent
Up from some lonely barque,—
Into the vast abyss they passed,—
Into the final dark.

WHERE THE FAULT WAS.

"The most disobedient child I ever knew." The words were uttered in a languid tone, and the speaker pressed her hand on her throbbing brow, as though she would still its beating.

A few minutes later Mrs. Elbert repeated the same words to her husband. "He must be sent to school, Grant," she continued, "such a racket would drive me crazy."

The subject of these remarks was at that moment engaged with a company of miniature soldiers, and a small pop-gun, which he was using with considerable dexterity, for several of the wooden warriors lay with their faces to the floor; and every new downfall was greeted with a burst of boyish laughter, which fell discordantly on his mother's ears.

"Send him out-doors for a romp, Mary," good-naturedly suggested Mr. Elbert, "boys will make a noise."

"And this is all the sympathy you have for my nerves, Grant? Send him out-doors, indeed! perhaps the next moment to hear of his having fallen into the creek. No, I will not think of such a thing! As long as the children are out of school, they must remain with me. I should not have a moment's comfort otherwise."

"Yet I am sure, Mary, neither you nor they are quite comfortable as it is; I cannot imagine how your sister, Lucy, manages, with small children."

"Lucy again," returned Mrs. Elbert sharply—"I don't think, Grant, you need be constantly holding up Lucy as a pattern for me to copy."

"Yet you allow, Mary, that Lucy is an admirable manager," said Mr. Elbert, in a conciliatory tone.

"She has never had any ill health to contend with. There, go away, Minnie; don't trouble me with your doll. Do you hear me! Go, play in the corner."

The little girl moved away slowly, and her evident reluctance was, as usual, construed into that rebellious spirit which Mrs. Elbert had persuaded herself existed in her children, to a large degree.

"Mrs. Colton, marm, sent over to know if you'd step over, if you felt well enough?" said an Irish girl, thrusting her head into the drawing-room.

The lady hesitated before replying, and the girl continued, "It's in trouble the lady is, marm; the docther has been thar twice this mornin', on' ov the young uns is down with the croup."

Mrs. Elbert had not visited her sister for

several weeks, excusing herself with the plea of ill health, though it must be confessed that other causes had something to do with her absence. The truth was, these visits had only served to make her more dissatisfied with herself; for while she acknowledged her sister's superiority, she did not care to have a second person remind her of it; and the well-meant allusions of her husband proved to be particularly annoying.

Still Mary Elbert was not a bad-hearted woman,—and Lucy in trouble awakened feelings which Lucy in prosperity had failed to do.

Hastily throwing on a shawl, and bidding the girl attend to the children, she turned her steps towards her sister's residence. With a noiseless tread she entered the dwelling, and repaired to the sick-chamber, where she found her sister seated near the couch of her youngest child, who was breathing painfully.

For several days she remained an inmate of the dwelling, sharing the midnight vigil, and doing all in her power to relieve the little sufferer, who rapidly continued to grow worse, and finally breathed its last in her arms. Yet, though this period was passed in benefiting others, it proved of rare value to herself; she could not but acknowledge that in the activity which the circumstances demanded, she had forgotten many of her own ills,—nor was this all.

It was the day before the funeral,—the little waxen form, with its violet eyes calmly closed, lay like a lily-bud on its pearly bed; and as Mrs. Colton gazed with tearful eyes on the little figure, the thought of her other children crossed her mind.

"Where can Willie and Emmie be?" she said, turning to her sister, "I have not seen them since breakfast."

"I will go and see," Mrs. Elbert returned, and she left the room, expecting to find them engaged in some childish mischief.

"Is that you, auntie?" said a childish voice, as the lady passed through the dining-room.

"Yes, Emmie. What are you doing? Where is your brother?"

"Willie's doing his work, and I'm keeping house for mamma."

"Keeping house for mamma!" Mrs. Elbert continued, in a puzzled tone. "What do you mean, child?"

"It's my hour to help mamma," continued the child in her artless way: "I fold the napkins, dust the chairs when Betsy's

done sweeping, and feed Carlo ; and mamma says this is keeping house for her. Willie's making paper matches ; he likes to use his fingers ; so that is part of his work. Mamma didn't come down this morning, but we thought we'd keep house just the same, auntie."

"You're a good little girl, Emmie," said Mrs. Elbert, kissing the child. There were tears in her eyes as she turned away. Why had she not taught her little ones to help her ?

The funeral was over. Mrs. Elbert repaired to her own house. At another time she might have found much to censure, for during her absence a little *contre-temps* had occurred, and the servants regarded the silence of their mistress with amazement.

"Come, get right into bed, Miss Minnie. Don't bother about saying good night for once ; for I can tell you, Miss, your ma isn't in a good humor, for all she's so quiet. Cook says we shall all catch it to-morrow. I'm sorry Master Harry broke the pitcher, but there's no use crying for spilt milk. Come, get into bed," and the girl took the light and left the apartment.

"Don't you think, Harry, we'd best tell mamma about the pitcher?" said Minnie, as soon as the sound of the girl's footsteps were no longer heard—"you know our teacher said, last Sunday, that we should be willing to confess all we have done amiss during the day, before we ask God to take care of us through the night."

"I ain't afraid of being punished, Minnie," continued the courageous child, "but mamma'll be cross. I can't bear to make mamma cross."

"Or I either, Harry," returned Minnie, in almost a sobbing tone ; "I wonder what makes mamma cross ! We're such dreadful wicked children ! She don't take us to bed, like Aunt Lucy does Emmie and Willie."

"Perhaps it's because she's sick, returned Harry.

"I don't think God would make mamma sick and cross, Harry, if we told him how badly we felt about it."

"I don't know, Minnie ; we might try," the child said thoughtfully.

The two children knelt down ; and after repeating their usual evening prayer, the little girl added these words :

"Please, God, don't make mamma sick

and cross any more, and Harry and Minnie will try to be good children—Amen."

It was a simple petition, but it went to the heart of one listener at least ; for during the period passed at her sister's, Mrs. Elbert's feelings had been deeply impressed, and she resolved to pay a visit to her children's chamber before retiring that night.

Thus she overheard their artless prayer, and long after the little ones had sunk into a peaceful slumber, her tears fell thickly and fast on their couch.

In the morning Harry recited the story of the broken pitcher, and while he was telling Minnie that "God must have heard their prayer, for mamma wasn't a bit cross, but had kissed him, and said he was a good boy for coming to tell her *the truth*, and that he must try and be more careful in future," Mrs. Elbert again repaired to her sister's residence.

"I have come, Lucy," she said, "to learn the secret of your influence in your household."

Mrs. Colton smiled kindly on her sister, while she returned—"Constant watchfulness, and love, dear Mary, with the blessing of Heaven, have so far availed in my family. My children, like your own, are each of a different temper. I try to discover what are their peculiar traits and dispositions. Willie is naturally of an active, nervous temperament, and did I not keep him employed his restlessness would be a source of annoyance to himself and all around him ; yet he is an open-hearted, generous child, and I trust with proper training, his activity will prove a blessing ; for believe me, sister, it is possible for a child to be restless, even boisterous, without being wilfully disobedient. I do not say this to extenuate or excuse the disregard of a known command, but simply to show the necessity of occupation, for one like himself. Besides, children like to feel they are of use, and it is well to encourage this feeling ; and though at first it may tax your time and ingenuity to devise plans for their employment, in the end they may prove of real assistance ; and, not only in devising plans for their employment, should we take an interest, but also in their diversions ; for as we were children ourselves once, so should we remember that youth is peculiarly the season for those innocent enjoyments which we once shared ; and by caring for their joys, as well as sorrows, we shall be able to gain their confidence, and that perfect love which casteth out fear."—*Mother's Mag.*

*Original.*STORIES AROUND THE CHANTIER
(SHANTY) CAMBOOSE-FIRE.

BY A. J. L.

On a winter evening, with the thermometer at 20° below zero, have you ever sat and listened to the fierce, gusty wind outside as it would catch up the eddying, whirling drift and dash it, ever and anon, in masses against the window, as if determined to gain admittance; and, in seeming anger at its defeat, spend itself round the gable in a series of convulsive sobs and moans—ending in a dreary, melancholy, prolonged whistle; then, after a momentary pause, as if to take breath, noisily renew the attack in a succession of *staccato* shrieks, rapidly growing sharper and louder, till, with several terrific howls, it reached a bellowing roar, dying away in prolonged sighs under the eaves, as again and again it sullenly spent itself in vain endeavors to unroof the dwelling which so comfortably sheltered you?

Upon such a night as this, with your chair snugly placed by the side of the roaring, crackling fire that blazed in the stove, throwing its genial warmth around; your feet encased in a pair of nice, roomy slippers; on the table, at your elbow, a pile of readable books,—silent companions, who do not complain even if neglected,—the storm outside lending an additional air of comfort to your cosy, carpeted snugger, have you ever given the reins to memory and allowed it to carry you back over the shadowy dreamland of the past?

Many a time, as I have thus sat, all feelings of envy and discontent have vanished from my bosom, and I have felt that, checked perhaps as my life had been, yet, nevertheless, I would not exchange its memories for those of another; and have realized that none need want society who could thus draw upon the almost inexhaustible reminiscences of the past,—having in them an ever-present companionship, which, like a beautiful landscape, would delight and gratify, even though marred and ble-

mished in many of its features by inharmoonious spots, which, after all, by contrast, only render more striking the really beautiful in the scene.

It suggested itself to me, during one of my retrospective meditations, that perhaps some of the episodes and stories connected with my shanty-experience might be interesting to many, unacquainted with bush-life; and, therefore, without any very definite plan in my mind, and with a great deal of diffidence, I contributed my mite to the December number of the DOMINION. I there drew a hasty sketch of the "shanty," and now purpose, with my readers' permission to go back a step, and, taking them with me, let them start with the gang of men early in the fall, as they leave head-quarters to proceed to the scene of their winter's operations.

We will suppose the men to have all been hired, and to have reached, by steamer or other conveyance, the place at which they will have to betake themselves to bark-canoes. Here they find the store, and perhaps dwelling, also, of their employer, just on the verge of civilization—situated several miles up, on the banks of some tributary of the Ottawa; and generally at the confluence of some little stream whose rapid fall gives motive power to the saw and grist mill, erected a little distance from the junction. This mill does the sawing and gristing for the sparse, hardy, pioneer population, which—in many cases with no capital save good health and an axe—is bravely carving out for itself a comfortable and happy home in this wide location,—with the cheering knowledge, however, that ere many years they will be the centre of a thickly-populated region.

On our reaching here, the first business is to overhaul the bark-canoes in which the remainder of the journey will have to be performed, and repair any hole or spot likely to leak, and make all water-tight and secure. This must be done very carefully, as frequently the lives of the whole crew may depend on the toughness of a single bar, or the care with which a patch is sewed on

and gummed. To perform this operation, the canoes are all turned bottom upwards, and undergo a most critical examination. Wherever a doubtful spot appears, the mouth of the inspector is instantly applied, and it is carefully tested to see whether it be airtight or not. If a small hole be discovered, it is simply smeared with hot pine or tamarac gum; if larger, a patch of canvas is securely stuck over it and pitched; if larger still, a piece of birchen bark is neatly sewed on, and the seam gummed from the contents of the little three-legged, bellied pot that hangs simmering over the small fire. After replacing with new ones any damaged or defective canoe-ribs, and seeing that the lacings of the bars are all sound and secure, the canoes are put into the water, as a final test, to make sure that no hole is overlooked. If all is right, they are lifted out on to the strand and laid bottom-up to await the time of departure.

Going into the store, we find the men engaged procuring supplies of tobacco, knives, meccasins, matches, socks, smock-frocks, sashes, needles, thread, and all the little et ceteras of every description, so necessary, and upon which depends so much the comfort of a winter's campaign in the bush. Some take along guns and traps, with the prospective view of supplementing their wages with the proceeds of a little trapping, which, by the way, I am sorry to say, is too often engaged in on the Sabbath—the only day of leisure the men have.

Everything is hurry and bustle. The foreman is heard giving his orders about the supplies, preparatory to getting them embarked in the canoes. When a *cache*, or hiding, of pork has not been made in the bush, the winter previous, for the use of the men till sleighing sets in, it is necessary to transport all they will require till then, by canoe, to the spot. This is a work of infinite labor and toil. The flour is generally done up in bags or half-barrels, containing one hundred pounds each, and the pork cut into half-barrels, to facilitate their convenient transportation on the backs of the men over the innumerable portages which

have to be traversed before the end of the journey is reached.

The canoes are all put into the water and the stowing away is completed under the immediate supervision of the foreman. This action on his part is very necessary, for if each crew were left to themselves there would probably be a scramble for those things most easily portaged, and the load of each would then be unequally apportioned. One of the canoes is generally reserved to transport the cook and his apparatus. The bowsman and steersman, along with the side-paddlers, having taken their stations—upon receiving a few final instructions from the managing-clerk or chief of the concern—the canoes push off, and, after a wild hurrah, the men break into a Canadian boat-song—the click-click-click of the paddles on the gunwale marking in exact time the cadence of the tune, as the first part is sung by a solitary voice, the united crew joining in the wild, spirit-stirring chorus. The canoes, although loaded till sunk within a few inches of the gunwale, bound like things of life over the water, under the vigorous, measured strokes of the singers; and in a few minutes, on rounding a sharp bend in the river, are lost to the sight of the little crowd who have assembled at the store to witness their departure. The rapid spurt with which the little flotilla started is continued no longer than to carry them beyond the bend, and then each one settles down for the regular day's work.

Now let me assure my readers that however pleasant it may be to paddle for an hour or so, the pleasure ceases when it has to be continued for days, at times against a stiff current. In the present instance everything went on smoothly, and nothing broke the monotony of the work save the occasional sight of a deer and the never-ending delight enjoyed in drinking in through the eye the magnificent scenery, until the stoppage for dinner, in a little sheltered bay on the east side of the stream. Here we landed, and, building a fire, put on our pot, and in a little while each one

was discussing his hard-tack, which was washed down with copious draughts of tea, free for all to use *ad libitum*.

After a whiff of the pipe, we again shoved off, and continuing our journey reached the foot of a rough rapid, at whose head was situated a most beautiful waterfall, a little before sunset. Everything was here disembarked from the canoes, and they and their cargoes were hoisted on our shoulders, and, amid many a laugh and joke at the complaints and mishaps of the uninitiated ones, were carried about a quarter of a mile, to the camping-ground at the head of the chute. In a little while the white tents were erected; and the men, clustering around a huge fire, discussed with a keen relish their supper, and cracked jokes over the incidents of the day. A good deal of diversion and amusement was created by the original remarks and questions of a newly-imported son of Erin, on this his first experience of roughing it in the bush. Addressing a fellow-countryman, he asked:

"Arrah, thin, Murty, have yiz no other manes úv raiching yer distiny thin hunkering the whole blissid day on the safest corner of yer heel?"

"Whisht, Dinnis! I hope it's not complainin' ye are; bikase, if so, be the powers, ye'll be liftin' afore spring, and thin, musha, but won't ye cut a figur', balancin' beyant in the shrame on a bit o' saw-log."

"Sure, Murty, yer only jokin'—a bladder wud dhrown there. An faix ye'll not catch Dinny thrying it. I'd be a bigger fool nor Teddy Larime, av I did, that they say hung his coat on a sunbame in the parish-church uv Killincha."

"Sorra a bit I'm jokin', me poor Dinny, but rale airnest, as ye'll ixpariance. Ax ould Luwee, beyant."

"Masther Luwee, hev ye heard Murty?"

"Oui, and he is *bien vrai*—de boss he make you sail on de *rivièrè*, on de log."

"Oh, wirra, wirra, but I wish I was kilt the unfortunit' day that the ayvil one timpted me to lave me sheeling at home an' come to this murtherin' counthry."

"If ye'r dhrowned," put in Murty, by

way of comfort, "may the saints be marci-ful to you. Sure we'll give ye a taring wake, avin of the fishes does faist on yer corpse."

"And then, Dinny," spoke another, "you will get lost, anyhow, for some of the stumps are so large that a fellow getting on to one of them might ramble for a week before he found his way off."

"Throth, ye'r ashtray there, Tom," retorted Dennis, "for, bedad, as big a liar as yerself cud aisily be seen, and I'd have no thrubble makin' towards you if you were no farder aff thin a week's thravel."

Amid roars of laughter from all, Tom collapsed; and, after some more parrying and thrusting, one after another disposed himself to sleep for the night under some of the tents, and soon the whole camp was wrapped in the most profound slumber.

Before sunrise, the next morning, the camp was all life. The old cook was astir long before the rest, with the view of preparing a special treat for us on this our first camp-breakfast. Long before we arose, he could be seen flitting back and forth before the fire, his face all ablaze with the heat, and his red flannel-shirt rolled up to the elbows—forcibly reminding one of an imp engaged in his labors. The appetizing odor from the direction of the fire, and the short cutty-pipe protruding from the mouth of the *maitre de cuisine*, dispelled this illusion, however, and kept before one the fact that our imaginary fiend was nothing more or less than a crusty old Frenchman engaged in the unpoetical task of baking flap-jacks and frying pork for a lot of very practical-minded shantymen.

Without the aid of gong or bell—when his arrangements were completed—old Francis simply notified us by sundry grunts and growls, which, by close attention, might be interpreted into "brakfas' reddy," that his treat awaited our appreciation. On this announcement, a general rush was made for the centre of attraction, and, in a little while, over two hundred digits were rapidly doing service as knives and forks on the pile of steaming flap-jacks that stood

daintily heaped on the inverted lid of the iron bake-kettle. Their rapid disappearance—although as tough as sole-leather—attested that none of the operators were in the least degree fearful of incipient indigestion; and, on my humbly suggesting visions of indigestion to Tom, he replied, with a look of infinite contempt at what he termed my “infantile innocence,” “pitch in man—hang indigestion, it’s ten thousand per cent. below par here.”

After the first fierce onslaught was over, the men found time to engage in a rambling, desultory talk:

“Halloa, Dick,” shouted one, “skiver the corners of Yankee Sam’s mouth, there, or else look sharp after the lid of the kettle, for hang me if it’s safe when the feed has gone off it.”

“Watch him yourself, Bob, for a whole raft wouldn’t tempt me near that saw-mill of his. See him stow away the timber.”

“Whisht, Dick, be aisy on the crature. Sure, isn’t he lighten’ the load yerself might hev’ to carry. It’s prayin fur, instead of jokin’ him, yez all ought to be.”

“Be gobs,” spoke Dinny, “what illigant potato-mashers he has. Sure they’re as yalla’ as goold—maybe it’s from Californi’ he is?”

“You’re a fool, Dennis,” sung out Tom, “he’s not from there at all. He’s of Maine manufacture, and was put together on the Kennebec river, and is therefore clear leather, conscience and all. The reason he was made big-mouthed and hollow-boned was to increase his capacity for smuggling liquor over the border, in defiance of the Maine-law.”

The roar of laughter this sally drew forth loosened the tongue of the Yankee, and raising his solemn phiz he drawled out:

“Guess, boys, yew think you’re all mighty smart, an’ pr’aps yew air; but don’t waste yer’ wit tew this lick: you’ll need some of it tew keep yew all from freezin’ afore spring.”

“Sowl o’ me! Is it pityin’ us he is? Look at his feet—number fourteens, not a hair less.”

“Wal neow, dew tell. Won’t some one of yew give that air Irishman a pertater, fur he’s hum-sick? See hyar, Pat, what kumpany hev’ undertuck tew work up them air iron-mines yew fetched out from hum as kiverins fur your feet?”

(To be continued.)

THE DELIVERANCE OF DAVID.

An answer to the *Bible Riddle* published in the “*New Dominion Monthly*” for Dec., 1867.

BY JOHN G. NORRIS, MELBOURNE, Q.

Look to your Bibles—turn over their pages,
Scan well the writings of scriptural sages:
In Samuel’s first book I think you will find
The thing that was desolate, void of a mind,
Helpless and sinless and speechless and blind,
Guileless, deceiving, although unbelieving,
A Teraphim image is free from all sin.
Though peoples and nations and kindreds adore,
The world and all in it I ever ignore;
Birthdays I have none—I never was born;
Fashioned by man, I could view him with
scorn,
Enraptured, entranced, nigh my figure to
stand,
Worshipping, reverent, the work of his hand.
I was lodged in a palace, and hunted with
malice
By monarch and men;
No purple or crown were ever my own;
Ne’er did I reign;
A king’s daughter clothed me, washed me, and
dressed me,
Guarded attentive, but never caressed me,
Called me her husband, pretended to cherish,
Yet loathed, and would rather allow me to
perish
Than have Michal to wife.
I saved David’s life.
Encompassed by danger, I lay in his stead,
With goat-haired pillow placed under my head;
The soldiers of Saul came into the hall
In order to see me, but David was sick;
They enter my chamber, upstairs they clam-
ber,
And, having arrived, found naught but a stick;
The king was bewitted, his men were outwitted,
And David was gone.
His child Saul upbraided because she had aided
Her husband to fly.
Although my history is shrouded in mystery,
I’m solved by a man.
That once I was matter, myself I must flatter
All that I can.
Ages have roll’d since my story was told;
Ne’er more shall I be.
I was not a man, nor an angel of glory,
Nor statesman, nor warrior, wounded and gory
Nor was I the devil, the father of evil.
And I now say “Farewell!”

I Samuel xix., v. 13 to 17

SELF-EDUCATION.

KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN.

Great men learn very little of what the world admires them for knowing, during what is called their "educational course." They are men who are constantly observing little things and great things passing around them, and they remember what they observe. They take advantage, too, of spare moments to pick up information from cyclopædias, dictionaries—any books which happen within reach. Mr. Beecher remarked a few days ago that he read the whole of Frode's England between the courses at dinner. We do not commend him for this particular practice, for the dinner-table is a place for sociability, and not for study; but as an illustration of the principle by which great men gain their information it is excellent. This being constantly on the alert wherever you may be, constantly exercising the mind and the memory, is the secret of success in this direction. Direct and laborious study, if one has time, is of course essential; but it is the constant accumulation of little things and small parts of great things which give the grandest results. A few rules may easily be followed by any one:

1. If you are reading, never pass a word which you do not fully understand without consulting a dictionary; get its entire meaning, and, if you are acquainted even in a slight degree with the classics, notice its derivation. This rule is a very important one, and the habit once formed will take care of itself; for it is almost impossible for a person who has acquired the habit, to continue reading, with any degree of comfort, after he has passed an unintelligible word. The opposite habit is equally strong, and by carelessness it becomes a great exertion to lay down an interesting book and turn to a lexicon. To this rule may be added the corresponding one: never write a word, in private correspondence or public, of the spelling of which you are not absolutely certain. The habits formed for or against this rule are as binding on a person as those above mentioned.

2. As far as possible, consult a cyclopædia on all subjects which you do not understand. Do not waste your time in doing this; but there are a thousand little moments which would be otherwise lost, and the informa-

tion picked up in this way is an excellent foundation for future acquirements. When subjects are brought up in conversations or lectures, they are familiar, and further facts can be easily remembered. Keep a notebook and set down items to be examined; save the moments when you are alone; pick up books; glance over them; try to remember what you read.

3. Above all listen to other men and women whenever you are in society, in the streets, in the cars; listen to men and women; gather the knowledge, a little from each on their own affairs, trades, and professions, which they drop incidentally in conversation. Remember that the listeners rather than the talkers are the gatherers of knowledge. Be easy in conversation, however, and do your share, if you expect other men to speak their own thoughts freely. Remember, above all, that it is this knowledge obtained among men and from men that is the most useful in any walk of life, literary or commercial. Walter Scott was asked how he had accumulated his wonderful knowledge of the habits of men, their trades, and their modes of thinking. By meeting the men themselves, talking with them, and remembering what they said, was the substance of his answer.

One general rule will cover them all, perhaps: Be on the alert; look out for little opportunities; keep your eyes and your ears open.—*Advocate.*

Original.

WEE WIFEY.

BY E. O. L. O.

Three little children out in the snow,—
Lily, and Willie, and Neddle;
Three little shovels, all in a row,
Working as hard as the hands can go,
Until the grand snow-house is ready.

And now they have rolled a great round ball,
And hollowed it out for a chair,—
Back, and arms, and foot-stool, and all,
Inside the snow-house, so cosy and small;
And Lily is Queen in there.

And they love her so dearly,—this little Queen
Lil,—
That each with the other strives;
"She's my wife," says Neddle; "she's my wife,
says Will;

And sweet little Lily answers them still:
"Never mind, I'll be both your wives."

Young Folks.



GRUMPIBUS AND THE CERESUS.

Lubin Twinkle was lying half-asleep among the fern, now closing his eyes, now looking straight up into the sky above, where the fleecy clouds sailed quietly through the deep, then watching the fallow-deer butting each other, when, turning on his side, he saw just before his face the fairy-queen's palace. The tall fern that covered him opened into a long avenue where the stems all seemed to form the columns of a miniature cathedral. The leaves were joined at the ends with beautiful little groups of wild flowers, and each division exactly like the other. Lubin never could tell how long it was; but of this he was certain, that it grew less and less in the distance, and through the last arch he saw the village church, and the murmur of its bells sounded on his ear. Often has he tried to find the place, and crossed and recrossed the fern in every direction, careful not to break in the leafy roof or cast down the frail pillars; but he never again saw the fairy-hall nor heard the church-bells ring as they were ringing then.

He learned something about the fairies, however, which I never saw written anywhere. All the fairies we read of are either very young and beautiful, doing all sorts of odd good things, or very old and ugly, with wands like a crutch, never so well pleased as when they are doing mischief. Now it is true that the great apes are very kind and good when they are young, and grow fierce and dangerous as they get old; but why this should be, or why the old fairy should get ill-natured, I do not understand. However, Lubin saw not merely little baby-fairies, who could not fly, trying to climb up the stems of the fern, while their mothers fluttered over them and held them by their wings for leading strings for fear they should fall, but fairies of all ages—fat little gentleman-fairies, in pea-green coats and yellow waistcoats, sitting in easy-chairs reading newspapers; one was leaning against a fern stem smoking a pipe, while an active little manikin was giving directions for keeping the roof in repair, to workmen and work-

women fairies, who weather-proofed it by constantly twisting in fresh leaves.

The queen herself sat in the very middle of the hall, upon a round throne covered with scarlet velvet and heaped with natural flowers, when Lubin saw a fairy in a white wig and black gown come bowing and scraping at a great rate to the foot of the throne. The queen lightly bounded into the air, and danced down gracefully on her feet, when a whole guard of fairies removed the flowers and the velvet from her throne, and exposed to Lubin's astonished eyes a blue china teacup, without a handle, turned upside down. You may laugh, but the fact is china was so much stronger than anything the fairies could make for themselves, that, happening to find the broken teacup in the park, that very little man with a wig who came bowing to the queen resolved to make a state-prison of it, that all fairies who offended against the laws might be put under it; and the queen was so much pleased to think she had got all her troublesome subjects shut up so safely, that she made the bottom of the teacup her throne, and sat upon it.

You would expect that the queen, when she wanted to let any one out, would give the teacup a tap with her wand and out they would come. Ah dear! the poor fairies would have been spared some very hard work if she had done so. Lubin saw fifty at least of them passing their wands in under the edge of the cup, and at last they lifted it high enough for one fairy to creep out of it. A miserable creature he looked. If fairies had chimneys, you would have said that he was the chimney-sweep. But how came he in such a mess, and how came he under the teacup? I'll tell you. The fairies think it very wicked for any one to enjoy alone a pleasure he might share with the others. Does any one skimming along the meadows light on the first bloom upon the rye, home he goes to the fairy-hall and invites his companions to enjoy it, and out they troop by hundreds to the softest grass or the sweetest flowers that any one of them can find. Nay, so carefully do they observe this law, that never does a fairy find anywhere a very comfortable nook or corner, but before he sits down

he goes to tell a little brother or sister where to find him.

Now the prisoner was a fairy called Grumpibus, and the night before he had got into trouble. He had been flying about among the flowers in the hot-house, many of which were beautiful, but none so very new or fragrant that he felt he ought to call the other fairies to the treat, when as the evening came on and the windows were going to be shut he set off to return home. But the air already felt cold outside the hot-house, and as he lighted upon the top of the flue he found a warm, soft air coming from it, for the fires had burned to clear ashes and made no smoke. "How comfortable!" said Grumpibus, as he crept inside the chimney-pot, "I won't go home till morning. This shall be my country-seat, and I won't tell anybody for fear they should all come and I should not have room." So he stretched out his legs as wide as he could, and put his hands into his pockets, to see how much room he could take up. Once or twice he thought he ought to go and report the snug corner he had found out. Lucky for him it would have been if he had, for other fairies knew more about that corner than Grumpibus.

So, after taking up all the room he could, Grumpibus fell fast asleep in the corner of the chimney-pot, and knew not how long he had been there, when the gardener came round to look at the stoves, and taking a shovelful of small coal he threw it upon each of the fire-places. Up mounted into the air a thick, black smoke, and pouring into the chimney-pot nearly suffocated Grumpibus. It made him so black, that when he flew away in a fright to the fairy-hall his own mother did not know him, but thought it must be one of the black gnomes out of the coal-mine who had been sent up on some business. Being a suspicious person, however, a fairy in a blue coat, with a shiny top to his hat, who was the policeman to the palace, soon caught hold of him, and without hearing a word he had to say for himself put him under the teacup. Tittipro, for that was the little officer's name in the white bag-wig, was still bowing before the queen, and when Grumpibus came out so black and dingy she turned to him to hear the story. He had not a word to say for himself, so the queen graciously said, "Since you have passed the night under the teacup, I shall inflict no further punishment upon you." Then, turning to Tittipro, she said, "Let four washerwomen take their mops and go down to the rivulet, and see if they can get him clean and fit to

come into our hall again." At a word, the four laundresses who had charge of the queen's own linen were on the spot. Two took two mops, two took two scrubbing-brushes, and they mopped and scrubbed at Grumpibus till he roared aloud—at last they got him clean.

Very hard, thought Grumpibus, that when a fairy has found anything comfortable he must not keep it to himself. "I will, though, that I will," said he; and from that time he used to go about alone very much,—poking bits of stick into the beehives at night, and flying away before the bees were disturbed, thus spoiling a comb of honey that he might suck the end of the stick. Then perhaps he would get into a dairy, and seating himself on the edge of a bowl that was to stand for cream, he would stir it up with his wand; and that he called making a storm. Then if some poor, industrious spider had spent all the day in making a new web, Grumpibus would jump into the middle of it, draw it out into one long cord and swing on it for half-an-hour, then fly away, little thinking of the disappointment he had caused the spider. The least pleasure for himself he always thought more of than the greatest trouble to any one else. At last he found a great pleasure, and he enjoyed it all alone.

Few fairies of that county had ever seen the night-blooming cereus in flower. The wonderful things that were told of its sweet scent and its beauty, everybody knew in fairyland, and many a wee heart sighed—"Oh if I might but see the night-blooming cereus." Now, just beside the hot-house, in a little chamber kept locked up, there was one of these rare plants, and Grumpibus heard, from something said by the gardener, that it would certainly flower that year. Well, thought Grumpibus, if I find when this cereus flowers, and tell the fairies, they will certainly make friends with me again. And he was always fluttering about this spot, till he found a small ventilator through which he could creep, and at night he got in and slept under the cereus leaves, impatiently waiting till he should see the bud burst.

The head-gardener used to visit the bud twice every night, and the second-gardener did the same. At last it flowered. Away ran the head-gardener up to the house to call up his master, away ran the second-gardener to call up the others, and so Grumpibus was left alone in the little chamber. That was his hour of trial. The scent was most delicate, and he thought

how nice to have it all to himself; the cup of the flower enchanted him, he could not leave it. "No," he said, "this once I will have it all to myself, and be the only fairy in the land that has seen the flower of the cereus." So saying, he curled himself up in the very middle of the flower, bewildered with beauty, overpowered with fragrance. In fact the scent was so strong that very soon the fairy fainted, and forgot everything.

He would assuredly have been caught and kept under a wine-glass to show the company at the castle, but fortune favored him. The head-gardener, who had been earnestly told by the lord of the castle to have him called immediately when the cereus flowered, went and rang at the gate. The porter was asleep; but when he had rubbed his eyes and taken the pocket-handkerchief off his head, he looked through a little slit in the gate, and asked what the gardener wanted. On being told, he rang a great bell, which nobody answered, and went to sleep again. And when the head-gardener grew quite impatient, he gave the bell another pull, when the groom of the chambers slowly dressed himself and came to see what was the matter. When he was made to understand, he said it was the chambermaid's business, so he rang another bell, and the chambermaid dressed herself and came. So in about an hour-and-a-half the lord was waked up, and his lady, who begged him to wait for her; and then her maid was waked up and had to dress, and she dressed my lady in pink taffeta and an India shawl; and then it began to rain, so the coachman was waked to get the carriage, and he had to wake up the horses, and by the time they got to the conservatories the flower had shut up, and nothing but a faint, disagreeable smell remained to show that a cereus had flowered and died.

The cold, flabby leaves of the flower closed over Grumpibus, and how many nights and days he may have lain in that condition he never knew. But this is certain, that when the gardener cleared away the dead flowers, he cut off the cereus and threw it into his barrow, and so wheeled it away with the rubbish to the dunghill. Soon after, the stable-man came and emptied his barrow in the same place, and poor Grumpibus, buried alive, could neither move hand nor foot nor wing. What added to the misery of his case was that he was completely soaked with the black liquor of the dunghill.

And there he might have lain till now, but one day he heard in his noisome prison

his old friend the head-gardener say to the hind, "Just have this dung carried down to the long meadow." And that very afternoon came a cart and two men who began to pitch up the manure into the cart. Anxiously the poor fairy waited for the shovelful that should contain his own prison chamber. His almost broken heart bounded at the thought how he would fly out the moment his spadeful was going up into the air. At last the man came to him, he stuck in the spade, he felt himself thrown up, but the mass did not break, and the poor fairy fell into the dung-cart as much a prisoner and as bruised and miserable as he could be. However, this part of his sorrow was nearly ended; when they emptied the cart in the field and spread the dressing he crept out, and running rapidly along one of the furrows, came to a beautiful, clear stream. Instantly he jumped in to wash himself, and scrubbed away with a good will, but to his surprise he got no cleaner. He stopped for a minute to wonder why he was not more successful, when he heard a little tench close by say to an old one who lay with one eye just peeping out from under a stone in the bottom of the stream, "Why, doctor, what a time that fairy has been washing himself."

"Ay, and he may wash," replied the doctor; "I'm afraid it's the color of his wretched heart that has come through his skin, and there's no way of washing that off that I know of."

Angry and mortified, the fairy scrambled out of the water, afraid to go home to fairy-hall again in such filthy plight, and afraid to get into the streamlet because he did not like to hear the fishes talk about him.

So Grumpibus kept running on by the side of the brook as fast as he could, until bearing round the stump of an old oak that grew among the willows, who should he come upon but the queen of the fairies, and the lord-chancellor, high-chamberlain, commander of the forces, and physician-in-ordinary, all come a-gipsying, and having despatched their meal were playing at hunt the slipper. They all gave a shout when dirty Grumpibus, not seeing where he was going, ran into the ring. The commander-in-chief drew his sword, and vowed he would chop him up into sausage-meat. The lord-chancellor declared that he must go under the teacup, or suffer as the law directs. But the doctor, looking at his deplorable complexion, between brown and blue, said he was only fit for the hospital: he had never known but one case like it, and

that was a fairy who got poisoned by the smell of a decayed cereus.

Grumpibus no sooner heard the word than he felt as if all was found out. Oh! thought he, what a wretched being I have been this year. I am only fit to live under a teacup. And, throwing himself down, and weeping before the queen, he cried,

"I know I am a disgrace to fairyland. I have always been keeping pleasure to myself, and now I have not told of the night-flowering cereus."

And then he told all his sin and punishment. How he had been overpowered by the perfume, and then poisoned by the decaying flower, and buried in the dung-hill, and carted to the field; and how the old tench knew that was not all, but a wicked heart made the stain deepest.

And as he lay sobbing in convulsions at her feet, he thought, Oh, if I could be good and kind, and think of others as well as myself, how happy I should be. I will—that I will. Poor, black little creature as I am, I will try and do all the kindness I can to every one wherever I wander, and try to be loved for my goodness since I never can be admired for my beauty. He said nothing. The queen feared he was dying. The doctor felt his pulse, but the queen spoke kindly to him, and said, "Poor, selfish Grumpibus, you have been already punished enough; get up and go and hide yourself, I fear you will never be fit to dance in our fairy-rings again." But Grumpibus was a changed creature. Two fairies crossed their arms and carried him to the hospital, where the physician blistered and bled him, and gave him all sorts of draughts and pills; but the thought of his past misconduct was the bitterest draught of all. And as the little nurses in mob-caps came to look after him with anxious faces, they told him how the queen and the lord-chancellor and the commander-in-chief had been to inquire after him. Unworthy that I am, thought Grumpibus, how shall I ever repay all their kindness?

Next morning, the nurse brought him some hot water and a razor, to shave himself, and make himself a little tidy, when to his great astonishment he found that his skin was growing fair again, and his wings had begun to glitter. He shaved with great glee, and began tumbling head over heels, and playing all sorts of tricks on his bed; but a fairy in the next bed, with a broken wing, sighed out, "Oh, how I wish to be quiet!" Grumpibus was still in a moment; and when the nurse brought him some oatmeal porridge for his dinner, she

put on her spectacles, and said, "Why, Mr. Grumpibus, you are growing quite handsome." "Thank ye, ma'am," said he; and he was more pleased at the feeling of the old fairy's kindness in wishing to please him, than at the thought that he was indeed getting less horrid. However, next morning, when they brought him the shaving-glass and hot water, he saw that, sure enough, he was a better-looking fairy than he had ever been before. And the queen, who at this time came to see how he was getting on, really did not know him.

"Grumpibus," said she, you shall begin the world again. You are so changed no one will ever know you; and the doctor says you have just been cured of a disease of the heart. I will give you a new name, and call you Amabel. You shall come out this very night and dance with me in the castle moat, when the moon comes through the beech-trees; and we will forget you ever were selfish or unkind, for I think you will be so no more."—*Argosy*.

A WONDERFUL SPINNING-MACHINE.

The stratagems employed by insects for the capturing of their prey are very curious, and afford to the naturalist an exceedingly entertaining and interesting study. The ant-lion digs a tunnel-shaped pit in the loose sand, and fixing itself in the depressed apex, catches and devours the ant or spider which is so unfortunate as to fall into its snare. But no species of insects excel the different kinds of spiders in their ingenious devices for securing their prey. The spider, though wingless, feeds on flies, and its food must be captured on the wing. But how can it accomplish such a task? Were we not familiar with its webs and nets, the structure of such snares, by an animal so minute, would not fail to excite our admiration and wonder. As it is, we look upon the spider-web as evidence of a neglected room, and, instead of making its structure a study, and admiring the wonderful wisdom it displays, we sweep it from the wall with manifest delight.

If that which we regard with so little respect, because it is the work of a spider, were done with the same perfection by some of the larger animals, we would never cease to wonder. "How would the world crowd to see a fox which could spin ropes, weave them into an accurately-meshed net, and extend the net between two trees for the purpose of entangling birds in their flight!" But there would be nothing more marvellous in this, than there is in what the spider

is doing every day; and, just because of the minuteness of the little rope-maker and weaver, the work ought to excite in us the greater wonder.

We always judge of the ingenuity of any piece of machinery by the simplicity of its parts, and its adaptation to the services for which it has been constructed. Now, judging by this rule, we find the spider possessed of a "spinning-machine" far surpassing, in the perfection of its work, all the inventions of man. I once heard a gentleman express his astonishment at the perfection of the machinery by which man had succeeded in drawing out brass wire to the fineness of a human hair. How much greater was his astonishment when I told him, that there was a very minute spider which spun a thread so fine that it required 4,000,000 of them to equal in thickness one of the hairs of his beard, and that every one of these threads was composed of not less than 400 separate strands!

This remarkable machinery is exceedingly simple. If you examine the hinder extremity of the abdomen of the common house-spider, you will find, on its under side, four or six protuberances of a cylindrical shape, which are called *spinnerets*, or *spinners*. Each spinneret is furnished with tubes so exquisitely fine that, in a space not much larger than the point of a pen, are found a thousand other distinct tubes. From each of these tubes proceeds a single strand, which unites with all the other strands to make that which is ordinarily known as the spider's thread. So you perceive that this thread, often so fine as to be almost imperceptible to our senses, is not, as is commonly supposed, a single line, but a rope, composed of at least 4,000 strands.

Human art has never attained such wonderful perfection as this. It is truly astonishing, and were it not a matter of daily observation, the most credulous would hesitate to believe the statement.

But you ask, why is it necessary for the spider to spin such a compound thread? This question is very naturally suggested, and admits of two probable answers. First: the dividing of the thread into so many strands, just at its exit from the spinnerets, favors the rapid drying of the gum used in its manufacture,—an important consideration to the spider, as it is under the necessity of putting its thread into immediate use. Secondly: the combination of so many threads into one, vastly strengthens the web, and enables it to sustain the shock of the flying insect it is intended to

capture, or to bear the heavy body of the spider while it struggles with its captive, or in its passage through the air.

The only other instruments used in spinning are its feet, with the claws of which it guides, or separates into two or more, the line from behind. Two of the claws of the spider's foot are toothed like a comb. It is with these two claws that it keeps the threads apart. When the spider ascends the line by which it has dropped itself from an eminence, it winds up the superfluous cord into a ball. For this purpose it uses the *third* claw, which I have called the *thumb* of the spider's hand.

A few days ago, I brought a garden spider into my study, and placed it upon a small slip of paper surrounded by water in a basin. At first, it traversed its paper island, and, by reaching out its arms on all sides, found that there was no escape across the water. Then, after trying to ascend the sides of the vessel without success, it raised itself upon its legs, and elevated its spinnerets to a horizontal position. I observed it intent upon something. It was throwing out its lines, upon which it designed to make its escape across the water. In a short time, I discovered about a half-dozen lines of gossamer threads attached to the books on a stand about twenty inches distant. As soon as it ascertained that its threads had found a connection with some object beyond the basin, it fastened the end of the line next it to the paper, ascended its pontoon, and made its escape.

This artifice has been observed by many naturalists, and accounts for the way in which these animals, though destitute of wings, transport themselves from tree to tree, across brooks, and frequently through the air itself, without any apparent starting-point.—*Family Treasury*.

NOW I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP.

In the quiet nursery chambers,
Snowy pillows yet unprest,
See the forms of little children
Kneeling, white-robed for their rest.
And in quiet nursery chambers,
While the dusky shadows creep,
Hear the voices of the children—
"Now I lay me down to sleep."

"If we die"—so pray the children,
And the mother's hand droops low;
(One from out her fold is sleeping
Deep beneath the winter's snow)—
"Take our souls;" and past the casement
Flits a gleam of crystal light.
Like the trailing of His garments,
Walking evermore in white.

—*Children's Hour*.

A HERO SMALL AND POOR.

Jolly Namara was a poor boy in one of the smallest towns in the State of Wisconsin. It was summer-time, and among the new arrivals of goods at the "Red Store," came a most wonderful box. It was not the Kohinoor, for it was too big a box for that, and attracted more attention and admiration than half-a-dozen diamonds would have done. It was not a white elephant, for the box was far too small for even the very smallest of elephants. It was a box of oranges!

Most of the children of Pearlbrook had never even seen an orange, however often they might have heard the delicious fruit described. Among those who had heard but never seen, was little Jolly. He had no elder brother to lend him, or young lady sister to give him fifty cents to buy an orange; and his father would much rather, from some strange reason, give that amount to the barkeeper at the "Twilight," than to the man at the red store, and take an orange home to his little, ragged Jolly. His mother supported the family by washing and ironing, so she had not many fifty-cent pieces lying around loose for little boys to snatch up and run off with, to buy oranges. Fairies were at that time very scarce in the State of Wisconsin, and Jolly was far too modest to have said "orange" to one, even if she had flown down with an apron-full right before his face. What did he do? What could he do? He almost thought he should be sick if he didn't get an orange. Oh, they looked so tempting in the window; and Adelbert Tracy had told him that they tasted a hundred times better than they looked, for his Aunt Jenny had bought him one for picking cherries for her. An orange Jolly certainly must have, and this is the only way he got it:

He went and "picked mineral" one day, and came home with enough money to buy it. But maybe you don't at all know what "picking mineral" means. In the lead-mines, all around the deep shafts, are heaps of yellow clay, and rock, and shining pieces, larger and smaller, of the precious lead-ore, which have been dug out of the earth, away down in the dark, and sent up in buckets, and emptied out there. The boys are often allowed to go and pick out the stray lumps of ore,—“mineral” they call it,—after the workmen are through, and, selling it to the furnace-men, they sometimes earn two or three dollars a day.

Just so little Jolly spent this warm summer day. With his yellow trowsers and

shirt all stained with the ochre, kneeling at the dirt-heap, warm, tired, thirsty, sweating as he worked, he often cast a glance toward the great piles of lead which the workmen had not yet removed; and he wondered, as he looked at them, how many whole oranges, at fifty cents apiece, all that mineral would buy; but Jolly was truly honest and good, and had been taught by his mother that to covet what was another's was the next step before taking it, and he had not even such a thought as this: that the workmen were away, no one would see him, and he might take all he wanted to carry, and no one would know it—which was all true. So he worked away, thinking only of the orange which he would have, and how he would give his mother part, and how nice it would be.

He had a little lunch in a brown paper, of coarse bread and fried pork, which he took down to a clear spring, about a quarter of a mile off, and drinking of the cool water from a tin cup which always stood there, he finished his dinner, and sat down by the little stream below to rest a while. As he sat there, a gentleman came along the path which led up to the "diggings" where Jolly had been at work.

"Good morning, little fellow—what are you doing here?" asked the gentleman as he came up to the brook where Jolly was sitting.

Jolly only hung his head for he was a very bashful boy, and said not a word.

"Looks rather suspicious," thought the owner of the works—for it was he, Mr. Herndon, the richest man in all that country. "Have you been 'picking,' to-day?" glancing at his stained clothes.

"Yes, sir."

"Where?"

"Up there, at the Herndon lead," said Jolly, jerking his thumb over his shoulder to indicate the direction.

"Who said you might? I'll go and see about this business. The men have not taken the lead away yet; but come along."

He spoke quite sternly, for he was just then thinking of how often he had been robbed of large quantities of mineral, by dishonest boys who were picking around just as Jolly was doing. Jolly did not know that this was Mr. Herndon; and had no reason for imagining what he was, or was not, thinking about; but he arose and went to the works, behind the proprietor, wondering a little.

"Now, sir, show me your sack!" said Mr. Herndon—rather sharply, Jolly thought, but he went to a small clump of wild

gooseberry bushes, and brought forth the sack. Opening it, he displayed but a very few handful of ore, which seemed to him even less than they were before he went to the spring to eat his lunch. Said the gentleman, in a kinder tone,

"How long have you been out?"

"Since the morning, sir," said Jolly, in a very low tone, for he was quite discouraged at the poor "luck" he had had.

"Have you worked hard?"

"All the time, sir," said Jolly, a little more confidently.

"What do you do with what you earn in this way?"

"I give it to mother to buy tea, sometimes, and candles, and things; but I don't get to come out very often."

"What will you do with what you get to-day?" said Mr. Herndon, looking down at the poor little lumps, and thinking he could not see either tea or candles in very near prospect.

"I wanted to get an orange, sir," said Jolly, brightening up with the pleasing subject. "Mister Bensell has a whole box full of 'em, and Elbert Trazey says they're splendid, only they're fifty cents apiece; but mother said bein' as this was my birthday I might spend my pickins as I liked," said Jolly.

Mr. Herndon was becoming interested in his new acquaintance, and he sat down upon the platform of the nearest windlass.

"What's your name?" he asked—rather suddenly, the little boy thought.

"Jolly Namara, sir," said he, making a funny little bow which his mother had taught him was quite as important as any part of his name.

"Jolly Namara! a jolly name; and how old are you, Jolly," said the gentleman.

"Nine years old next, next—why to-day, sir!" he said, with a little, quick laugh at his own strange forgetfulness of the all-important day.

"Have you ever been to school?" asked the proprietor, in a kinder voice than he had yet spoken in.

"I'ze been two winters up to Mister Kaiser's school, 'n I made the fires for 'em last winter, but mother can't spare me to go much 'coz I helps her 'bout the washin' 'n ironin', 'n takes the cloze' home 'n picks up the wood what mother washes with," said Jolly, in one breath.

"How many has your mother to support?"

"Sir," said Jolly.

"How many does your mother have to work for?"

"Oh, there's Miss More, 'n Miss Cummins, 'n the new family at the rectory, 'n—"

"No, I mean how many children has your mother?"

"None 'cept me—Jolly. Sister Mary died last winter's a year ago, and mother cries about it yet, but I'm sure sister's a great deal better off."

"Do you go to church and Sunday-school?"

"No, sir, I never had no cloze' fittin'."

"Are these the best you have," asked Mr. Herndon, in a very interested manner.

"I have 'nother pair what aint yaller like these, but they're a good deal holier," said the little miner, disconsolately.

"Can you read any?"

"O yes, sir! Mother learns me to read. Mother's a bully reader. She went to school lots when she lived in the Yeast. I can read in the Testament a little," said Jolly, triumphantly.

"Would you like to go to school all the time?" asked the same kind voice, growing softer and kinder all the time.

"O, yes, indeed, sir! if I only could!" and his bright eyes danced with the thought, but drooped again with the certainty that this could never be. Of all things—even above and beyond oranges—was the desire to go to school uppermost in the little boy's mind. "But mother says not now—after a while, if the Lord will" continued Jolly, solemnly. "Mother wants me to git a neddycation, and so do I, 'n mother says if I try 'n learn 'n do right where I am, the Lord will surely see how I do, 'n bymeby, when He is certain about me, He will think of some way to git me into school all the time," said the little workman, as he sat on the dirt-pile and played with the yellow clay, and wondered at himself, for he had never said so much to any one but his mother, in his whole life before, but somehow the gentleman's looks and tones, more than his words, brought it all out; and now it was all told and couldn't be helped; but what would his mother think when she should know of it, and what would the gentleman think of him telling all he knew, in that style?

Then he glanced up at the sun with one eye shut, in a critical kind of a way, to take the exact position of the day-god, and seeming to think it was getting later every minute, he took up his sack and pick, and was going to work again.

"You haven't got much mineral, Jolly," said Mr. Herndon, "not half enough to buy a quarter of an orange, have you?"

Jolly looked puzzled a little bit, and said,

"Well, then, I must hurry up," and was about starting off at once.

"Here, Jolly," said the soft voice again, "why didn't you help yourself to enough out of this big pile to buy half a dozen oranges? No one would have known it."

"O, sir, that—why, that would have been just like stealing; and I wouldn't steal for any money."

"Who told you not to steal?"

"I dunno, sir," said Jolly, looking confused; "maybe 'twas mother."

The truth was, that honesty was so early a part of his being, that he could about as soon tell when his arms grew on, as when honesty and truthfulness were drafted into his character.

"Look here, Jolly," said Mr. Herndon, in one of those sudden, quick ways, by which little Jolly would ever after remember him, "you ought to have a birthday present. Come and take enough out of this nice pile to buy just one orange, mind; and then you can go right home and make your purchase."

Helping him to guess at the right quantity, the kind gentleman saw that Jolly was surprised enough, and grateful enough, though he only said, "thank ye," in a very low tone indeed. He made his funny little bow, though, and was going off happy as a king, with the heavy sack over his shoulder, and the pick in the opposite hand.

"Here, Jolly, you needn't carry it so far to the store, just put it back here, and I will buy it of you," said Mr. Herndon, at the same time taking out a silver half-dollar.

Jolly looked at the gentleman, looked at the mineral heap, looked up at the sky and down at his feet, and then at his hands, when the coin seemed to have a restorative influence, for he breathed and put the money in his pocket, and turned out the mineral. Seeming to fear that something else quite as astonishing, but not so pleasant, might occur next, he said, "thank ye," jerked his little bow, and ran off home to tell his mother all his strange adventure. She was but little less astonished and pleased than Jolly had been; told him it was a reward for his good behavior, which the Lord had sent directly to him, and he might go and get the orange at once.

Off he ran as if the clouds were under his feet, and a great white bird wafted him along.

"Oh, now! what if they are gone," he thought, and down under the clouds he went, and off the white bird flew, leaving him far behind. On he went to the store, where he stood a moment, not daring to

look toward the window for fear he should miss the box of oranges, which had stood there two days already.

Then looking, "Oh, they're not gone!" he cried out aloud, and hastened in on white wings again. "Well, Jolly Namara, what do you want?" said the gay young clerk, looking the other way, rather on purpose, for he saw the yellow stained clothes, but not the pure white wings of joy underneath them.

"I want a norange, sir," said Jolly, smiling all over.

"Oh, no doubt. Many little boys wants oranges, but you see they're fifty cents apiece," said the clerk, in a tone which seemed to settle the business.

"Here's the money sir," said Jolly, who feared they were not for sale to little boys at any price.

"That alters the case, as most circumstances does," said the clerk, taking the money and selecting a fine orange. Jolly took it, and I ask whether Napoleon entering France as her Emperor, or little Jolly in possession of his orange, was the happier?

Seizing the yellow ball, about the color of his clothes, hands, feet, face, and all, he rushed out, not forgetting, even in this trying and peculiar moment, his bow. Out, and up the street, he ran; the clouds under his feet light as air, and the white bird carrying him on so bravely. He had gone a couple of squares toward home when he met little Julia Criswell at the gate of Dr. Snowball's office, where she had been for some medicine.

"O Jolly," she said, "do come'n see poor Jim. He is so sick with the fever'n the doctor says he might 'a got well, only he hain't had nothin' good to eat. Mother's set up with him two nights. She does all she can, 'n cries the rest, 'n if we wasn't so poor; 'n mother can't go out a washin' now, 'count o' Jim's bein' so awful sick, and we're all half starved, let alone poor Jim," she rattled on, regardless of pauses, nor seeming to lack for breath. "Why, Jolly, a norange! my! if poor dear Jim—" She suddenly checked herself, for that would seem exactly like begging, to say, "if only Jim had an orange!" and she wouldn't beg even if they all starved, but it was pretty hard.

Yes it was hard. Jolly knew it all, felt it all, decided it all in a very few moments. Jim should have the orange, the precious orange which Jolly had dreamed so much about, and now possessed at last. Jim should have it. How far off hovered the

bird with white wings, but Jolly thought he heard her singing.

How heavy and dark the clouds, and now they were *above* him, pressing him down. How could he give up his orange—the one which his mother said the Lord had sent him? Didn't the Lord mean he should keep it for himself, and enjoy it—almost the first birthday-present he had ever received?

But poor Jim Criswell, sick, and so poor—poorer a great deal than Jolly's own family—maybe he would die, maybe starve to death. He couldn't wait any longer; Jim should have the orange.

"Here, Julia," he said, "give this to Jim. Tell him I sent it to him, 'n hope he'll be better soon."

Julia fairly wept for joy, and ran home, forgetting to shut the doctor's gate. There stood Jolly, our hero, tired, begrimed with dirt, pale between the yellow streaks of ochre, rather downcast, to be sure, but he was listening to the sweetest song he ever heard from the beautiful bird which was coming nearer and nearer to him, and the clouds were slowly turning to gold, and floating down, down under his feet, and he was just being lifted upon soft, white wings again, when he heard the gate click, and Mr. Herndon came out of the doctor's office, where he had heard and seen everything through the open window.

"Well, Jolly, how's oranges?" he said, pleasantly.

"Sir," said Jolly, to whom the word "orange" was not so charming as it had once been. "Where's your fifty-cent orange?" he asked of Jolly.

"I sent it to Jimmy Criswell, sir, just now, poor boy; he's awful sick with the fever, and I thought bein' as 'twas mine I might," said he, looking at his friend, to see whether that gentleman was the least bit displeased. He saw nothing of the kind, only a wonderfully pleasant smile, as Mr. Herndon said,

"I will go home with you, Jolly, if you'll let me. I want to see your mother."

Jolly thought instantly of one more customer to make his poor mother glad, and so they walked along to the very door of the little cabin, without either speaking a word. Mrs. Namara was just taking some clothes from the frame and folding them when they went in. She spoke pleasantly to the stranger, told Jolly to give him a chair, and, not at all confused, folded the remainder of the clothes, pinned them up in a snowy towel, and told Jolly to take them over to Mrs. More, and tell her they

came to one dollar, and to stop at the store and get a couple of mackerel as he came back, and then she sat down to hear what the strange gentleman had to say.

I can't tell you all they said, but the sum of it was this: Mr. Herndon had taken a wonderful fancy to Jolly, and offered to put him at once in a good school, and afterward in as good a college if he did well in his studies, all at his own expense, and he told her that when he should have done all this, it would be no more than he ought to do for so good and kind and promising a boy as every one in Pearlbrook said Jolly was.

Thirty years have gone now, and do you see that fine country residence up there toward your right, with the rich flowers and walks all around, and the fountain bubbling and prattling and sparkling in the red sunset, and the pretty children romping on the lawn yonder, and the gentleman in a rustic chair on the porch reading Plutarch? That quiet reader there is a man of splendid abilities and fine education they say; and his sign, away over the hills in the city yonder, reads,—“J. Namara, Attorney and Counsellor at Law.”—*N. W. Presbyterian.*

A TALK WITH A DIVER.

"So you would like to hear what I have to say about the sea," said Mr. Trimble.

"Yes," answered John, eagerly. "How you went down to the bottom of the sea, and what you saw there, and how long you stayed down at a time, and—"

"One thing at a time, my boy; one at a time," interrupted Mr. Trimble. "In the first place, the way I came to go to sea was this: I hadn't been brought up a regular sailor; I was pretty near as large as you are, before I ever saw the sea. But I had some knowledge of the ways of a seafaring life, before I shipped for a diver, because I had been for some years in a yard where they built ships. While I was there, I heard of some ships that were fitting out for a cruise in southern seas, and that they were to take out a score or two of men to go down in a new kind of diving armor, to bring up treasures sunk in wrecked vessels. And as my health was failing a little, and I thought I should like a change, I went and shipped as a diver."

"Weren't you afraid you wouldn't like it, or that you might get bitten in two by a shark, or that something dreadful might happen, while you were down in the water?" asked Nancy.

"Why, no; I didn't suppose there was much of any danger in it, and the wages

were very good; and, as I said before, it was a change. So I was a little excited about it, but I don't think I was afraid. In fact, I didn't know much about what the business was till I got fairly under way. We had a very pleasant voyage, fine weather all the time, and we soon reached the Carribean Sea, where it was expected we should find some of the treasures we had come after. We anchored pretty near the coast of Venezuela, which, you know, is one of the northern states of South America. Here, for the first time, I saw the suits of armor in which we were to go down to the bottom of the ocean."

"How did it look?" said John.

"Well, it was a queer-looking thing, and no mistake. It was made all of rubber, very thick and strong, and almost the size and shape of a man. The legs were rubber, and the arms and body; only in the head there was a large, round glass, made to cover the face, so that any one shut up in it could see all about him. You see, the rubber being water-proof, a person inside could keep perfectly dry and tight, and the glass over his face would permit him to see as plainly as if he were not shut up in his water-tight case."

"But how could he breathe?" asked Nancy, who knew something about ventilation.

"Ah! that's a question, now," said Mr. Trimble. "That's just what I was going to tell you. Out of the top of the armor came a round pipe,—a rubber tube a great many feet long,—and at the end of this tube was a pump, which rested on the ship's deck, and through which a man constantly pumped air to supply the diver down below. So there was air all the time supplied, and plenty of it."

"Now tell us, please, how you went down," said John.

"I forgot to tell you," said the diver, "that we wore about our waists a good many pounds of lead, which sank us rapidly to the bottom, as soon as we were in the water. In our hand we carried a long stick, with which we felt about us to see if there were any obstructions in the way. The bottom of the sea, you know, is rough, like the land. Sometimes there would be a precipitous place right before us, sometimes a row of sharp rocks rising up from the sand; but often the sandy bottom was like a marble floor, it was so smooth and hard. There were things growing there, too, which made it look sometimes like a garden. I saw often beautiful branches of coral, red and white,

and great beds of sea weeds, or sea flowers, of all colors."

"Didn't the fish stare at you?" asked Nancy, who had listened to the diver with her lips parted, and her blue eyes very round.

"They generally swam a safe distance off, when they saw me coming," said Mr. Trimble. "I reckon the sharks must have thought I would be a tough morsel, for I scarcely ever saw any, and they never attempted to attack me."

"Well, what did you do down there, sir?" said John. "Did you get any of the treasure?"

"O yes; that is another part of the story, which you will like to hear. I told you, didn't I? that there had been some valuable vessels wrecked just about the place where we anchored. The company who fitted out the ships, in one of which I had sailed, had formed a plan to recover, not only the valuables with which the ships were loaded, but even the hulks of the lost vessels. So, as we got comfortably used to the armor, a party of us were sent down with everything used in caulking up the leaks and holes under water, and making her as near as possible water-tight. When we had done this so thoroughly that she was free from leaks, we fastened a piece of machinery to the only part of the ship which we had not made water-proof, and commenced to pump out the water with which she was filled. This machine was, I believe, a Yankee invention, and would pump up hundreds of barrels of water a minute, so that you can see it was not very long before the weight which had kept the hull down was all pumped out, and she rose to the surface and floated on the water. Thus we had not only the silver and other valuables with which she was loaded, but the main part of the vessel beside. The old crafts were often in very good condition, too, because wood doesn't decay under water, as on land. I've seen vessels which had been submerged a long time, for many years, even, whose wood showed no symptoms of decay."

"How very strange it seems, to think of working an hour or two at the bottom of the sea," said John.

"But did nothing dangerous ever happen to you?" asked Nancy. "Did you never get frightened by a shark, or by a whale?"

"Well, no, I never had any very serious accident but once, and that happened in this way: I was working, one day, upon a ship's side, a good many feet under water,

and in some way the tube through which the air was pumped to me got twisted, or caught on a rock, so that the air failed to reach me. The first I felt of it was a sort of choking, and a feeling as if my head was getting a great deal too large. There was a small rope let down with me, which I was to pull in case of accident, and I had just presence of mind to pull that. They hauled me up as fast as possible, and when they got me on deck, and opened the armor about my face, so that I got the fresh air, I was very nearly gone. But I came out of it after a while, and that was the only serious alarm I had during the whole season."

"Just let me ask one more question," said Nancy. "How could you see under water. I should think it would be dark there."

"O no, indeed. The light was not quite as strong, perhaps, but it was quite light enough. The water seemed heavier and thicker than the atmosphere, but otherwise it didn't seem very different, as long as it couldn't touch our bodies. And whether it was the effect of looking at things through the water, or through the thick glass which was over my face, I never could tell; but everything looked a little larger than it was, and a little nearer, as if it were seen through a magnifying glass. I very often put out my stick expecting to touch a rock, which was really several feet away. But it was very much like walking on the land. And I suppose the water feels to the fishes, as the air does to the birds. Now, children, I'm going out into the field to your father, but I'll spin you another yarn one of these days."—

Mrs. A. S. McFarland, in Little Corporal.

"WHAT SHALL THE CHILDREN DO NEXT?"

It is a nice, rainy day, and out-door sports being impossible, "What shall the children do next?" becomes of immense importance in every household.

It is a good idea to collect the experience of mothers in providing amusement and harmless occupation for the busy hands belonging to our little ones, and I, anxious to find some new employments for three pairs of the most active kind of little hands, am waiting, with interest, answers to the question.

By way of "doing as I would be done by," I will contribute my mite to the fund.

An amusement which has whiled away many a long hour in our nursery, is the

making of scrap books. Have some old account book, which is better than any other because the paper is stiff, cut out every alternate leaf, and into the book paste pictures, puzzles, conundrums, and short stories, if the children are old enough.

I always keep a "scrap box," where I put pretty pictures taken from old magazines or papers, and when winter comes, the store is brought out and pasted up. A long-sleeved apron will keep all neat.

Besides the pleasure of filling the book, it is, when done, an unending source of entertainment to look at. When this begins to pall, and you have explained every picture (as, I warn you, you will have to do), just bring out a box of paints, and teach the uneasy fingers to paint the pictures. You have no idea of the amusement this will afford, for bright colors are very attractive to little eyes.

If you have some unsoiled pages in the book, you can vary the entertainment by forming pictures for yourself of figures taken from other pictures, forming groups of figures in various attitudes, which often has a very funny effect, and affords endless amusement.

Another play, found attractive by little girls expert with scissors, is the cutting out of paper dolls, furniture, cattle, horses, sleighs, waggons, and everything, from a kitten to a grand piano. A little practice will enable one to do this with ease, especially if you first cut out a set of the printed doll's furniture to get the idea. These, also, can be painted. In fact, I know of no investment so profitable in furnishing amusement as a few sheets of paper of different colors, the same of cardboard, a bottle of glue, and a pair of sharp scissors.—
Little Corporal.

BEDTIME.

Rosebud lay in her trundle-bed,
With her small hands folded above her head,
And fixed her innocent eyes on me,
While a thoughtful shadow came over their glee.
"Mamma," she said, "when I go to sleep,
I pray to the Father my soul to keep;
And he comes and carries it far away,
To the beautiful home where his angels stay;
I gather red roses, and lilies so white,
I sing with the angels through all the long night;
And when, in the morning, I wake from my sleep,

He gives back the soul that I gave him to keep,
And I only remember, like beautiful dreams,
The garlands of lilies, the wonderful streams."
—*Little Corporal.*

THE OLD, OLD STORY.

PART I.—THE STORY WANTED.

1 Tell me the old, old Sto - - ry, Of un - seen things a - - bove; - Of

Je - - sus and His Glo - - ry; Of Je - sus and His Love.

Use this Music to end of verse 8.

PART II.—THE STORY TOLD.

9 You ask me for the Story Of un-seen things a - - bove; Of Je - sus and His Glory, Of Je - sus and His Love.

Use this Music for verses 9 to 34 inclusive.

35 Such was the Man Christ Jesus! The Friend of sinful Man! But hush! the tale grows sadder: I'll tell it—if I can.

Use this Music for verse 35 only.

36 This gentle, holy Jesus, Without a spot or stain, By wick - ed hands was taken, And cru - ci - fied and slain

Use this Music for verses 36 to 43 inclusive.

44 And now the work is "finished," The sinner's debt is paid, Because on "Christ the Righteous," The sin of all was laid.

Use this Music for verses 44 to 49 inclusive, and for verse 50, use 1st strain

51 Do you at heart believe it? Do you believe it's true, And meant for EV'RY SINNER, And therefore meant for you?

Use this Music for verses 51 to 54, inclusive.

55 Soon, soon our eyes shall see Him! And in our Home above, We'll sing the old, old Story Of Je - sus and His Love.

- 1 Tell me the old, old Story,
Of things unseen above;
Of Jesus and His Glory,
Of Jesus and His Love.
- 2 Tell me the Story simply,
As to a little child;
For I am weak and weary,
And helpless and defiled.
- 3 Tell me the Story slowly,
That I may *take it in*—
That wonderful Redemption—
God's Remedy for sin!
- 4 Tell me the Story often,
For I forget so soon;
The "early dew" of morning
Has passed away at noon!
- 5 Tell me the Story softly,
With earnest tones and grave;
Remember, I'm the sinner
Whom Jesus came to save.
- 6 Tell me the Story always
If you would really be
In any time of trouble
A comforter to me.
- 7 Tell me the same old Story
When you have cause to fear
That this world's empty glory
Is costing me too dear.
- 8 Yes, and when *that* World's glory
Shall dawn upon my soul,
Tell me the old, old Story,
"Christ Jesus makes thee whole!"
- 9 You ask me for the "Story
Of unseen things above;—
Of Jesus and His Glory,
Of Jesus and His Love."
- 10 You want "the old, old Story,"
And nothing else will do!
Indeed I cannot wonder,
It always seems *so new!*
- 11 I often wish that some one
Would tell it *to me*, each day;
I never should get tired
Of what they had to say.
- 12 But I am wasting moments!
Oh! how shall I begin
To tell "the old, old Story,"
How Jesus saves from sin?
- 13 Listen, and I will tell you;
God help both you and me,
And make "the old, old Story,"
His Message unto thee!
- 14 Once in a pleasant garden,
God placed a happy pair;
And all within was peaceful,
And all around was fair.
- 15 But oh! they disobeyed Him!
The one thing He denied
They longed for, took, and tasted;
They eat it, and—they died!
- 16 Yet, in His love and pity,
At once the Lord declared,
How man, though lost and ruined,
Might after all be spared!
- 17 For one of Eve's descendants,
Not sinful, like the rest,
Should spoil the work of Satan,
And man be saved and blest!
- 18 He should be son of Adam,
But Son of God as well,
And bring a full Salvation
From sin and death and hell.
- 19 Hundreds of years were over,
Adam and Eve had died;

- The following generation,
And many more beside.
- 20 At last, some shepherds watching
Beside their flocks, at night,
Were startled in the darkness
By strange and heavenly Light.
 - 21 One of the holy Angels
Had come from Heaven above,
To tell the true, true Story,
Of Jesus and His Love.
 - 22 He came to bring "glad tidings!"
"You need not, must not fear,
For Christ, your new-born Saviour,
Lies in the village near!"
 - 23 And many other angels
Took up the Story then;
"To God on High be Glory,
Good-will, and Peace, to men."
 - 24 And was it *true*—that Story?
They went at once to see;
And found Him in a manger,
And knew that it was He.
 - 25 He whom the Father promised,
So many ages past,
Had come to save poor sinners;
Yes, He had come at last!
 - 26 He was "content to do it,"
To seek and save the lost,
Although He knew beforehand—
Knew all that it would cost.
 - 27 He lived a life most holy;
His every thought was Love,
And every action showed it,
To man and God above.
 - 28 His path in life was lowly;
He was "a Working-Man;"
Who knows the poor man's trials
So well as Jesus can?
 - 29 His last three years were *lovely!*
He could no more be hid;
And time and strength would fail me
To tell the good He did.
 - 30 He gave away no money,
For He had none to give;
But He had power of healing,
And made dead people live.
 - 31 He did kind things so kindly!
It seemed His heart's delight
To make poor people happy
From morning until night!
 - 32 He always seemed at leisure,
For every one who came,
However tired or busy,
They found Him just "the same."
 - 33 He heard each tale of sorrow
With an attentive ear,
And took away each burden
Of suffering, sin, or fear.
 - 34 He was "a Man of Sorrows!"
And when He gave relief
He gave it like a Brother,
"Acquainted with" the "grief."
 - 35 Such was "the man Christ Jesus!"
"The Friend of sinful man! . . .
But hush! the tale grows sadder:
I'll tell it—if I can!"
 - 36 This gentle, holy Jesus,
Without a spot or stain,
By wicked hands was taken,
And crucified, and slain!
 - 37 Look! look!—if you can bear it—
Look at your dying Lord!
Stand near the Cross and watch Him:
"Behold the Lamb of God!"

- 38 His Hands and Feet are pierced,
He cannot hide His Face;
And cruel men "stand staring"
In crowds, about the place.
- 39 They laugh at Him and mock Him!
They tell Him to "come down,"
And leave that Cross of suffering,
And change it for a Crown.
- 40 Why did He bear their mockings?
Was He "the Mighty God"?
And could He have de-royed them
With one almighty word?
- 41 Yes, Jesus *could* have done it;
But let me tell you why
He *would* not use His power,
But choose to stay and die.
- 42 He had become our "Surety;"
And what we could not pay
He paid *inside*, and *for us*,
On that one dreadful day.
- 43 For *our* sins He suffered,
For *our* sins He died;
And "not for ours only,"
But "all the world's" beside.
- 44 And now the work is "finished,"
The Sinner's debt is paid,
Because on "Christ the Righteous"
The sin of all was laid.
- 45 O wonderful Redemption!
God's Remedy for sin!
The door of Heaven is open,
And you may enter in.
- 46 For God released our "Surety"
To show the work was done;
And Jesus' Resurrection
Declared the victory won!
- 47 And now He has ascended,
He sits upon the Throne,
To be a Prince and Saviour,
And claim us for His own.
- 48 But when He left His people,
He promised them to send
"The Comforter," to teach them,
And guide them, to the end.
- 49 And that same Holy Spirit
Is with us to this day,
And ready *now* to teach us
The "New and Living Way."
- 50 This is "the old, old Story";
Say, Do you *take it in*—
This wonderful Redemption,
God's Remedy for sin?
- 51 Do you at heart believe it?
Do you believe it's *true*,
And, meant for every sinner,
And therefore, meant for *you*?
- 52 Then *take* this "Great Salvation;"
For Jesus loves to give it!
Believe! and you receive it!
Believe! and you shall live!
- 53 And if this simple message
Has now brought peace to you
Make known "the old, old Story,"
For others need it too,
- 54 Let everybody see it,
That Christ has made *you* free;
And if it sets them longing,
Say, "Jesus died for *thee*!"
- 55 Soon, soon our eyes shall see Him!
And in our Home above,
We'll sing the old, old Story,
Of Jesus and His Love!

Original.

ANGELS' WELCOME.

Duet.

MUSIC BY ROBERT BRETT, KING, ONT



1. My home is in hea - ven, my rest is not here; Then
 2. It is not for me to be seek - ing my bliss, And
 3. The thorn and the this - tle a - round me may grow; I



why should I mur - mur when tri - als ap - pear? Be hush'd my dark
 build - ing my hopes in a re - gion like this; I look for a
 would not re - cline up - on ro - ses be - low; I ask not my



spi - rit, the worst that can come, But short - ens my jour - ney,
 ci - ty which hands have not piled, I pant for a coun - try
 por - tion, I ask not my rest, Till I find them for - ev - er

Chorus.



and has - tens me home. CHO. Then the an - gels will come, with their
 by sin un - de - filed. I
 on Je - sus' own breast.



mu - sic will come, With mu - sic, sweet mu - sic, to wel -



come me home; In the bright gates of crys - tal the shin - ing ones will



stand, And sing me a welcome to their own native land.

WINTER SONG.

Words by EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER. Music by H. M. T.

1. Hur - rah for the jol - ly old Win - ter! The king of the shouts at the
 2. Hur - rah for the jol - ly old Win - ter! He shouts at the

year is he; Though his breath is cold and i - cy,
 door by night: "Come out where the ice is gleaming

His heart it is full of glee. He piles up the
 Like steel in the cold moonlight. Like swal - lows

beau-ti-ful snow-flakes On the ap-ple trees bare and brown;
ov-er the wa-ter The ska-ters mer-ri-ly go;

And laughs when the north-wind shakes them, Like a shower of
There is health in the blus-ter-ing breez - - es, And joy in the

blos-soms down,
beau-ti-ful snow."

Domestic Economy.



HINTS TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

We extract the following paragraphs from an admirable little English book entitled, "HOW I MANAGED MY HOUSE ON £200 A YEAR."

Early rising,—Punctuality,—Despatch. Duties to be instantly performed, however in themselves disagreeable.

In every household, large or small, palace or cot, there must be a *place for everything*; and the mistress must see *that everything be kept in its place*. This matter is generally a prolific source of unpleasantness between domestics and mistress, or housekeeper. There is rarely to be found any order or plan in untrained servants. Everything is put out of hand at the readiest vacant spot, till confusion everywhere is apparent, un-

less supervision be exercised day after day; in fact, it is a daily duty, and must be done, despite the tossings of the head, or the thumping of various articles, or the banging of doors by the enraged damsel, who tells you that 'no lady would do such things, and, as I don't seem to give satisfaction, I must go.' In nine cases out of ten, this is the result; but either one must be subject to one's servants, or one must be mistress. It is in this point that a young and inexperienced mistress breaks down. It is troublesome to be poking everywhere at the risk of stirring up a tempest, but, nevertheless, it must be done; and if the trouble be met every morning it will soon cease to worry the mistress or annoy the servant. To master this most essential duty, one has to conquer one's own unwillingness for the task, as well as indolence: hence the hardship. Some mistresses have a peculiar

talent for looking after things; these get well served, and can never be made to understand the natural timidity and shrinking from an act which is felt to be unpleasant; but whether brave or timid, strong or weak, this necessary daily act is one of the first of housekeeping duties.

Keep a rag-bag, a paper-bag, and a string-bag, all conveniently to hand; a small drawer with nails and tacks, hammer, pin-cers, and chisel: but all these tools, with the addition of a glue-pot, keep under your own eye, or, like pins and needles, they will nowhere be found when wanted.

Never allow dilapidations of linen, or articles of furniture to remain unrepaired; the latter give an untidy appearance to a house, and the former is subversive of all comfort. A pair of stockings may be mended in a quarter of an hour, more or less. This portion of time will scarcely be missed, while to mend two pair will take a longer time than can perhaps be spared.

Four times a year, have the beds and mattresses beat and shaken in the open air; once a year, if needed, have the latter remade. If the bedsteads or boards of the room contain unpleasant intruders, expel them at once by brushing every crevice with strong brine, and let it crystallize on, and so remain, instead of removing it. Be careful in this process to brine the floors before taking the bedsteads to pieces.

Mark all linen with the *best* marking-ink, when, if it should be obliterated in washing, rest assured that the laundress has used chloride of lime in the operation of cleansing the clothes; the use of soda will only make the ink become blacker.

Let every article be marked so that it becomes a perpetual register as long as the marks remain; thus—supposing there are six articles, say towels, of a particular pattern, mark your initials, the number 6 *over* these, and the individual number, with the date, under the initials. By thus doing, at any time if you are in doubt about the towels, you can be sure you had six of this particular kind, and you can also directly tell which of the numbers, from 1 to 6, is missing. This manner of registering linen is so correct in its application, and a loss is so readily discovered, that the method should be one of universal practice.

Keep all receipts, and file them. At the end of each quarter, sew them through the centre with strong needle and thread, and tie them; place a strip of paper round each packet, with the date of month and year. At the end of each year, place the four packets in one paper, tie it up, and label it

with date, etc., and place it in a drawer or other convenient place.

Enter in a book all the money you receive, also all you spend, and also for what it has been spent, so that at the end of the year you may be enabled to see for what purposes the money has gone.

Have no 'sundries,' which in other words mean 'forgets.'

Do not go into debt. Do without even necessaries, if so it must be; but avoid debt as you would a mountain that will crush you.

DRYING APPLES.

Dried apples are used as a necessity in place of green apples. They are not to be compared, of course, with the fresh, juicy fruit. This is in consequence of an error on the part of those who dry them. Almost any apples are taken to dry. Would a man take such to eat—to use for cooking? We eat bad apples only when we get them in the dried state. Not only that, we get them in a bad state, partly rotten, sticking together, often fly-specked. It is a habit more than anything else that gives us such apples; we are also somewhat careless and considerably ignorant. We are not aware, for instance, or do not realize it, that an apple dried is still much the same that it was before it was dried, excepting the juice. Thus a sour apple will be sour when dried, fully as sour as in its green state. If hard and immature, those qualities will be measurably retained. If your apple is sweet, you get it sweet dried. If it has a good flavor when green, that flavor will be retained when dried. If the fruit is mellow when dried, it will retain its mellowness. The best dried apples, perhaps, that are used are the *Æsopus Spitzenbergs*,—not when made up as soon as picked, but when in a mellow state, as they will be in February or March, or earlier if the season is warm. Made then, when a fly has no access to them, and properly dried, there is nothing finer, save the perfection of the green fruit itself. Thus, winter drying of fruit is better than when made earlier. The dried fruit is then clean, bright, and mellow, and not harsh and sour—not tasting of rotten apples and mould, unless carelessly managed, dried too slow, and permitted to get damp during the process—as is the case somewhat at night in the absence of fire,—or after; for fruit when dry must be kept dry. Treated thus, dried fruit is but little below fresh fruit. Try it.

Dried apples may be made of an excel-

lent flavor, in the following manner: After stewing them, or cooking them down to a soft mass, add, a few minutes before taking them up, a lemon or two, sliced thin, and stir well into the mass. Some persons who are unacquainted with this method, take them for some very superior fruit. It makes nice fruit for the supper or breakfast table.—*Rural World*.

SELECTED RECIPES.

A BAKED APPLE-PUDDING.—Boil six apples well; take out the cores, put in half a pint of milk thickened with three eggs, a little lemon-peel, and sugar to the taste; put puff-paste round the dish, bake the pudding in a slow oven, grate sugar over it, and serve it hot.

ANOTHER.—Take the pulp of two large roasted apples, the peel and juice of one lemon, the yolks of six eggs, two Savoy biscuits, grated, quarter of a pound of butter melted, and sugar to taste. Beat the ingredients together, put a puff-paste round the dish, and bake half an hour.

RAGOUT OF COLD NECK OF MUTTON.—Cut the mutton into small chops, and trim off the greater portion of the fat; put butter into a stewpan, dredge in a little flour, add two sliced onions, and keep stirring till brown, then put in the meat. When this is quite brown, add water, and a couple of carrots and turnips, each of which should be cut into very thin slices; season with pepper and salt, and stew till quite tender, which will be in about three-quarters of an hour. When in season, green pease may be substituted for carrots and turnips; they should be piled in the centre of the dish, and the chops laid round.

CAROLINA WAY OF BOILING RICE.—Pick the rice carefully, and wash it through two or three cold waters till it is quite clean. Then (having drained off all the water through a colander) put the rice into a pot of boiling water, with a very little salt, allowing as much as a quart of water to half a pint of rice; boil it twenty minutes or more. Then pour off the water, draining the rice as dry as possible. Lastly, set it on hot coals with the lid off, that the steam may not condense upon it and render the rice watery. Keep it dry thus for a quarter of an hour. Put it into a deep dish, and loosen and toss it up from the bottom with two forks, one in each hand, so that the grains may appear to stand alone.

TO WASH WHITE LACE.—The following receipt for washing white lace is generally found more successful than any other. Cover a glass bottle with white flannel, then wind the lace round it, tack it to the flannel on both sides, and cover the whole with a piece of flannel or linen, which sew firmly round it. Then steep the bottle overnight in an ewer, with soap and cold water. Next morning wash it with hot water and soap, the soap being rubbed on the outer covering. Then steep it again for some hours in cold water, and afterwards dry it in the air or near the fire. Remove the outer cover, and the lace is ready, no ironing being required. If the lace is very dirty, of course, it must be washed a great deal.

EASY METHOD OF UNITING BROKEN GLASS OR CHINA.—Obtain some slaked lime, and having finely powdered it, put it into a small muslin bag; next get the white of an egg and rub the edges of the pieces that require mending with it, and then dust some lime from the bag upon it, and hold them together till they stick; let it dry and it will not be liable to be softened by heat. A second method which I would recommend as being superior to most liquid glues or cements in general use:—Dissolve $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. of gum acacia in a wine-glass full of boiling water, add plaster of Paris sufficient to form a thick paste, and apply it with a brush to the parts required to be cemented together.

FOR ARROW-ROOT PUDDING.—Simmer a pint of milk with a few whole allspice, coriander-seed, and half a stick of cinnamon for ten minutes or a quarter of an hour; then sweeten it with sugar, and strain it through a hair-sieve into a basin to one ounce and a half of arrow-root (about a tablespoonful and a half) previously mixed with a little cold milk, stirring it all the time. When cold, or as soon as the scalding heat is gone, add three large or four small eggs, well beaten, and stir well until the whole is perfectly blended. It may then be boiled in a well-buttered mould or basin, or baked in a dish with a puff-paste crust round the edge, and grated nutmeg on the top. From half to three-quarters of an hour will be sufficient to boil or bake it. When boiled, serve it with sauce. The flavor of the pudding may be occasionally varied by using a few blanched and finely-pounded or chopped sweet and bitter almonds—about one ounce of sweet, and half an ounce of bitter—or with orange-flower water, or vanilla.

STEEL PENS.—If a steel pen is hard and annoys by its rigidity, hold it a half minute or less in the flame of a gas light or candle and stick it into water, oil, or tallow. In most instances it will cure the rigidity. In fact, it is a good practice to pass a steel pen through the flame of a lamp before using it. This burns off the oil used in the tempering and prevents that slipping of the ink, or the refusal to flow, generally noticed in all new steel pens.

HOW TO DO UP SHIRT-BOSOMS.—We have often heard ladies express a desire to know by what process the fine gloss observable on new linen shirt-bosoms, etc., is produced, and in order to gratify them we submit the following recipe for making gum-arabic starch: "Take two ounces of fine white gum-arabic powder, put it into a pitcher, and pour on it a pint or more of boiling water,—according to the degree of strength you desire,—and then, having covered it, let it set all night. In the morning, pour carefully from the dregs into a clean bottle, cork it and keep it for use. A table-spoonful of gum-water stirred into a pint of starch, made in the usual manner, will give either white or printed lawns a look of newness when nothing else will restore them after washing. Much diluted, it is also suitable for thin muslin and bobbinet."

BREAD AND YEAST.—*Yeast*—Boil a handful of hops half an hour in three pints of water. Pour half of it, *boiling hot*, through a sieve, on nine table-spoonfuls of flour; mix, and then add the rest of the hop water. Add half a table-spoonful of salt, a gill of molasses, and when blood-warm, half a pint of yeast.

Bread—Sift eight quarts of flour into your tray, make a deep hole in the middle, pour in a pint of yeast, mixed with a pint of lukewarm water, and then work this up with the surrounding flour until it makes a thick batter. Scatter a handful of flour over the batter, lay a warm cloth over the whole, and set in a warm place. This is called sponge. When the sponge is risen, so as to make cracks in the flour over it (which will be in from three to five hours), scatter over it two table-spoonfuls of salt, and put in two quarts of wetting, warm, but not hot enough to scald the yeast, and sufficient to wet it. Be careful not to put in too much of the wetting at once. Knead the whole thoroughly half an hour, form it into a round mass, scatter a little flour over it, cover it and set it to rise in a warm place. It usually takes about one quart of

wetting to four quarts of flour. In winter, it is best to sponge the bread overnight, when it must be put in a place where it will not get cold. In summer, it can be sponged early in the morning, unless one sits up very late and rises very early, otherwise the sponge will be sour.

CULINARY COUPLETS.

BY A RHYMING EPICURE.

Always have lobster-sauce with salmon,
And put mint-sauce your roasted lamb on.

Veal cutlets d'ip in egg and bread crumb—
Fry till you see a brownish-red come.

Grate Gruyere cheese on maccaroni;
Make the top crisp, but not too bony.

In dressing salad, mind this law,
With two hard yolks use one that's raw.

Roast veal with rich stock gravy serve;
And pickled mushrooms, too, observe.

Roast pork *sans* apple-sauce, past doubt,
Is "Hamlet" with the Prince left out.

Your mutton-chops with paper cover,
And make them amber-brown all over.

Broil lightly your beefsteak—to fry it
Argues contempt of Christian diet.

Buy stall-fed pigeons. When you've got them,
The way to cook them is to pot them.

Wood-grouse are dry when gumps have marred
'em,

Before you roast 'em, always lard 'em.

To roast spring chickens is to spoil 'em—
Just split 'em down the back and broil 'em.

It gives true epicures the vapors
To see boiled mutton, minus capers.

Boiled turkey, gourmands know, of course,
Is exquisite, with celery sauce.

The cook deserves a hearty cuffing,
Who serves roast fowls with tasteless stuffing.

Smelts require egg and biscuit-powder,
Don't put fat pork in your clam-chowder.

Egg-sauces—few make it right, alas!—
Is good with blue-fish or with bass.

Nice oyster-sauce gives zest to cod—
A fish, when fresh, to feast a god.

Shad, stuffed and baked, is most delicious—
'Twould have electrified Apicius.

Roasted in paste, a haunch of mutton,
Might make ascetics play the glutton.

But one might rhyme for weeks this way,
And still have lots of things to say.

And so I'll close—for, reader mine,
This is about the hour I dine,—5 P. M.

—THE HAWKEYE.

Editorial and Correspondence.



EDITORIAL.

January, with its blustering snows, is around us as we write; and while we sit in our sanctum, amid the hurry and bustle of the city, we are happy to think that our Magazine is affording occupation and entertainment to so many, through the long winter evenings in the country,—not only in reading its contents, but in writing for its pages. We are astonished at the multitude of manuscripts which keep pouring in upon us from almost every corner of the Dominion; and still more are we surprised at the large proportion of them which display real talent. We wish our readers could see the pile of selected matter, triply sifted—*la crème de la crème* of periodical literature—which lies waiting an opportunity of getting into the MONTHLY. We would not, however, be understood as discouraging contributions: on the contrary, we are exceedingly thankful to obtain good original matter. Other things being equal, we much prefer an original article to a selected one; only we beg our friends to have pity on the editors' eyes and patience, and send them manuscripts which can be read. If writers only knew how much greater the chances of insertion are when the writing is legible, they would take greater pains in this respect. It is not only the trouble of reading; but an article makes a much better impression when read easily, than when the reader has to stop at almost every word to find out the next; or when, at the end of every page, there is a search for that which ought to follow. Some of the manuscripts which we receive are almost as plain as print; and to the senders of such we tender our best thanks.

THE SIGHTS OF OTTAWA.

THE RIDEAU FALLS IN WINTER.

Last month I furnished you with a description of our Capitol or Parliamentary Buildings, by moonlight, and also of the Chaudière Falls, in winter. I have now to add that no one who visits Ottawa, in winter, should fail to see the Rideau Falls, which, when covered with ice, present a spectacle of beauty unsurpassed in Canada.

By the kindness of the manager of the new and extensive woollen-factory, built by Messrs. Joseph Mackay & Bros., of Montreal, on the edge of this waterfall, we were admitted to a sort of table-rock in front of the Falls, whence we could obtain a fine view of the fairy scene, rendered chiefly remarkable by the appearance of the icicles. This cataract is called the Rideau or Curtain Fall, and the icicles had all the appearance of a curtain fringe; only instead of being some twelve inches long, and bright-colored, they were twelve feet or more in length, and of a dazzling, pearly white. Icicles are usually clear and pointed; but these were more like long stems of white coral, or like the long festoons of tiny flowers and leaves which are exhibited at flower-shows, but bleached to a snowy white. Indeed, some of these wreaths of frozen spray were gracefully curved, as if they had been quite flexible.

The water which fell here and there between these icy wreaths was churned at the bottom into a creamy froth, upon the ice below, which showed every here and there a beautiful heap of frozen spray, that had all the appearance of a pure white

mass of coral of a circular shape. The shrubs and trees which hung over the margin of the precipice presented the most extraordinary appearance. A great stalk of pure, coral-like frozen spray, as thick as a man's arm, would, if the frost-work were knocked off, disclose the most tiny branch of a shrub. The spruce trees, covered with this frozen spray, were magnificent objects—every branch being completely enveloped in the most brilliant frost-work, compared with which the best art of the worker in silver would appear tame and poor.

BANK-NOTE ENGRAVING.

I visited the establishment of the British-American Bank-Note Engraving Company, and, through the kindness of the artists employed in it, saw the various interesting processes of making bank notes, of which I will give a brief description.

Designs have first to be drawn, and in them there is room for the highest class of art. These are reduced by photography to the required size, and then engraved on steel in a manner, so far as I could judge, equal to the best engraving of American bank-notes. A note is printed from a number of different plates, and it has to be dried and damped again for each impression, so that it may require a week to put through one sheet of notes. The fine circular and curved line-work which forms part of every note, generally round the margin and denomination, is printed from plates made by a very peculiar process. There is a long machine called a geometric-lathe, with a vast variety of little wheels, any combination of which may be set in motion, and no two combinations of which will make the same figures. A number of these combinations are tried until something very beautiful is obtained, and then that design is traced on a plate by a needle, which moves in every kind of curve that the said combination of wheels will produce. When the delicately-interlaced pattern is cut by this needle—a process which requires going over it thirteen times—it is transferred to a die, which is raised where the other was

sunk. Sometimes a conical section is cut out of the soft plate, and the pattern so obtained transferred to as many dies as are needed to form a circle or a semicircle, when they are put together in the required form, and used. This machine—which makes an unlimited number of patterns in the way of fine tracery-work—is enormously costly; and when a pattern has once been made, and the combination of wheels altered, it is difficult to get exactly the same thing again—nor is it necessary, for the same pattern can be multiplied at will.

A remarkably fine part of the work is the stamping of patterns or pictures on steel plates. The raised figures are formed on the circumference of a small roller of steel, which is placed over the plate to be engraved, in a machine. A powerful lever produces the necessary pressure — which should not, however, be too great—and the small roller of steel is worked gently backwards and forwards over the plate beneath, and every time it passes over this plate the lines are deepened, without any inaccuracy or blurring. This rolling is necessary, because the heavy pressure that would be necessary to stamp the impression at once would expand the steel plate on which it was being made. In transferring an impression from one steel plate to another, that which is to make the impression is always hard, and that which is to receive it soft—to be hardened afterwards by union with carbon, in a close mould very highly heated.

TELEGRAPHY BY SOUND AND LIGHT.

An ingenious printer of Montreal, Mr. Wm. Boyd, who was long in Mr. Lovell's establishment in this city, but who some years ago emigrated to Boston, communicated from thence to the *Montreal Witness*, in April, 1866, a system of telegraphing by sound or light, which was, obviously, well adapted for extensive usefulness. Some notice was taken in other countries of the article setting forth his invention, with, however, so far as we know, no practical result hitherto. Mr. Boyd now sends the

full particulars of his plan, which will appear in the next number of the *New Dominion Monthly*. Meantime we give his letter accompanying his specification, and reproduce the article which he formerly communicated to the *Montreal Witness*.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., Jan. 1, 1868.

DEAR SIR,—I beg to send you two copies of a new alphabet,—a musical one,—for local telegraphy or other purposes. I also send an article cut from the *Witness* of April, 1866, to refresh your memory as to the suggestions I then made. Soon after the date just named, I found that a bell would not answer for an alphabet composed of short and long sounds, as its vibration could not readily be stopped at will, like the sound in the string of a piano. I have therefore invented an alphabet for uniform lengths of sound, but which necessitates the use of *four* bells of different notes. This alphabet is also suitable for either four steam-whistles or four air-whistles (fog-whistles); and it will answer equally well for any single diatonic instrument of sufficient power of sound. A military unkeyed bugle, however, is not a diatonic instrument, as it gives the open notes only, which do not include the lower soprano E. You will please to notice, then, that for telegraphic purposes, bells are the only producers of musical sound which need be confined to the four-note alphabet; and that all the other machines or instruments named in my communication of April, 1866, or in my present one, will answer, in splendid style, for either the four-note or a one-note alphabet.

A light-telegraph of one light, must, of course, use a short-and-long alphabet; a light-telegraph of four lights, of different colors,—say white, red, yellow, green,—to correspond to the four notes, would require a four-color alphabet, to be adapted from the four-note one.

After a while, I shall write you to explain some things in the note at the foot of the printed sheet.

I beg to say, that I sent copies of my

printed scheme to Great Britain and the continent by the steamer of Dec. 16th; and that I began to publish the scheme on this side the water yesterday, the 31st of the same month.

As you did me the honor to publish my article of April, 1866 (which I heard was copied into a London journal), I hope that you will publish a part, or all, of my printed broadside in the *Witness*, all editions; and in the *New Dominion Magazine*, also, if you like.

The whole scheme of this musical alphabet, and how to work it, with examples, is strictly original in every respect. I have also been my own compositor; having set up every type of the job, after work-hours, by permission of my employers.

Yours respectfully,

WM. BOYD.

LOCAL TELEGRAPHING BY SOUND OF CHURCH-BELLS; AND ALSO BY INTERCEPTED LIGHT, OR ELSE BY FLASHES OF LIGHT.

A correspondent informs us, that it occurred to him several years ago, although he has not before now published his views, that church-bells connected with fire-alarm telegraphs could be used for communicating to the local public, by their loud and far-reaching notes, in the same way, but with a slower movement, in which the keys in the electric-telegraph offices are made to speak in revolver clicks. The Morse alphabet to be used; and all who should learn to read this alphabet by sound (and this alphabet would, of course, be taught both to the ear and eye, in the public schools) could tell what the bells were promulgating. An announcement like the following could then, after a while, be made in the evening papers:—"5:30 p.m.—To-night, at nine o'clock, his Worship the Mayor will proclaim on the great bell of the French Cathedral, and at the same time on the principal bells of the suburban churches, some very important news from different parts of the Old World, just now being received by the Atlantic Telegraph from Europe, and by the Overland Telegraph from Asia." Our correspondent also suggests, that, by working the clappers by hand, local bell-telegraphs could at once be established all over Christendom. The steam-whistle, and also Daboll's powerful

air-whistle, could be used in the same manner as bells: and with either of these, ships within hearing distance of each other at sea could readily converse; or vessels off the coast could communicate with the land in either fair, stormy, or foggy weather. Our correspondent says also that spring-hammer or gong-bells throughout hotels, private houses, warehouses, factories, &c., would, by pulling-wires attached to a key or lever, form domestic or in-door telegraphs.

Our correspondent also says, that it lately occurred to him that telegraphing by intercepted light could easily be performed. This plan would, of course, be available at night only. As before, the Morse alphabet to be used; and the light to be intercepted or darkened by hand, or by suitable and simple contrivance under quick control. In this telegraph, the darkness or intercepted light would form the medium of speech,—speech to the eye. Or the opposite plan might be adopted: namely, that of darkness as the normal state, and the signals to be formed by a movable light. On receiving signals by either the darkness or light method, two persons would be needed to work a station,—as is the case with the Wheatstone (English) electric-telegraph; namely, one to read the signals shown by the distant light, and the other to write down the words communicated. Telegraphing in this manner could, of course, take place between any two lights whatever that were in sight of each other.

In the bell-telegraph, the Morse dots and dashes would, of course, have to be performed or represented by short and long sounds; in the light-telegraph, the same would have to be shown by short and long periods of darkened light, or else by similar periods of light out of darkness.—*Communicated by W. B.*

April, 1866.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Correspondents are requested to observe the following rules:—

1. The manuscript should be written only on one side of the paper, and in as distinct and legible a hand as may be. It should always have the writer's name and address at the beginning or end, and the date when it was forwarded; and it should have stated upon it whether it is intended for the N. D. MONTHLY or WITNESS, or if the author is willing that it should appear in either.

2. The letter accompanying a manuscript should bear the same date and signature, and give the title of the piece it encloses. Should further letters be written on the same subject, they should refer to the article by name, and repeat the writer's address. We sometimes do not know whether to reply to writers as Revd. or Esq., or as Miss or Mrs.

3. Contributors will in all cases please state whether they wish the MSS. returned if not used.

4. Heavy manuscripts should be sent by book-post, with the ends uncovered; the letter being mailed separately.

5. If a written answer is desired, a stamp should be sent.

6. In answer to inquiries, we may say that contributions should be on hand two months before the date at which they are intended to appear.

AURAL MEAD.—Your subject is not of sufficiently immediate interest. Try again.

M. S. R., Shannonville.—Rather too diffuse. We want condensation and sustained interest.

A. H. M., Smithfield.—We should like a rather more detailed account of the U. E. Loyalists, containing facts preserved by their traditions, which cannot be obtained from books.

G. H. M., Montreal.—Your story is very interesting, but not exactly of the class we desire.

ETHEL.—We regret that your contributions will not suit.

G. F., Chatsworth.—We have no suitable music.

ASPIRANS.—“The Little Drummer” is accepted. The rest are not quite as good, and we have no room for them.

MARION.—“The Knight to His Lady” will be inserted soon. The other is objectionable in its tone.

D. T., Pickering.—Accepted.

J. W. V., Chatham, N. B.—Thank you. We shall insert it.

— We have to thank the artist, Mr. Henry Sandham, for the engraving which forms the frontispiece of the present number of the NEW DOMINION. Mr. Sandham is his own woodcutter; and, although but an amateur, is fast learning to do justice to his own spirited designs.

- £ s. d.
11. *Ditto, Ditto*, very superior, with solid Brass Frame and Protecting Bars, eight Brass Wheels inside frame, Brass Dome to Boiler, Cranks to Piston-Rods, &c. 3 15 0
 12. *Marine Engine*, for Boat, with two Paddle-Wheels, separate Boiler, with Water-Tap and Spirit-Lamp, steam Connecting-Pipe, with Tap, Waste Steam-Pipe, Safety-Valve, two Brass Oscillating Cylinders, Brass Steam-Box, Crank-Shaft on Brass Supports, Cylinder Regulators, the whole mounted on Brass Bed-Plate, supported by four Brass Pillars on Mahogany Stand. 3 10 0
 13. *Ditto, Ditto*, double size of ditto, very superior, with two Taps to Boilers, and Reversing Gear 5 5 0
- The whole of the engines have printed instructions, and are warranted to be in perfect working order, being thoroughly tested by steam, previously to leaving the manufactory.

OPERA-GLASSES.

The "Duchess."—A highly Magnifying, Achromatic, Binocular, Opera-Glass—is the lightest made; it is very flat, and will not strain or tire the eye, unites great Defrinary and Magnifying Power with clearness and effect, and is first-class for Theatre, Sea or Field. This is the best and cheapest Glass ever offered to the public. In Spring Leather Case, complete, price 12s. 6d.

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For particulars of about Forty other varieties of Opera, Field, and Marine Glasses, see Catalogue, sent post-free.

MAGIC LANTERNS.

- £ s. d.
1. Magic Lantern, with 1 1-2 inch Condensing-Lens, Brass Adjusting-Tube, Lamp and Reflector, one dozen Comic Slides, 6 inches long, containing 36 subjects. 0 7 6
 2. Ditto, Ditto, with 1 3-4 inch Lens, &c., and one dozen Comic Slides, 8 inches long, containing 48 subjects. 0 12 0
 3. Ditto, Ditto, with 2 1-2 inch Lens, &c., and 12 Slides mounted in mahogany frames, containing 48 subjects. 0 18 7
 4. Ditto, Ditto, with 2 5-8 inch Lens, and 12 Slides, mounted in mahogany frames, 10 inches long, containing 50 subjects. 1 7 6
 5. Ditto, Ditto, 3 inch Lens, and 12 Slides, mounted in mahogany frames, 12 inches long, containing 50 subjects. 1 15 0
 6. Superior ditto, ditto, with 3 inch Lens, Solar-Lamp, Reflector, Glass and Mandril, Plano-Convex Lens in Adjusting-Tube, and 12 Slides, 13 inches long, mounted in mahogany frames, containing 50 subjects. 2 12 6
 7. Phantasmagoria Lantern, of best construction, fitted with pair of 3 inch Condensing-Lenses, mounted in Brass cell, pair of Focusing Lenses, in Brass sliding-tube, Solar-Lamp, with Reflector, Glass, and Mandril, and 12 Slides 14 inches long, mounted in mahogany frames, containing 50 subjects. 3 15 0
 8. Phantasmagoria Lantern, of highest quality, fitted with pair of 3 1-2 inch Condensing-Lenses, mounted in Brass cell, pair of Focusing Lenses, in Brass Tube, superior Solar Fountain-Lamp, Reflector, Glass and Mandril, and one dozen Slides, 11 inches long, mounted in mahogany frames, containing 50 views illustrating fairy tales, painted in a very superior manner. 5 5 0

Screw Steamers, with pair of Brass Oscillating Engines, Upright Boiler, Brass Funnels, Spirit Fountain, Air and Water-Tight Compartments, to prevent sinking, Patent Steering-Gear, Brass Screw, &c. &c., in 10 sizes, from 36 inches long by 4 1-2 broad, £1 10s., to 84 inches long by 8 broad, £17.

Paddle Steamers, with pair Brass Oscillating Engines, Upright Boiler, Brass Funnel, Paddle Wheels and Boxes, Spirit-Fountain, Air and Water-tight Compartments, Patent Steering-Gear, Hurricane Deck, Japanned Black and Gold Upperworks and Copper-bronzed bottom, &c., &c., in 10 sizes, from 36 inches long by 4 1-2 inches broad, £7, to 84 inches long by 8 inches broad, £20.

Hulls, Paddle-Boxes, Engines, or any other part may be had separately. For Drawings and every other particular, see Catalogue.

G. R. & Co. are prepared to supply Magic Lanterns and Slides in every variety. An immense stock to select from. Dissolving-Views with Slides, Chromatopes with Brass Racks, Rackwork Slides, Nursery Tales, Moving Figures, Panoramas, Snowstorms, Lightnings, and Rainbows, Rackwork Astronomy, Moving Waters, Views in Holy Land and China (plain and colored), European and American Scenery, Crystal Palace Statuary, Natural Phenomena, &c. The prices vary from 7s. 6d. to £30. See Catalogue for full particulars.

The "Lord Brougham Telescope."—Lord Brougham thinks so highly of this cheap and powerful instrument that he has given G. R. full permission to call it "The Lord Brougham Telescope." This splendid glass will distinguish the time by a church-clock five miles, a flag-staff ten miles, windows ten miles off, landscapes thirty miles off, and will define the satellites of Jupiter and the phases of Venus, &c. This extraordinary cheap and powerful glass is of the best make, and possesses Achromatic Lenses, and is equal to a telescope that costs £5. Price 7s. 6d. For about 20 other varieties see Illustrated Catalogue.

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ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE.

G. RICHARDSON & Co. have published a Catalogue of 90 pages, illustrated with 16 full-page engravings of Steam Engines, 8 Lithographed Drawings, beautifully printed in colors, of Screw and Paddle Steamers and Sailing Yachts, and 12 views of Magic Lanterns and Slides, describing upwards of 1,500 Slides, embracing every subject; also full particulars of Microscopes, Telescopes, &c., &c. G. R. & Co. earnestly invite every one to procure a copy, as it gives an extended view of the various articles which cannot be put into an advertisement. It will be sent free on application.

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N. B.—The Telescopes can be sent per sample post, at a cost of 11s. 6d. extra.

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